WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY

REMINISCENCES, DIARIES, AND LETTERS.

MACREADY'S

REMINISCENCES.

W. C. Macready

Engraved by C. H. Jeens from a Photograph
In the possession of Mrs. Macready

MACREADY'S

REMINISCENCES,

AND SELECTIONS FROM

HIS DIARIES AND LETTERS.

EDITED

BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.,

ONE OF HIS EXECUTORS.

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To W. C. Macready, Sonnet by the Editor.

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WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

High-souled, and in the law of duty strong
With toil to climb the steep and narrow ways
Which upward lead, it was no common praise
To live in clear sense of the right and wrong
Of his vocation, and his life-time long
To war against the baseness which betrays
The cause of honest excellence; his days
Spent in devoted study; from the throng
Of fashion-fawners dwelling far apart:
A sterling gentleman; great when he played
In England's noble drama, and the still
House wept, or loud applauded, as its heart
He wrought, and with imperious passion swayed
The reins of the full theatre at will.

EDITOR.

MACREADY'S REMINISCENCES.

"Quam potius laudandus hic est, quem prole paratâ
Occupat in parvâ pigra senecta casâ:
* * * * *
Sic ego sim; liceatque caput candescere canis,
Temporis et prisci facta referre senem!"
Tibullus, lib. i. Eleg. 10, v. 39.

"Blest is his lot whom years advancing find
With children round him, and of frugal state:
* * * * *
Such would I be, though whitening locks remind
Of age, and of old times old men will prate."—Ed. Trans.

CHAPTER I.

1793–1808.—Earliest recollections—Preparatory schools at Kensington and Birmingham—School mutiny—Father's theatre at Birmingham—King—Mrs. Siddons—Mrs. Billington—Lord Nelson at the theatre—Visit to relations at Dublin—Adventure at Chester—Entrance at Rugby—School life—Dr. Inglis—Fagging—Mother's death—School theatricals—The young Roscius—Rapid rise in the school—Unmerited punishment—William Birch—Fight with a bully—Dr. Wooll—Rugby speeches—More elaborate theatricals—Edmund Kean at Birmingham.

Mary Street, Tottenham Court Road, 3rd March, 1793.

If I am to select occurrences out of those which have befallen me, my judgment may err from many natural motives in the choice between such as I record and those I may omit. It will therefore probably be more judicious in me to refrain from any exercise of my discrimination in this rough draft of my life's accidents, and, beginning at the beginning, to note down all I can remember, even in my infancy, of impressions, feelings, and incidents, reserving the task of sifting and deciding upon what may be worth preserving to a period when I can review the whole (should it be God's will I live to do it), and perceive the relation that small things may bear to the greater events of my history. The dim remembrance of my

earliest years makes it certain to me that the "res angusta domi" called into active duty all the economical resources and active management of a mother (whose memory is enshrined in my heart's fondest gratitude) to supply the various wants of myself and an elder sister, who only lived long enough to make me sensible of her angelic nature. Four children had been born to my father before my birth, but this sister, Olivia, was the only one who survived long enough for association with my recollections. She was a year and a half old when I came into the world, and died a month after I had completed my fifth year: but she lives, like a dim and far-off dream, to my memory, of a spirit of meekness, love, and truth, interposing herself between my infant will and the evil it purposed. It is like a vision of an angelic influence upon a most violent and self-willed disposition. I do not remember her disappearance from amongst us, though I retain clear ideas of herself.

Infant-schools were a boon not then conferred on our generation, or I was quite young enough to have been among their little crowds when I was first "got out of the way," and for a time out of mischief, by being carried to a day-school. My childhood and boyhood henceforth were all school; and it is even now with sorrow, deep and stern, that I reflect upon the companionship into which I was cast in those tender years. To God my thoughts revert in penitential gratitude for my escape from many ills into which I might have been led by the depravity of associates among whom, an innocent child, I was then thrown. As it was, much unhappiness in after life resulted from ideas communicated by the vulgar-minded boys who were herded together under indifferent teachers at these preparatory schools. I can remember the fare to have been to my palate, not then over nice, actually disgusting. But I had holidays, and a mother's love to welcome me home with tears of joy; and these happy variations of my drudging days stand out in pleasing relief through this obscure period.

From a preparatory school at Kensington, where we were dressed in uniform of scarlet jacket, blue or nankeen trousers, I was removed, for about three years, to one in St. Paul's Square, Birmingham, kept by a Mr. Edgell, a violent-tempered man, with small pretensions to the discharge of the office he had undertaken. In those days, however, he had a sort of local reputation, although his title to "the Revd.," prefixed to his name, was generally disputed, and assertions were very confidently made that he had laboured on a shop-board previous to his setting up as schoolmaster. The interval of a few weeks between my translation from one school to the other was passed at Cheltenham. My journey there differed somewhat from modern travelling. Leaving London with my father about noon by the Long Coach (a sort of clumsy omnibus), reaching Oxford after midnight, to supper in the kitchen of the inn, on beef (which I remember my father indignantly denounced as of *mauvaise odeur*), we arrived at Cheltenham in something less than twenty-four hours.

This populous and handsomely-laid-out town was then little more than one long street, with a few intersecting smaller ones. The Well Walk (or as it is now called, the Royal Old Wells) then was crowded in the early morning with visitors parading up and down after their daily dose of the waters. My inevitable tumbler, very unwillingly taken, and a little aviary near the little theatre, belonging to a Mr. Watson, make up the sum-total of my recollections of the place. At my new school I certainly made progress in arithmetic, having gone through Bonnycastle more than twice before I was ten years old. But recitation was my forte; in English Grammar and Reading I stood in the first class. Milton and Young being two of our school-books, I had to learn by heart long extracts from them, from Akenside, Pope, and pieces from 'Enfield's Speaker'—including Sterne, Thomson, Keate, Shakespeare, &c., which have been of some service to me in accustoming my ear to the enjoyment of the melody of rhythm. To cure me of the habit of misplacing my *h*'s, my dear mother, I remember, took especial pains, and in teaching me Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast,' the line, as I pronounced it, "'Appy, 'Appy, 'Appy Pair!" was for some time an insuperable obstacle to progress. I have distinct impressions of certain states of feeling under various events at this early period. A very strong will, headlong impulse, and a very loving disposition are evidenced to me in the several little occurrences that live before me as I look back to these childish days.

My facility in learning was remarked, and my power of retention was singular. My reading-books were very few, so that a Grecian, Roman, and English History, a selection from Plutarch, Tooke's 'Pantheon,' and the proper names at the end of the dictionaries, were read over and over again; but Pope's Homer was almost learned by heart. The production of a play was suggested by some of the bigger boys, and it was fixed to be 'Cato;' but no progress was made in it beyond my learning the part of Juba, and the boy who undertook that of Syphax, with the scenery and decorations, half finishing the crown I was to wear.

There was a general spirit of mutiny awakened in the minds of the boys by some of the bigger ones, the aim and effect of which was, as I recollect, a determination to influence the parents in all ways to remove us from under Edgell's care, and a declared aversion to the Dionysius of our little state. The discovery of this insubordination brought down punishment and penitence upon the ringleaders during an illness, a violent attack of the mumps, that confined me from school; and upon my return I, a very little boy, just ten years old, though at the head of the school, and a favourite of the dreaded tyrant, found myself a solitary conspirator! Upon occasion of an harangue from the despot, which concluded with his avowed determination to "make every boy obey him"—I muttered in my distant desk, "I'll be hanged if I'll obey you." A pardoned rebel near me, hearing the words, instantly denounced

me. I was called up and questioned, and stood to what I had said. The consequence was inevitable; the master left the schoolroom to bring his birch out of a more distant apartment. I seized the occasion, and darted out of the schoolroom door. The yell of the recreant traitors, "He is gone! he is gone!" put the long-legged Polypheme in swift pursuit. I had, in my bewilderment, rushed up instead of down the hill, and was soon grasped in the fangs of the remorseless Edgell, who pounced upon me like a kite upon a tomtit in its crazy flight. Condign punishment was mercilessly inflicted, and I remember I was treated with indignity by the very same big boys who had seduced me from my allegiance.

My great amusement in my summer holidays at Birmingham was in seeing plays, and in acting some of my own composition with my brother and sisters. In my father's dressing-room I had a glimpse of King, dressed as Lord Ogleby, of which character he was the original representative, and distinguished for its performance in Garrick's day. The grand deportment and beauty of Mrs. Siddons were engraven on my boyish memory, though then unable justly to estimate her powers. Lewis's face, then seen, I have never forgotten, although what I have known of his acting has been entirely from description. I had the opportunity, too, of hearing the great songstress of her day, Mrs. Billington. For a week the theatre was every night crowded, as people say, to suffocation, but I can only recall the figure of a very lusty woman, and the excitement of the audience, when the orchestra struck up the symphony of Arne's rattling bravura, 'The Soldier tired,' in the opera of 'Artaxerxes.'

But one evening (in giving me a sight of the man with whose fame all Europe rang, and who will for ever rank first among the first of our country's naval heroes) stands out in my memory as marked with golden letters. During the short peace of Amiens, Nelson made a tour through several of our provincial towns—a recreation apparently innocent enough, but which was harshly reflected on in the House of Lords. Birmingham was one of those he visited, and I believe my memory does not err in stating that the people drew his carriage, or attempted to draw it, from the suburbs to his hotel. The news of his arrival spread like wildfire; and when his intention of going to the theatre got wind, all who heard of it, as might have been expected, flocked there to behold, and do him honour. The play was Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' for the benefit of a player of the name of Blisset, who had some repute in the part of Falstaff. At my father's request Lord Nelson consented to bespeak for the next night the play of 'King Henry IV.,' wishing to see Blisset again in Falstaff. The box-office was literally besieged early the next morning, and every place soon taken. At the hour of commencement my father was waiting with candles to conduct the far-famed hero through the lobby, which went round the whole semicircle of the lower tier, to his box. The shouts outside announced the approach of

the carriage; the throng was great, but being close to my father's side, I had not only a perfect view of the hero's pale and interesting face, but listened with such eager attention to every word he uttered, that I had all he said by heart, and for months afterwards was wont to be called upon to repeat "what Lord Nelson said to your father." This was in substance to the effect that the universal esteem in which his, my father's, character was held in the town made it a pleasure and a duty to render him any assistance.

Nothing of course passed unnoticed by my boyish enthusiasm: the right-arm empty sleeve attached to his breast, the orders upon it, a sight to me so novel and remarkable; but the melancholy expression of his countenance, and the extremely mild and gentle tones of his voice impressed me most sensibly. They were indeed for a life's remembrance. When with Lady Hamilton and Dr. Nelson he entered his box, the uproar of the house was deafening, and seemed as if it would know no end. The play was at length suffered to proceed, after which was a sort of divertisement in honour of the illustrious visitor, from one song of which I can even now recollect one couplet! Oh sacred Nine, forgive me while I quote it!

> "We'll shake hands and be friends; if they wont, why, what then?
> We'll send our brave Nelson to thrash 'em again.
> Derry Down," &c.

The crowded house was frantic in its applause at this sublime effusion. Lady Hamilton, laughing loud and without stint, clapped with uplifted hands and all her heart, and kicked with her heels against the foot-board of the seat, while Nelson placidly and with his mournful look (perhaps in pity for the poet) bowed repeatedly to the oft-repeated cheers. Next day my father called at the hotel to thank his Lordship, when Nelson presented him with what he intended to be the cost of his box wrapped in paper, regretting that his ability to testify his respect for my father was so much below his will. My father never told me the amount, but purchased with it a piece of plate that he retained to his death in memory of the donor. I should not omit to mention that in the hall of the hotel were several sailors of Nelson's ship waiting to see him, to each of whom the great admiral spoke in the most affable manner, inquiringly and kindly, as he passed through to his carriage, and left them, I believe, some tokens of his remembrance.

My winter vacations were usually spent at the houses of friends, where my chief diversion was lying on a sofa and reading novels. At the close of the half-year in which this formidable rebellion took place, I was removed from the school by my dear mother, who, if I remember rightly, exerted her spirit in giving a very severe rebuke to my quondam master. She had been of late years an invalid, and had tried the air of different watering-places in the quest of her lost strength; but in vain. She was on her way from Clifton to Bolton-le-Moors, to rejoin my father, resting at Birmingham,

from whence, glad to turn my back on the grim Edgell, though with the fear of Rugby before my eyes, I accompanied her. Our mode of travelling, post-chaise and pair, was tedious, when bribes to the postillion could rarely get you beyond seven miles an hour. We reached Congleton at dusk, where my dear mother's illness detained us for the night. I can remember now the agony of heart with which I went into the street of the strange town to find a druggist's shop, where I might buy some ether, choking with tears, and running in trembling haste with the medicine. How I recollect the load lifted off my heart when the maid told me she was really better. The next morning she was able to pursue her journey, and passing through Manchester, we reached the town of Bolton-le-Moors, which, I remember, was regarded as a semi-barbarous place. I may be mistaken, but the impression is on my mind that it was not lighted. I recollect the uncouth dialect of the people, and a savage mode the labouring people were said to have of settling their quarrels—viz., by "purring," *i.e.*, the combatant, when his adversary was down, kicking him on the head with his wooden-soled shoe. Lodgings, streets, everything seemed on a low scale; I have little doubt but that now it is a handsome town with its institutions and civic government all *en règle*.

The small theatre held by my father was nightly filled with people from Manchester to see the comedy of 'John Bull,' at that same time performing with great success at Covent Garden. The author, Geo. Colman the Younger, as he subscribes himself, was one evening at the theatre at Bolton, at the representation of his own play. My father had obtained by great favour a copy of the MS. from the proprietors of the Covent Garden Theatre, and boasted of being the only manager out of the metropolis who could give the performance. Colman offered good terms, for his theatre in the Haymarket, to three of the actors; but my father stood on his dignity, and not having been first applied to, refused his permission, without which they all three most loyally refused to treat.

From Bolton I was taken by my parents to Dublin, travelling post to Holyhead; I recollect well the comfort of the inns, the good fare, the clean rooms, and the difficulty of the roads, my first view of the sea, of which I had I know not what kind of previous vague idea from reciting at Edgell's school Keate's 'Address to the Ocean.' A fast-sailing trim-built cutter, with very good cabin, took us over in the course of the night; in the morning we were lying off, waiting for water to cross the bar; but my father took me in a boat, a pull of about two miles, to the Pigeon House. As well as I remember, our visit in Dublin was to my grandfather, a venerable old gentleman, one of the most respectable tradesmen in the city, and greatly esteemed as the father of the corporation. In my short visit there was much to impress my boyish readiness to see wonders in every novelty. The city itself, its squares and streets, so proudly vaunted by my relations, Dame Street, Sackville Street, Stephen's Green, the buildings

—Custom House, Four Courts, Rotundo—were all sights to me; but Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral interested me more, by the banners of the knights in the one and the tomb of Strongbow in the other, than the unsightly building called the Castle, or Werburgh Church, which was spoken of with peculiar reverence, because attended by the Lord Lieutenant. I was taken twice to the theatre, once on the occasion of a command, and saw there actors whom in my own professional days I met again—Holman, R. Jones of Covent Garden, and others, who remained like limpets stuck to the Dublin Theatre. My grandfather at parting gave me a present which was laid out in plate for me by my dear mother, and my uncle presented me with Leland's 'History of Ireland,' in three volumes, which still keeps its place in my library.

We recrossed to Holyhead on our return; our journey was marked by no event that rested on my memory beyond the draught I took of St. Winifred's Well at Holywell, and the avidity with which I listened to the number of gallons it gave out per hour, and the innumerable cures it effected, attested as they were by the crutches suspended as votive offerings beneath the groined arches of the Gothic roof above it. At Chester, the races completely filled the city; the streets were swarming as we passed through. Wishing to see friends of my mother's, Captain and Mrs. Harrison, who lived a mile out of the town, my father drove to their house, and giving the post-boy a very large fee to see the luggage put on another chaise, sent me back in the chaise to the hotel, to take care that the luggage was all rightly transferred. The post-boy called for horses, but not a horse was to be had—"None in," was the answer at the hotel; he unharnessed his own pair, and left me with the luggage in and on the chaise, exposed in the open and crowded street. My agony lest the luggage should be stolen, and my fear of my father's displeasure were great. I went—obliged to leave the chaise—into the stables at a distance down some dirty lanes, and with tears implored the post-boy to get me horses; but he had got his recompense, and repelled me very brutally. At the hotel they were too much engaged to attend to me. What to do I did not know; in despair at last I set off upon as fast a run as I could make—dreading to see my father, but with no alternative—not knowing my way, but with a faint guess at the direction in which it lay, and remembering the slated side of Captain Harrison's house. The day was a broiling one. Of some of the most good-natured looking I inquired my way, but unsatisfactorily; still I ran on, my face streaming with perspiration, and at last caught sight of the slated side. My mother was astonished at my condition, bathed in tears as I was, and soothing my agitation, bade me explain it all to my father, who received the news very indulgently, and going down to the town, after a long absence returned with a chaise which he had great difficulty in procuring.

Birmingham was the most important of the towns of which my father held the theatres, and there we soon arrived. The summer

months were passed there, diversified by a short stay at Leamington, then a small village, consisting only of a few thatched houses, not one tiled or slated, the Bowling-green Inn being the only one where very moderate accommodation could be procured. There was in process of erection an hotel of more pretension, which I fancy was to be the Dog or Greyhound, but which had some months of work to fit it for reception of guests. We had the parlour and bedrooms of a huckster's shop, the best accommodation in the place, and used each morning to walk down to the spring across the churchyard, with our little mugs in our hands, for our daily draught of the Leamington waters.

The time arrived for my departure to Rugby, and to me, though I had been on a visit there at my cousin's a year before, it was a dreary prospect. The accounts I had heard of the severity practised, the numbers amongst whom I should be cast, the utter ignorance of the usages there, the want of sympathetic counsel—for my father was himself uninformed on such subjects—all weighed on me with feelings of dread and depression, of which a life's event have not obliterated the recollection. My parting with my dear mother was to me a sad one, the last living look I had of her on earth. My father took me in a gig to Coventry, and thence in a chaise to Rugby. When left there, at my cousin Birch's boarding-house, I was indeed alone. Most fortunately I had a bedroom, roomy and commodious, almost to myself. One of my cousins slept there, but scarcely ever intruded on my solitude; for having no cupboard in "the Hall" to keep my books, I had my little library, consisting of an abridgment of Plutarch's Lives, Tooke's 'Pantheon,' Pope's Homer, the 'History of Ireland,' and Mentor's 'Letters to Youth'—the last parting gift of my beloved mother—in my bedroom; and used to read over and over the well-conned pages of these volumes, all of which except the 'Pantheon' I to this day possess. My fears of the severity with which I had been threatened made me diligent, and the work seemed to me easy—being kept back from the place I should have occupied in the school under the necessity of perfecting myself in the "Propria quæ maribus," "Quæ genus," and "As in præsenti" of the Eton Grammar. Arithmetic was no task to me, having been put back to the rule of three, and being really more advanced than any even of the sixth form in that all-important branch of knowledge, of which I lost much at Rugby that I had acquired at Edgell's.

I was the last but three on the school-list, "Macready, Daniel, Fosbrooke, Wright," ended the callings-over. The system of bullying seemed to have banished humanity from most of the boys above me, or rather of those between me and the highest forms. I was fag to a young man of the name of Ridge, an Irishman, who was a very harsh task-master; and I was made so uncomfortable in the common Hall, that but for the refuge of my own snug bedroom I should have been utterly despondent. As it was, I wrote such letters home that my father more than once thought he must

send for me. But my dear mother's representations, that I fared only in common with other boys, and that her cousin Birch would not suffer me to be ill-treated, subdued my father's uneasiness. Yet, from the bullying endured, the first year of my term was real misery, so that my lessons, in which I was always perfect, so easy were they to me, became something like a refuge to me. After surmounting the difficulties of the Eton Grammar, my course through the school was rapid beyond precedent. I attained the fifth form in three years, from which advance I began to be sensible of a certain enjoyment of my position.

In the early period of my Rugby course Dr. Inglis was the headmaster: a pale, ascetic-looking man, whose deportment was grave, dignified, and awe-inspiring: the clicking of the latch of the door by which he entered the Upper Schoolroom instantly produced a silence like a chill, and the "boldest held his breath for a time." It was in the deepest hush of both Upper and Lower Schools that the sound of his tread was distinctly heard, or that his voice echoed through the halls, as he gave out on a Thursday morning the name or names of the boys whose exercises entitled them to the honour of "Play," *i.e.*, of obtaining for the school one of the half-holidays of the week.

To give some idea of the abuse of power by the præpostors, or sixth-form boys, an incident at the very beginning of my school days will be sufficient. One morning, in passing through the schools, "the Doctor," or "Inglis"—according to whom his title might be addressed—was followed by a boy about fourteen years of age, in deep mourning. This boy, whose name was Crowther, had been expelled the half-year before, and on this occasion the Doctor read a letter from him (generally believed to be in his mother's writing) expressing his contrition for his fault, mentioning his aggravated distress under the recent loss of his father, and begging to be restored. The letter brought tears into the eyes of several of the boys, and Inglis pronounced his public pardon, and his restoration to his place. His offence was having been sent (fagged) by his (præpostor) master to Grime's Spinnys, about two and a half miles distant, to steal ash-plants to be beaten with. There was no resource—he was seen by Inglis as he passed in his carriage, and being questioned "who had sent him," he refused to give the name of his tyrant. A box on the ear was the punishment of his contumacy, and on his saying he "was not to be struck," and persisting in his refusal to give up the name of his superior, he underwent immediate expulsion. One of the —— a short time before had held the back of his fag to the fire so long in torture, that the poor fellow, who was still during my time at school in the fourth form, was seriously ill, and his brutal master flogged severely for his atrocious conduct.

The longest day, however, will have an end, and though the short half-year was so unhappily lengthened to me, it reached the holidays at last; and with a party in a chaise I arrived at Leicester,

where I was to sleep at a friend's house that night, Saturday, I remember, and to proceed in the Leeds mail next morning to Sheffield, where my father's company was then performing. The mail I had for the whole long journey to myself, dining by myself at the Black's Head, in Nottingham, and, but for the thought that every mile brought me nearer home, the day would have been a melancholy one. We had left Leicester at ten o'clock in the morning, and eleven at night was the time at which we reached Sheffield—a journey which in the present day would occupy, I fancy, about two hours, or two hours and a half! I had no difficulty in finding my father's lodgings in Norfolk Street, and on inquiring for my parents, was taken up to my father, who was in bed, and, as they told me, ill. He had not expected me, having written to our friend at Leicester to detain me there some days. I asked for my dear mother, and he told me she was gone away for a little, and that I could not see her that night. The night was one of thoughtless rest to me; but the morning brought with it tidings of an event that has been ever since a memory of sorrow to me. That mother whom I had so longed to see, so dear, so precious, was gone indeed. My father informed me that she had died the day before my return. I had the mournful comfort of looking on her in her placid sleep, and through succeedings years that image of tranquillity and love has not left me. It was a house of mourning in which my holidays were spent. I followed her to the grave, which I have often, always in passing through Sheffield, remembered and revisited. In a newspaper of that period these lines were published shortly after her death:

"The following impromptu will not be deemed inappropriate, as it is written from the heart, in the full force of its feelings, by one who knew her well, and who faithfully declares that however deficient it may be in poetical merit he has not deviated in a single line from the rigid maxim of 'De mortuis nil nisi verum.'

"EPITAPH

"ON MRS. MACREADY, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 3RD OF "DECEMBER, 1803.

"If 'tis decreed the virtuous and the just
Shall rise to bliss triumphant from the dust,
And human forms shall from this dross refine
To join the ethereal host in forms divine,
Then shall those dear corporeal remains,
Which now the cold and silent grave contains,
Once more embrace that soul, which heaven approved
(Though sharply chastened as it dearly loved),
That mind, where virtue fixed her seated reign,
Yet probed its votary with disease and pain;
That head, which framed no base insidious wile,
Friend to deceive or enemy beguile;
That hand, whose frugal and domestic care
Still saved a surplus for the poor to share;

That heart, which self-indulgence oft withstood
T' enjoy the 'luxury of doing good.'
That soul, that mind, that head, that hand and heart,
Then re-united, never more to part,
All glorious rising, shall enraptured sing,
'Where, Grave, thy victory? Where, Death, thy sting?'
And those, her nearest and her dearest, left,
Of their most valued friend on earth bereft—
If haply left to shape their future lives
By the best mother and the best of wives,
Tracing her footsteps through this world of cares,
And making her revered example theirs,
When they have 'shuffled off this mortal coil,'
And passed life's rugged pilgrimage and toil,
Shall to her blest abode then wing their way,
And, spurning the grim tyrant's ended sway,
Share her bright crown in realms of endless day."

My return to Rugby soon began to make me, as it were, more acclimated to its atmosphere, and I now began my rapid rush through the school. One amusement of the bigger boys was in getting up plays, which were acted to their school-fellows in one of the boarding-houses, Bucknill's. They were very fairly done, only that it was necessary at the end of every scene to drop the curtain in order to change one for another. In the course of time these plays were removed to a sort of hall at the School-house called the "Over School," the reading and sitting-room of the School-house fifth and sixth form boys. It opened into a large bedroom, which went by the name of "Paradise," with nine beds appropriated to the head boys, and was very convenient to the actors for dressing and undressing. The actors in these plays made application through me to my father for the loan of books, and afterwards for dresses, with which, to their great delight, he readily furnished them. In grateful testimony they considered themselves obliged to give me, although in the Under School, parts in their performances, and my theatrical career at Rugby was begun as prompter—a distinguished post for an Under School boy; and I ran through the characters of Dame Ashfield in 'Speed the Plough,' Mrs. Brulgruddery in 'John Bull,' the Jew in Dibdin's 'School for Prejudice,' and Briefwit in the farce of 'Weathercock.'

When Dr. Inglis retired from the head-mastership, to be succeeded by Dr. Wooll, I had made some progress in the school, having reached the fifth form. I recollect one day, when playing at foot-ball in the school close, Dr. Inglis was walking on the gravel walk that surrounds it. He called me to him, and desiring me to "keep on my hat," continued his walk with me by his side. He inquired of me what my father designed for me. I told him that I was intended for the law. He continued:

"Have you not thought of your father's profession?"

"No, sir."

"Should you not like it?"

"No, sir, I should wish to go to the bar."

"Are you quite certain you should not wish to go on the stage?"

"Quite certain, sir; I very much dislike it, and the thought of it."

"Well," he added, "I am glad of it. But if you had had any thoughts that way I should have wished to give you some advice, which I am glad to believe is now unnecessary."

I held him in great respect, and liked him very much, stern and inaccessible as he seemed to all of us. During his term of office the subject of the French invasion engrossed all thoughts, and monopolised conversation. The whole country was armed, drilled, and well accoutred, and Rugby furnished its two companies of well-equipped, well-marshalled volunteers. The elder boys had their blue coats cuffed and collared with scarlet, and exercised after school-hours with heavy wooden broad-swords. Nothing was talked of but Bonaparte and invasion. Suddenly a wonderful boy, a miracle of beauty, grace, and genius, who had acted in Belfast and Edinburgh, became the theme of all discourse. My father had brought him to England, and his first engagement was at Birmingham, where crowded houses applauded his surprising powers to the very echo. In London, at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, throughout the whole country, "the young Roscius" became a rage, and in the *furore* of public admiration the invasion ceased to be spoken of. He acted two nights at Leicester, and on a half-holiday, my cousin Birch having sent a note to excuse me and his eldest son from the afternoon's callings-over at my father's request, Tom Birch and myself were smuggled into a chaise, and reached Leicester in time for the play—'Richard III.' The house was crowded. John Kemble and H. Harris, son of the Patentee of Covent Garden, sat in the stage box immediately behind us. I remember John Kemble's handkerchief strongly scented of lavender, and his observation, in a very compassionate tone, "Poor boy! he is very hoarse." I could form little judgment of the performance, which excited universal enthusiasm, and in the tempest of which we were of course borne along. In subsequent engagements with my father we became playfellows, and off the stage W. H. West Betty was a boy with boys, as full of spirits, fun, and mischief as any of his companions, though caressed, fondled, and idolised by peeresses, and actually besieged for a mere glimpse of him by crowds at his hotel door. An instance of the "madness that ruled the hour" was given at Dunchurch, where he stopped to dine and sleep, being prevented from acting at Coventry in Passion Week by Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. One of the leading families in the county, who were on their way to Coventry to see him, were stopped by the news at Dunchurch. The lady begged and entreated the landlord to get her a sight of "the young Roscius." She would "give anything." The landlord,

unwilling to disoblige his patrons, suggested that there was but one way in which her wish could be gratified: "Mr. and Mrs. Betty and their son were just going to dinner, and if she chose to carry in one of the dishes she could see him, but there was no other way." The lady, very grateful in her acknowledgments, took the dish, and made one of the waiters at table. I mention this as one among the numerous anecdotes of his popularity. The Prince of Wales made him handsome presents, and in short he engrossed all tongues. After the play at Leicester, Tom Birch and myself got into our chaise, and travelling through the night, reached Rugby in good time for "first lesson" in the morning.*

It has been said, and I believe it, that if the humblest in the social scale were to note down accurately the events of his life, the impressions he had received, and the real motives that actuated him in all he might have done, the narration would convey instruction, if not entertainment. This rough draft of the incidents of my life may never go beyond the circle of my own family, but in remarking the cause of those errors, which will be found to abound in it, whether originating in myself, induced by culpable example, or resulting from mistaken instruction, lessons may be learned and experience obtained that may serve as beacons to those I love and leave behind me, and which may prove, as I pray to God they may, in some slight degree expiatory of the faults here registered. With this purpose in view I have, after some deliberation, resolved not to omit even those trifling circumstances of my boyhood to which may be traced some of the delinquencies of my maturer life. "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day," and in the misfortune of that temper which through life has been the cause of my greatest unhappiness, and with which I have struggled so repeatedly, I see in its early outbreaks the prognostics of those ebullitions of passion that have so frequently caused me great suffering, and have brought with them deep repentance. But none deceive us so much as we ourselves, and with all my earnest resolves, I may very possibly, though undesignedly, in relation colour facts in tenderness to my own portion of blame, or view in the light of prejudice the conduct of others engaged with me. Let me hope that I shall hold to that severe rule of truth which I have always laboured to inculcate in you, my dear children.

The rapidity of my onward course in the school was unchecked; but the spirit with which I worked at my advancement became darkened by an occurrence that reduced me to a level which I had gloried in feeling myself above. The question has been long disputed of the effect produced on boys by corporal punishment. How far it may be necessary where minds are insensible to better influences, I cannot say; but where emulation exists, and the ambition that must pre-suppose a dread and horror of disgrace glows

* The "young Roscius" survived Macready, and died in London 24th August, 1874, in his 83rd year.—Ed.

in a youthful breast, I am confident the degradation of corporal punishment may not unfrequently excite a feeling of desperate recklessness, bring about the subversion of all better principles, and break down a barrier against evil that may possibly never be re-established.

In the expression of this opinion I am not going to offer any palliation of my own misdoings, but to recall the facts as they occurred. I had reached the top of the lower fourth form without the disgrace of corporal punishment, and it was thought by the boys around me, and it was one hope of my ambition, that I should pass through the school unscathed personally or morally by this degrading infliction. One morning the news current in the boy's hall at our boarding-house (my cousin Birch's) was the "great fun" of the preceding evening, when a boy, half a fool, of the name of J——, had been made drunk by ——, ——, and ——, with the Hall beer, and had exhibited most ridiculous antics, to their great amusement. "The fun" was to be repeated the following night, and I with some others, who had not been present, went into the Hall, after locking up, to see what was proceeding. The boys plied the foolish fellow with mugs of the "swipes," and then hustled him about to accelerate the effects of his draughts. I had no hand whatever in the business. The result was that the boy was very sick, and the affair was repeated to Birch. The boy in his stupefied state was questioned, and he gave my name with those of the real delinquents. I was afterwards informed that my name was sent up to Dr. Inglis, on which I went to Birch to protest my innocence, and to offer testimony to the fact that my culpability was that of many others, viz., being present on the occasion. Birch very sternly repelled me, telling me I might explain to Dr. Inglis what I had to say. The præpostor the next day at lessons came for me, and I was conducted by him to the Doctor's School, where the condemned were. I assured the Doctor that I was free from any participation in the offence beyond being present. His answer was, "Macready, I am very sorry to see you here, but Mr. Birch has 'sent you up' (the term in use) and I must whip you." Returning to my form smarting with choking rage and indignation, where I had to encounter the compassion of some and the envious jeers of others, my passion broke out in the exclamation, "D—n old Birch! I wish he was in h—ll!"

I was now indeed a criminal; but I felt as if I cared for nothing. William Birch, my tutor's son and my third cousin, was present, and would, I knew, report me to his father, which I fancy I almost wished. My anguish and the fury of my heart blinded me to everything else. It had been Birch's custom to have me every Sunday to "dine in the parlour," a very great indulgence; but this was only one among the many many proofs he gave me of his partiality to me. On the following Sunday as we took our places at dinner in the Hall, where Mrs. Birch superintended the distribution of the fare, the man-servant came to me with the usual message,

"Macready, you are to dine in the parlour." I would not stir. He repeated his message three or four times, till I said, "I shall not go;" when Mrs. Birch took the word: "Let him alone, Thomas, if he doesn't choose." Thenceforward I felt indifferent what might befall me. I could not have gone into the parlour after what I had been guilty of saying of my benefactor, and I joined with other boys in pranks that I should before have been careful to avoid. It is an evil sign in our nature, which I could not but perceive, that it was an evident satisfaction to some among them that I had fallen from my "pride of place." I learnt my lessons because they were easy to me, and in the course of a few weeks I was translated to the upper fourth, my cousin Birch's form.

He was the most severe, but the most liked of all the masters. His undeviating system was, if a boy, called up at a lesson, made a mistake, he gave him a light imposition; upon a second omission he increased the imposition; upon a third the inexorable words were, "Sit down, you need not do your punishments." The name was given to the præpostor of the form, and the incapable was flogged. I went with dread to take my place in his form. With stern rigour he blended encouragement; and each Saturday those boys who had acquitted themselves well during the week were "sent up for good." "To be sent up for good" was to receive through the præpostor of the form sixpence in the Lower School, and a shilling the Upper; and it became almost a regular income to me to receive two and three shillings a week as charged in the bills, "merit money." He had never spoken to me since my disgrace, and it was with astonishment I learned from the præpostor on the first Saturday that I was "sent up for good," and was the only one in the form so distinguished.

Some time after my father passed through Rugby, and of course went to see Birch. I was sent for into the parlour, and there my dear and good friend (for such he was to his dying day) related to my father with tears in his eyes my behaviour. I had been guiltless of the first offence, which the poor half-idiot lad had acknowledged afterwards; but the belief of Birch had been that the beer had been drugged, that tobacco had been put into it for the purpose of intoxicating the boy, without which the offence could scarcely have been considered a penal one, and in his anger, which was sometimes hasty, he would not pause for inquiry. I repeated the assurance of my innocence of the fault ascribed to me, and with an overcharged heart expressed my contrition for my ungrateful forgetfulness of all his kindness to me. It was understood that he forgave me, and I returned to a better sense of my duty. I was afterwards occasionally, and not unfrequently, invited into the parlour: but the regular Sunday dinners, where I was as one of his family, were not resumed. I may say with one of Cumberland's characters, "My passions were my

masters," and even in reaching the "years that bring the philosophic mind" I have had to continue the conflict with them.

It was in the lower fourth form an incident occurred which caused some amusement in the school. Upon some absurd pretence a very bullying boy, by name B——, affected to take umbrage at some words or action (I remember we could not divine the meaning of his irritation) alleged by him against myself and another of our house, Jeston, on which he sent us a challenge to fight us both together that evening. Being both of us of his own age and size, it seemed excessively ridiculous, and in accepting his cartel I told Jeston that I would fight him first, and if he thrashed me, he should then take his turn. We went after the last evening lesson to the ground appointed, but met no one. At night B—— sent me a note (we were all in the same boarding-house) to the effect that on reflection he withdrew the challenge of fighting both together, but that he would fight us one after the other after dinner the next day. My answer informed him that such had been my intention, and that we would give him the meeting in the field proposed. The next day, after I saw him with his second quit the dinner-table, I rose, and, nudging Jeston, who stuck to his mutton, followed with my second to Caldecot's Close. We took our ground; I was perfectly collected, and did not fear my adversary. Without the least injury to myself, in five rounds he was sufficiently beaten to give in, and the event made a roar among the boys at calling-over, when reported amongst them. It was an attempt to bully which met a proper check.

The year 1807 saw a change, in the appointment of Dr. Wooll from Midhurst, to the headmastership. Dr. Inglis had not been popular, and the numbers, which had sunk considerably under his later years, received a very considerable accession soon after Wooll's inauguration. I was among the few who regretted the departure of Inglis, and it is only justice to his memory to remark that the preparation for a lesson to be said to him tasked the diligence and ability of his scholars. Dr. Wooll was too indulgent; and with such impunity could we trifle with our work, that I have taken up my Sophocles with the leaves uncut. Seeing me cut the leaves in school, he called me up and dismissed me with a reprimand. There was no longer the same pressure on my industry to which I had been accustomed under Inglis, and in time I became so sensible of my retrogression, that I set myself to work on half-holidays or in the evenings to make translations of Homer and Virgil with such notes and parallel passages as my boyish brain could furnish. Occasionally I would smother my fire with ashes under the grate, "ignes suppositos cineri doloso," to deceive the servant as he went his nightly rounds at ten o'clock, get into bed with my clothes on, and when the house was all asleep, would get up, having hung up cloths to prevent the light being seen in my window, and with strong tea which I made in my room, sit up to a late hour working at my Homer or 'Georgics.'

Dr. Wooll was a very agreeable, good-natured, amiable, pompous little man. I think of him with great regard; he was very kind to me, and greatly liked by the boys of gentlemanly character. But he was not a scholar, and the preference given to him by the Trustees in his competition with Dr. Butler, Master of Shrewsbury School, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, spoke little for their judgment. Dr. Wooll varied our compositions by introducing English verses once every month; he gave prizes for compositions in Latin and English verse once a year, and to test the elocutionary powers of the fifth and sixth forms, gave also prizes for speaking. The latter were inconsiderable, but the novelty gave interest to them. One was allotted to me for the first scene of Hotspur in the first act of Shakespeare's 'King Henry IV.,' and I was selected out of my place to speak at the June meeting, in addition to the twelve first boys. He gave me the closet scene in 'Hamlet,' with Skeeles as the Queen, and an imaginary ghost. I remonstrated with him upon the extreme difficulty of such a scene, and he silenced me by saying, "If I had not intended you to do something extraordinary, I should not have taken you out of your place." Robinson, Master of the Temple, Lord Hatherton (*né* Walhouse), and the late Sir G. Ricketts were the best speakers.*

* The following is a copy of one of the cards held by an old gentleman present at the meeting, with his critical notices of the speakers:

RUGBY SCHOOL.

THE SECOND TUESDAY IN JUNE.

1808.

Latin Prize Poem .	"Shakspearus" . . .	Robinson, Major (his own composition). *Excellent.*
English Prize Poem .	"Panthea and Abradates"	Ricketts, Major (his own composition). *Very pretty, and extremely well spoken.*

Rank in School.		SPEECHES.	
11.	Mr. Finch . . .	Micipsa	Sallust. *Lá-Lá.*
12.	„ Hopkins . .	Adam to the Archangel	Milton. *Lá-Lá.*
9.	„ Burdon . .	Electra	Sophocles. *Bad.*
6.	„ Crawford .	Chorus in 'Caractacus'	Mason. *Horrible.*
4.	„ Turner, Ma. .	Leonidas	Glover. *Tolerable.*
8.	„ Butcher . .	Scipio	Livy.
10.	„ Walhouse .	Lord Cromartie . . .	State Trials. *Pretty well.*
2.	„ Sulton, Ma. .	Æneas }	Virgil. *Capital.*
7.	„ Wratislaw .	Dido }	
3.	„ Skeeles . .	Queen	Shakespeare. *Surprisingly well invleed.*
14.	„ M'Cread . Ma.	Hamlet	
5.	„ Ricketts, Ma. .	Œdipus	Sophocles. *Very well.*
1.	„ Robinson, Ma.	Alexander's Feast . .	Dryden. *Very excellent indeed.*

They were prominent in the plays, which we got up in a much more expensive style than in Dr. Inglis's time, and with great completeness. The Doctor chose to ignore our proceedings, and we even obtained permission to act them to audiences invited from the town and neighbourhood. Our first play was 'The Castle Spectre,' Robinson acting Earl Osmond, Walhouse Hassan, Ricketts Earl Percy, Dickens (not the great novelist) Angela, and myself Motley and Earl Reginald. My father furnished us with dresses; and the scenery, provided by subscriptions among ourselves, was very creditable to the artist powers of Walhouse and Ricketts, with assistants. Our play the next year, when Robinson and Ricketts had left for the Universities, was Dr. Young's 'Revenge,' with the farce of 'Two Strings to your Bow.' This was acted in the Doctor's School; as usual, first to the boys on the afternoon of a half-holiday, and a second time at night to a large invited assembly, among whom the masters took their places. Walhouse was the Alonzo and Ferdinand; my parts were Zanga and Lazarillo. The success was great; we were all much applauded, and I remember the remark of a Mr. Caldecot, reported to me, "I should be uneasy if I saw a son of mine play so well." I had, however, no thought of this but as an amusement, and my pride would have been wounded if a suspicion had been hinted that I could regard it in any other light. The half-year closed with speeches before an auditory consisting only of the school and the gentry of the town. My place was the last among the speakers, and I can now remember the inward elation I felt in marking, as I slowly rose up, the deep and instant hush that went through the whole assembly; I recollect the conscious pride I felt, as the creaking of my shoes came audibly to my ears whilst I deliberately advanced to my place in the centre of the school. My speech was the oration of Titus Quintius translated from Livy. It was a little triumph in its way, but the last I was doomed to obtain in dear old Rugby.

It was on my return home for one of my Christmas holidays that in passing through Birmingham I found the manager of the theatre there (which my father had relinquished on entering on his Manchester speculation) had sent tickets for a box. Conceiving it proper that the civility should be acknowledged by the appearance of some of our family, I went with one of my sisters and a friend. 'Richer, the Funambulist!' was the large-lettered attraction of the playbills. The play was 'The Busy-body,' very badly acted, and the after-piece a serious pantomime on the ballad of 'Alonzo and Imogene.' Richer represented the Baron "all covered with jewels and gold," and a female porpoise, rejoicing in the name of Watson, being the manager's wife, ungainly and tawdry, was the caricature of the "fair Imogene." As if in studied contrast to this enormous "hill of flesh," a little mean-looking man, in shabby green satin dress (I remember him well), appeared as the hero, "Alonzo the Brave." It was so ridiculous that the only impression I carried away was that the hero and heroine were the worst in

the piece. How little did I know, or could guess, that under that shabby green satin dress was hidden one of the most extraordinary theatrical geniuses that have ever illustrated the dramatic poetry of England! When, some years afterwards, public enthusiasm was excited to the highest pitch by the appearance at Drury Lane of an actor of the name of Kean, my astonishment may easily be conceived on discovering that the little insignificant Alonzo the Brave was the grandly impassioned personator of Othello, Richard, and Shylock!

CHAPTER II.

1808–1811.—Father's pecuniary difficulties—Removal from Rugby—Father's theatrical tastes—Holman, Henderson, and Kemble in 'Hamlet'—Anecdotes of Macklin—Letter from William Birch—Visit to London—O.P. riots—Actors of the day—Earliest gas in London—Father a prisoner for debt—Undertake charge of his company—Journey from Chester to Newcastle—Theatrical season at Newcastle—Country theatres—Father lessee of theatre at Birmingham—*Début* at Birmingham in Romeo (7th June, 1810)—Lothair in 'Adelgitha'—Norval—'Zanga'—'George Barnwell'—Practice on the stage of the empty theatre—Portrait as Romeo by Dewilde—Catalani at the Opera House—Engagement at Newcastle—Achmet in 'Barbarossa'—Osmond in 'The Castle Spectre'—Rolla—Holiday at Tynemouth, practice on the seashore—Capture of a fish—Performance at Leicester and Birmingham—Albyn in 'The Countess of Salisbury,' Luke in 'Riches'—Hardyknute in the 'Wood Demon'—Coach travelling of the period—An escape from danger—Death of grandfather.

In penning this record the continual recurrence of the "first person" grates against my taste and inclination, but an autobiography cannot dispense with *I*'s.

My views had been to strive for one of the exhibitions to help me forward at Oxford, where a degree would have accelerated the period of being called to the Bar. But it was otherwise decreed. My father, who had accumulated a little property in the Funds by his successful management of the Birmingham, Sheffield, Newcastle, and other theatres, outbid his competitors for the lease of the new Manchester Theatre, recently built, the expense attending which, its painting, furniture, and complete fitting up, swallowed the whole of his investment. A partner who could not fulfil the conditions of his contract added to his embarrassment, and a disastrous season left him minus to a very considerable amount. On my return home for the holidays of the winter, 1808-9, I was not apprised of the difficulties under which my father was labouring. He was a man of a very sanguine temperament, and clung to hope till affairs became desperate. This was made known to me in a very painful way. I had given offence—I cannot remember in

what way, but I recollect that I did not conceive myself to blame. Chiefly owing to the interposition of the lady then staying in our house, my father inflicted a severe punishment upon me, which I conceived unmerited, and I took the truant boy's resolution to leave my home. Through my sisters this became known to the lady alluded to, and she took occasion to talk to me—to remonstrate with me, informing me of the desperate state of my father's affairs, and of his inability to pay my bills at Rugby for the last half-year. I was determined not to go back to Rugby under such circumstances. What then was to be done? Would not my going on the stage relieve my father from the further expense of my education? My expectations did not go beyond this result. The extravagant views, however, of my counsellor looked to another Young Roscius *furore* (I being not yet sixteen years of age), and speculated on a rapid fortune! I had neither the vanity nor the folly to entertain for one instant such ideas; but if I could lighten the load then pressing on my father by foregoing the cost of my education, and could aid him by my co-operation, that I was willing and ready to do. She advised me to go at once to my father, then at the theatre about a mile distant, make my peace with him, and propose this alternative to him. I fancy she had prepared him for it, in signifying her intention to speak to me on the subject.

I found him in his private room in the theatre, and expressing my regret for having offended him, stated my wish, as my bills at Rugby could not be paid, to take up the stage as a profession. He made a slight demur to the proposal, intimating that Mr. Birch would arrange for the non-payment of the bills—that it had been the wish of his life to see me at the Bar, but that if it was my real wish to go upon the stage, it would be useless for him to oppose it. I gave him to understand that my mind was made up, and the die was cast. I was not then aware of the distance between the two starting-points of life. My father was impressive in his convictions that the stage was a gentlemanly profession. My experience has taught me that whilst the law, the church, the army, and navy give a man the rank of a gentleman, on the stage that designation must be obtained in society (though the law and the Court decline to recognise it) by the individual bearing. In other callings the profession confers dignity on the initiated, on the stage the player must contribute respect to the exercise of his art. This truth, experienced too late, has given occasion to many moments of depression, many angry swellings of the heart, many painful convictions of the uncertainty of my position. I was not aware, in taking it, that this step in life was a descent from that equality in which I had felt myself to stand with those of family and fortune whom our education had made my companions. I had to live to learn that an ignorant officer could refuse the satisfaction of a gentleman on the ground that his appellant was a player, and that, whilst any of those above-named vocations, whatever the private character, might be received at Court, the privilege of

appearing in the sacred precincts was too exclusive for any, however distinguished, on the stage. In giving once a very liberal subscription to a charity, Macklin was asked what name was to be placed before it. "Why," he replied, "according to law I believe it should be 'Charles Macklin, vagabond,' but you may enter it by courtesy, 'C. Macklin, Esq.'" Molière and Shakespeare, as stage-players, would have come within the English law's category of "vagabonde!"

But at the early age of sixteen my lot was decided, and henceforward my resolve was taken to do the best I could with the means presented to me. My kind friend Birch undertook to pay the Rugby bills, exceeding £100. My brother Edward, younger than myself by five years, continued his studies at a day-school at Manchester, whilst I, making myself as useful as I could to my father in his struggle through the remainder of his theatrical season, divided the time at my disposal between occasional snatches of work at my old classic authors, taking lessons in fencing, and getting by heart the words of such youthful characters in the drama as would seem most likely to suit my age and powers. I have had reason to question the judgment of my father in much that he would recommend and insist upon in my preparation for the stage. With a certain amount of cleverness, his notions and tastes were what I may call too "stagey" to arouse or nurse the originality of a first-rate actor. He referred always to what he had seen, and cited the manner in which past celebrities would deliver particular passages. Among dramatic poets his preference ran rather to Otway, Rowe, &c., than to Shakespeare, and in after life I had in consequence the difficult task of unlearning much that was impressed on me in my boyish days. Among players his models of excellence in their particular walks were Macklin and Henderson, the theatrical Titans to whose remote grandeur he looked back with confident veneration. He held with high esteem Kemble, and even Pope and Holman, with whom he was contemporary; but Macklin and Henderson, who had been the admiration of his early youth, held the foremost rank in his estimation. He had acted the part of Horatio in the Dublin Theatre three times in one week with three different Hamlets—Holman, Kemble, and Henderson—and with all the personal advantages of the two former, he regarded Henderson as immeasurably their superior. A criticism in one of the papers of the day distinguished the three; Holman as Hamlet; Kemble, Prince Hamlet; and Henderson, Hamlet Prince of Denmark. His career was short, but from the testimony of those who witnessed his performances, he must have been a worthy successor of Garrick, and indisputably pre-eminent in the characters of Hamlet, Iago, Falstaff, Shylock, Benedict, &c.

Macklin, whose personation of Shylock to its true reading had elicited the impromptu of Pope, "This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew," was my father's theatrical oracle. His portrait hung over the fireplace of our little dining-room, with the inscription, "Charles Macklin, aged 98." In some of his visits to Dublin he had

instructed my father in the part of Egerton in his comedy of the 'Man of the World;' and on the occasion of his last benefit there he sent for his pupil from Waterford (where my father was playing) to act Egerton.

It was said of him that at nineteen he could not read. It is however certain that he was servant, similar to what at Oxford is called a "scout," at Trinity College, Dublin. The custom was for these servants to wait in the courts of the college in attendance on the calls of the students. To every shout of "Boy!" the scout, first in turn, replied, "What number?" and on its announcement went up to the room denoted, for his orders. After Macklin by his persevering industry had gained a name as author and actor, in one of his engagements at the Dublin Theatre some unruly young men caused a disturbance, when Macklin in very proper terms rebuked them for their indecent behaviour. The audience aplauded; but one of the rioters, thinking to put him down by reference to his early low condition, with contemptuous bitterness shouted out "Boy!" Poor Macklin for a moment lost his presence of mind, but recollecting himself, modestly stepped forward, and with manly complacency responded, "What number?" It is unnecessary to add that the plaudits of the house fully avenged him on the brutality of his insulters.

His manner was generally harsh, as indeed was his countenance. So much so that on some one speaking to Quin of the "strong lines" of Macklin's face, he cut short his remarks with, "The lines of his face, sir? You mean the cordage." My father has described to me his mode of speaking to the players at rehearsal. There was good advice, though conveyed in his gruff voice and imperious tone. "Look at me, sir, look at me! Keep your eye fixed on me when I am speaking to you! Attention is always fixed; if you take your eye from me you rob the audience of my effects, and you rob me of their applause!"—a precept I never forgot, and to which I have been much indebted.

After he had left the stage, which the utter loss of memory compelled him to do, my father paid him a visit in London, and his account of it gave curious evidence of an inveterate prejudice surviving the decay of physical and intellectual power. The old man, with lack-lustre eye, was sitting in his arm-chair unconscious of any one being present, till Mrs. Macklin addressed him. "My dear, here is Mr. Macready come to see you." "Who?" said Macklin. "Mr. Macready, my dear." "Ha! who is he?" "Mr. Macready, you know, who went to Dublin to act for your benefit." "Ha! my benefit? what was it? what did he act?" "I acted Egerton, sir," said my father, "in your own play." "Ha! my play? what was it?" "'The Man of the World,' sir." "Ha, 'Man of the World!' Devilish good title! Who wrote it?" "You did, sir." "Did I? Well! What was it about?" "Why, sir, there was a Scotchman'——" "Ah d——n them!" My father finding it useless to prolong this last interview with his old preceptor, took his leave.

The weeks between Christmas and Midsummer dragged their slow length along, and a miserable period it was. My poor father, in frequent apprehension of arrest, was from time to time obliged to absent himself, and to study modes of concealment whilst taking measures (at that time necessary, from the state of the law) to make himself a dealer in goods, in order to pass through the Court of Bankruptcy. By the kind aid of friends he was enabled eventually to accomplish this; in the meanwhile his release from the Manchester Theatre was obtained by the sacrifice of all the valuable property he had placed in it, and an additional £1000 paid by his securities, my grandfather and uncle.

Before the close of the theatre, Mr. John Fawcett, an excellent comic actor, a man very much respected, and an old friend of my father, came down to fulfil engagements with him at the Manchester and Newcastle Theatres. During his performances at Manchester he was our guest, and in discoursing on the subject of my adoption of the player's profession, he most kindly urged the advisability of my seeing the first actors of the day, of my learning to fence from the best masters; and very kindly gave me an invitation to spend some weeks at his house in London for this purpose. At the close of his Manchester engagement I travelled with him to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he acted during the race-week, and where I was commissioned by my father to overlook the course of affairs during a short summer season, in fact to be the deputed manager. It was here I received the following letter from my relative and friend, William Birch:

"To W. C. Macready, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Dear Sir, Rugby, August 6th, 1809.

"Having seen in the papers your father's address to the Manchester audience on his relinquishing that theatre, I cannot refrain from writing to express my sincere concern, and to add that any act of friendship as far as lies in my power shall gladly be executed. In the first place I beg you to accept this letter as a receipt in full for my demands upon you, and for all the bills* which I sent in on yours and your brother's account; and I am glad it is at all in my power to relieve Mr. Macready from that burden. I wish also to know whether I or any of my brothers could be of service to your younger brother in any mode, or to your sisters. Whatever your father may point out I will endeavour to the utmost of my power to accomplish. Your friend Jeston called here last week, and surprised me with the account of your being manager of a theatre, for which your age seemed not yet sufficient; but your desire to assist your father, which I find from Jeston was the reason of your adopting your present profession, gives you power, which I ardently hope will bring you the rewards of success, and I esteem your character highly for exerting yourself in one of the first of all virtues, filial affection. I beg you will communicate to your father, with my kindest regards, my wish to be in some degree serviceable to him and to his family, and if I knew where to direct to him, I would address him; and shall be most happy to hear from

* Considerably above £100.

him, explaining his views with respect to you and the rest of the family. My wife unites with me in sincere regards. William has sailed again to India. Mary is tolerably well.

"Believe me, dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"WM. BIRCH."

I remained here about two months, not deriving much advantage, though some experience, from the society of some of the players, and falling desperately in love with one of the actresses—no improbable consequence of the unguarded situation of a boy of sixteen. The theatre being closed, I went on a most tearful journey ("I had left my dear Phillis behind") to meet, after the sale of our house-furniture, my father at Birmingham, where the greatest sympathy was shown with his misfortunes. The manager of the theatre there took advantage of the public feeling, and made an engagement with him for a few nights' performances, which were extremely well attended; but the night of his benefit was one that returned a receipt never before known there. Not only was every place occupied, but very many sent presents, and from one club a purse was made by every member paying a guinea for his ticket. This happy circumstance placing him in present funds, he left Birmingham, accompanied by me, on his route to Leicester. Here we parted for a time, he remaining to conduct the affairs of the theatre, and I taking the coach to London to pay my visit to my father's friend, Mr. Fawcett. My reception was most friendly, though the recollection has not escaped me of the awkwardness and loneliness I felt for the first time among strangers, who in their frank hospitality soon ceased to be so.

I reached London, September 1809, the day after the opening of the New Covent Garden Theatre, which, to the wonder of the time, had been built in a year from the date of the destruction of the old one. My father's command that, from the danger of becoming an imitator, I should not see John Kemble act, proved unnecessary; for the O.P. riots, which nightly drowned the voices of the players, prevented his and Mrs. Siddons' appearance. A little disturbance had been anticipated on account of the prices being raised from six shillings to seven shillings in the boxes, and from three shillings to four shillings in the pit; but the proprietors of the theatre too confidently relied on the beauty and splendour of the edifice reconciling the public to the advance. The spirit of resistance was, however, persevering and indomitable. After three or four weeks the tumult became so far lulled that the three first acts of each performance were listened to by the scanty audiences that attended; but at half-price the well-organised opposition rushing in, began the O.P. dance on the benches of the pit, and not one syllable more was to be heard. The scenes presented by the acting audience, and the "hubbub wild" that deafened the ear, baffle description. Some of the leading pugilists of the day were franked into the boxes, to champion the cause of the proprietors

where the *mêlée* might be thickest. Horns, catcalls, and all imaginable discordant sounds were mingled in the vast uproar. I was a frequent visitor, my name being put upon the free-list, and had the satisfaction of seeing Cooke, Young, C. Kemble, Murden, Fawcett, Emery, Liston, and other first-rate performers, for three acts each night, but soon grew tired of the eternal din, that became one same barbarian yell. This continued for some months, until the menaced ruin of the establishment induced the proprietors to come to an agreement with the self-installed representatives of the public, and a pacification was ratified on terms of mutual concession. Seven shillings for the boxes were conceded by the insurgents, and three-and-sixpence was yielded to them as the price of admission to the pit. The Drury Lane Company meanwhile, who had been burned out of their theatre, profited largely by this interruption of the Covent Garden performances, having opened the Lyceum, which was nightly filled by those who wished to see plays acted. I was a frequent auditor, my business being to see as much good acting as I could. Elliston had taken the Surrey Theatre, where the law allowed him to perform only burlettas, and here I saw him act Macbeth as a pantomime, and Captain Macheath in 'The Beggars' Opera,' the words of Gay thrown into jingling rhyme. Every morning before breakfast my walk was from Thornhaugh Street to the Albany to take lessons in fencing from Angelo; and I certainly was industrious in my endeavour to acquire grace and skill in the use of the small-sword. I became aquainted with Morton, Reynolds, Theodore Hook, and Vernon, since known for the gift of his splendid gallery of pictures to the nation. Tom Sheridan I also met in the park, and recollect his handsome, sickly face, and lively, good-humoured manner. My evenings were given regularly to some theatre, and my early mornings as regularly to Angelo. The 25th of October was the fiftieth anniversary of George III.'s accession, and a popular demonstration was got up for the Jubilee, as it was termed, with illuminations, to divert, it was said, the public attention from the embarrassed state of political affairs. On that occasion there was a gas star before one of the houses in Pall Mall, which relighted itself as the wind every now and then partially blew out some of its jets. This was, I think, the first public experiment of gas; and it was a very general opinion that it never could be rendered serviceable. How frequently have the predictions of prejudice and ignorance been falsified by science!

My visit, from which I derived considerable benefit, being ended, I returned to Leicester, and thence proceeded to Manchester, where by appointment I rejoined my father. We slept at the 'Bridgewater Arms' that night, and the next day late in the afternoon I went with him to the house of the sheriff's officer, to whom he was to surrender himself. When I found him actually a prisoner, my fortitude gave way, and I burst out into tears. He had evidently a struggle to collect himself, but he did so, saying, "There is nothing I cannot bear but compassion. If you cannot

command yourself, go away." I remained with him whilst it was permitted, and the next morning he went with the officer to his sad prison, Lancaster Castle, and I with no less heavy a heart to take charge of the company of players still in his service at Chester. I was but sixteen years old, and "the world was all before me." My lodgings were not uncomfortable, but my situation was very dreary. I was quite alone, and every performer in the theatre, of which I now entered on the direction, was a stranger to me; and what aggravated the difficulty of my undertaking, several were in a state of mutiny, their salaries being considerably in arrear. The slovenly manner in which the business of the theatre was carried on by the persons in office was apparent to me in the play I saw represented the night of my arrival. I was surprised and vexed to find that it was a novelty of some interest put forward without notice or due preparation—'The Foundling of the Forest,' which had been an attraction through the summer at the Haymarket Theatre. I enforced more attention at the rehearsals; announced a piece upon the subject of the late jubilee, which excited curiosity, and was attractive; received what were called "bespeaks" from Lord Grosvenor and Egerton, the member for the city opposed to him, which were crowded houses; but when I had cleared off most of the claims upon the concern, the proprietors put in an execution for the remainder of rent due, and I was at my wits' end. I wrote to friends for the loan of what money they could afford me, and having conciliated the good-will of some of the best among the actors, I was enabled to discharge the rent, pay off the salaries in arrear, and at the close of the theatre pursue my journey with three of the company in a post-chaise to Newcastle-on-Tyne. The money I had been able to provide was nicely calculated to carry us through. It was the week before Christmas, and regular December weather. My hopes of relief from the obligations which still embarrassed me, and of raising the credit of my father's theatres, rested on the approaching season at Newcastle. My whole dependence was there. The best performers from Chester were to meet there the *élite* of the Leicester troop, and together would form a very good provincial company.

We left Chester, where I had learned my first lesson of the world's difficulties, on Christmas Eve, and, with four in a chaise and luggage, could not expect in winter roads to move on very expeditiously. Travelling all night we reached Brough, a small town on the wild borders of Westmoreland, about noon on Christmas Day, where we stopped to lunch. Here I gave our last £5 Bank of England note to pay the post-boy who had brought us from Sedbergh. To our utter dismay the landlord entered the room with the note in his hand to inform us he did not like the look of it, that he therefore demurred to give change for it, and that he could not send us forward, from the state of the roads, without four horses! Here was a dead lock! all my cherished hopes endangered, if not ruined, unless I reached Newcastle in

good time on the morrow, and how to get there or send nearly 170 miles was a perplexity which in a very distressed state of mind we had to deliberate upon. My position, if I could not reach Newcastle in time, must have been deplorable. We sent for the landlord; he was not within, having gone up to his farm! Time began to press, for it was already evident we could not under any circumstances reach Newcastle that night; but what means of extrication were there? My watch had been left at Chester to eke out the needful amount for this journey. Those of my three *compagnons de voyage* were laid on the table, and the landlord, who had returned, was once more summoned. I gave him what references of respectability I could, and, finding him immovable in his refusal to send us on without four horses, we submitted to this extra charge on condition he would advance three pounds upon the watches and give change for the five-pound note. After some hesitation he yielded; the post-boy was paid, the four horses were put to, and the postillions charged to instruct the innkeeper at the next stage to forward us with a pair. The crew with a flowing sheet sailing "Away from the Bay of Biscay, O," could scarcely have felt greater relief than we did in finding ourselves in full gallop from what had threatened to be our prison in Brough. We gave three cheers as we cleared the dreary little town, and on reaching Durham late in the evening found our funds just equal to the payment of the chaise that landed us there. Being well known here, there was no stint to the enjoyment of a good supper and good beds, the bill for which I took with me to Newcastle betimes the next morning, obtaining cash from the treasurer of the theatre to remit the full discharge of all to our obliging host of the Wheatsheaf.

The event of the season at Newcastle did not disappoint me. The company was very superior to the average of provincial theatres. Poor Conway, then a very handsome young man, with a good voice, great ardour in the study of his art, and evincing very considerable promise, was its hero, performing Hamlet, Othello, Jaffier, &c., to good houses. The new play of 'The Foundling of the Forest,' got up with new scenery, &c., under my most careful superintendence, was an attraction for many nights. 'The Jubilee,' 'Macbeth' as a pantomime (*proh pudor!*), 'Valentine and Orson,' &c., added to our receipts, enabling me to remit regularly three pounds each week to my father in his melancholy duress at Lancaster. A little before the close of the season in the spring he obtained with his release his certificate of bankruptcy, with most complimentary testifications to his uprightness and liberality.

It was at Birmingham that the commission of his bankruptcy was taken out, and at one of the meetings, on the question being put of what should be done with his plate (among which was a handsome vase presented to him for his aid to the Birmingham General Hospital), George Freer, a principal creditor, stood up and said, "If they took Macready's plate, he should instantly propose

a subscription for a new service to him;" on which it was unanimously voted that his plate and other personal properties should be returned to him.

In the early part of the season a person imposed on me, by the name of "Harrison," the belief that he was the great concert singer of that day, and I very gladly engaged him to sing a certain number of songs on a particular evening. His name was posted in the formidable large letters of the playbills, and there was an attendance eager to see and hear the famous tenor of the Ancient Concerts; but, in proportion to my satisfaction at the appearance of the audience, was my horror and dismay at seeing the fellow go on the stage in a pair of white duck trousers (it was winter), a chapeau-bras under his arm, and with an unsteadiness of deportment that showed he had been sacrificing much more liberally to Bacchus than to Apollo. Before he had got through his first song the hissing began, and a chorus of hootings responded to his unsteady attempts to bow himself off. I sent on the stage-manager to state the fraud that had been practised on me, and to make the tender to the dissatisfied of the return of their admission-money. Few took advantage of it; therefore the next morning, having reduced the receipt of the night to that of the lowest average of the season, I sent the surplus with a note to the General Hospital, declining on the part of the management to profit by the imposition. On another occasion I was threatened with a challenge for having, in my capacity as manager, forcibly removed a young man from the boxes who, in a state of intoxication, was disturbing the audience.

Omnia mutantur is a familiar proverb of the oldest philosophy. In this world of changes the theatrical calling has undergone revolutions as complete as those of science or religion. Witness the difference between the present state of the stage and its condition when I entered on it. At that time a theatre was considered indispensable in towns of very scanty populations. The prices of admission varied from 5*s.*, 4*s.*, or 3*s.* to boxes; 2*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* to pit; and 1*s.* to gallery. A sufficient number of theatres were united in what was called a circuit, to occupy a company during the whole year, so that a respectable player could calculate upon his weekly salary, without default, from year's end to year's end: and the circuits, such as those of Norwich, York, Bath and Bristol, Exeter, Salisbury, Kent, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., with incomes rising from £70 to £300 per annum, would be a sort of home to him, so long as his conduct and industry maintained his favour with his audiences. But beyond that, the regularity of rehearsal and the attention paid to the production of plays, most of which came under the class of the "regular drama," made a sort of school for him in the repetition of his characters and the criticism of his auditors, from his proficiency in which he looked to Covent Garden or Drury Lane as the goal of his exertions. For instance, from Exeter came Kean; from Dublin came Miss O'Neill, Conway, R. Jones,

Lewis, W. Farren ; from York Fawcett, C. Mathews, Emery, Harley, J. Kemble. The distance from London was then so great, and the expense and fatigue of travelling was such as to make a journey then more rare; and the larger towns, as York, Newcastle, Bath, Exeter, Norwich, were centres or capitals of provincial circles, to which the county families resorted for the winter season, or crowded to the public weeks of races and assizes, when the assembly-rooms and the theatres were the places of fashionable meeting.

My experience of country theatres never presented me with any scenes resembling the barn of Hogarth's Strolling Players, but it was not altogether without its whimsical expedients and ludicrous mishaps. On the first representation of the grand Ballet of Action of Macbeth I was most busily and anxiously engaged in looking after the working of the machinery, which was very complicated, and urging on the performers. In the scene after Duncan's murder there was scarcely three minutes' time for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to wash the blood from their hands. Macbeth, poor Conway, on rushing from the stage in an agony of despair, exclaimed, "Oh! my dear sir, my dresser is not here! What shall I do?"(the old man with water, soap, and towel was at the opposite side). There was not an instant for reflection. "Here," I cried, "come here:" dragging him up to the gentlemen's first dressing-room, where he plunged his hands into a jug of water. "There is no towel, my dear sir!" in continued agony he cried. I snatched up the first semblance of cloth that lay to hand, with which he dried his half-washed hands, and dashed back to the stage again. With the water and cloth in my hands I met at the foot of the stairs Lady Macbeth in equal perplexity, who hastily availing herself of the ready aid, rushed back to her place on the stage. The jug, &c., I hastily deposited in my own room, and returned to watch the closing of the scene. The curtain fell that night with much applause on our barbarous violation of Shakespeare, and I went to my lodgings through a deep snow, insensible to the cold from the satisfaction I felt in the success of the evening. The next morning the acting manager met me with a very grave countenance, foretelling "the nature of a tragic volume," and opened his tale of woe with,—' Sir, I am very sorry to tell you, there are thieves in the theatre!" "Good heavens!" I answered, "is it possible? Let every inquiry be made, that they may be punished, or at least turned out of the place. What has been stolen?" "Why, sir, Mr. Simkin's breeches! When he went to dress himself at the end of the evening, his breeches were gone, and he was obliged to walk home to his lodgings through the snow without any." I desired the strictest search and inquiry to be made, and no pains spared to detect the offender. After a little time, however, a thought crossed me, and I asked the manager what kind of small clothes they were. When he told me they were brown kerseymere, it flashed across me that I had seized them for Conway's

towel, and had thrown them under the table in my own room. The injury was repaired, but the story of Simkin's small clothes was for some time repeated as against my impetuosity.

With my father's return my responsibilities ceased; and it was no light load from which my inexperience, not always able to avoid mistakes, was relieved. I, however, still attended the rehearsals, and in the "getting up" of the melodramas, pantomimes, &c., I was the instructor of the performers. One morning I remember, when my father was present, showing one of them, who had to personate a savage, how, in making a sort of tiger-spring upon his enemy, suddenly to lapse into astonishment on seeing his own figure reflected in the polished surface of his antagonist's shield. My father was taken by surprise, and involuntarily said (for he was not very prodigal of his praise), "If you can do anything like that on the stage there will be few come near you."

The season was closed, and arrangements made, not without difficulty, by my father for our journey to Birmingham, and for opening the theatre there, of which he had become lessee. The peculiar situation in which I had been placed for the greater part of a year was one, as I now look back upon it, that might have determined my lot for more severe trials than have, I say it thankfully, fallen to my share. It almost unavoidably threw me into intimacy with minds not capable of improving, nor likely much to benefit one so young and impulsive as myself; and led me into occasional dissipation, which might have induced habits destructive of ability and reputation. To my excellent friends the Misses Hedley, three maiden sisters of good family, and almost oracles in the best social circles of Newcastle, I owe my rescue from the liabilities I was then incurring. They were lovers of the theatre; one particular box was nightly reserved for them, which they scarcely ever failed to occupy for some part of the evening. A little before the close of the season they gave me an invitation to take tea with them, and took advantage of the occasion to represent to me that some of the leading people in the place would be ready to show me kindness and attention if they were sure that I was select in my associates. They pointed out to me the evils and dangers of dissipation and low company in the career I was about to enter on, and induced me by their friendly and sensible expostulations to give attentive consideration to a subject of such consequence to young people entering life. That they became the firm and cordial friends of myself and my sisters to the end of their lives is the proof that their thoughtful interposition between me and ill-fortune was not without some result. Happy is the destiny that gives to a youth of unbounded spirits and uncontrollable excitability, like myself, the blessing of early monitors, whether in the more painful discipline of consequent suffering or in the more indulgent agency of pre-admonition such as theirs. The vocation of player, as well as that of teacher, is often under-

taken for no other reason than that nothing else offers to the unoccupied and needy. Too often is it made for the idle and ignorant a refuge from the duties of painstaking industry; and in daily intercourse with men and women so actuated, and circumstanced, it is not to be wondered at if youth should soon lose its freshness and the lofty tone of thought with which it was prepared to enter on its career.

We reached Birmingham with so reduced a purse that my father had to call upon a friend for a loan to meet our immediate expenses. But the theatre opened; the company, which was still further reinforced, was pronounced very good, and all went on satisfactorily. Conway was the great favourite. My father, to whom I of course deferred, had selected Romeo for the character of my *début*, and accordingly I was now in earnest work upon it. Frequently in the course of my solitary attempts the exclamation would escape me, "I cannot do it;" and in some of my private rehearsals I had the discouraging remark of my father, "that will not do," to damp my courage and cast the gloomy shade of doubt on my exertions. Still, however, I persevered; and as the time of making the desperate plunge approached, my hopes were somewhat cheered by the encouragement of the lady who was rehearsing her part of Juliet with me (Mrs. Young from Drury Lane Theatre), and my father's admission of "very great improvement." By dint of practice and repeated rehearsals, alone and with the other performers, I had got by rote, as it were, every particular of place, gesture, feeling, and intonation—and well for me I had done so; for if it made my heart beat more quickly to read in the street playbills * the announcement of "The part of Romeo by a young gentleman, his first appearance on any stage," the emotions I experienced, on first crossing the stage, and coming forward in face of the lights and the applauding audience were almost overpowering. There was a mist before my eyes. I seemed to see nothing of the dazzling scene before me, and for some time I was like an automaton moving in certain defined limits. I went mechanically through the variations in which I had drilled myself, and it was not until the plaudits of the audience awoke me from the kind of waking dream in which I seemed to be moving, that I gained my self-possession, and really entered into the spirit of the character and, I may say, felt the passion I was to represent. Every round of applause acted like inspiration on me: I "trod on air," became another being, or a happier self; and when the curtain fell at the conclusion of the play, and the intimate friends and performers crowded on the stage to raise up the Juliet and

* The playbill stated: On Thursday evening, June 7, will be presented the tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet' (written by Shakspear). The part of Romeo by a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, being his first appearance on any stage. Friar Laurence Mr. Harley, and Juliet by Mrs. Young. The play was followed by the farce of 'The Irishman in London' (written by the father), in which the elder Macready performed the part of Murtoch Delany.—Ed.

myself, shaking my hands with fervent congratulations, a lady asked me, "Well, sir, how do you feel now?" my boyish answer was without disguise, "I feel as if I should like to act it all over again."

After the repetitions of 'Romeo and Juliet,' the play of 'Adelgitha,' one of Mat Lewis's forgotten tragedies, was brought forward, in which Conway took the part of Robert Guiscard, and the youth Lothair was cast to me, now advertised as Mr. William Macready. The character is placed in very effective situations, and, abounding in clap-traps, strengthened the impression of my first appearance. My next character was Norval, in Home's tragedy of 'Douglas.' Conway was Glenalvon; he was a great favourite, and, as the leading actor of a country theatre, deservedly so. But unfortunately the tendency of his study was by isolated and startling effects to surprise an audience into applause. The consistency and harmony of character was not the aim of his research. To "make points" was the end of his practice and study, to which the spectators would respond, as I now perceive, too liberally. I remember well thinking that I had no chance against him, with his beauty of person, commanding stature, and physical power; but the sequel proved, unhappily for him, how much my inexperienced judgment was at fault. Upon the strength of my school performance I was next announced for Zanga in Dr. Young's 'Revenge,' which, although regarded with wonder as a school-boy's effort, proved on the stage a very feeble and ineffective piece of declamation. In 'George Barnwell' I was quite at home, and acted the bashful, guilty youth with a consciousness of being at least near the truth in the unaffected simplicity of the early scenes, and the passionate remorse that follows them.

These plays, with their repetitions, made up the term of my Birmingham season. I was launched, and notwithstanding the success that has attended me, I may truly say "upon a sea of troubles." My father was now sanguine in his expectations of my advancement, but I was not. Still, I resolved to make the best of what might be before me. I worked in earnest on the parts submitted to me after each performance, endeavouring to improve on its repetition. It was only on Sundays that the theatre, being locked up, was free from the presence of all employed in it. I used to get the key, and, after morning service, lock myself in, and pace the stage in every direction to give myself ease, and become familiar in my deportment with exits and entrances, and with every variety of gesture and attitude. My characters were all acted over and over, and speeches recited till, tired out, I was glad to breathe the fresh air again. This was for several years a custom with me.

On the close of my Birmingham performances my father, who attached great importance to the different modes of giving publicity to a name, took me up to London in order to have a portrait of me taken and engraved. Not being a connoisseur in art, he gave the

commission to an artist who was known for his theatrical likenesses, but whose drawing and colouring were miserably defective. Poor Dewilde! Many theatrical memories are perpetuated by him in the portrait-gallery belonging to the Garrick Club. I sat, or rather stood, to him in the dress of Romeo, which my father had peremptorily designed for me; and after making me go through the movements of Romeo's first scene, he decided on a passage; but to suit his idea of the picturesque, made me so alter the attitude, that it had no reference whatever to the expression of the words. The deference which I held towards an artist who was to my ignorance a great authority made me submissive, and a very unmeaning representation of the Veronese lover was in consequence displayed in the print-shop windows.

It was on this visit to London that, from the gallery of the Opera House, I first saw the songstress whose appearance made a sensation in all the capitals of Europe—Catalani; the opera was 'Cosi fan tutte,' and Tramezzani and Naldi were her supporters; but the height at which we were placed incommoded me too much to allow me to derive any pleasure from the performance. After a few weeks' holiday by the sea-side, at Parkgate, near Chester, passed with my brother, I was sent to Newcastle; the assizes were then on, and with the repetition of the characters I had acted, except Zanga, I appeared in Achmet in Dr. Brown's tragedy of 'Barbarossa,' Earl Osmond in Mat Lewis's drama of 'The Castle Spectre,' and Rolla in Sheridan's translation of Kotzebue's 'Pizarro.' I was warmly received, and the partiality with which my early essays were encouraged there seemed to increase in fervour to the very last night, when I made my farewell bow to a later generation.

Several weeks after this engagement, as it was termed, were passed in solitude at Tynemouth, then a small village, where, with a very few books, I contrived to while away the lonely hours, fishing, bathing, rambling along the shore, meditating on the characters I had acted, and declaiming to the louder waves the various passages from them. Through my professional course this has been a practice with me whenever opportunity offered. In one of my fishing excursions I was amused and surprised by the sagacity of one of our boatmen. We were at a short distance from the rocky shore, our lines let down to the full depth, when one, pulling up, observed that "it was a good one from its weight." To our surprise it was a very good sized cod-fish, but lean-looking, wasted, and there was a sort of sea-vermin crawling in numbers over its skin. A fish of that size so near the shore and lying, as it evidently had been, at the bottom, instantly suggested the cause of its enfeebled state to a sailor. "I should not wonder," said the man, "if he has a gold watch in his belly—let's see," and with his knife opening the stomach, he threw down on the bench a cat of middling size, exclaiming, "Dash my buttons, if it isn't a kitting." It would have been supposed impossible for the fish to have passed

so large a mass down its throat; but, being lodged in the stomach, the digestive action of the creature must have been stopped, and the animal remained in its perfect state, the hair of its skin only being ruffled. Our unscientific boatman directly knew that indigestion was the malady of the voracious fish.

My next performances were at Leicester, where I was received with great favour, acting over the characters I had previously played. The close of the theatre was marked by a very flattering testimony to my father in a present to him from the proprietors of one hundred guineas, as a mark of their respect. I should not, in justice to his memory, forget to record that he lived to pay off many of the debts of which his certificate of bankruptcy legally acquitted him. He was bent on making the experiment of a winter season at Birmingham, and there we returned for a few weeks before Christmas, where I opened in the part of Achmet. His predilection for the plays of a more recent date forced upon me characters which were uncongenial to me. 'The Countess of Salisbury' was a favourite with him, as having been acted by Barry and Mrs. Barry. Accordingly I had to prepare myself in the part of Albyn, in which I produced but little effect. As a counterpoise to his erroneous judgment in that instance, he was very much impressed by the character of Luke in an alteration of Massinger's 'City Madam' by Sir James Bland Burgess. The play was called 'Riches.' This was given me to prepare, and I found the task extremely difficult. I cannot help regarding the character as an unnatural one. The pure and lofty sentiments so eloquently poured forth in Luke's pleading for his brother's debtors, the conviction uttered to himself of his degradation being the consequence of his own errors, appear in inconsistent contrast with the treatment, so wantonly cruel, of his relatives and his former clients when placed within his power. The play scarcely conveys a moral in the startling violence of its transitions from penitence to inordinate selfishness and barbarity, and back again to humiliation and contrition. But there are many scenes of great power, affording scope to the actor; and to these the play is indebted for the success it obtained, which in the country was very considerable, although in London it took no permanent hold of public interest.

An incorrect MS. of Mr. Lewis's melodrama called 'The Wood Demon, or the Clock has Struck,' from notes taken in shorthand, I believe, during its performance, was given to my father, who decided on producing it, and wished me to act Hardyknute. I rewrote much of the character, and with the care bestowed on its rehearsals, and all the earnestness I could infuse into the performance, it excited much interest, and, particularly at Newcastle, proved a great attraction for many nights; but the two parts requiring great exertion on the same night was a trial of my strength. I could, however, then say with Œdipe—"J'étais jeune et superbe."

The main hope of my father in opening the Birmingham Theatre

at this unusual period rested on an engagement made with Madame Catalani to sing a certain number of nights. Being a never-failing attraction, it was a deathblow to my father's confident and sanguine expectations to receive, a few days before her intended appearance, a letter from her husband, Mons. Valebreque, with the disastrous statement that her severe illness made it impossible for her to fulfil her engagement. My father, in his distress at such a disappointment, was disposed to doubt the credibility of Valebreque's assertion, and being unable to leave Birmingham himself, ordered me to get ready without loss of time, and start for London by the Balloon Coach, which would reach town about nine o'clock the next morning; this was considered a fast coach, leaving Birmingham at three in the afternoon. I was ready, but the Balloon was full. The book-keeper, however, informed me that another coach was starting, and would be in London nearly as soon as the Balloon. My business was despatch, for I was to see Catalani in the course of the next day, and return by the mail at night. I therefore readily took advantage of the opportune proposal, and got into the coach. Its odours were many, various, and unpleasantly mingled, and the passengers, a half-drunken sailor and an old woman, not of the first rank in society, did not impress me with the prospect of a very pleasant journey. The pace at which the vehicle proceeded made me doubt if it would ever reach London, and its creakings and joltings seemed to augur a certain overturn. We did not arrive at Coventry, eighteen miles' distance, before eight o'clock—five hours!—nor reach London before five the next evening. To my great distress and disgust I found that I had been put into a coach notorious among all travellers as the L . . . y Liverpool. I proceeded to Catalani's house, found her in bed very ill, and the next day was on my way home.

This winter season was unproductive, but it lives in my memory associated with an event that I recall, though with regret, not wishing to omit any circumstance in my life's career. An old schoolfellow, to whom I had been fag at Rugby, came with his wife, an exceedingly lovely young creature, and took up his abode at the Hen and Chickens Hotel. He had visited my father when at school, and calling on him and me, introduced his beautiful little bride to us. He was on the most intimate terms with me; they dining with us, and I with them. His strange manner and habits, however, could not escape remark. He rarely rose before two o'clock in the afternoon, rambled at night through all parts of the theatre, indulged very freely in wine, and seemed utterly to neglect his lovely little wife. He asked me to take her out to walk, to accompany her to the theatre when I did not act, and sit with her in our private box—a very secluded one. My father hinted his suspicions to me that all was not right, and I had a monitor in my own breast that made me apprehensive too. I could not, so young, be placed in such constant intimacy with one of my own age, so attractive, and betraying occasionally manifest partiality, without

the consciousness of danger from the feelings she awakened. I must confess to hearing the lover's sigh when L—— one evening made a sort of "scene" of his disclosure, that Mrs. L—— was not married to him. I remonstrated with him on the wrong he had done my father, who had introduced his mistress to a lady in society, and who would have made her acquainted with my sisters if they had been at home. He admitted his culpability, and blamed himself for having taken her to the family of another friend of his, a college chum, but that he "did not know what he did." He determined to leave Birmingham the next morning, but his fair companion very much wished to see me before their departure. To this my father was opposed, and I was of course obliged to yield to his will; but the image of her beauty was long present to me, and I learned to regard her absence as a happy escape from a very serious danger. Vanity was at the root of all this proceeding. L—— was, even at school, a coxcomb, and a great novel-reader; and acted the rake less from passion, I believe, than from the desire to be talked of. I could not be blind to the fact that in his intended romance he was desirous of disentangling himself from the temporary connection he had formed, and of passing his mistress off on me. My dependent condition favoured me in this predicament more than I deserved. Many years after a a poor little, lusty, ill-clad, vulgar-looking woman, seemingly about forty-five years of age, knocked at my chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and asked me to help her in her great distress. She was the wife of a sergeant who had left her without means. To my astonishment it was the bright vision of beauty that had gleamed upon and dazzled my sight in years gone by. I gave her all the help I could. Poor creature!

We received here the news of my grandfather's death. He was a tradesman, and, as the Father of the Commons, highly respected in Dublin, as his funeral, the greatest known there for many years, testified. He left above £20,000, which was almost entirely squandered in a chancery suit brought by one of the sons, an attorney, but involving the whole family, against the executor, an elder brother. My poor father through his life was wont to turn in emergency to the probability of what "the lawsuit" would give him. It gave his widow, I believe, after upwards of twenty years' litigation, something like £1 15*s*.

CHAPTER III.

1811-1812.—First appearance in 'Hamlet'—Criticism on the part of Hamlet—Visit to London—A dangerous acquaintance—Performing at Leicester and Newcastle—Mrs. Whitlock—New parts—Acting with Mrs. Siddons at Newcastle in 'The Gamester' and 'Douglas'—Her instructions to a young actor—Criticism on her acting—Birmingham—Holman—W. H. West Betty, the *ci-devant* young Roscius—Miss Smith—A lesson in judgment on acting—Acting with Mrs. Jordan at Leicester—Her acting—Revival of 'Richard II.' at Newcastle—Anecdotes of G. F. Cooke.

In the season which opened at Newcastle immediately after Christmas, the principal attraction was the play of 'Riches,' in which I very much improved my performance of Luke. The public favour attended me in the fresh attempts I made, and the Earl of Essex, Roderick Dhu, in a drama called the 'Knight of Snowdon,' founded on Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' John of Lorne, in Miss Baillie's play of the 'Family Legend,' and Julian, in a piece called the 'Peasant Boy,' which was exactly suited to my years, and which, from my earnestness and reality, affected the audiences very deeply, all strengthened the partiality of my early patrons. But the task of the season to me was my first appearance in 'Hamlet' for my benefit. As I look back on this venture, which shook my nerves as much as my first passing into the sight of box, pit, and gallery, it appears like presumption in a youth of eighteen to hazard the good opinions already won in such an arduous attempt. The critic who had made a study of this masterpiece of Shakespeare would predict with confidence a failure in such an experiment, but he would not have taken into account the support to the young aspirant supplied by the genius of the poet. There is an interest so deep and thrilling in the story, such power in the situations, and such a charm in the language, that with an actor possessed of energy, a tolerable elocution, and some grace of deportment, the character will sufficiently interpret itself to the majority of an audience to win for its representative, from their delight, the reward of applause really due to the poet's excellence. A total failure in Hamlet is of rare occurrence. Every theatrical hero takes it up, and yet how many have there been, appearing and carrying off applauses in the part, who have been utterly incompetent to investigate the springs of emotion which agitate and perplex this amiable, reflective, and sensitive being? "There be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly," in the character, who could as soon explain and reconcile its seeming inconsistencies, as translate a page of Sanscrit. Dr. Johnson, who so lucidly describes the mind of Polonius, has left us in his observations clear proof that he did not understand

that of Hamlet; and audiences have been known to cheer innovations and traps for applause, which the following words of the text have shown to be at utter variance with the author's intention. My crude essay, like those of many others, was pronounced a success; but the probing inquiry and laborious study of my after life have manifested to me how little was due to my own skill in that early personation. The thought and practice I have through my professional career devoted to it, made it in my own judgment, and in those of critics whom I had most reason to fear and respect, one of the most finished, though not the most popular, in my *répertoire*.

The Duke Aranza, in Tobin's charming play of 'The Honeymoon,' was my introduction to comedy; and, with Posthumus Leonatus in 'Cymbeline,' and the part of Orestes in Ambrose Philip's translation of Racine's 'Andromache,' confirmed me as the established favourite of the Newcastle audience. The season at Birmingham, beginning in May 1811, added to my lists the parts of Frederick in Mrs. Inchbald's translation of Kotzebue's 'Natural Son,' Phocyas in Hughes' 'Siege of Damascus,' and Charles II. in Dimond's play of 'The Royal Oak.' An engagement was made with Pope, who had in former days shared the leading tragic characters at Covent Garden. He was said to have been an imitator of Clinch, known in his day by the familiar name of Larry Clinch, who was reputed to have been a very close copyist of Barry, in voice and manner. An incident is related of Clinch, who was extremely popular with the Dublin audience, that acting one of his favourite tragic parts by command of the Lord Lieutenant, of course to a very fashionable assemblage, he had not noticed a slight derangement of his dress, which one of his admirers in the gallery perceiving, in extreme anxiety, leaned over the rail, and with his hand hollowed to his mouth, as if to carry his information to the ear of Clinch alone, in a subdued vociferation, intended for a whisper, called out, "Larry, honey, there's the smallest taste in life of your shirt got out behind you!" My father regarded Pope as a remnant of an old school, which I certainly thought, in these my "salad days," was one better worn out and incapable of resuscitation. The equestrian troop from Astley's circus had been introduced by Harris at Covent Garden, and were, as a matter of course, at the close of the London season, engaged by my father, and in the melodramatic pieces of 'Blue Beard' and 'Timour the Tartar,' written by Monk Lewis, attracted crowds to the theatre. This gave me a holiday, which I was sent to spend with my brother at Parkgate. I used this time to refresh my memory with the classics, which I had laid aside so long.

On my return to Birmingham, the 'Knight of Snowdon' was produced at considerable expense, but the equestrian mania left the remainder of the summer very dull. Catalani sang one night in compensation for the disappointment her illness had caused, and it was on this occasion that the audience would not be satisfied with

even her assistance in 'God save the King,' until Tramezzani, the tenor of the Italian Opera, sang his verse. It was he who introduced alterations in the execution of the anthem, some of which are feebly retained at the present day. He had acted several nights in a sort of mono-dramatic operetta called 'Pigmalione,' and on the last night sang 'God save the King.' It had been heretofore little better than a dull psalm. But Tramezzani sang it in the style of a fervent and enthusiastically devout prayer, and quite electrified the house by the discrimination and energy with which he invoked the Divine aid in the stanza of "O Lord our God, arise," &c. From Birmingham my father removed his company to Leicester, and I was sent to London to sit again to Dewilde in the character of Hamlet, which portrait, it was agreed, should be sent to the Exhibition of the next year. This was regarded by my father as one of the best advertisements, and, as I have since remarked, he set too high a value on these modes of attracting public attention, which must come under the ordinary term of "puffing." My experience has convinced me that the repute derived from it is usually short-lived, and the merits of those who have profited by it have been constantly open to question. Honest perseverance in the cultivation of the talent with which God may have blessed us, and the earnest purpose of aiming at the noblest ends of which it may be capable and to which it may aspire, is certain of recognition in the long run, and bases itself on the firmest foundation. During the three or four weeks that my attendance on Dewilde detained me in London, I took up my abode at the York Hotel, Charles Street, Covent Garden. I frequented the theatres, and was an occasional guest with my friend Fawcett. In the coffee-room of the hotel I could not help noticing, from his constant attendance there at breakfast and dinner, a gentleman of rather remarkable appearance. His dress was that of a clergyman; he wore a broad-brimmed hat, which in going out he pressed down almost to his eyebrows, giving an extraordinary effect to his *ensemble;* he was tall, well-featured, of excellent address, and seemingly a sort of oracle among the frequenters of the house. I had been in town about a fortnight, when he began to honour me with a bow in passing, and at length entering into conversation with me, proposed to order his dinner to my table—a compliment which I, of course, gladly accepted. I found him in conversation most agreeable, extensively read, and of superior taste and acquirement. He had got my name, &c., at the bar, and the theatre being one of the subjects of our discourse, he invited me to accompany him to Covent Garden Theatre on the following Monday to see Young in Othello, Charles Kemble acting, I think for the first time, Iago. We agreed to dine together early and go to the pit, where he always occupied a particular place.

On the Sunday previous I dined with Fawcett, and was lavish in my praise of the agreeable acquaintance I had made, enlarging upon his gentlemanly address, his information, taste, &c. On

Monday, our appointment being duly kept, we went together to the pit of the theatre. Young acted in his usual effective declamatory way, and my only observation was of something like a rude remark by a neighbouring visitor, as spoken at something which my companion had said. The next afternoon Fawcett, with whom I had some little business, inquired of me very particularly about the gentleman of whom I had been speaking on the Sunday. "Was he tall, dark-haired, bald, wearing his hat low down on his forehead?" &c. When to all these inquiries I answered in the affirmative, he broke out in a very alarming way, "My dear boy, it is a mercy I have met you. He is a man of most dreadful character. I would not have you seen with him for the world." "Why, good gracious!" I replied, "I was with him at Covent Garden last night." "Well, no one could have observed you, for Mrs. Fawcett and some friends noticed him in his place, but did not remark you. I do not wonder at your being pleased with his manners and conversation. He was once one of the most eloquent and popular preachers in London. I remember when on Sundays Great Queen Street used to be crowded with carriages in attendance at his chapel there. He is of very good family, and was secure of the highest preferment. His name was Dr. ——. Some very disgraceful conduct brought him within the danger of the law, from which, through interest, he was saved, but was obliged to give up his chapel, is shunned by his family and friends, and now takes his mother's name, Dr. Q——." All this news, as may be supposed, caused me, a youth inexperienced in the world, great agitation, and, as the only way to avoid the man, I resolved to change my hotel. This my good friend Fawcett approved, and taking me to the Old Slaughter Coffee House, St. Martin's Lane, and furnishing me with funds until I obtained my remittance from home, established my quarters there—one of those houses which, for good English dinners and excellent port wine, is among the pleasant memories of a bygone time.

When my sittings were ended I left London for Leicester, where I acted for several weeks, and then proceeded with my father to Newcastle. An addition to his regular company was made in the engagement of Mrs. Whitlock, a sister of the Kemble family, who had made a comfortable independence in the United States, and had settled with her husband in Newcastle, where they were highly respected, and mingled in the best society of the place. She had something of the Kemble manner and voice, intelligence, but not sufficient theatrical talent to give her a high position among the English actors of that day. Her figure was unfortunately disproportioned, and as she must then have been upon the verge of sixty, her selection of the part of Elwina, in Hannah More's play of 'Percy,' was singularly injudicious, more especially as I, being then only eighteen, had to represent her lover, the youthful Percy. Her love of acting was so great as to blind her to her disqualifications, and she has told me that when on the stage she felt like a

being of another world! How often have I envied in others, less fortunate than myself in public favour, this passionate devotion to the stage! To me its drawbacks were ever present.

During this season, in which 'The Royal Oak,' produced in a very efficient manner, was the early attraction, I acted King Charles, Daran in Reynolds's play of 'The Exile,' Chamont in Otway's 'Orphan,' Edward the Black Prince, Alexander in Lee's inflated tragedy, Fitzharding in Tobin's 'Curfew,' and made a very successful attempt in broad comedy, acting Rover, the strolling player in O'Keefe's farcical comedy of 'Wild Oats,' on the "bespeak" of the mayor. The engagement of "the horses" had been so productive at Birmingham, that my father would listen to no remonstrances on the score of taste against their appearance at Newcastle. Platforms and sawdust were again in requisition, and for six weeks the pieces of 'Bluebeard' and 'Timour the Tartar' were repeated with uninterrupted success, which enabled my father to discharge the debt, considerably above £100, for school bills at Rugby, which our friend William Birch had so generously taken on himself.

But a most formidable ordeal was in preparation for me. Mrs. Siddons, a name that even now excites in me something like a reverential feeling, was on the point of concluding her engagement at Edinburgh, previous to taking her leave of the stage in London. Her way lay through Newcastle, and she engaged to act there two nights. On hearing this some of her friends in the town—and she had many—wrote to her (as she afterwards told my father) requesting she would make Lady Randolph one of her characters, my years and ardour suiting so well the part of Norval. The plays she fixed on were 'The Gamester' and 'Douglas.' Norval was a favourite character with me, but Beverley I had to study, and with the appalling information that I was to act it with Mrs. Siddons! With doubt, anxiety, and trepidation I set about my work, but with my accustomed resolution to do my very best. The language of the play is prose, and sufficiently prosaic; but I went to work at it with a determined though agitated spirit, and sought out in every sentence the expression that would most clearly illustrate the varying emotions of the character. The words of the part I was soon perfect in; but the thought of standing by the side of this great mistress of her art hung over me *in terrorem*.

After several rehearsals the dreaded day of her arrival came, and I was ordered by my father to go to the Queen's Head Hotel to rehearse my scenes with her. The impression the first sight of her made on me recalled the Page's description of the effect on him of Jane de Montfort's appearance in Joanna Baillie's tragedy of 'De Montfort.' It was

> "So queenly, so commanding and so noble,
> I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
> For so she did to see me thus abashed,
> Methought I could have compassed sea and land
> To do her bidding."

The words might been have written for this interview, for my nervousness must have been apparent to her on my introduction, and in her grand but good-natured manner she received me, saying, "I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me," and she made some remarks about my being a very young husband. Her daughter, Miss Cecilia Siddons, went smiling out of the room, and left us to the business of the morning.

Her instructions were vividly impressed on my memory, and I took my leave with fear and trembling, to steady my nerves for the coming night. The audience were as usual encouraging, and my first scene passed with applause; but in the next—my first with Mrs. Beverley—my fear overcame me to that degree that for a minute my presence of mind forsook me, my memory seemed to have gone, and I stood bewildered. She kindly whispered the word to me (which I never could take from the prompter), and the scene proceeded.

What eulogy can do justice to her personations! How inadequate are the endeavours of the best writer to depict with accuracy to another's fancy the landscape that in its sublime beauties may have charmed him! "The tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood" may have "their colours and their forms" particularised in eloquent language, but can they be so presented to the "mind's eye" of the reader as to enable him to paint from them a picture, with which the reality will accord? or will any verbal account of the most striking features of "the human face divine" convey a distinct portraiture of the individual? How much less can any force of description imprint on the imagination the sudden but thrilling effects of tone or look, of port or gesture, or even of the silence so often significative in the development of human passion! "L'art de déclamation ne laisse après lui que des souvenirs." As these are not transferable, I will not presume to catalogue the merits of this unrivalled artist, but may point out, as a guide to others, one great excellence that distinguished all her personations. This was the unity of design, the just relation of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed. Throughout the tragedy of 'The Gamester' devotion to her husband stood out as the mainspring of her actions, the ruling passion of her being; apparent when reduced to poverty in her graceful and cheerful submission to the lot to which his vice has subjected her, in her fond excuses of his ruinous weakness, in her conciliating expostulations with his angry impatience, in her indignant repulse of Stukely's advances, when in the awful dignity of outraged virtue she imprecates the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. The climax to her sorrows and sufferings was in the dungeon, when on her knees, holding her dying husband, he dropped lifeless from her arms. Her glaring eyes were fixed in stony blankness on his face; the powers of life seemed suspended in her; her sister and Lewson

gently raised her, and slowly led her unresisting from the body, her gaze never for an instant averted from it; when they reach the prison door she stopped, as if awakened from a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and, rushing from them, flung herself, as if for union in death, on the prostrate form before her.

She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and as I recall it I do not wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her. But in the progress of the play I gradually regained more and more my self-possession, and in the last scene as she stood by the side wing, waiting for the cue of her entrance, on my utterance of the words, "My wife and sister! well—well! there is but one pang more, and then farewell world!" she raised her hands, clapping loudly, and calling out "Bravo! sir, bravo!" in sight of part of the audience, who joined in her applause.

It would not be easy to describe the relief I felt when this trying night was over. The next morning I paid my required visit at her hotel, and going through the scenes of 'Douglas,' carefully recorded her directions, and, in a more composed state than I had been on the previous day, took my leave. I was, in ordinary terms, "at home" in the part of Norval, and of course acted with more than usual care and spirit. But who that had ever seen it could forget her performance of Lady Randolph? In the part of Mrs. Beverley the image of conjugal devotion was set off with every charm of grace and winning softness. In Lady Randolph the sorrows of widowhood and the maternal fondness of the chieftain's daughter assumed a loftier demeanour, but still the mother's heart showed itself above all power of repression by conventional control. In her first interview with Norval, presented as Lord Randolph's defender from the assassins, the mournful admiration of her look, as she fixed her gaze upon him, plainly told that the tear which Randolph observed to start in her eye was nature's parental instinct in the presence of her son. The violence of her agitation while listening to old Norval's narration of the perils of her infant seemed beyond her power longer to endure, and the words, faintly articulated, as if the last effort of a mortal agony, "Was he alive?" sent an electric thrill through the audience. In disclosing the secret of his birth to Norval, and acknowledging herself his mother, how exquisite was the tenderness with which she gave loose to the indulgence of her affection! As he knelt before her she wreathed her fingers in his hair, parted it from his brow, in silence looking into his features to trace there the resemblance of the husband of her love, then dropping on her knees, and throwing her arms around him, she showered kisses on him, and again fastened her eyes on his, repeating the lines,

> "Image of Douglas! Fruit of fatal love!
> All that I owe thy sire I pay to thee!"

Her parting instructions, under the influence of her fears for her son's safety, were most affectingly delivered. When he had fallen under the treacherous stab of Glenalvon, she had sunk in a state of insensibility on his body. On the approach of Randolph and Anna she began to recover recollection. To Randolph's excuses her short and rapid reply, "Of thee I think not!" spoke her indifference, and disregard of every worldly thing beyond the beloved object stretched in death before her. Leaning over him, and gazing with despairing fondness on his face, she spoke out in heartrending tones—

> "My son!—My son!
> My beautiful, my brave!—How proud was I
> Of thee, and of thy valour; my fond heart
> O'erflowed this day with transport when I thought
> Of growing old amidst a race of thine!"

The anguish of her soul seemed at length to have struck her brain. The silence of her fixed and vacant stare was terrible, broken at last by a loud and frantic laugh that made the hearers shudder. She then sprang up, and, with a few self-questioning words indicating her purpose of self-destruction, hurried in the wild madness of desperation from the scene.

On that evening I was engaged to a ball "where all the beauties" —not of Verona, but of Newcastle—were to meet. Mrs. Siddons after the play sent to me to say, when I was dressed, she would be glad to see me in her room. On going in, she "wished," she said, "to give me a few words of advice before taking leave of me. You are in the right way," she said, "but remember what I say, study, study, study, and do not marry till you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at nearly your age with a young family about me. Beware of that: keep your mind on your art, do not remit your study and you are certain to succeed. I know you are expected at a ball to night, so I will not detain you, but do not forget my words: study well, and God bless you." Her words lived with me, and often in moments of despondency, have come to cheer me. Her acting was a revelation to me, which ever after had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy through all the variations of human passion, blended into that grand and massive style, had been with her the result of patient application. On first witnessing her wonderful impersonations I may say with the poet:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

And I can only liken the effect they produced on me, in developing new trains of thought, to the awakening power that Michael Angelo's sketch of the colossal head in the Farnesina is said to have had on the mind of Raphael.

Little of interest occurred during the remainder of the season.

I acted Rolla in a translation from Kotzebue's 'Virgin of the Sun,' a melodramatic kind of blustering hero, given in London to Young, where the play was produced chiefly on the speculation of attraction from the machinist's work in the representation of an earthquake. From Newcastle the company was transferred to Birmingham, where I continued my regular course of study, rehearsing, acting, and attending to the general business of the stage. Holman and his daughter appeared for a few nights, giving me another opportunity of seeing the acting of a bygone time. He was remarkably handsome, though inclined to obesity, his tendency to which he endeavoured to combat by a chicken diet. He was vain of his person, but very pleasing in his manners, well educated, having taken his master's degree at Oxford, and ought to have reached a higher degree in his art if he had thought more of it and less of himself. He was said to have been in his youth very animated; so much so, as to be reported on one occasion, "In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion," to have lost so much his self-command as to miss his footing and precipitate himself over the footlights into the orchestra in the midst of the astonished musicians. But now the fire was spent, and in his acting he was as cold and artificial in his practised tones and movements as an automaton. He was to be respected as a perfect gentleman, but nothing was to be gained from him in theory or practice on the score of art.

Some little time previous (I think in the winter) W. H. West Betty, the *ci-devant* young Roscius, after leaving Cambridge, reappeared on the stage at Bath, where he played through a long and very successful engagement, much followed and caressed by the fashionables of the place. His figure no longer retained its symmetrical proportions, having grown bulky and heavy, but his face was very handsome. He, with well-calculated judgment, had determined on gleaning what he could from the country theatres before hazarding a venture in presence of a London audience. Being announced to perform two nights at Wolverhampton, my father, with the expectation that he would joyfully welcome his former playfellow, sent me over to see him, and propose an engagement at Birmingham.

The coach sat me down at his inn some time before his arrival, for which I waited with some impatience. He was to act Achmet that same evening, but there was no excitement in the town on that occasion. At about three o'clock the waiter gave me notice that Mr. Betty was coming, and I hastened out of the coffee-room to meet him, as he drove in his tandem into the gates. I introduced myself with all the heartiness of an old acquaintance, and was somewhat mortified by his cool reception of me. He gave directions about his carriage and horses, and went to the room prepared for him; I, a coach passenger, and one of little note, retired to the coffee-room, where I ordered dinner, and sat chewing the cud of my slighted advances. In a little time, as if he had

bethought himself, he came into the room, and with an altered manner entered into conversation. On seeing the preparations for my dinner, he requested me to order it into his room, that we might talk over matters without fear of interruption. With this arrangement we discussed the subject of the proposed engagement, and he agreed to give my father the earliest notice of the time at his disposal. At night I saw him act, but seemingly in a careless way, the house being but indifferent. After some weeks he came to Birmingham, and played to moderately good receipts a round of his characters. His subsequent appearance in London was a failure, but I am disposed to think his talents were not fairly appreciated. It seemed as if the public resented on the grown man the extravagance of the idolatry they had blindly lavished on the boy. There was a peculiarity in his level elocution that was not agreeable, a sort of sing-song and a catch in his voice that suggested to the listener the delivery of words learned by heart, not flowing from the impulse or necessity of the occasion; but when warmed into passion he became possessed with the spirit of the scene, and in witnessing as I have done his illustration of passages with all the originality and fire of genius, the conviction was pressed upon me that if he had not to his prejudice the comparison of his boyish triumphs, and the faulty manner derived from frequent careless repetition, he would have maintained a distinguished position in his maturer years.

In an engagement with Miss Smith I acted Lord Hastings in 'Jane Shore,' Percy in the play of that name, and Orestes in the 'Distressed Mother:' in the two latter characters I was sensible of considerable improvement. From the acting of Mrs. Siddons I had received a great lesson. Where opportunity presented itself, she never failed to bring out the passion of the scene and the meaning of the poet by gesture and action more powerfully, I am convinced, than he originally conceived it; but in giving life, and as it were reality, to the character she represented, she never resorted to trick, or introduced what actors call "business," frequently inappropriate, and resulting from the want of intelligence to penetrate the depth of the emotions to be portrayed.

In contrast to the grand simplicity of Mrs. Siddons, Miss Smith's attempts at effect were as manifest as they were injudicious. I particularly remember one instance. In a mad scene of Elwina, she took her scarf from her shoulders, and busied herself for some time in arraying in it the fancied figure standing before her of her lover Percy, and while the drapery fell to the ground, smiled complacently on what she meant to be the accomplishment of her design, but to which the senses of the spectator gave a direct contradiction, as her own sense should have told her must be the case. She had a good voice, and what would be called a good stage face; but of the soul, that goes to the making of an artist, there was none. Vehemence and noise were with her, as with so many mediocre performers, the interpreters of passion. She for

some years retained in Drury Lane possession of the leading characters, *faute de mieux*, but made no impression on the public. Her engagement at Covent Garden did not extend beyond the last season, in which she was the Cora in the play of the 'Virgin of the Sun.' In the earthquake scene of that play, before alluded to, Alonzo rescues Cora from the falling ruins of the Temple of the Sun, in which scene the single good speech of Alonzo, acted by Huntley, a young performer of some talent, had place. But to the great distress and mortification of poor Huntley, who on the three or four first nights had been warmly applauded in his speech, Miss Smith was, every night after, overpowered by her feelings, and, fainting in his arms, he was obliged to carry her off. Young, who felt for the disappointment of the young actor, consoled him with the intimation that they would find a remedy for these periodical fainting-fits, and prepared the actors accordingly. At the usual point of the scene, Cora sank as usual into the arms of Alonzo, who, on bearing her out of sight of the audience, was met by a crowd of the players bustling about in affected eagerness of sympathy and concern, Young loudest among them, to "carry the poor Cora into the green-room," where a roaring fire had been got ready. She was laid on a couch over the fender, cloaks laid over her, and a glass of hot water put to her lips; she soon recovered under these restoratives, and retired to her dressing-room, but was never known to faint again whilst she remained in the theatre.

At Birmingham this season I added but few new characters to my *répertoire*—among them Zaphna, in Hill's bald translation of Voltaire's 'Mahomet.' An incident at this period, originating in my appetite for a frolic, proved to me an experience that operated advantageously in the correction of precipitation in judgment through subsequent years. The announcement was shown to me in the green-room of one of our inferior actors, named Wilson, for the part of Iago at Sutton Coldfield, where a strolling company was acting in a barn. The name of the actor "from the T. R. Birmingham" was in large type in the playbill, "for the benefit of the manager." The fun I anticipated from the travestie that might be looked for, and the enjoyment of Wilson's consternation at seeing his chief among the audience, made it an easy business for me to persuade my father to order a chaise and make the eight miles' journey; we arrived in time for the second scene of the play, and were soon detected in the pit (there were no boxes) by the keen-sighted Iago. The words of the tragedy were spoken without many lapses, and the performance, whimsical in some of its makeshifts, was more respectable, though very dull, than could have been expected. Returning home, I was remonstrating with my father on what now seemed to me his undervaluing of Wilson, whose performance of Iago was so very respectable, and so much beyond what I had looked for from his acting at Birmingham, where I thought he should be allowed higher characters and more opportunities. My father's retort was very homely, "You fool,

William! cannot you see that he only appeared so much better to you because he was by the side of actors so much worse than himself?" I doubted the correctness of the remark at the time; but, a few nights after, seeing Wilson beside the more efficient members of the Birmingham company, I was obliged to confess the deception of my judgment, and that he was in truth as bad as I had at first thought him. This was a lesson, which taught me to measure a player by the conception of his poet, and by the severe truth of nature, guarding myself from being misled by any adventitious or false effects.

Before the close of the season, Mr. W. Dimond, the author of several successful plays, and manager of the Bath and Bristol Theatres, being one night in the theatre, sent round a note to express his wish to see me after the play on business. In a short interview in my dressing-room, he inquired if I should have any objection to make an engagement at Bath, which was always considered the stepping-stone to London. To this overture I stated my inability to leave my father, on which he begged me to bear in mind the willingness of the Bath management to negotiate with me whenever I should think of changing my present position.

The second visit of "the horses" gave me a holiday at Parkgate, and this season, which was not a profitable one, terminated my father's connection with Birmingham. From thence the company was removed in the autumn to Leicester, where Mrs. Jordan opened the theatre, acting two nights. If Mrs. Siddons appeared a personification of the tragic muse, certainly all the attributes of Thalia were most joyously combined in Mrs. Jordan. With a spirit of fun, that would have out-laughed Puck himself, there was a discrimination, an identity with her character, an artistic arrangement of the scene that made all appear spontaneous and accidental, though elaborated with the greatest care. Her voice was one of the most melodious I ever heard, which she could vary by certain bass tones, that would have disturbed the gravity of a hermit; and who that once heard that laugh of hers could ever forget it? The words of Milman would have applied well to her —"Oh, the words laughed on her lips!" Mrs. Nesbitt, the charming actress of a later day, had a fascinating power in the sweetly-ringing notes of her hearty mirth, but Mrs. Jordan's laugh was so rich, so apparently irrepressible, so deliciously self-enjoying, as to be at all times irresistible. Its contagious power would have broken down the conventional serenity of Lord Chesterfield himself.

Our first play was 'The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret,' by Mrs. Centlivre, in which she was the Violante. I had to prepare to meet this unrivalled artist in the part of Don Felix. This was a trial to me; for I have always felt something like an instinctive reverence for genius, in whatsoever range of art or science it may have developed itself. It is in Macklin's clever comedy of 'The Man of the World,' that Sir Pertinax Macsycophant observes, "I

never in my life could stand straight in the presence of a great man. I always bowed and bowed," &c. That flexibility of spine before men whom wealth or title makes great to the eyes of many, I have never felt but in the presence of those endowed by nature with that mental superiority which shines out in true genius; I have always laboured under the sense of my own comparative littleness, and for a time been oppressed with the idea of my inability to cope with them. I went to work therefore with my usual resolution to do my best with my part, but not without misgivings. At rehearsal I remarked, as I watched this charming actress intently through her first scene, how minute and how particular her directions were; nor would she be satisfied, till by repetition she had seen the business executed exactly to her wish. The moving picture, the very life of the scene was perfect in her mind, and she transferred it in all its earnestness to every movement on the stage.

When the cue for my entrance as Felix was given, it was not without embarrassment that my few first words were spoken; but her good-nature soon relieved me, for when I expressed the love that wrestled with a suspicious temper in the words, "True love has many fears, and fear as many eyes as fame; yet sure—I think —they see no fault in thee!" she paused, apparently in a sort of surprise, and with great and grave emphasis, said, "Very well, indeed, sir!" This gave me again my perfect self-possession, and I was able to attend to all her remarks and treasure up the points in which she gave greater prominence to the text. I have seen many Violantes since, but where was there one who could, like her, excite the bursts of rapture in an audience, when she recovered from the deadly agony into which her fears of discovery had thrown her, and prepared herself for her triumph over her jealous lover? The mode in which she taught the Flora to act her parts was a lesson to make an actress. The trite quotation *laudator temporis acti* is equally thrown, as an accusation or a sneer, in the teeth of those who dwell upon the memory of what no longer exists. But it is not alone upon the strength of my single judgment that I set so high a value on the art which these gifted individuals displayed; the effect they produced on their audiences was such as succeeding aspirants have never been able to excel. Mrs. Jordan's engagement was finished by the 'Belle's Stratagem,' in which she acted Letitia Hardy.

The new Drury Lane Theatre was opened October 10th, 1812, with Lord Byron's address, which he had been solicited by the Committee, dissatisfied with those sent in for competition, to write; and upon the heels of this came forth the '*Rejected Addresses*' of James and Horace Smith, to make a laugh wherever a page of the work was opened. The Leicester season gave me practice, and added to my experience without any particular event to stamp it on my memory.

At Newcastle the theatre was opened by Mrs. Jordan before my

arrival there, and I do not recollect what were her characters. My attention was given to the revival of Shakespeare's 'King Richard II.'; a play of the performance of which there is no record since Shakespeare's time, with due omissions. I had prepared it for representation, and it was produced with all the scenic effect that the limits of the theatre would admit of. It was a complete success, and proved the attraction of the season; but though applauded in the acting, it has not kept the stage; and it has often excited the wonder of Shakespearean critics, that it should have lain so long neglected and still should enjoy so little popularity. The passion of its language and the beauty of its poetry (considered apart from effect in representation) have dazzled its readers, and blinded them to the absence of any marked idiosyncrasy in the persons of the drama, and to the want of strong purpose in any of them. Not one does anything to cause a result. All seem floated along on the tides of circumstance. Nothing has its source in premeditation. Richard's acts are those of idle, almost childish, levity, wanton caprice, or unreflecting injustice. He is alternately confidently boastful and pusillanimously despondent. His extravagant persuasions of kingly inviolability, and of heavenly interposition in his behalf, meet with no response in the sympathies of an audience. His grief is that of a spoiled, passionate boy; but the language in which it is expressed is in the loftiest strain of poetry and passion. Bolingbroke, by the concurrence of events beyond his calculation, is raised to the throne. We perceive character in him in his own description of himself in the 'First Part of King Henry IV.,' but in his entrances and exits through this play there is nothing to distinguish him: so by York's touching picture of the degraded Richard's humiliating entry into London our feelings are more deeply interested than by all the fretful wailings, reproaches, and denunciations, eloquent and earnest as they are, of the deposed King. York is a good, easy man, yielding to every impulse, bending to every breeze that blows. Aumerle is a courtier and conspirator, unmarked by any peculiarity of concerted plan or urgent motive. In all the greater plays of Shakespeare purpose and will, the general foundations of character, are the engines which set action at work. In 'King Richard II.' we look for these in vain. Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Hamlet, Richard III., &c., both think and do; but Richard II., Bolingbroke, York, and the rest, though they talk so well, do little else than talk, nor can all the charm of composition redeem, in a dramatic point of view, the weakness resulting from this accident in a play's construction. In none of his personations did the late Edmund Kean display more masterly elocution than in the third act of 'Richard II.;' but the admiration he excited could not maintain a place for the work in the list of acting plays among the favourite dramas of Shakespeare.

My other new characters this season were Dorax in an adaptation by Reynolds of Dryden's 'Don Sebastian,' Oroonoko in Southern's affecting tragedy of that name, King Richard III.,

and Mark Antony in Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra.' My attempt in Richard was received with approbation, though my figure was unsuited to the part; an objection I have always felt, even when borne along by the fervent applause of the audience. A humped-backed tall man is not in nature, and I felt myself contradicting in my appearance the words Shakespeare had given me to speak—an interference with that persuasion of reality under which, to be master of his audience, every actor should endeavour to bring himself. My aim in the study and presentation of a character has been always identical with that of the German actor Schroeder, who, in reply to the encomiums of his admirers on some particular passage or scene, would impatiently exclaim, "*Ai-je bien joué le rôle? Ai-je été le personnage?*"

My remembrance, too, of George Frederic Cooke, whose peculiarities added so much to the effect of his performance, served to detract from my confidence in assuming the crooked-back tyrant. Cooke's varieties of tone seemed limited to a loud harsh croak descending to the lowest audible murmur; but there was such significance in each inflexion, look, and gesture, and such impressive earnestness in his whole bearing, that he compelled your attention and interest. He was the Richard of his day; and in Shylock, Iago, Sir Archy Macsarcasm, and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, he defied competition. His popularity far excelled that of Kemble; but he became the very slave of intemperance, remaining at times for days together in a state of debauch. His habits of inebriety subjected him frequently to the signal disapprobation of his audience, upon whom he would sometimes retort with more vehemence than delicacy. It is reported of him, that on one occasion, when a young officer in the stage-box made himself conspicuous in interrupting the play, Cooke went close up to him, and in his distinctly audible *pianissimo* addressed him: "D——n you, sir! You are an ensign? Sir, the King (God bless him) can make any fool an officer, but it is only the great God Almighty that can make an actor!" At another time, in Liverpool, when scarcely able to go through his part, the audience most justly manifested their indignation; he stopped, and addressed to them this insolent affront: "Your applause or your disapproval are indifferent to me: there's not one brick upon another in your town that is not cemented with a fellow-creature's blood!" alluding to the African Slave Trade, then principally carried on in Liverpool ships.

His face was only expressive of the sterner emotions, of which a whimsical evidence was afforded one evening, when, something the worse for wine or spirits he had drunk, he volunteered to exhibit to a young man sitting opposite to him the various passions of the human heart in the successive changes of his countenance. Accordingly, having fixed his features, he triumphantly asked his admirer, "Now, sir, what passion is that?" The young gentleman with complacent confidence replied, "That is revenge, Mr. Cooke." "You lie, sir; it's love!" was Cooke's abrupt rejoinder. But, when

in possession of himself, his manners were most pleasing and his address most gentlemanly. Two of my schoolfellows, Henry and William Hanmer, sons of Sir Thomas Hanmer, in returning from the holidays to Rugby, supped one evening with my father after the play, in which Cooke had been acting. Cooke was of the party. Henry Hanmer, then a young man, subsequently a Colonel in the Guards, was quite charmed with his mild and agreeable manners and his interesting conversation. As of many others, it used to be said of him, that he was no one's enemy but his own; a shallow compliment, flattering the easiness of his disposition at the expense of more solid and indispensable qualities.

The part of Mark Antony was announced for my own "benefit," and signalised by an extraordinary occurrence. The partiality that was invariably manifested towards me in Newcastle, where I was to my latest appearance spoken of as William Macready or Mr. William, never failed to display itself on the occasion of my "benefit nights." Every place in the boxes had been taken some days before; and from the demand for tickets, an overflowing house was, as usual, looked for. But on the morning of the day, the box-keeper, with a very rueful countenance, came up to our lodgings at some distance from the theatre, to inform my father that in the night there had been affixed on the box-entrance door a paper with doggrel rhymes, to the effect that I had "shamefully misused and even kicked" (!) a Miss Sulivan, a very pretty girl, an actress in the theatre, who was that night to perform Cleopatra. Although it was not an unfrequent practice of country actresses to endeavour to advance their interests by representing themselves as ill-used by the manager, and creating a party feeling against him, I think she was perfectly innocent of any participation in this attempt to damage me in public opinion. My attentions at that time were addressed more pointedly to another frequenter of the green-room than to her, and this could have been the only ground of dissatisfaction, if any existed; for the "manager's son" was of no little consideration in the limits of a green-room circle. The paper had attracted crowds before it had been removed, and the excitement was as great in the town as if the theatre had been blown up; but the general feeling was one of indignation at the calumny and the dastardly means adopted to circulate it. When informed of it, I determined not to hold conversation of any kind, nor to exchange one word with Miss Sulivan until I appeared with her on the stage at night. Friends, and persons not known before, thronged to the box-office in the morning to express their abhorrence of this infamous libel, and many stopped me in the street to testify the friendly sentiment toward me that pervaded the town on the subject. So monstrous an accusation, and its base intention, naturally agitated me; but in the consciousness of freedom from all violation of gentleman-like deportment towards the actresses my mind was clear, and resolved on the course to pursue. The night came; every "hole and corner," to use the common phrase, was

filled long before the curtain rose. Upon my entrance with Cleopatra, Miss Sulivan, in my hand, the applause and shouting were deafening. When silence was obtained, I went forward, and addressing the audience, observed that, indebted to them as I was for many proofs of their favour, I was more obliged to them for the confidence in me they showed that night, than for all their previous indulgence; and, alluding to "the paper," stated that I had designedly not spoken to Miss Sulivan since I had heard of it, but that I would now request her to answer before them to some questions. "Have I ever been guilty of any injustice of any kind to you since you have been in the theatre?" Her answer, "No, sir," was received with shouts. "Have I ever behaved to you in an ungentlemanlike manner?" "No, sir." Loud shouts repeated. "It is unnecessary to ask, but to satisfy the writer of the anonymous libel, have I ever kicked you?" Her answer of "Oh, no, sir!" was given amid the hearty exclamations and laughter of the excited crowds of box, pit, and gallery, and the play proceeded, but with little effect; for Antony, the voluptuary and doting spoilt child of fortune, was not within the compass of a tyro as I then was. This was the first attempt I had to encounter of this sort of stabbing in the dark. I lament to add, I became more familiarised to it as my experience extended; the object of my assailant was nothing less than my ruin; in one instance my life was aimed at, but that was not in England.

CHAPTER IV.

1813-1814.—First appearance as Hamlet in Glasgow—Further new parts—Power of rapid study—Sinclair—Mrs. Bishop—Dumfries—Acting with Betty—Newcastle—Criticism on Betty's acting—Separation from father—Brother enters the army as a volunteer private—Reconciliation with father—Comes of age—Risks of a player's life—Charles Kemble and his wife—Adaptation of 'Marmion'—Barnard Castle, Raby, Rokeby—Adaptation of Scott's 'Rokeby'—Father builds new theatre at Carlisle—Holiday at Holy Island—Escape from a quicksand—Performance to an audience of three persons at Berwick on night of general illumination—Young and Emery—A wonderful effort of memory—Miss O'Neill's appearance at Covent Garden—Remarkable accident at Newcastle—Engagement at Bath.

The Glasgow and Dumfries theatres were now to be let, and my father decided on trying his fortune with them. From Newcastle, therefore, he transferred his company to Glasgow. The opening night presented a very fair attendance, but on my father's remark to one of the old servants of the theatre, that the house was very good, "Aye, but," he replied, "it will be better when"—after a pause—"his honour there, I believe, comes out;" and his prediction was fulfilled in an improved appearance of pit, box, and gallery, to the

tragedy of 'Hamlet,' in which I made my first bow before a Glasgow audience. That audience I remember with peculiar satisfaction—the knots of regular play-goers, that used to club together in the two corners of the pit, and with their murmurs of approval every now and then encouraged the young actor with the belief that they gave their thoughts to what was going on before them, were calculated to give confidence to his attempts, and made him feel that what he did was examined and scrutinised by a deliberate judgment.

In the course of this summer season I repeated the various characters of my list, adding to them Captain Plume in Farquhar's 'Recruiting Officer,' a part I entered into with peculiar zest; Tangent in Morton's 'Way to get Married;' Lovemore in 'The Way to keep Him;' Dovicourt in Mrs. Cowley's 'Belle's Stratagem;' Puff in Sheridan's 'Critic;' Young Marlow in 'She Stoops to Conquer;' and Mark Antony in 'Julius Cæsar.' In this splendid theatre, which was the largest out of the metropolis, I derived benefit from the necessity I was under of more careful study and practice, and the improvement I made was perceptible to me.

On one occasion I had to task my powers of memory. The new play by Morton, called 'Education,' had been commenced with the usual parade of a novelty; and the part of Count Villars, a French refugee, acted by Charles Young in London, had been cast to one of the best of my father's company, an actor of some talent of the name of Grant. He had read his part at every rehearsal, and held it in his hand on the morning of the play; but before the rehearsal ended, he disappeared, and sent word to the theatre that he was too ill to act that night. The dismay was great, and there was much perplexity as to the measures to be adopted. I was sent for by my father to decide on the change to be made; but as this in theatres is regarded as the last resource and always prejudicial, I asked for the book and determined, if I could not perfect myself in the words of the part, to read it, rather than allow the play to be changed. It was two o'clock in the day. I ran through the scenes in rehearsal, and, going home, shut myself up to work at my task. An explanation was given to the audience of the reason of the change, and I had the satisfaction of getting through my undertaking without missing one single word in the acting of the part. At a very short notice, not to stop the production of the romance of 'Aladdin,' I undertook in it the part of the magician, previously cast to Grant, and, making something of a character of it, added to the effect of the piece.

In the course of the season an engagement was made with Sinclair, and Mrs. Bishop, who was accompanied by her husband, the eminent composer, afterwards Sir Henry Bishop. Sinclair had made a successful *début* in London, and gained some popularity in the song of "Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue," in the burletta of 'Midas,' which he was obliged nightly to sing three times at the call of the audience. He was rather a

rough Scotchman, and it is related of him, that when John Kemble recommended him, in order to further his success, to place himself under D'Egville to acquire more ease and grace in his action and deportment, as he himself in his youth had taken lessons from La Pique. Sinclair with his strong Scoten accent replied, "I thank ye, sir; I'se vera weel where I be." During the Newcastle race week, my characters in comedy being novelties were successful and attractive, which induced me to give much attention to that department of my art.

A short season was made in the pretty town of Dumfries, where we had great difficulty in procuring lodgings, and were at last glad to find refuge in very humble ones. Players had left but an indifferent name there, and we suffered for the faults or misfortunes of our predecessors. After repeating most of my characters, and leaving a better opinion of our troop than we had found there, we returned for the short remainder of the year to Glasgow. I had laid out a plan, which would have greatly improved my father's fortunes, of keeping open at the same time the two theatres at Glasgow and Newcastle, but unhappily it was abandoned, and too late regretted. At Glasgow 'King Richard II.' was produced with great care, but succeeded only in obtaining the applause of scanty audiences.

Betty, who continued his tour through the country, was engaged for a limited number of nights. He dined with us on the day of his arrival, and in the evening I was to act Frederic in 'Lovers' Vows.' The servant had been sent upstairs to get a pocket-handkerchief for me to put with my dress, which was to be sent to the theatre, and brought me down a white one. I asked the man, how could he suppose a common soldier, as Frederic is, would have a white pocket-handkerchief, ordering him to bring me a coloured one, on which Betty exclaimed, "Oh, my boy! you think of such things as these, do you?"

A misunderstanding with the proprietors of the theatre compelled my father to abridge his season: and, to supply him with funds, which were very much needed, I proposed to study two characters in Betty's plays, which combination attracted two very full houses. In Dimond's play of 'The Royal Oak' I took the part of William Wyndham, Betty acting King Charles; and in Dr. Franklin's tragedy of the 'Earl of Warwick,' Betty took the Earl, and King Edward IV. was undertaken by myself. It was my first trial of strength with a player of celebrity, and in it I can bear testimony to the very clever acting of my opponent. In the scene where Warwick renders his sword to the king, he displayed an energy and dignity that well entitled him to the fervent applause lavished on him. I did my best with the two subordinate parts, and lost no ground in public estimation by the venture. Its success led to an engagement for its repetition in the ensuing season at Newcastle, for which town my father was to set off early the next morning. Unhappily, under perhaps the excitement of this unexpected stroke of good-fortune, my father's temper this evening was less within

control than usual, and very angry and bitter words after we had returned to our lodgings made a severance between us, and we parted for the night with the understanding that in future we were not to occupy the same house. I was left with a portion of the company to act another week in Glasgow, whilst he went to open the Newcastle theatre. The receipts, including my benefit, were very large, and were paid at once into my father's account.

My brother and I set out in the second week of January with no very happy feelings. I had no longer a home; and my companion, my early playfellow and friend, could not be indifferent to the heaviness of heart under which I laboured. Our journey was long and tedious; the coaches then, except the mails, generally carried six inside, and we had from Edinburgh our full complement. The snow was falling fast, and had already drifted so high between the Ross Inn and Berwick-on-Tweed, that it had been necessary to cut a passage for carriages for some miles. We did not reach Newcastle until nearly two hours after midnight; and fortunate was it for the theatre and ourselves that we had not delayed our journey, for the next day the mails were stopped; nor for more than six weeks was there any conveyance by carriage between Edinburgh and Newcastle. After some weeks a passage was cut through the snow for the guards to carry the mails on horseback, but for a length of time the communications every way were very irregular.

I took up my abode in a small respectable comfortable lodging, and was put upon a salary of three pounds per week. By the intermediation of friends a reconciliation took place with my father, but I continued my separate residence. The theatre had been well attended during Betty's performances, and I have pleasure in recalling the talent he displayed. In Aaron Hill's translation of Voltaire's 'Zaire,' there was a depth of feeling in his latter scenes of Osmyn that held the audience wrapt in breathless attention; and of all the representations I have seen of Sir Edward Mortimer, he came next to Kean (though *longo intervallo*, for Kean was unapproachable in that character). We met again in the same plays at Glasgow, and he had his full share of popular favour, though not quite satisfied with the measure dealt out to him. The houses were overflowing, and rendered a good harvest to him and the treasury of the theatre. I do not think he studied improvement in his art, and in consequence deteriorated by becoming used-up in the frequent repetition of the same parts.

'King John' was produced by me with much care; the company being very good for a provincial set, it was well acted. Huntley made a very fair country John, whilst Hubert, Salisbury, Pandulf, and Constance were most respectably filled. Falconbridge was a great favourite of mine, and I had drilled the Prince Arthur by frequent rehearsals to cause abundant tears and hysterics in the boxes. The play was repeated several nights, maintaining the course of a very productive season.

My brother * had expressed his earnest wish to enter the army, but the cost of a commission, with the expense of his outfit, was beyond my father's means, although the recent tide of good-fortune had put him in funds beyond his usual average. Whatever interest we could make was unavailably tried to procure an ensigncy in a Militia regiment, from which my brother might afterwards volunteer into the line. The only resource left to him was to accept a letter of recommendation from Colonel Birch, R.E., to Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), commanding the British force in the Netherlands, and take his chance as a volunteer. He was accordingly provided with materials for uniform and all necessaries for campaigning, and in his sixteenth year took leave of us to embark at Harwich. It was with a heavy heart I parted from him, a boy in years, though with a strength of mind and purpose that justified my confidence in his bearing himself gallantly through the dangerous and doubtful path before him. He met on board with an officer, Captain Herbert, who showed him great kindness, and, being also on his way to join the army, travelled in company with him. Sir Thomas Graham gave him a very kind reception, and appointed him to serve with the 30th Regiment, besides which, though messing with the officers, he carried his musket for three months, when he was gazetted ensign in the same regiment. For many weeks we heard nothing of him, and I remember well the agony of heart with which I read the particulars of the disastrous repulse from Bergen-op-Zoom, picturing his lifeless form among the youthful victims of that unfortunate attempt. We heard in the course of some weeks that his regiment was not in the action; and after some trifling affair before a small fort on the Scheldt, the abdication of Napoleon and his retirement to Elba left our troops to enjoy themselves at peace in their quiet quarters.

My brother had been living with my father, and on his departure I could not be blind to the state of loneliness in which he would feel himself. After revolving the matter for some time in my mind, I imparted to our friends, the Misses Hedley, my intention of returning to his house, although I felt obliged to predict that I should one day be upbraided by him with seeking my own convenience in the act. These kind friends endeavoured to persuade me that it would not be so; but even if it should be, they were convinced I should derive satisfaction from the intention with which it was done. It may seem that I judged hardly of my father in this anticipation; I hope not. Of the infirmity of my own temper I have been unhappily but too conscious; it has been the source of most of the misery I have known in life; but when, under strong excitement, his passion took the reins, there was no curb to the violence of his language. Words uttered in an infuriated mood are too often barbed with insult, and, rankling long, can never be entirely forgotten. He had many good qualities, but like other

* See note on Major Macready at end of this chapter.

men he had his faults, and was occasionally unscrupulous in the pain he inflicted. To others I believe he would acknowledge my value and join in commendation of me, but to myself he so depreciated my worth, that I did not feel sure of my ability to obtain a common livelihood. He was sensible, I had reason to think, of my motives in rejoining him, and for some time we lived together on the best terms, but my "prophetic soul" was eventually justified in an outburst of his impatience. Like many parents, he would expect me to be better informed on particular subjects than sundry of our acquaintance or friends, but to "know better than your father" was a crime, like parricide to Solon, impossible to be conceived. In the endeavour to state the whole truth and nothing but the truth, it is almost impossible to find characters of unmixed good, or to expect that that portion of humanity with which we may be bound in relationship should form an exception in its infallibility to mankind in general. My dear father had his failings intermingled with many amiable impulses, and probably his position as manager of a theatre may have tended to dilate in him that undue appreciation of his talents which I have noticed conspicuous in many Irishmen. A theatre is like a little kingdom, shut out from intimacy and sympathy with the little world around it, in which the little monarch has his flatterers and courtiers, as sycophantic and subservient as in real courts. Upon his talents, his virtues, and even on his person, he receives the adulatory homage of those he employs; and with such an exalted opinion of himself, as this incense must excite, it cannot be a matter of surprise if he should not always hold the scale of justice with a steady and impartial hand. My father was impatient of opinions in opposition to his own, and as on many subjects I thought differently from him, his displeasure was at times very painfully felt by me. In fact, I was kept too much in a dependent state, when I ought to have been extending my experience by more direct and unrestrained commerce with the youth of my age and the world about me.

A few weeks had elapsed after my brother's departure, when an unsettled account with the Birmingham proprietors, which threatened embarrassment, induced my father to withdraw from the theatre and take up his abode at Carlisle, where he was quite unknown. In the meantime our prosperous career was uninterrupted at Newcastle. A drama had been successfully introduced at Drury Lane, taken from Mrs. Sheridan's pleasing and instructive Eastern story of 'Nourjahad,' entitled 'Illusion, or the Fortunes of Nourjahad.' From the original story I added some passages, and bestowed all possible pains on its production: Huntley acted the Sultan, and Nourjahad was my character. It was very attractive, followed by the romance of 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp,' in which for several nights I acted Aladdin; and the daily accounts of our receipts sent to my father at Carlisle in his own words "astonished him." It was during the successful run of these pieces, that I had just cause to condemn myself for violent and intemperate resent-

ment of some omission or mistake committed by the prompter, whose name was Skinner. How bitterly have I reproached myself for these escapes of passion!

In the course of this winter we read of the appearance and disappearance of Mr. Huddart in the character of Shylock at Drury Lane, and some other *débutants*. Soon after another announcement was made of "a Mr. Kean" in the same character. When I heard it, I remembered that it must be the performer I had seen in the ballet of 'Alonzo and Imogene' in the Birmingham theatre. I thought the committee must be at their wits' end, and indeed there had been so many failures, the theatre was almost in a bankrupt state; but how was I surprised to hear and read of the intelligent and energetic performance of the new actor in Shylock, and further astonished to receive the accounts of his triumphant success in Richard III., which had placed him, as an artist of extraordinary and surprising genius, at the head of his profession, exciting the admiration of the play-going world. In Othello he confirmed public opinion, which justly recognised in it a masterpiece of tragic power and skill.

It was in this year (1814) I attained the age of twenty-one, and my birthday was kept by an entertainment I gave the company in the green-room, followed by a dance on the stage after the audience had left the theatre. In strict candour I ought not to omit the mention of those errors of my youth that might have entailed more serious consequences. At this time I had become entangled in an attachment to a lady some nine years older than myself, by which I might have been led into greater indiscretions than any I may have been guilty of. In liabilities such as these, to which unreasoning youth is exposed, lies one danger of a theatrical life. Many of both sexes, to their honour, have passed untempted and unscathed through this ordeal; but where so much familiarity exists, where intimacy becomes almost unavoidable in the frequent intercourse of the green-room and the stage, the wonder is rather that so many should preserve their respectability, than that resistance to allurements so constantly present should so often be overthrown.

Charles Kemble and his wife performed in engagements not very lucrative, though Kemble's young Mirabel in Farquhar's 'Inconstant' was a most finished piece of acting. His tragic efforts were on the contrary laborious failures. In Macbeth, Hamlet, and Richard III., he was Charles Kemble at his heaviest. On the other hand, his Richmond was chivalrous and spirited, and his Cassio incomparable. He was a first-rate actor in second-rate parts. My own essays during the remainder of the season were in Benedict, and one of Reynolds' farcical heroes, Gingham in the 'Rage.' For my benefit I ventured on Shakespeare's Benedict, followed by an adaptation by myself of Walter Scott's 'Marmion,' retaining the language of the poem, in which I acted Marmion, and found its scenes productive of very considerable dramatic effect.

Passion Week gave me a respite, which I really required, and thinking myself entitled to the enjoyment of a holiday, I proposed to my father a little tour as a relaxation earned by hard work.

Accordingly, in a post-chaise, a vehicle now known but by name, we directed our course to Barnard Castle, visiting on our way the baronial edifice of Raby Castle. The grandest feature is its entrance-hall, through which the carriages of its guests are driven to set down their company. To one to whom the dim recollection of Warwick was the only interesting vestige of the romantic times living in his memory, the sight of so noble a fabric, with all the heroic deeds an ardent imagination would cluster round it, was a sort of intoxication. The association of Richard III. gave the picturesque ruins of Barnard Castle a peculiar interest to me, and I would have lingered about them much longer than suited the appetite of my kind companion. We reached Greta Bridge after dark, but I was up early next morning to visit the Roman camp behind our inn. This little tour, in which I wandered through landscapes of romantic beauty, and seemed to track the steps of the characters in 'Rokeby,' the poem I had only lately read, was to my inexperienced and enthusiastic mind a supreme delight, and one to the remembrance of which I can even now recur with pleasure. We followed the Greta's course, inspecting the tower and tomb of Mortham, the antiquities and pictures in Rokeby Hall, and as we wandered by the side of "the tumbling flood," to its confluence with the Tees, Risingham, Wilfred, Redmont, Matilda, and the rest were present to my active fancy. I had never known a higher or purer enjoyment. Through Bishop Auckland and its rich park we reached Durham in time to visit the magnificent Cathedral and the Castle; and sleeping there that night at the delightful inn called the Wheatsheaf, we returned to Newcastle and to work the next morning.

The remainder of the season was of short duration, but my time was wholly occupied. Lackland in O'Keefe's opera of 'Fontainebleau,' Beverley in Murphy's comedy 'All in the Wrong,' and Belcour in Cumberland's 'West Indian,' were studied and acted by me—Beverley but imperfectly studied, and very inefficiently acted; Belcour with so much care, that I was accustomed to consider it as one of my ablest impersonations. The time not engrossed by the calls of the theatre was diligently employed, though scarcely sufficient for the completion of the work I had in hand for my father's benefit night, which was to adapt Scott's poem of 'Rokeby' for representation, prepare it for acting, and study myself the part of Bertram of Risingham. I remember well one night writing away hour after hour: hearing no clock and having no watch near me, I thought I would look out and see what sort of night it was. My surprise was great on opening the shutters to see the flood of daylight burst into the room. It was not quite five o'clock, when the freshness of the air and the bright beauty of the morning enticed me from my work, and lured me to

a long walk through some of the most picturesque scenery of the neighbourhood. I came home to breakfast, as I thought refreshed and ready to renew my labours, but before ten o'clock I was stretched on the sofa in a profound sleep which lasted till noon. The season closed very successfully with my father's benefit; and 'Rokeby,' acted on the occasion, took a more compact and dramatic shape than 'Marmion,' and laid strong hold on the attentions and feelings of the audience; there are indeed many scenes in it eminently calculated for effect in acting: if it had been more popular, no doubt it would have undergone conversion to a dramatic arrangement.

During my father's absence at Carlisle he had not been idle or inactive. There was no theatre in the city; and this to him appeared so indispensable to the population, and likely to be so profitable to himself, that he negotiated for a piece of ground at the back of the High Street, and made terms with a builder for the erection of one. My poor dear father was the architect. There was little pretension to design in the construction—the main object being the greatest possible number within the smallest possible space—and this was accomplished in a brick building, the four rectilinear walls of which allowed no lobby for the audience, and scarcely room behind the scenes for the actors and servants to pass along. The boxes were divided from the pit in front of them by a covered railing, both rising on a gently inclined plane from the orchestra. The gallery occupied the space directly above the boxes. The lane which ran along the side of the building was the green-room, from which the performers were summoned at rehearsal. The dressing-room for the "star," as any visitor was called, measured about five feet by six, and how the performer managed was a mystery. But intrusted to unskilful hands it cost, according to my father's account, above £600, which the productive season at Newcastle enabled him to disburse. To employ the time, until it was ready for his reception, he rented the theatre at Berwick-on-Tweed.

During the first three weeks of the season there I went for relaxation and bathing to Holy Island. St. Cuthbert, to whose residence its holiness is to be ascribed, its ancient name being Lindisfarn, is recorded to have quitted it for the greater solitude and tranquillity of the Faroe Islands, which stand out in the distance of the German Ocean, finding his devotions and meditations disturbed by the racket and active pursuits of the inhabitants. But to follow out the tradition, the gulls and sea-birds in the lonely isles made more clamour than the fishermen and their wives, with the monks and nuns to boot, and he was therefore driven back again to hallow Lindisfarn with the odour of his sanctity. I do not think the population of the island—men, women, and children—could have exceeded a hundred, if they amounted to that number, and these, with the exception of the clergyman, were an amphibious race, either pilots or engaged in the fisheries of the coast. It

seemed as if a long sojourn there would induce the forgetfulness of one's own language, so rare were the opportunities for conversation: and I was forced back upon Homer, Cicero, and Virgil for companionship and intercourse with other minds, a renewal of acquaintance which in the course of my long life I have found very serviceable. I certainly at times felt the weariness of solitude, but I became attached to the primitive little place. The approach to it on the south of the island is across the narrow strait which forms the entrance to the harbour, a very commodious one in stormy weather; but at low water the sands are sufficiently dry on the western side for pedestrians (who do not object to carry their shoes and stockings) to cross over, and this was of old considered a very efficacious pilgrimage.

The ruins of the abbey were very striking, one of the lofty arches of its roof, apparently of single blocks, remaining in isolated grandeur, and though not nodding to its fall, yet adding to the effect of its interest by its apparent insecurity. There is a small church near the ruins, in which a country clergyman, not answering in his "unaffected grace" to Goldsmith's beautiful portrait, used every Sunday to divide his discourse into several parts, which were respectively introduced by the same discriminating announcement, "furder and agen." I have no doubt the spirit of reform, so active elsewhere, has not been wanting to improve the pulpit here. On a little conical rock jutting into the sea and commanding the entrance to the harbour, is perched a small castle that looks across the bay upon the towers of Bamborough, which form a noble termination to the view. The only history I ever heard of this small fortress was, that the flag of the Pretender was hoisted upon it, when he was on his march to Derby. My amusements here were boating and riding. I pulled a very good oar, and took pleasure in rougher water than my boat's crew sometimes considered altogether safe.

In riding, I one day escaped very narrowly a frightful danger. At low water a very extensive bank of sand is left dry to the north, in view of Berwick. With the intention of taking a gallop along this tempting course, I was making my way to it, not noticing the mottled appearance of the sand, puckering into black veins and holes, as it declined from the shore to rise again to the long high bank before me. Suddenly my horse plunged up to the saddle in a black soft mud, and instantly with an instinct of danger made the most violent efforts to disengage itself, splashing up the mud in a frantic manner, and at length having turned herself round (all power of guidance was lost to me with death before my eyes) she galloped furiously to the beach, where she stood panting as if her sides would burst, whilst I, sitting droopingly in the saddle with the cold sweat beading on my forehead, could only thank God for the unexpected preservation.

My lodging, one of the best in the little village, if the few houses there could be dignified by the name, was very clean and

comfortable: my dinners of poultry or fish, and sometimes meat, unexceptionable to a good appetite. My water excursions, very exciting: my saunterings about the abbey, recalling the trial of poor Constance, and wondering where her "Vade in pace" might be situated; my wandering over the sand-hills or along the wind-beaten shore declaiming Shakespeare and Milton to the incoming tide, with occasional nocturnal expeditions to get a shot at the wild ducks that lay in immense clusters on a kind of lagoon at a little distance: these, with periodical conferences with my landlady and musings over my classics, were the exercises with which I made the days of my vacation pass quickly and pleasantly by.

Recalled to business, I went to Berwick, where to my dismay I found the theatre in the inn yard, and up a very long flight of steps. The upper part of an old malt-house had been converted into the temple of the drama, and, saving the awkwardness of the approach, had been fashioned into a very respectable one. Here I acted some of my principal characters to very good audiences, and ended the season with very satisfactory results. It was in this season that a general illumination had been ordered for the triumph of the Allies over Napoleon. To my surprise my father gave directions for a performance on that evening. It was in vain that I reasoned with him, stating my conviction that there would not be one person present. He was pertinacious in his resolution; but I could not believe he would persist, until I saw the playbills advertising 'Laugh when you can' (the title a satire on the proceeding) and the 'Poor Soldier.' My father took the part of Gossamer; the players could hardly be persuaded that he was in earnest, but the night arrived and they were obliged to dress for their parts. At seven o'clock the prompter went to my father's dressing-room, knocked and inquired, "Sir, shall I ring in the music? there is no one in the house!" "Certainly, sir; ring in the music," was his answer. The music was rung—the musicians went into the orchestra and began to play. I went into my father's room, and informed him, that "there were two boys in the gallery and one man in the pit, and I would go into the boxes, that there might be an appearance in all." Accordingly I took my place in the centre box, and, with difficulty preserving a demure countenance, saw my father very gravely and indeed sternly begin the part of the laughter-loving Gossamer, indignant with the performers, who had difficulty in restraining their disposition to make a joke of the whole affair. A scene or two was quite sufficient, and I left the remaining three-quarters of the audience to their amusement, preferring a walk round the walls of "our good town" on a lovely summer evening, until the inhabitants should begin to light up. About 9 o'clock I thought I would look in again, to see whether the farce was really going on. The play had just concluded, and the pit audience went out. The two boys remained in the gallery, evidently tired out with the dulness of their evening; but when the musicians reappeared in the orchestra, and began the overture

of the afterpiece, it seemed as if their power of endurance was exhausted, and leaning over the gallery balustrade, one of them, with a violent gesture of his arm, called out, "Oh, dang it, give over!" and both walked out, leaving the players to undress themselves, and go out in their own clothes to see the illuminations.

For the Newcastle race week Charles Kemble and his wife were re-engaged, and the performances strengthened by my co-operation. In 'Venice Preserved' we were the Jaffier and Pierre; in 'The Wonder,' with Charles Kemble as Don Felix, Mrs. C. Kemble as Violante, the part of Colonel Briton was studied for the occasion by me; and in 'The Rivals,' Charles Kemble taking Falkland, and his wife Julia, I was the Captain Absolute. They were paid £100 for their services, and my father's profit on the week was very remunerative. From hence I returned to Holy Island, and my father to Carlisle to open his new theatre, which was almost nightly filled, and promised soon to reimburse him for his outlay. The time spent by him with advantage there brought us to the Newcastle Assizes; and here again my suggestion was adopted of engaging Young, with whom I promised to take the second characters. Emery, whose representation of a Yorkshireman was reality itself, was in the neighbourhood; and on very moderate terms, acting in the afterpieces, made up very attractive bills of fare. Young and Emery together in a country theatre was a very unusual display of histrionic talent—my local reputation in addition still further stimulated public curiosity. To 'Hamlet' and 'Richard III.' (which Young had tried, not very successfully, against Kean's popularity in London) the houses were well filled, but were greatly exceeded by the receipts to the plays of 'The Iron Chest,' in which Young acted Sir Edward Mortimer, Emery Orson, and myself Wilford; 'The Revenge,' with Young in Zanga, and myself Don Alonzo; 'Education,' with Young and Emery in their original parts of Count Villars and the Yorkshire Farmer, myself taking the young man, whose name I forget: but I do not forget the life-like acting of Emery, whose perfectly natural manner in his dialogue with me was so irresistible, that I could not suppress upon the stage the laughter he provoked. In the representation of countrymen, such as Farmer Ashfield, Zekiel Homespun, &c., he was unapproachable; in the part of Robert Tyke, in 'The School of Reform,' he rose to the display of terrific power. He has been followed by no one that could compare with him. Young was of course greatly and deservedly applauded: his grand declamatory style wound up the speeches of Zanga and Mortimer with telling effect. His Richard was not good, but his performance of Hamlet (a character that so few are found to agree upon) had as usual its very numerous admirers.

He gave me a little advice or caution, which was kindly meant, although it did not then carry conviction with it. "Young gentleman, you expend a degree of power unnecessarily: half the energy and fire that you employ would be more than sufficient. You will only waste your strength, if you do not bear this in mind."

Experience justified his remark, and taught me the lesson of increasing the effect of force in acting by economising its use.

At Carlisle, where I had been inquired for, I repeated my favourite characters to audiences that tested the continent powers of the little building; but my father's outgoings having absorbed his receipts, he was in perplexity and embarrassment how to reach Leicester, and how to find a company to act there with him. In the very nick of time the Haymarket Theatre suddenly closed, and left open to his choice several very valuable performers, poor Tokely among them, a stroke of chance that confirmed him in his Micawber confidence that "something must turn up." Still the ready funds were wanting—and when, to my inquiry what was his immediate need, he told me that £10 would be everything to him at that moment, I astonished and delighted him by producing £20, out of £30 which I had saved from my weekly allowance. He set out in joyful expectation of good receipts in the public weeks (as races, fairs, &c., were termed) at Leicester, and left me to conclude a most successful campaign at Carlisle and carry on the company to Dumfries, where I acted a fortnight to full houses. Our corps were few in number, several having been drafted off to Leicester, and our stock of plays was therefore limited, but the attraction was so uniformly good, that a night closed would have been so much money refused. All our available plays were arranged; but for one night there was none within our scanty company's means. It occurred to me that all the players had acted in 'The Foundling of the Forest,' and sending for the prompter to ascertain it, I desired him to bring me the book that I might study Florian for the occasion. "Sir, there is no book," was his answer. This seemed checkmate, but from having got up the play at Newcastle, and having been present several times at its performance three years before, I recollected much of the part; and observing to him that as the players would be able to repeat to me their cues (*i.e.*, the ends of my speeches to them), I would answer for managing it, and ordered the play to be announced. At rehearsal I found there was no hitch; numerous places were taken in the boxes, and all went off with great applause from a very full attendance.

My father now changed places with me, he coming to the public weeks at Dumfries and I proceeding to Leicester, where I was to act a month and close the season. Fortune seemed still to be on my side, and the whole period of my stay there was one unbroken course of prosperous work. It was during my sojourn here that a young actress, who had been a great favourite in Dublin, made her appearance in London at Covent Garden, and at once united all voices in her praise. Her beauty, grace, simplicity, and tenderness were the theme of every tongue. Crowds were nightly disappointed in finding room in the theatre to witness her enchanting personations. Juliet, Belvidera, Mrs. Beverley, Mrs. Haller, were again realities upon the scene, attested with enthusiasm by the tears and applauding shouts of admiring thousands. The noble pathos of

Siddons' transcendent genius no longer served as the grand commentary and living exponent of Shakespeare's text, but in the native elegance, the feminine sweetness, the unaffected earnestness and gushing passion of Miss O'Neill the stage had received a worthy successor to her.

My directions were, in leaving Leicester, to bring my two sisters, who had been several years at Miss Linwood's school there, home with me. They were accordingly the companions of my journey to Newcastle, where a suite of rooms on the first floor of a house in Pilgrim Street, next door to the Queen's Head Hotel, had been taken for us. My father joined us here. I should not be so particular in noticing the precise locality of our new dwelling, but for an incident that left its impress vividly on my memory. One afternoon—it was a Saturday—my elder sister had retired to lie down in her bedroom for relief from a distracting headache. My father and self were seated after dinner at table, writing letters. The streets were empty, for a storm such as I have rarely seen was tearing through them with hurricane violence. With a bright fire in the grate and a decanter of port wine before us, we might well have supposed ourselves secure from any inconveniences of the tempest, though the pavement was actually flooded with the torrents pouring down, and tiles and slates were hurled through the air by the fury of the gale. A twofold evidence was this day given of our lives' uncertainty. A tremendous crash, that shook the whole house as if it were tumbling in ruin, startled us from our seats; the room was instantly filled with thick dust and smoke, out of which we lost no time in escaping. I rushed into my sister's room, and lifting her from her bed hurried her down stairs into the hall passage, where all the inmates of the house, servants, &c., pale and out of breath, were assembled in fearful consternation. Hurried questions were passed: "What is it?" "Are we safe?" "The roof has given way!" "Are all here?" At once the mistress of the house shrieked out, "My bairns! my bairns!" and darted with me up the stairs to the room above that in which my father and I had been sitting. We flung open the door; the chimney had fallen in, breaking down the roof, crushing into the room below one whole side of the flooring of the attic, and dividing the room into two triangular spaces; in the one nearest the door was a large old mahogany table with two flaps reaching nearly to the ground. Beneath this table, in the midst of all the wreck and rubbish, were the two children. The innocent little creatures, ignorant of the danger they had escaped, were playing together. The mother seized one and I the other, and with full hearts we carried them down to the lower storey. I never can forget the emotion of that poor mother. Some friendly neighbours accommodated our unhoused hosts for the night, and we took refuge in the hotel next door until we could find a home in more private apartments.

A domestic imbroglio now arose that altered the current in which

my life had hitherto run. A collision of opinions between my father and myself on the subject of some engagements in the theatre, to which I took well-founded exceptions, left me no alternative, as I thought, but to withdraw from the embarrassing position in which such arrangements would have placed me, and "seek my fortunes where they would be kinder." I would have made, and indeed tendered, sacrifices to avoid this separation; but my father was inflexible in adhering to measures which I conceived in every way objectionable. On the strength of the overtures previously made to me by the Bath manager, I wrote to him that I was now at liberty to engage, and after a brief negotiation it was agreed that the difference between us in regard to the pecuniary amount, for which we severely contended, should be made dependent on my success. As a parting service to my father I acted one week at Newcastle, adding the Stranger and Othello to my list of characters, and with a heavy heart, under the depressing uncertainty of prospect in the venture I was about to make, I took leave of my family and friends, and bade adieu to the town in which my residence from my first entrance was one unbroken record of encouragement and kindness. At the last moment, the night before my departure, my father seemed to have regretted the course he had adopted, and asked me if it was not possible to break off with the Bath engagement; but my word was pledged, and could not be retracted. Just before setting out on my journey I received the offer of a very lucrative engagement for a fortnight from H. Johnston, who had taken the Glasgow Theatre, which I gladly accepted. By coach and mail, I made the best of my way to Bath, where, on my arrrival, I got a flutter at the heart on seeing my name in large letters in the playbills to appear as Romeo on the 26th of December (1814). This sort of nervous emotion at the sight of my name posted upon the walls never left me to the latest moment of my professional career, and I have often crossed over to the other side of the street to avoid passing by a playbill in which it might be figuring.

Note.—Edward Nevil Macready, born at Birmingham, May 29th, 1798, joined as a volunteer, at the age of sixteen, the 2nd battalion of the 30th Regiment, then serving in Holland, under Lord Lynedoch, and in the following year fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. All the officers of his company having been killed or disabled early in the day of the great battle, he commanded it through great part of the action, and personally led it on at different periods of the day, when only an ensign; and the gallantry he displayed on this occasion procured his promotion without purchase to a lieutenancy. His next active service was in the Mahratta war, when he took part in the siege and capture of the strong hill fort of Asseerghur, although at the time labouring under so severe an illness that it was with the greatest difficulty he could obtain leave to share in the attack. On General Sir John Wilson's appointment as Commander-in-chief in Ceylon, Captain Macready accompanied him as military secretary, which post he filled for a period of eight or nine years. At a farewell dinner given to the general, on his leaving

the island, the governor, Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, in his speech paid a gratifying tribute to the services and character of the military secretary, as distinguished by the essential qualities of an intelligent officer and a gentleman. In addition to this public testimony to his abilities and worth, he received a private acknowledgment of the esteem in which he was held, in the form of a valuable gold box, in the name of "his friends," a title which comprehended every officer then in Ceylon. On obtaining an unattached majority he left the 30th Regiment, in which he had endeared himself to all, and withdrew from active service. In 1840 he married Miss Rolls, and accepted the appointment of A.D.C. offered him by Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, then Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. On leaving this post he spent some years in foreign travel. He died very suddenly on the 4th of November, 1848.

Major Macready was the author of "A Sketch of Suwarrow and his last Campaign." Mrs. Edward Macready designed and published, in 1839, a series of spirited etchings of Macready in some of his principal characters and scenes.—ED.

CHAPTER V.

1814–1815.—Description of Bath in 1814—Appearance in Romeo, &c.—Actors more sensitive to criticism than other artists—Proposed engagement with Harris at Covent Garden declined—Performances at Dublin—Visit to London—Comparison of Kean and Cooke in Richard III.—Mistake of "points" in acting—Kean in Richard III. at Drury Lane—Supper with Kean—His powers of conversation and mimicry—Miss O'Neill in Juliet at Covent Garden.

AMID the revolutions of the times which my life has witnessed, few places can have undergone more extreme changes than the city of Bath. At this time its winter season was to the fashionable world the precursor of that of the London spring. Houses, lodgings, boarding-houses, were filled; rooms in the hotel must be engaged at an early date. The hotels, of which there were several, were of the first order, but conspicuous among them were the York House and the White Hart. The *tables d'hôte* at these houses were frequented by military and naval officers, men of fortune of the learned professions, and graduates of the Universities. The company was in general most agreeable, and the dinners excellent, usually, with wine and dessert, standing at half a guinea per head. Each day a little after noon the Pump Room, a sort of exchange for news and gossip, was literally crammed full with its throng of idlers. Monday and Thursday evenings were given to balls (usually crowded) at the great rooms; Wednesday and Friday to those (not so well attended) at the lower rooms; Tuesday to Ashe's concert, at which the leading vocalists were engaged; and Saturday to the theatre, where again was a *réunion* of the votaries of fashion. Now all has disappeared. At about three o'clock the pavement of Milsom Street would be so crowded with gaily dressed people, and the drive so blocked with carriages, that it was difficult to get

along except with the stream. I have of late years looked down the same street at the same hour and counted five persons! The Lower Crescent was a Sunday promenade between morning and afternoon service, presenting the same conflux of visitors. The life of the London world of fashion was here on a reduced scale, and the judgment of a Bath audience was regarded as a pretty sure presage of the decision of the metropolis. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if, distrustful as I seem constitutionally to have been, I should have approached this trial with something like trepidation. But "*αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν*"* was my motto, and with that resolve I went determinedly to work.

A neat little drawing-room opening into the bed-room, No. 5, Chapel Row, Queen Square, was my new home. I felt its loneliness, nor did my introduction to the performers at the rehearsal tend at all to inspirit me. Being announced as "a star," without having the London stamp, I was looked upon with a supercilious coldness, as if challenging my right to take such precedence before my fellow-actors. The stage manager, Mr. Charlton, was a very kind gentleman, and, enforcing all my directions, enabled me to get through all my rehearsals very smoothly. The romance of 'Aladdin,' expensively got up, was the afterpiece, which on a Christmas night would ensure a full audience, and every part of the theatre was crowded to overflowing. My reception, if I had wanted heart, was hearty enough to give it; but though dejected and misgiving in the contemplation of my task, I was on my entry into the lists always strung up to the highest pitch, and, like the gladiators in the arena, resolute to do or die. The applause increased in each scene, until in the encounter with Tybalt it swelled into prolonged cheering, and, to use a homely phrase, I then found myself firm in the saddle. The end of the tragedy was a triumph, and I returned to my little homely lodging, to write off to my family the news of my success.

'Romeo and Juliet' was repeated, and followed by 'Hamlet,' 'The Earl of Essex,' 'Orestes,' &c. The newspapers, with one exception, were lavish in their praise. The dissenting critic based his objections on my disqualifications for a great actor in my want of personal attractions, "by which Nature had interposed an everlasting bar to my success;" and on my performance of Beverley, in 'The Gamester,' with which the audience were deeply affected —several ladies, some in hysterics, being obliged to leave the boxes—he observed that it would have been altogether excellent, if not perfect, "but for the unaccommodating disposition of Nature in the formation of my face." I have no doubt I winced under the occasional lash of my Zoilus, for there is not in all creation a creature so sensitive as "the poor player." Is there not something to be said in palliation of his weakness? He leaves no trace of his life's work. The poet, as his imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, turns them to shape, which remains a

* "Ever to excel."—Ed.

lasting monument of his genius; the painter, upon the wall or canvas, fixes imperishably the dreams of his fancy; the sculptor, in the various attitudes of his life-like image, conveys to future times the thought and feeling that had burned within him; the player, with conceptions as glowing, heightening the poet's thought and realising his visions of glory, imprints his graceful and picturesque illustrations, his probing studies of the human heart, upon the light sands of time, impressions which the next wave obliterates. The more enduring arts leave in their works the champions of their fame to live and delight and instruct, when the cavils against them are heard no more. The player's triumph is momentary, passing as the rapturous applause that attests its merit dies away. "Feeble tradition is his memory's guard," and, with so brief and uncertain a hold upon the sympathies of his fellow-men, is it to be wondered at if he should be more keenly alive than others to the censures that may seem to endanger his popularity? In compliments, however, far and near, invitations, troops of friends, and all the flattering evidences of unanimous success, there were sufficient assurances of the position I had taken in public opinion to set me above the reach of harm from his strictures.

The report of what was passing at Bath was speedily carried to the London theatres, and my old and kind friend Mr. Fawcett, the stage manager of Covent Garden Theatre, was despatched by Mr. Harris to see me act and bring him the particular relation of my abilities, views, and pretensions. He was present at my second performance of Orestes, and on his sounding me upon my expectations in regard to London, I stated my fixed intention not to make the hazard of an appearance there, except upon a high salary and for a term of years, as the chances might be against me in the outset of my career, and if I could not regain lost ground I ought at least to indemnify myself pecuniarily for the advantages I should resign in the estimation I at present enjoyed. He had no objections to offer to my reasoning, and on his return to London I received proposals from Mr. Harris for an engagement of three years, not to be terminable at the manager's option (which was the customary form) at the end of the first. This correspondence was carried on for some weeks, during which I continued to win "golden opinions" in the characters of Hotspur, King Richard III., George Barnwell, Luke in 'Riches,' Alexander, &c. I was very warmly received in the characters of Orestes and Alexander at Bristol, and concluded my performances at Bath with the play of 'Riches,' repeated for my benefit to a crowded audience. The prosperous issue of this engagement was acknowledged very cordially by the managers, who fixed its payment on the terms I had asked, and entered into a contract with me for the next season for a longer period and at an increased rate of payment. To me the result of this visit to Bath was remunerative beyond its local influence. An engagement of £50 per week for seven weeks was proposed to me by the Dublin manage-

ment, and was of course accepted without hesitation. This, as an indication of extended reputation, and consequently of ample income, made me more independent of the London managers.

My father had, in writing to Fawcett on the subject of the Covent Garden negotiation with me, without my cognisance, suggested to them an experimental engagement for me of six or eight nights at £20 per night, my permanent establishment in the theatre to be determined by the degree of my success. At this proposition, which Fawcett doubted as being agreeable to me, they eagerly caught, and forthwith tendered it me, which I instantaneously and summarily declined; but on this and other business I went myself to London, and met there my father, who had gone to form engagements with Kean and Miss O'Neill. On the irrevocable step that he would have me take, I could not be brought to concur with his opinions, and declining the terms proposed by Covent Garden, trusted my fortunes for another year to the promise which the country theatres held out to me. My stay in London was limited to a few days, which I did not fail to turn to the best account. All the world was then under the attraction of the two theatrical magnets of the day, and it was not likely that I should be insensible to their influence. Places were taken one night at Drury Lane for 'Richard III.,' and for another Fawcett procured seats for us in the orchestra of Covent Garden, to see the Juliet of Miss O'Neill to the best advantage. Kean was engaged to sup with my father at the York Hotel after the performance of 'Richard,' to which I went with no ordinary feelings of curiosity. Cooke's representation of the part I had been present at several times, and it lived in my memory in all its sturdy vigour. I use this expression as applicable to him in the character which Cibber's clever stagey compilation has given to an English audience as Richard Plantagenet, in place of Shakespeare's creation—the earnest, active, versatile spirit, "impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," who makes a business of his ambition, without let or demur clearing away or cutting down the obstacles to his progress, with not one pause of compunctious hesitation. There was a solidity of deportment and manner, and at the same time a sort of unctuous enjoyment of his successful craft, in the soliloquising stage villany of Cooke, which gave powerful and rich effect to the sneers and overbearing retorts of Cibber's hero, and certain points (as the peculiar mode of delivering a passage is technically phrased) traditional from Garrick were made with consummate skill, significance, and power.

Kean's conception was decidedly more Shakespearean. He hurried you along in his resolute course with a spirit that brooked no delay. In inflexibility of will and sudden grasp of expedients he suggested the idea of a feudal Napoleon. His personation was throughout consistent, and he was only inferior to Cooke where he attempted points upon the same ground as his distinguished predecessor. These points have often proved stumbling-blocks to

actors and false lights to the discernment of audiences. The instances have not been rare in the Drama's history when the frequenters of theatres, on the occasion of an actor's or an actress's first essay in any popular character, have reserved their judgments for the effect to be produced by one line or one speech, the particular point rendered famous by some preceding player; and the artist has as often been betrayed into laboured effort to give prominence to such isolated passages, instead of relying on his penetration into the full depth of the poet's intention and the perfect comprehension of his one large and grand idea. "Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum." *

My father and self were betimes in our box. Pope was the lachrymose and rather tedious performer of Henry VI. But when the scene changed, and a little keenly-visaged man rapidly bustled across the stage, I felt there was meaning in the alertness of his manner and the quickness of his step. As the play proceeded I became more and more satisfied that there was a mind of no common order. In his angry complaining of Nature's injustice to his bodily imperfections, as he uttered the line, "To shrink my arm up like a withered shrub," he remained looking on the limb for some moments with a sort of bitter discontent, and then struck it back in angry disgust. My father, who sat behind me, touched me, and whispered "It's very poor!" "Oh no!" I replied, "it is no common thing," for I found myself stretching over the box to observe him. The scene with Lady Anne was entered on with evident confidence, and was well sustained, in the affected earnestness of penitence, to its successful close. In tempting Buckingham to the murder of the children, he did not impress me as Cooke was wont to do, in whom the sense of the crime was apparent in the gloomy hesitation with which he gave reluctant utterance to the deed of blood. Kean's manner was consistent with his conception, proposing their death as a political necessity, and sharply requiring it as a business to be done. The two actors were equally effective in their respective views of the unscrupulous tyrant; but leaving to Cooke the more prosaic version of Cibber, it would have been desirable to have seen the energy and restless activity of Kean giving life to racy language and scenes of direct and varied agency in the genuine tragedy with which his whole manner and appearance were so much more in harmony. In his studied mode of delivering the passages "Well! as you guess?" and "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" he could not approach the searching sarcastic incredulity, or the rich vindictive chuckle of Cooke; but in the bearing of the man throughout, as the intriguer, the tyrant, and the warrior, he seemed never to relax the ardour of his pursuit, presenting the life of the usurper as one unbroken whole, and

* "Let all begin, go on, and end consistently."

HORACE, *Art of Poetry.*

From which the preceding quotation is also taken, and in effect translated by Macready's context.—ED.

closing it with a death picturesquely and poetically grand. Many of the Kemble school resisted conviction in his merits, but the fact that he made me feel was an argument to enrol me with the majority on the indisputable genius he displayed.

We retired to the hotel as soon as the curtain fell, and were soon joined by Kean, accompanied, or rather attended, by Pope. I need not say with what intense scrutiny I regarded him as we shook hands on our mutual introduction. The mild and modest expression of his Italian features, and his unassuming manner, which I might perhaps justly describe as partaking in some degree of shyness, took me by surprise, and I remarked with special interest the indifference with which he endured the fulsome flatteries of Pope. He was very sparing of words during, and for some time after, supper; but about one o'clock, when the glass had circulated pretty freely, he became animated, fluent, and communicative. His anecdotes were related with a lively sense of the ridiculous; in the melodies he sang there was a touching grace, and his powers of mimicry were most humorously or happily exerted in an admirable imitation of Braham: and in a story of Incledon acting Steady the Quaker at Rochester without any rehearsal,—where, in singing the favourite air, "When the lads of the village so merrily, oh!" he heard himself to his dismay and consternation accompanied by a single bassoon,—the music of his voice, his perplexity at each recurring sound of the bassoon, his undertone maledictions on the self-satisfied musician, the peculiarity of his habits, all were hit off with a humour and an exactness that equalled the best display Mathews ever made, and almost convulsed us with laughter. It was a memorable evening, the first and last I ever spent in private with this extraordinary man.

In its outward graces how different was the excellence which, a night or two after, excited my enthusiastic admiration when Shakespeare's Juliet made her entry on the scene in the person of Miss O'Neill! Our seats in the orchestra of Covent Garden gave me the opportunity of noting every slightest flash of emotion or shade of thought that passed over her countenance. The charming picture she presented was one that time could not efface from the memory. It was not altogether the matchless beauty of form and face, but the spirit of perfect innocence and purity that seemed to glisten in her speaking eyes and breathe from her chiselled lips. To her might justly be ascribed the negative praise, in my mind the highest commendation that, as an artist, man or woman can receive, of a total absence of any approach to affectation. There was in her look, voice, and manner an artlessness, an apparent unconsciousness (so foreign to the generality of stage performers) that riveted the spectator's gaze; but when, with altered tones and eager glance, she inquired, as he lingeringly left her, the name of Romeo of the Nurse, and bade her go and learn it, the revolution in her whole being was evident, anticipating the worse,—

——"If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed."

I have heard objections to the warmth of her passionate confessions in the garden scene; but the love of the maid of sunny Italy is not to be measured and judged by the phlegmatic formalist.

> "My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep; the more I give to thee
> The more I have, for both are infinite,"

is her heart's utterance. Love was to her life: life not valued, if unsustained by love. Such was the impression Miss O'Neill's conception of the character made, rendering its catastrophe the only natural refuge of a guileless passion so irresistible and absorbing. In the second act the impatience of the love-sick maid to obtain tidings of her lover was delightfully contrasted with the winning playfulness with which she so dexterously lured back to doting fondness the pettish humour of the testy old Nurse, and in rushing to her appointment at the Friar's cell, her whole soul was in the utterance of the words, "Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell." The desperate alternative to which the command of Capulet that she should marry Paris reduced her, transformed the gentle girl at once into a heroine, and the distracting contention of her fears and resolution rose to a frantic climax of passion, abruptly closed by her exclamation, "Romeo! I come! This do I drink to thee!" Through my whole experience hers was the only representation of Juliet I have seen; and as the curtain fell, I left my seat in the orchestra with the words of Iachimo in my mind, "All of her, that is out of door, most rich! . . . She is alone the Arabian bird."

CHAPTER VI.

1815.—Engagement at Glasgow—At Dublin—Humours and character of the Dublin audiences—Their peculiarities and attachment to old favourites—Bath—Profit to be made by an actor out of a bad house—Importance of study—Mentevole—Kitely—Pierre—Duke Aranza—The Twiss Family—Offers from Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres—Meeting with brother at Weymouth—Officers at Bath—Mrs. Piozzi—Difficulties of the actor's art—Amateur actors—Performing with "Romeo Coates" at Bath—Leontes—Doricourt—Don Felix.

AFTER one night's performance at Bristol I made my journey to Glasgow by way of Newcastle, where I spent a day or two with my family. At Glasgow I repeated my principal characters to good receipts; but with Kean's first engagement in Scotland announced over my head at greatly advanced prices, in which he was to be paid £100 per night, it was not to be expected that the young country actor should fare as well as if the field had been open. The produce of my engagement was however very satisfactory, putting a very handsome sum in my pocket. A trifling occurrence, to be remembered in after-life, fell out on the night of

my benefit. A pretty little girl, about nine years of age, was sent on at a very short notice to act the part of one of the children in Dimond's pleasant farce, 'The Hunter of the Alps.' She was imperfect in the words she had to speak, having had no time to learn them; not being aware of this, I scolded her on coming off the stage for her neglect, which I was afterwards sorry for, as it cost her many tears. In later life this incident was recalled to me in a very unexpected manner.

From Glasgow my route to Dublin was by Port Patrick, the little haven of a dreary rock-bound coast, where I was detained in a miserable inn a whole day, wind-bound. The next morning the master of the packet announced his intention to try the passage, though the wind was strong and almost ahead. The little vessel was "warped" out of the harbour, a boat having taken out a cable and fastened it to a buoy outside, up to which, with a windlass, we were hauled, the master observing to me, as the sail was being spread, "if that cable had given way, nothing could have saved us from being dashed to pieces on the rocks." By dint of many tacks we reached Donaghadee in a few hours, but on the passage I got into conversation with a young man of the name of Conroy, who informed me that he had reached Port Patrick by the same packet on his way to visit a friend in Glasgow College, that he had lost his luggage and his purse, and must now return to Dublin, as well as he could, to obtain a fresh supply. I offered him the assistance of my purse, and we proceeded together to Belfast, and thence to Dublin, I having accommodated him with linen and £6 odd in cash, which was to be repaid immediately. The linen was returned, but of cash and Conroy I never heard more. My Dublin engagement, in which I repeated several times my most favourite characters, that of Luke being the most popular, added to my reputation and materially improved my finances. 'Richard II.' was produced for my benefit, and as usual applauded, but did not attract. I made some agreeable acquaintances here, among whom I remember with peculiar pleasure the genial kind Joseph Atkinson, Moore's most intimate friend. At his house, with others of more note, I met the Dean of Ferns, who enjoyed the reputation of being the only man that could sit out through the whole night the Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant, over whisky-punch. From Lord Castlecoote I received much attention, and found a very warm friend in a humorous resemblance of Falstaff rejoicing in the name of Mick Doyle, who had been on the stage, and subsequently at the head of the Customs, from which he had retired with a good property and a good pension. It required some effort to preserve our grave looks when he used to lament over his condition. "There's poor old Mrs. Doyle! she's an excellent woman, a very good creature; but she's of no earthly use to me. If God Almighty would be good enough to take her to Himself, it would be much better for both of us."

The value of the principle that I had laid down as a primary

duty in my art, viz., *always to be in earnest*, was enforced upon me still more strongly by my experience before a Dublin audience. Their attention arrested and their feelings once excited, the actor enjoyed in their glowing sympathy the full triumph of his art. The national character might be read with tolerable correctness in their theatre. Keenly sensitive to the commanding truth of the poet's or the player's passion, they would as often find resource in their own humour from their dullness or inefficiency. It would not unfrequently happen that the humour of the gallery would prove the ruler of the hour, disturbing the more sedate of the spectators and utterly discomposing the player; until, checked by perhaps some energetic declamation, or sobered by some touch of nature, they would surrender themselves to the potent influence of the scene, and beneath its charm no assembly could watch more intently, with more discriminating taste, or more lavish applause, "the dream of passion" passing before them. The anecdotes are numerous that have been current of the Dublin galleries' waggeries. I remember on one occasion acting the character of Pierre in 'Venice Preserved.' My friend Jaffier displayed a rotundity of person that might have agreed with the simile to which he likened himself, of a "full ear of corn," but certainly showed no appearance of being "withered in the ripening." As if in accordance with this obesity, his delivery was drawling and his deportment heavy. In the scene prepared for the execution of Pierre, after he had struck me and himself with his dagger, and gasping out the few spirited words of the defiant conspirator, I had closed my part with the cordial plaudits of the audience, a long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend Jaffier was "dragging its slow length along," when one of the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, "Ah! now, die at once;" to which another from the other side immediately replied, "Be quiet, you blackguard," then turned with a patronising tone to the lingering Jaffier, "Take your time!"

There was one peculiarity to which this audience clung, in Grattan's phrase, "with desperate fidelity." Their attachment to old stationary favourites was maintained with an ardour and persistency that repelled the interference of their better judgment; and from dates lost in the memory of playgoers, "old" Fullam, Williams, Johnson, and Talbot, four mediocre performers, held undisputed pre-eminence in their partial opinions above the best London comedians. Even Miss O'Neill did not displace Miss Walstein as their favourite tragic actress, though they allowed her the palm of superiority in comedy, the Irish Widow being considered as one of her most celebrated personations. Of course I speak of the notions that were rife at that time. From Dublin to Liverpool our passage in the sailing packet was a very good one, twenty-two hours, whence I hurried on to act in the race week at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where I was again at home and among old friends. Cheverille, in Holcroft's comedy of 'The Deserted

Daughter,' and Shakespeare's King Henry V. were the only new characters I attempted there, but neither elicited any particular demonstration of approval, and indeed deserved none; for having barely mastered the text of each, all effect was left to chance, as I found by subsequent diligent study in making Henry one of my most popular assumptions.

My summer spent, in company with my sisters, was divided between professional engagements at Carlisle, Dumfries, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, and some holiday weeks in my old favourite retreat of Holy Island, from whence we made excursions to Bamborough Castle, Wark, Norham, &c., or frequently dined and drank tea among the rocks or sandy hills of the island, under a little tent that I had constructed to supply the want of a bathing-house,—days of enjoyment that I have never ceased to reckon among the pleasures of the past. It was with regret I parted from them, but ill-blood made my leave-taking of my father much more to be sorrowed for. In matters of business he would take refuge in outbreaks of temper, and the issue would be an abrupt separation. As I review our differences I cannot honestly prefer excuses in his favour, but in making more allowances for him I should have been in all respects wiser; the more I had yielded, the more I should have had reason to have been satisfied with myself.

During a short engagement at Greenock, which added little to my stock, the tidings came of the victory of Waterloo, and several anxious days were passed before the published list of killed and wounded gave me assurance of my dear brother's safety. All the officers of his company had been put *hors de combat*, either killed or severely wounded, but he, bringing the company out of action, gained his lieutenancy. Another short interval of relaxation at Holy Island and I was again *en route*, with engagements before me for some months to come. At Chester I was well received by respectable audiences, but at Sheffield, where my name was well known, my attraction was very great, and the four nights I acted there swelled the growth of my little purse considerably. These towns were taken on my road to Bath and Bristol, where I was to pass the greater part of the winter.

From circumstances that I do not remember, the season at Bath was a dull one, and the theatre suffered proportionately with the other places of amusement. But this did not prevent me from using as a means of study for my improvement the practice it afforded me. A full attendance is too generally required as a spur to a performer's exertions, and to a beggarly account of empty boxes many have been in the habit of slurring over (or what is known as "walking through") their parts. Indeed, I have been present when, on their benefit nights, performers have not only walked with contemptuous indifference through their parts, but have resented on the auditors present the absence of those who stayed away. It was a rule with me to make what profit I could out of a bad house, and before the most meagre audiences ever

assembled it has been my invariable practice to strive my best, using the opportunity as a lesson; and I am conscious of having derived great benefit from the rule. I used to call it "acting to myself;" as indeed it was transferring the study of a character from my own apartment to the stage, where it was much less irksome; for in the solitude of a lodging to continue over and over again the repetition of passages, with strict attention to one's elocution, deportment, gesture, and countenance, guarding against exaggeration, whilst lashing oneself up to the highest strain of passion, and this without any stimulus or any test beyond the individual's trust of having struck the chord aright, was a sort of darkling procedure, groping or feeling of one's way, that called upon me often for strong efforts of perseverance, being more trying to the constancy and patience of the student than falls to the lot of any other art: for in others the advances made are visible in the comparison of the works completed; but the player, by dint of repeated efforts, must perfect himself in tones, attitudes, looks, of which he can only learn the effect under the nervous excitement of experimenting their power on the uncertain sympathies of an heterogeneous assembly.

More than once in my life I have heard, in dogmatic tone and with an oracular air, certain *soi-disant* critics bestowing on a player especial praise on the ground that his acting was quite natural, unpremeditated: that he did not require study, and that he never delivered the salient points of a character twice in the same way. What would reflection deduce from this, but that, although the artist may be subject more or less to the accidental variation of his animal spirits, yet, as there must be one form of expression which he finds nearest to the exact truth, in once attaining this, every deviation or declension from it must be more or less a deterioration? Study will bring ease, grace, and self-possession—the indispensable groundwork of the actor's art; but to evoke the various emotions that will give with fidelity Nature's own expression to his look and voice—"hic labor, hoc opus est." As Talma used to say, "there was only *one best*"—to discover that is the labour of the artist; and having once achieved this, is it reconcilable to common sense that he would endanger his credit by tampering with the truth his patient investigation had wrought out? The approach to perfection is indeed usually so gradual, that, in one whose principle it would be to labour in his several performances to improve on what had gone before, whose motto to the very last words he utters on the scene is "Excelsior," the degrees of his toilsome ascent may be sometimes distinguishable, but beyond such shadowy variations his design and its treatment will remain unchanged.

Lord Hastings in Rowe's tragedy of 'Jane Shore,' and Leon in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife,' were new undertakings for me. In the proud and gallant courtier, Hastings, I was much applauded: on Leon I had not bestowed sufficient thought and pains for the insurance of success.

But a character which far more than either of these laid hold on my fancy, was given to me by Dimond. Unfortunately the play was one which the greatest adept in the histrionic art could never have rendered popular. Its title was 'Julia, or the Italian Lover;' the author's name Jephson. Kemble had appeared in it, with Mrs. Siddons as the heroine, had been praised, and the performance forgotten. The story opens and sets in unbroken gloom; no ray of hope once glances on its languid progress, leading to a catastrophe which the spectator has from the first anticipated. Claudio, the betrothed lover of Julia, had perished by the hand of an unknown assassin, and since his death Mentevole has been her devoted though unsuccessful suitor. In this character, in his absorbing passion and his irrepressible restlessness of demeanour betraying a mind ill at ease, the interest of the tragedy centres. The incidents are few and meagre until the last act, when his guilt as the murderer of Claudio is brought to light. In this scene, in the assassin's agitated endeavours to disprove the charge and his subsequent desperate avowal of the deed, there is great scope for the actor's art. A very powerful impression was produced by it. In its performance, in the actual scene, I remember well the image of a prisoner on trial at Carlisle vainly attempting to preserve his composure under the consciousness of guilt flashed back upon me, and greatly aided me in giving reality to the emotion of the agonized Mentevole. The language of the play does not redeem the unfortunate dulness of the plot: never rising to the poetical, in its more ambitious strain, its cumbrous verse is often inflated and exaggerated. In point of composition its best passage is the expostulation of Mentevole with Julia, in the fourth act:

> "Oh, thou unthankful beauty! think a little,
> How envied but for thee had been my lot.
> My youth had glided down life's easy stream
> With every sail outspread for every pleasure.
> But from the hour I saw thy fatal charms
> My bosom has been Hell. How I have loved,
> All my neglected duties of the world—
> Friends, parents, interest, country—all forgotten—
> Cry out against me; now I count the exchange,
> And find all bartered for thy hate and scorn!"

But with its many faults the 'Italian Lover' rendered me good service in obtaining for me very high praise in its principal character. The performance of Benedict in Shakespeare's 'Much Ado about Nothing' won me friends, among others the family of Francis Twiss, who had married the loveliest of Mrs Siddons' sisters. Horace Twiss called on me at his mother's desire, and it was to that performance of Benedict I was indebted for an intimacy with friends whose attachment to me lasted through their lives, and whose memory I hold in ever grateful regard.

Ben Jonson's comedy of 'Every Man in his Humour' was

revived; but for the part of Kitely, one of the most difficult out of Shakespeare on the stage, and which in after years I made one of my ablest personations, sufficient time was not allowed, nor had I then experience for the mastery of so eccentric a character. With humours admirably sketched and most happily contrasted, the play will never hold its place on the stage. There can scarcely be found a company of players to adequately fill the various parts; and if there were by chance such combination, their best efforts could not long give life to a drama that is totally devoid of action. Pierre in 'Venice Preserved,' and the Duke Aranza in Tobin's 'Honeymoon,' were additional steps for me in public favour.

At this time Drury Lane Theatre was under the management of a sub-committee of five members, which included Lord Byron, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, and the Hon. George Lambe. From the latter I received a letter in very courteous terms inquiring whether I was disposed to take an engagement at Drury Lane. A long correspondence followed; but when we approached the subject of terms, and I stated the tender from Covent Garden which I had refused the year before, Mr. Kinnaird wrote declining on the part of the committee to make any offer. This seemed to me abrupt, if not unhandsome, to amuse me so long with a negotiation that meant nothing, and I accordingly intimated as much to Mr. Lambe, observing that I was justified in expecting some proposal, however moderate it might be. He replied in a most gentlemanly strain, apologizing for all the trouble he had given me, and admitting that the finances of Drury Lane not enabling the committee to compete with Covent Garden in the salaries of new performers, they had considered it better to close the negotiation, than to tender what they were aware I could not accept. It was the earnest wish of my friends at Rugby to see me in London, and they could not understand the Fabian policy under which I acted in delaying my appearance there. All the interest they could bring to bear (unknown to me) was exerted to incline the Drury Lane Committee to introduce me to a London audience, but they, the committee, were for cheap ventures, and my price was too high. My friend and tutor, Birch, had applied to the Rev. J. Noel, an old college chum of his and a relation of Lady Byron, to use his influence with Lord Byron in the matter; and in reporting to me some years afterwards the issue of his intervention, he laughed heartily at the characteristic conclusion to which the great poet came on the subject. Noel had been instructed to expatiate on my professional qualifications and successes, and added (I know not whether from himself or his prompters), "And, besides all this, Mr. Macready is a very moral man." "Ha! then," replied Byron, "I suppose he asks five pounds a week more for his morality." The enterprise and liberal speculation of the Covent Garden proprietors showed in striking contrast with the timid economy of the Drury Lane management. A letter from Fawcett at this very time, re-opening

our negotiation in very cordial terms, observes to me that "Kean seems likely to be more in your way at Drury Lane than Young would be at Covent Garden. All your best parts you might act with us and not trespass upon anybody. Come to us next year—for one year, two years, three years, or for life. The article shall be made as you please, only don't be exorbitant." This frank and business-like invitation was the commencement of a renewed correspondence with the Covent Garden management.

About the same time I was unexpectedly hailed from Portland Roads, where several transports conveying to Ireland troops that had formed part of the army of occupation round Paris were lying at anchor. A few hasty lines from my brother informed me that they were impatiently waiting there for a change of wind to carry them to Cork, and that being unable to leave his ship, he sent, finding himself so near me, a word or two of greeting. Not being required at the theatre for three or four successive nights, my anxiety to see him after two years' absence, in which he had been exposed to dangers and vicissitudes, overcame all prudential scruples; and, for the chance of finding him still in harbour, I set off in the evening by the mail to Salisbury, from which I posted on through the night, and dressing and breakfasting at Dorchester reached Weymouth about nine o'clock. To my great joy I learned that the *Bideford* and the other transports were still in the Roads, and a good pair of oars soon brought me alongside of the ship, the deck of which was crowded with soldiers in various stages of the morning's toilet. I inquired for Lieutenant Macready, and hearing he was in the cabin, with a quickly beating heart I descended the narrow steps, as one of the officers called out, "Jack, you are wanted." Several were in the close little stifling place, but there among them was he in his shirt-sleeves, little altered from the boy I had parted with two years ago. He met me with an unexpected exclamation of "Ah! d—n it, Will, how are you?" I told him I had a boat waiting, and on his obtaining leave he returned to Weymouth with me. How different in after years was his grave, reserved, and gentlemanly address! Our few hours were passed in mutual relation of the events that had befallen us; and, as three more of the regiment had come on shore in the course of the day, to prolong our *tête-à-tête* we dined together at the Royal Hotel on the Esplanade—a dinner which, from the impudent extravagance of its charge, would cause me to remember Weymouth, if all else were to be forgotten. In a dull dingy room, looking out on the back of the premises, with ordinary table service, for a haddock, leg of Portland mutton, apple tart, bottle of Madeira (charged 8*s.*), bottle of port (6*s.*), a bill was presented to me of £2 16*s.* We supped at a more moderate inn with the other men of the 30th (all since gone, not one Waterloo man left in the regiment), and the next morning, taking leave of Edward, who was to write to me on his arrival with the regiment at Buttevant, I set out on my return to Bath.

Little more than a week had elapsed after my arrival there, when early one morning, to my perfect amazement, Edward walked into my bedroom in the deshabille which he wore on board the transport. His explanation was soon given. The ship had been driven back by contrary winds to Portsmouth, where several of the officers had gone on shore to lounge about the place; he, with an ensign of the name of Gregg, had not been apprised of the signal for sail, and had been left in the town without cash or clothes of a presentable appearance. The landlord of the hotel advanced them money for their journey to Bath, for which, with the amount of their bills, my brother gave a written undertaking. From the superfluity of my wardrobe, with my tailor's assistance, he was readily equipped, but how to manage for his friend was a more difficult question. They had brought away a very handsome shako, just sent down to the regiment, and we persuaded Gregg to mount my Captain Plume's jacket, a fancy uniform, over which he put his own braided surcoat, and, with Edward's gay shako, went out in the afternoon to parade with the fashionable throng of Milsom Street, not being aware that a military dress was never seen in the streets of Bath. It seems he almost immediately encountered two general officers, who stared with looks of manifest displeasure on the extraordinary phenomenon; and to complete his vexation, some subalterns whom he knew sent him back to my lodgings to unfrock himself in a state of extreme perturbation. My brother and his companions were obliged to wait the sailing of the Bristol packet to Cork. In the meantime I enabled Edward to discharge his dues to his Portsmouth landlord, and furnishing him with funds for their passage, &c., I took leave of them at Bristol after my performance of Kitely, and had the satisfaction in a few days of hearing that, by fortune of a very favourable gale, they had reached their regiment just in time to announce their arrival to the Colonel on the 24th.

Among other memorable acquaintances that my good fortune gave me in this pleasant city was Dr. Gibbs, the leading physician of the place, afterwards knighted by the Regent for his attendance on Queen Charlotte. He had been a college chum of my cousin, Walter Birch, who still retained his fellowship of Magdalen, and who, at my first introduction to Gibbs, dined with me at his house. The party was select and very agreeable, but rendered especially interesting by the announcement in the evening of "Mrs. Piozzi." It seemed almost as if a portrait by Sir Joshua had stepped out of its frame, when the little old lady, dressed *point de vice* in black satin, with dark glossy ringlets under her neat black hat, highly rouged, not the end of a ribbon or lace out of its place, with an unfaltering step entered the room. And was this really "the Mrs. Thrale," the stage monitress of 'The Three Warnings,' the indefatigable tea-maker of the Great Insatiable? She was instantly the centre on which every eye was fixed, engrossing the attention of all. I had the satisfaction of a particular introduction

to her, and was surprised and delighted with her vivacity and good-humour. The request that she would read to us from Milton was readily complied with, and I was given to understand she piqued herself on her superiority in giving effect to the great poet's verse. She selected a passage from the eleventh book of 'Paradise Lost,' descriptive of the lazar-house, enunciating with studied and elaborate distinctness each of the enumerated physical ills "that flesh is heir to." The finger of the dial-plate of the *pendule* was just approaching the hour of ten, when with a kind of Cinderella-like abruptness she rose and took her leave, evidently as much gratified in contributing to our entertainment as we were by the opportunity of making her acquaintance. Dr. Gibbs informed us that she never under any circumstances overstepped by a single minute the hour of ten in returning home.

It was my lot some days later to meet her again at my friends, the Twisses; but here there were not more than five or six elderly persons, and a bevy of young girls, most or all of them with strong theatrical inclinings. The consequence was, that after a brief conversation with the lively little lioness, the younger people clustered together at the farther end of the drawing-room, listening to stories, or in talk over plays, that descended from Shakespeare to the 'Italian Lover;' when, all at once, long before her accustomed hour, Mrs. Piozzi started up, and coldly wishing Mr. and Mrs. Twiss good night, left the room. Inquiring looks passed in silence and surprise from one to another, and in an undertone our hostess observed, "She is very much displeased." I then learned that, accustomed and expecting to be the attraction of the evening wherever she might be invited, she could never conceal her chagrin if disappointed in receiving the homage of the circle she might be in. Here was the ruling passion cherished to a degree of weakness that excited compassion for one so stricken in years, to whom unhappily they had not proved the "years that bring the philosophic mind." In recalling to my memory this gifted woman, the association of her name with that of poor Conway forces itself on my recollection. His admiration of her talents awakened in her a lively interest for him, and cemented a friendship between them, which was variously canvassed by the many. One fact, however, is to be remembered to his honour. His circumstances were much straitened. A few days before her death she sent him a cheque on her bankers for £500, which on her decease he inclosed to her heir and administrator, from whom he received a cold and bare acknowledgment.

One of the disadvantages incident to the pursuit of the theatrical art is the supposed facility of its attainment, nor is it less cheapened in public estimation by the general assumption of the ability to criticise it. How frequent, to questions of opinion on other arts, are the evasive answers, "I am no judge of poetry;" "I have never studied pictures;" "I do not know much about sculpture."

Yet the person confessedly ignorant on these subjects, would be at no fault in pronouncing a decisive judgment on

> "The youngest of the sister Arts,
> Where all their beauty blends!"

It is Addison who describes "a picture" as "a poem without words." In illustrating the poet's thought the actor presents in harmonious succession a series of living pictures, in which his intellectual acuteness often throws light on what might otherwise be obscure, whilst his fervid sensibility compels sympathy with the passion he portrays. But Campbell's beautiful lines condense all that more diffuse prose would seek to express on that theme:

> "For ill can Poetry express
> Full many a tone of thought sublime;
> And Painting, mute and motionless,
> Steals but a glance of time.
> But by the mighty actor brought,
> Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
> Verse ceases to be airy thought,
> And sculpture to be dumb."

It surely needs something like an education for such an art, and yet that appearance of mere volition and perfect ease, which costs the accomplished artist so much time and toil to acquire, evidently leads to a different conclusion with many, or amateur acting would be less in vogue. Among those I have seen, the only amateurs with any pretensions to theatrical talent were Charles Dickens, of world-wide fame, and the lovely representative of Mary Copp in the 'Merry Monarch' at the British Embassy at Paris, Miss MacTavish, the niece of Lady Wellesley, afterwards married to the Hon. H. Howard, and since dead. One of the very worst, if not the worst, who owed his notoriety chiefly to his frequent exposure of himself in the character of Romeo, Lothario, Belcour, &c., was Coates, more generally known as "Romeo Coates." He drove a curricle with large gilt cocks emblazoning his harness, and on the stage wore diamond buttons on his coat and waistcoat. He displayed himself, diamonds and all, this winter at Bath in the part of the West Indian, and it was currently believed on this occasion he was liberally paid by the theatre, which profited largely by his preposterous caricature. I was at the theatre on the morning of his rehearsal and introduced to him. At night the house was too crowded to afford me a place in front; and seeing me behind the scenes, he asked me, knowing I acted Belcour, to prompt him if he should be "out," which he very much feared. The audience were in convulsions at his absurdities, and in the scene with Miss Rusport, being really "out." I gave him a line which Belcour has to speak, "I never looked so like a fool in all my life;" which, as he delivered it, was greeted with a roar of laughter. He was "out" again, and I gave him again the same line, which, again repeated, was acquiesced in with a louder roar.

Being "out" again, I administered him the third time the same truth for him to utter, but he seemed alive to its application, rejoining in some dudgeon, "I have said that twice already." His exhibition was a complete burlesque of the comedy, and a reflection on the character of a management that could profit by such discreditable expedients.

The success of my last year's engagement in Dublin induced the manager there to propose some terms for a longer period, thirteen weeks, which I could not expect to be on the same footing as before, but which were to amount to not less than £20 per week, a remuneration that I considered very liberal. But before my departure from Bath I had several of my characters to repeat, among which were Doricourt, and Don Felix in the 'Wonder.' Mrs. Alsop, the daughter of Mrs. Jordan, acted Letitia Hardy and Violante: some tones of her voice recalled for an instant her incomparable mother, but there all resemblance ended. The theatre was not so fashionable this winter as the previous one, but that did not cause me to relax in my exertions, and indeed I was sensible of considerable improvement. My performance of Romeo was an advance on that of last year, and was riveted in my memory by a little poetical tribute published in the *Bath Herald*, the grace and feeling of which will justify its insertion here:

"When Romeo's anguish, speaking in thine eye,
Prompts the deep shudder and the aching sigh;
When the rich sweetness of thy melting tone
Thrills the full heart, and makes thy woes our own;
When Passion's wild convulsions shake thy frame
(The expression varying, but the grace the same),
Can those, by Truth and Nature taught to feel,
Wake the loud plaudit's wildly echoing peal?
Can they repress the luxury of woe,
Or check in shouts the tear's impetuous flow?
No; to such souls thy magic powers impart
The deep emotions of a breaking heart:
When Love retains awhile the fleeting breath,
And Passion struggles with the pangs of Death,
When mortal weakness strives in vain to tell
The grief and fondness of a last farewell,
The praise of art by Man's applause be shown,
While gentler Woman gives thee tears alone."

My benefits at Bath and Bristol closed my engagements in those theatres. At Bath I acted for the first time Leontes in the 'Winter's Tale,' in which character I produced in later years a very strong impression. My days had been very agreeably passed in these Bath engagements, for most of my idle ones were days of pleasure, to which the residence of my old friend and master, Dr. Wooll, who came to spend his Christmas holidays here, did not a little contribute. He was widely known, and none more frequently "on hospitable thoughts intent" than himself. The principal proprietor

of the theatre was Mr. Palmer, the originator of the mail-coach service, by whom the entire system of the Post Office had been revolutionized and the delivery of letters wonderfully accelerated. If I do not mistake he sat for Bath in Parliament several sessions, and was succeeded in the representation of the city by his son, General Palmer. He expressed the wish to make my acquaintance, and on visiting him I was received with great kindness. His manners were courtly and engaging, and as a playgoer in Garrick's time, his confident predictions of my future success were to me something more than mere idle compliment. Lord Gwydir was another acquaintance whose stately though affected address might probably have escaped my memory, but for a defence against cold recommended to me by him, to which through my long life I have been constantly indebted, and by which under east winds or in cold weather I never fail even now to protect myself. This is simply two or three sheets of paper across the chest buttoned under the waistcoat, forming a cuirass, impenetrable by Boreas, Eurus, or any of the malignant gales that drive cough and too often consumption into the lungs of the unwary. This simple breast-plate will on the coldest day, without extra upper clothing, diffuse, under exercise, warmth through the whole frame, and has proved to me one of the most valuable recipes.

CHAPTER VII.

1816.—Garrick Jubilee at Hereford—Dublin—Farewell performance of John Kemble, in Othello, on the Dublin stage—Lord Townley—London engagement at Covent Garden made for five years—Mr. Plunkett in Richard III. —Performing at Wexford and Galway—Tour in North Wales—Snowdon —Meeting with brother at Liverpool.

To Dublin, where was my next engagement, my route, in compliance with the earnest prayer of Mr. Crisp, the manager of the theatre, was made through Hereford. He had got up a local excitement upon what he called a "Garrick Jubilee," being a public dinner at the principal hotel, and in the evening a performance at the theatre in honour of the day, the hundredth anniversary of the great actor's birth. David Garrick was born on the 20th of February, 1716, at the Angel Inn in Hereford. The theatrical portion of the celebration consisted of the representation of the 'Wonder,' the play in which Garrick took leave of the stage, the recitation of Sheridan's monody on his death, and Garrick's farce of 'The Lying Valet.' I heard none of the speeches at the dinner, rising with the removal of the cloth, in order to prepare for my performance of Don Felix. My long experience of the stage has convinced me of the necessity of keeping, on the day of

exhibition, the mind as intent as possible on the subject of the actor's portraiture, even to the very moment of his entrance on the scene. He meditates himself, as it were, into the very thought and feeling of the being he is about to represent: enwrapt in the idea of the personage he assumes, he moves, and looks, and bears himself as the Roman or the Dane, and thus almost identifies himself with the creature of his imagination. It is not difficult to produce individual effects *ad libitum*, which will of course have their full estimation with the run of audiences: but I cannot conceive the representation of character without this preliminary preparation, or some such mental process. The theatre was crowded, the play much applauded; the manager's pockets were filled, and his Jubilee was a success. He was much obliged to me, and the next morning I was on my road to Dublin.

I reached my destination some days before my engagement began, and without delay settled myself in comfortable quarters in Suffolk Street, where I had a spacious drawing-room and good bedroom at a moderate rent; being "done for," in lodging-house phraseology, by my landlady, Mrs. Rock. My early arrival enabled me to be a witness of the farewell performance of John Philip Kemble on the Dublin stage; an opportunity I could not be expected to neglect. It may indeed be readily supposed that I went to find a seat in the theatre on that evening under the agitation of no common curiosity. The audience was not what I had anticipated on the occasion. In theatrical parlance, it was what would be termed "respectable," but not numerous. The house was about half filled, and I obtained a very convenient place in the first circle of boxes. I should with difficulty have believed, if told, that such would be the case on the announcement of the last appearance "previous to his final retirement" of so distinguished an actor; but here was an instance of the caprice of public favour. In former visits to Dublin Kemble had been greatly followed. In this engagement, his last, the theatre was indifferently attended. The popularity of Kean, who had in the preceding summer acted for several weeks to overflowing houses, may have served to have exhausted enthusiasm, and to have cast into shade the past glories of Kemble's triumphs here, exemplifying the truth of Shakespeare's lines:

> "For time is like a fashionable host,
> That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
> And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
> Grasps in the comer."

Whatever the cause, the fact is as I record it. An apathy pervaded the playgoing world, and the manager's calculations were disappointed, and, in the hope of rousing the public from the torpor that appeared to possess them, Kemble had consented to reappear in characters which he had long since relinquished and which were among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Kean. From the time of Cooke's acknowledged supremacy in 'Richard the Third,' Kemble

had given up the part: in now resuming it, he had only provoked unwilling and humiliating comparisons; and in selecting for his benefit and last performance the character of Othello, which had never ranked among his more finished efforts, he again placed himself at disadvantage with Kean, whose "fiery quality" in his splendid personation of the Moor was fresh in the memories of all. Like a diligent scholar, I took my place early, not to lose one look or word of this important lesson. Iago, Brabantio, and Roderigo followed the traditional directions through the opening scene, and when it changed, the majestic figure of John Kemble in Moorish costume "with a slow and stately step" advanced from the side wing. A more august presence could scarcely be imagined. His darkened complexion detracted but little from the stern beauty of his commanding features, and the enfolding drapery of his Moorish mantle hung gracefully on his erect and noble form. The silent picture he presented compelled admiration. The spectators applauded loudly and heartily, but the slight bow with which he acknowledged the compliment spoke rather dissatisfaction at the occasional vacant spaces before him than recognition of the respectful feeling manifested by those present. I must suppose he was out of humour, for, to my exceeding regret, he literally walked through the play.

My attention was riveted upon him through the night in hope of some start of energy, some burst of passion, lighting up the dreary dulness of his cold recitation, but all was one gloomy unbroken level—actually not better than a school repetition. In the line "Not a jot! not a jot!" there was a tearful tremor upon his voice that had pathos in it: with that one exception not a single passage was uttered that excited the audience to sympathy, or that gave evidence of artistic power. His voice was monotonously husky, and every word was enunciated with laboured distinctness. His readings were faultless; but there was no spark of feeling, that could enable us to get a glimpse of the "constant, loving, noble nature" of Othello, of him who,

> "Perplexed in the extreme, ...
> Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum."

The play went though without one round of applause. There was not "the noble Moor, whom the full senate called all in all sufficient," but John Kemble, apparently with stoical indifference, repeating the correct text of "the words that burn:" of that passion, of that sublime conception, there was no spark of feeling. The curtain fell in silence, and I left the theatre with the conviction that I had not yet seen Kemble, and that I must look forward to other opportunities to form a judgment of his powers. I heard afterwards that his health had suffered during his stay in Dublin, which may in part account for his falling so much beneath himself.

My long engagement here was ushered in with the character which had made so successful an impression at Bath and Bristol, Mentevole, in the 'Italian Lover,' which elicited applause, but did not draw houses. My days were occupied with study, and by a very ascetic regimen my care was "to increase my store," a duty to which I had not been heretofore sufficiently attentive. The only part I added to my list was that of Lord Townley in 'The Provoked Husband,' which I have no doubt was a very crude essay, but one on which I very much improved in latter years. The list of my plays was, however, diversified by the production of an original comedy called 'Changes and Chances,' written by a retired officer of the name of MacNeil; in which I acted the part of Edward Gregory, a young castaway. The piece was not without merit, and, supported by the author's friends, was acted several nights to good houses, but was declined by the London managers, with whom I used what interest I had for its acceptance. My negotiation with them for a given number of years at Covent Garden had been resumed, and was now in regular train. Well do I remember the fretful uneasiness and misgiving with which I received and replied to each letter. A London engagement, the crowning object of every player's ambition, was to me, in its uncertain issue, a trial that I shrank from, and which I would certainly have deferred if by opportunity of practice elsewhere, for instance at Edinburgh, Liverpool, Norwich, York, &c., I could have maintained my income and have further matured my powers. The hazard was great. The cast must be a decisive one: one on which my life's future must depend, and in which the great talents of those already in secure possession of the public favour seemed to leave me little room for success. But no alternative presented itself: the irrevocable step must needs be taken; and all that remained was to fortify myself against adverse chances as best I could, by indentifying to the utmost possible extent the proprietor's interests with my own. In reply therefore to Mr. Fawcett's overture, I required a contract for five years at the rate of £16 per week for two years, £17 for two years, and £18 for one year, which was immediately acceded to by Mr. Harris. The correspondence was, however, prolonged by stipulations I desired to make in reference to my veto on characters I might consider derogatory; but the arguments of the Covent Garden managers satisfied me of the unreasonableness of such clauses. The agreement was concluded, and I was pledged to appear at Covent Garden the following September.

Before I left Dublin an announcement appeared in the playbills of "Shakespeare's Historical Play of 'King Richard III.' The Duke of Gloster, by Mr. Plunkett, of this city, who comes before the public for the purpose of giving him a claim at a future period for a benefit in order to relieve the distressed port of Dublin and its vicinity." The city was all alive with the promise of "fun" which this notification held out. Mr. Plunkett was a gentleman, a

barrister of the Four Courts without practice, and nearly related to Lord Fingall; but was said to have—what the Scotch call—"a bee in his bonnet." Unlike his vulgar contemporary Coates, his motives were disinterested and amiable, and his sacrifices in behalf of charity would have been without parallel could he but have known how superlatively ludicrous were his efforts in its cause. The audience that crowded the theatre were in fits of laughter from the beginning to the end, the wags in pit and gallery taking part in the dialogue. When he said in Gloster's soliloquy, "Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile," the response from the pit was, "Oh! by the powers, you can!" To his question, "Am I then a man to be beloved?" voices answered, "Indeed, then, you are not!" At "Off with his head!" the encore was long continued, and at the death the shouts of laughter and ironical "bravos" drowned the remainder of the tragedy; but so satisfied was he of his triumphant success, that the next morning he called on the Lord Chief Justice Bushe to learn his opinion, and understanding that he had been unable to visit the theatre, Plunkett begged leave to act some of Richard's speeches before him, which, to the great annoyance of the Chief Justice, who feared the gathering of a mob about the windows, he did, and pressed the venerable judge for his verdict. The Chief Justice had no escape but in assuring him "that he had never seen anything like it in all the performances he had ever witnessed:" which sentence, as that of the Chief Justice, Plunkett sent to the papers the next day. He was too estimable and kind-hearted a man not to excite regret in many that he should have been under such a delusion in respect to his theatrical powers.

My correspondence with my brother, who was then with his regiment at Limerick, had been very regular, and learning from it that the allowance he had expected from my father was discontinued, I was able from my savings to remit him the amount of the balance against him at his agent's, and what was requisite for his journey home; whither, after staying a few days with me in Dublin, he proceeded to spend the term of his leave of absence. The play of 'Pizarro,' selected for my benefit, in which I acted Rolla, wound up my engagement, and, putting me in cash, gave me the means of discharging the arrest of an uncle—one of those that, in the Irish description of character, "would break into prison." I might as well have saved the money, as he was soon again in a similar plight, and made me a very scurvy return for my respect to our consanguinity.

The interval between the end of June and the beginning of September was not without its labours and its anxiety. But the latter, in its pressure on my spirits, overweighed by far the effect of any active duty, from the difficulty that arose in deciding on the play that was to determine my fate before a London public. The letters that passed resulted in no conclusion. The Covent Garden managers were under apprehension of organised opposition to any

one appearing in Kean's characters, which disposed at once of Luke, my first suggestion; Belcour, to which I was partial, was objected to on other grounds; and the ultimate resource appeared to be Orestes, although with two heroines, Hermione and Andromache, in the tragedy, there was no actress in the theatre equal to one—Miss O'Neill's return not being expected till later in the season. But the final decision was reserved until the subject could be discussed in a personal conference. In the meantime two engagements at Wexford and Galway were of service to me in the way of practice and profit, though the company with which I acted in those towns, under the management of Mr. Clarke, was one that would, I regret to say, have justified the severities of Churchill and of Crabbe. To meet the scanty resources of the troop it was necessary to prepare myself in Octavian in Colman's play of 'The Mountaineers,' and in Bertram in Maturin's tragedy of that name, neither of which characters remained very long upon my list. But my mind was engrossed with the eventful trial to which every day brought me nearer, and leaving Galway in the latter part of August, I sought to enjoy in the diversion of my thoughts a few days of tranquillising relaxation amongst the romantic and beautiful scenery of North Wales.

It was a rest to the wearing and depressing musings, from which I could not otherwise have escaped, to wander alone among the ruins of Conway Castle, or along the river banks by the lovely village of Llanrwst, to linger by the tumbling waters of the Llugwy and coast the southern side of Snowdon, which, as the Cambrian Parnassus, I had a kind of superstitious longing to look upon. My first view of the mountain was under circumstances so peculiar as to impress them through after life upon the memory. My route lay through Capel Curig to Beddgelert. The day was most unpropitious to the tourist, a heavy white mist enveloping the landscape, and completely overlaying the prospect beyond a few yards from the wheel-tracks. My disappointment amounted to vexation, and after vainly straining my eyes to discover anything through the impenetrable fog, I lay back in the chaise chafing at the mischance that baffled the main purpose of my morning's ride; but as I lay vacantly gazing on the black mist that surrounded me I was startled by the appearance of what seemed two dark pyramidical masses almost over my head, looking like two Laputas floating in the sky. I called out abruptly to the postillion, pointing to the strange phenomenon, with the inquiry, "What are those objects?" His answer was quick and short, "Snowdon, sir;" and to my surprise and delight there indeed were the two distinct peaks of that noble mountain, rising out of the sea of clouds, and towering above them into the sunlight, recalling the picture of Goldsmith's cliffs:—

> "Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Finding on reaching Beddgelert that my time would not serve me to ascend the mountain, I pressed on to Caernarvon, where of course every nook and corner of the magnificent castle was peered into. My after-dinner's walk was to the site of the Roman city Segontium, and on my way I was greatly delighted to come upon a small Druidical circle within an enclosure on one side of the road. My ramble detained me long; and calling at the post-office on my return I found a letter from my brother, dated Carlisle, informing me that he should be at Liverpool the next day, on his way to join his regiment at Limerick. There was no time for hesitation; it might be very long before the chance of meeting would again present itself, and in my present state of mind, with a perilous hazard before me, it would be a solace to my spirits to pass a few hours with one so bound in affection to me. I directly ordered a chaise and pair, and set out by way of Bangor and Conway, through Chester, to Woodside Ferry, which, by travelling all night, I reached in good time the next morning. A very comfortable inn, the Ferry House, furnished with all the means of refreshment, and a pleasant breeze carried me very quickly across the river to Liverpool. The 'Liverpool Arms' in Castle Street was then the principal hotel, now remembered, I dare say, by few. Having engaged rooms there, I sent round to every inn in the town, and called myself at several, inquiring for Lieutenant Macready. Nothing could be heard of such a person, and I was forced to conclude that he had sailed in the Dublin packet the evening before.

With no acquaintance near me, having neither occupation nor amusement, I went in the evening to the theatre, for the chance of what might be acted. Even from an inferior stage there may be "much matter to be heard and learned" by a thoughtful observer. The opera or melodrama of 'Guy Mannering' was played there for the first time, Emery appearing in, and realising, the character of Dandie Dinmont. I had not then read the novel, and the story, as put upon the stage, is not one of the clearest. It was therefore in rather a listless and indifferent mood I watched its progress, dividing my attention between the actors and the audience, when, to my surprise and great delight, three or four boxes off I saw my brother. I did not wait for the box-keeper's key, but, somewhat indecorously I must confess, clambered over the intervening partitions to shake hands with him, which I did in a tumult of joy that attracted more observation than I desired. We sat out the piece together, to which, however, the mutual information we had to give allowed us to pay little attention. He spent a couple of days with me at the hotel, long after remembered as very pleasant ones, in the enjoyment of which the uneasy thoughts that had of late beset me on the uncertainty of the fate in store for me had been shut out from my mind; but on parting with him I relapsed into my doubtful musings. He sailed in the evening packet for Dublin, and the next morning I took the coach for London.

CHAPTER VIII.

1816.—Risks and advantages of a London engagement—First appearance at Covent Garden as Orestes, 16th September, 1816—Contemporary criticism—Times—Globe—Hazlitt—Remarks on personal appearance—Mentevole—Othello—Iago—Position and prospect on the London stage.

It would be supposed that to a provincial player the prospect of a metropolitan engagement should be rather a cause of exultation than depression; and with most no doubt it would. To the generality, with little or nothing to lose even in failure, success would bring, in respect to salary and social position, desirable and important changes. In such a hazard there is no drawback: nothing to disturb or chill the hopeful spirit that impels the young enthusiast. All is on the side of daring. To him the enterprise presents but two points, as in "the adventure of the diver: one when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge; one when, a prince, he rises with his pearl!" But to me the country theatres had already yielded an income exceeding that on which I was to tempt my fortune in London, with professional reputation pretty widely extended. In aiming therefore at a doubtful triumph I seemed to jeopard advantages already secured—preparing for the eventful struggle in a field where all the vantage-ground was already and strongly occupied. Still the decision was not rashly made, nor without balancing the reasons on either side. Most of the respectable country managers would recognise as "auxiliaries" or "stars" (the green-room title given to occasional professional visitors like myself) those actors only who had the London stamp; and this exclusive rule so limited my sphere of action that, both in respect to income and practice, I must by remaining in the country have sunk considerably below my previous average. The plunge must therefore be taken, and under that necessity my mind was made up, whatever might befal, to do my very best, though unable to overcome my diffidence of the result as I reviewed the difficulties of my position.

Arrived in London, and temporarily quartered at my former hotel, the old Slaughter Coffee House, I lost no time in presenting myself to the Covent Garden managers. Mr. Henry Harris, Reynolds, the dramatic author, reader, and adviser, and Fawcett formed "the cabinet" of the theatre, and I was made a party to their consultations on the still perplexing subject of my opening play. They had a heavy stake in their venture with me, and were in a proportionate degree cautious of risking comparisons that might prove detrimental to it. A club much talked of at the time, that bore the name of "*The Wolves*," was said to be banded together

to put down any one appearing in Kean's characters. I believed the report not to have been founded in strict fact: but it was currently received, and had its influence on the Covent Garden deliberations. Orestes was the part finally resolved on, as least likely to provoke party criticism; Charles Kemble would be all that could be desired in the dignified declamation of Pyrrhus, but for Hermione and Andromache, two first-rate tragic characters—where was the passion and pathos to give effect to them, and how to fill them? The plea of necessity at length bore down all previous objections, and the part of Hermione was cast to Mrs. Egerton, whose merits were confined to melodrama, whilst a special engagement was made with Mrs. Glover, the best comic actress then upon the stage, to appear as the weeping, widowed Andromache. A play so mounted—to borrow the French expression—was not very encouraging in the prospect of its attracting; but I had only to hold steadily to my purpose, and "do my best." Monday, September 16th, was fixed for my appearance. The interim was employed in settling myself in lodgings at 64 Frith Street, Soho, attending rehearsals, giving directions in the wardrobe for my dress, and thinking night and day upon the trial that was before me.

With most of us the course of life is uneven, and there are doubtless few who cannot recall periods of difficulty, of hazard and danger, where it was needful to string up every nerve to its utmost degree of tension in striving against the enfeebling discouragement of doubt. Several times in my life it has fallen to my lot to encounter a crisis of this sort, where all seemed at stake, and of them all this was one of the most formidable; but the day arrived, and the venture must be made. Unaccustomed to the vast size of these large theatres, it was with a feeling like dismay that I entered on the stage; but to all appearance I managed to keep under control the flutter of my spirits, went through my rehearsal, inspected my room, and gave all directions necessary. Every courtesy was shown to me, and, as an ordinary civility to a *débutant*, whatever 'orders' or free admissions I might wish for my friends were liberally set at my disposal by the managers; but I had then no friends, not even an acquaintance, that I could call upon. After my early dinner I lay down, endeavouring to compose myself, till the hour appointed for my setting out to the theatre. The hackney-coach—a conveyance happily, in the advance of civilisation, "mingled with the things o'erpast"—was called, and I can almost fancy in recollecting it that I feel every disquieting jolt of the rumbling vehicle as it slowly performed the office of a hurdle in conveying me to the place of execution. The silent process of dressing was only interrupted by the call-boy Parsloe's voice, "Overture on, sir!" which sent a chill to my heart. The official rap at the door soon followed, and the summons, "Mr. Macready," made me instantly rally all my energies, and with a firm step I went forward to my trial. But the appearance of resolute composure assumed by the player at this turning-point of his life belies

the internal struggles he endures. These eventful trials, in respect to the state of mind and body in which they are encountered, so resemble each other that one described describes all. The same agitation, and effort to master it, the dazzled vision, the short quick breath, the dry palate, the throbbing of the heart—all, however painfully felt, must be effectually disguised in the character the actor strives to place before his audience.

Abbott, as Pylades, was waiting for me at the side-scene, and when the curtain had risen, grasping his hand almost convulsively, I dashed upon the stage, exclaiming, as in a transport of the highest joy, "Oh, Pylades! what's life without a friend!" The welcome of applause that greeted my entrance (always so liberally bestowed by a London public on every new performer) was all I could have desired; but it was not until the loud and long plaudits following the vehement burst of passion in the line, "Oh, ye Gods! give me Hermione or let me die!" that I gained any degree of self-possession. As the play proceeded I became more and more animated under the conflicting emotions of the distracted lover, and at the close, as I sank, "furiis agitatus Orestes," into the arms of Pylades, the prolonged cheers of my auditors satisfied me of my success. The custom of "calling for" the player had not then been introduced into our English theatres; but it was considered a sufficient testimony of a triumphant issue to give out the play for repetition on the Friday and Monday following. Congratulations were profusely tendered me by the various members of the Covent Garden company, who stopped me in passing from the stage to my dressing-room; and when summoned to the manager's room, Mr. Harris, in his peculiar way, observed, "Well, my boy, you have done capitally; and if you could carry a play along with such a cast, I don't know what you cannot do!" I was to dine with him the next day to settle further proceedings, and I returned to my lodgings in a state of mind like one not fully awake from a disturbing dream, grateful for my escape, yet almost questioning the reality of what had passed.

In the attendance of that evening it was observed that the members of the *corps dramatique* mustered in unusual force, among whom Kean, conspicuous in a private box, was very liberal of his applause. Would not the sleep be sweet and sound after such a termination to such a period of excitement and solicitude? It would seem so: but the mind is not yet at ease: the fate of the adventure is not yet decided; there is yet wanting the confirmation of public approval, and many an hour of a wakeful night is spent in painful uncertainty of what may be the tone of the morning press in its report of the evening's performance. With feverish impatience I awaited the arrival of the morning paper. However persons in public life may profess indifference to the manner in which their merits may be canvassed and registered in the public journals, I am a sceptic to the affectation of such insensibility. We cannot "read our history in a nation's eyes" but we may in the daily papers.

Instances may no doubt be adduced against them, on rare occasions, of prejudice or pique; but these cannot outweigh the value of the testimony borne by the body of the press, conducted as it is for the most part by men of character, education, and talent. I had no cause to be dissatisfied with its record of the verdict in my case, which, with difference and exceptions on items, was laudatory and cheering as to the general issue. The selection of the play was very generally condemned. The *Times*, in its first judgment on me, "allowing a certain amount of ability, did not conceive it was sufficient to shake Young, or much to intimidate Charles Kemble. Mr. Macready's last scene was executed with great vigour. He is not handsome in face or person, but we think him a man of clear conception, of much energy, and some skill." The *Globe* remarked, "Mr. Macready is above the middle size, and his countenance is pleasing; but we think tragedy requires features of a more prominent and strongly-marked description than those which he possesses. His eyes, however, are good, and full of fire; and when in the paroxysm of passion we mark their wild transitions, our attention is entirely withdrawn from the flatness of the features they irradiate. His voice, generally speaking, is full and musical. From our observation of his performance Mr. Macready is a man of mind. In this play the actor must do everything, for the author has done nothing. Mr. Macready laboured hard to supply the deficiency, and the sparks of his genius frequently kindled to a blaze the chaff of Mr. Phillips." Hazlitt, in the *Examiner*, at that time an authority almost supreme on subjects of theatrical taste, joins in the general objection to the play of 'The Distressed Mother,' in which "though," he observes, "a bad one for the display of his powers, Mr. Macready succeeded in making a decidedly favourable impression on the audience." "We have not the slightest hesitation," he continues, "in saying that Mr. Macready is by far the best tragic actor that has come out in our remembrance, with the exception of Mr. Kean."

Many compliments were paid me on the quality and compass of my voice; but if personal vanity—from which not even deformity and ugliness are exempt—had been among my flaws of character, I should have writhed under the report so widely promulgated "del mio brutto volto." Intimations were given in criticisms the most favourable that my face was not well "calculated for the stage." The theatrical article in the *News* (a journal which, after Leigh Hunt's secession, still retained a reputation for its critical notices) began its review in these words: "Mr. Macready is the plainest and most awkwardly-made man that ever trod the stage, but he is an actor whom in some respects we prefer to Mr. Kean." An amusing proof of the persuasion so widely entertained of my personal disqualifications was afforded me at the theatre one evening soon after my *début*. A man and woman were seated before me in the second tier of boxes. In the course of their conversation the lady inquired of her companion

whether he had "seen the new actor." "What, Macready?" he replied; "no, I've not seen him yet; I am told he is a capital actor, but a devilish ugly fellow; they say he is an ugly likeness of Liston!" My equability was not at all disturbed by the frankness of these comments, and I dare say I probably did not think myself quite so bad as I was represented. John Kemble, who, in addition to the talent he possessed, owed so much of his success to the external gifts of nature, may be expected to have attached vast importance to them, and certainly he seems to have sided with the informants of my friend of the second tier. When his brother Charles one day stated his conviction that I should attain the foremost rank in the profession, John Kemble, who had never seen me act, took a pinch of snuff, and with a significant smile rejoined, "Oh Charles! *con quel viso!*" My vanity, however, was not assailable on this point, for I had been, I am glad to say, early bullied into thinking humbly of myself in regard to personal appearance. I remembered, moreover, that Le Kain, Henderson, and Talma, in attaining the highest celebrity in their art, had found the plainness of their features no obstruction to the full display of those emotions which the deep study of their author awakened, and I fortified myself by their example with the hope of being able to develop my conceptions with vigour and distinctness, and by the truth and earnestness of my own feelings, to ensure the sympathy of my auditors.

The 'Italian Lover,' as conflicting with no popular prepossession, was fixed upon for my second play, though with scarce a hope of its attraction, from its unbroken gloom and the inefficiency of its cast, which was even feebler than that of 'The Distressed Mother.' This dull tragedy, produced Monday, September 30th, though it did not benefit the receipts of the theatre, rendered good service to me individually, raising me still higher in the estimation of those who had judged favourably of my first appearance, and winning over the suffrages of many who had been disposed to dispute my claims to notice.*

The last scene of Mentevole was often quoted by old playgoers in after-years, particularly by my friend Talfourd, as one in which the feelings of the audience were wound up to the highest pitch of intensity. But the applause lavished on an unproductive play, however serviceable to my reputation, failed of course to satisfy the demands of the treasury, and in an impatient mood Mr. Harris announced me to appear in Othello and Iago alternately with Young. This was a desperate move, an injudicious one, and to me very distressing, as I had never acted nor studied Iago,

* The *Times*, alluding to "the catastrophe in the fifth act, which produces an effect so terrible and so moving," speaks of me "as a various and skilful painter of the human passions. The last act, the most impassioned in the play, was the happiest test of Mr. Macready's talents. Subtlety, terror, rage, despair, and triumph were successively displayed by him with truth and energy, and he retired amidst loud acclamations."

and had scarcely reasonable time allowed to master even the words of the part. Alas for the interests of art, when its difficulties and requirements are so little understood! Of my Shakespearean characters Othello was one I had least frequently performed; but remonstrance was useless: I had to buckle myself to my task, and in the noble Moor I gained some credit. The papers were more favourable than I had anticipated.*

For Iago, "ce maître achevé dans l'art de la dissimulation," he who is indeed "all things to all men," whose perfect accomplishment in craft might "send the learned Machiavel to school"—for that consummate deceiver (that in after-years I made one of my most finished personations) I was altogether unprepared, and must have given a very bald and commonplace repetition of the text; there was, in fact, no character at all in the performance, which must have been a disappointment to the audience, as it was very embarrassing to me. Hazlitt's criticism upon the play was that "Young in Othello was like a great humming-top, and Macready in Iago like a mischievous boy whipping him"—a comparison quite as complimentary, I have no doubt, as my imperfect essay deserved.† After the long lapse of years, witnessing in their course so many changes, I can now look back and collectedly review the peculiarities of my position.

With the month of October Miss O'Neill had returned, her attraction undiminished; John Kemble was announced for his last season; whilst Kean at Drury Lane was performing his round of plays to well-filled houses, Young at Covent Garden was the welcomed representative of the leading tragic parts, the youthful and chivalrous ones having been for several years in the possession of Charles Kemble. Where then was a place for me? I should have better weighed all this before! It now became apparent I had made my venture too soon. My powers not yet sufficiently matured to challenge precedence, nothing was left for me but eagerly to watch for and to the utmost improve, every opportunity that might present itself. The possession of talent was not denied

* *The Times on Othello.*—"It must have effaced every trace of doubt from those who witnessed his performance with regard to the general measure of his capacity in the higher walks of the profession. The best proof of this actor's judgment, independently of his other powers, may be perceived in his contempt of all those gratuitous decorations, whether of tone or manner, which some of the most eminent cannot consent entirely to relinquish. It may be found also in his practice of employing all his force in those passages of noiseless but intense feeling, and exhibiting it in all its sublime depths, if not by a sudden look or startling gesture, yet by a condensation of vigorous utterance and masculine expression, from which few will be disposed to appeal."

† *The Times on Iago.*—"Mr. Macready executed the part of Iago with limited, and but limited, success. It had passages of great and superlative merit; but, viewed as an entire piece of acting, it was faulty, unimpressive, and, as we have hinted, erroneously conceived in one or two of its capital features."

to me, though critics were always not in agreement on its amount. I was in the first rank, though not yet the first. The step had however been taken, and was irrevocable, which placed me on a field of competition under unquestionably signal disadvantages, to which I must either succumb, and by yielding to despondency, dwindle into "respectability" (as in theatrical language mediocrity is usually designated), or look to time to win for me, by dint of strenuous and unremitting efforts, the public acknowledgment of the power I felt within me. My motto henceforward must be from Seneca—"Inveniet viam, aut faciet."*

CHAPTER IX.

1816–1817.—Gambia—Miss Stephens—Her voice and acting—John Kemble in Cato—Kean's Sir Edward Mortimer in 'The Iron Chest' and Oroonoko—Booth's appearance as Richard III. at Covent Garden—Attempted rivalry with Kean – Kean's policy with him—Appears as Iago to Kean's Othello at Drury Lane—His complete discomfiture—Macready acting with Booth as Valentio in 'The Conquest of Taranto'—Booth's retreat.

An operatic drama, called 'The Slave,' written by Morton, which embraced the talents of Terry, Emery, Liston, Jones, Sinclair, Duruset, Mrs. Davenport, and the charming Miss Stephens, was read in the green-room; and the slave, the hero of the piece, Gambia, one of the "faultless monsters, that the world ne'er saw," was confided to me. Placed in situations of strong interest, with high-flown sentiments and occasional bursts of passion, its effect was unequivocal, answering the fullest expectations of the management. This play, supported by first-rate comic acting, Bishop's music, and the all-powerful charm of Miss Stephen's voice, conduced much to my advantage by keeping me in a favourable point of view before the public during a prosperous run of more than thirty nights.† It was in one of the rehearsals of this part I met with an accident that might have been attended with much graver consequences. To secure the retreat of Zelinda and Clifton, who were escaping from their pursuers, I had to cut away a wooden bridge, over which they had just passed; in its fall a rough spar, as I turned round, caught in my coat-pocket, and dragged me down backwards with it from the platform on which I was standing, a

* "Find a way, or make one."—Ed.

† *The Times on 'The Slave.'*—"Mr. Macready was extremely well received. The black slave was no bad specimen of his peculiar talent, which seems to lie in the broad and boisterous ostentation of tempestuous passion, for which he has only one language, nervous certainly, but rather monotonous; though we must do him the justice to say that he uttered many passages in the play with extreme tenderness, pathos, and delicacy."

distance of about twelve feet. The people on the stage made an instant outcry, and Miss Stephens, who was directly opposite, fainted away. I was taken up considerably hurt, and conveyed to my lodgings, where I remained on the sofa several days attended by Wilson, at that time one of the most eminent surgeons in London. This occurrence retarded the production of the play, and I had not recovered from my lameness when obliged to appear in it.

I cannot pass the name of Miss Stephens, universally popular as it was, without notice. Criticism is disarmed before it, and memory seems to take pleasure in lingering over it, in recalling that fascinating power which, through the blended effects of person, voice, and manner, she, with apparent unconsciousness, exercised over her audience. Every performer of repute had his or her particular eulogists and champions, but she was the favourite of all. The distance dividing the spectator from the player whose exertions he pays for seemed lessened in the recognition of her, for it was with a joyous eagerness that the frequenters of the theatre used to welcome her as she nightly appeared before them. "Ce petit nez retroussé" was as irresistible in its temporary influence over an assembled multitude as Roxalane's over the imperious Soliman. Nor was this due to any superiority of dramatic talent, for in all the various characters allotted to her she represented only one: but the magic spell of that was never known to fail. By whatever name it might be distinguished in the playbills, that one was 'Miss Stephens,' or, if not infringing the respect claimed by her present rank (Countess of Essex), it would express more accurately the feeling she inspired to use that familiar abbreviation of her Christian name (Kitty Stephens), by which, in the fond admiration of the public, she was generally known. Her voice was of the most exquisite sweetness and extraordinary compass; there was occasional archness and humour in her comic scenes; always intelligence; and combined with an almost rustic or childish simplicity, a correctness of judgment that never deserted her. The partiality that everywhere attended her gave truth to the words that Carlos in his beautiful song addressed to her:

> "For friends in all the old you'll meet,
> And lovers in the young."

A very miserable adaptation by Reynolds of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Humorous Lieutenant,' a play not worth revival, in which Young, Terry, Liston, Miss Stephens, and myself had parts, was produced January 18th, 1817, and after a very few nights withdrawn.

I now began to settle down into what was to be my regular course of life. In the reduction of the army which had taken place, the 2nd battalion of the 30th Regiment was disbanded, and my brother being put in consequence on half-pay, took up his

quarters with me. I had the good fortune besides to discover other relations and connexions living in London, or rather they—a less difficult matter—discovered me, which gave me introduction to some very agreeable society. It is from the depths of his own mind the artist must draw the inspiration that is to lift him above the ordinary level; but to perfect his style and refine his taste he cannot extend too far his acquaintance with the varieties of excellence in every domain of art. Whilst painting and sculpture therefore afforded me, in subjects of contemplation, suggestions of grace and truth of expression, the theatre presented me with opportunities of comparing or contrasting them with the living models, of which I diligently availed myself; though depressing doubts began to intrude themselves on my mind as to the probability of the opportunities I hoped for making my study more a duty than a pleasure.

My vacant evenings were now frequent, so many nights being engrossed by Miss O'Neill's and Kemble's performances; but were not all idly spent. The theatres offered subjects of study to me which I did not neglect. At Covent Garden (October 25) Kemble made his first appearance this season in Addison's 'Cato,' and I early took places near the stage in the dress-circle, my intention being to see him through his round of characters, to convince myself, by the most careful and patient observation, how far his title to praise might be exaggerated by his panegyrists, or his demerits magnified by his detractors; for taste, or what would be called so, has its factions, sometimes as vehement as political ones. The house was moderately filled; there was sitting room in the pit, and the dress-circle was not at all crowded. I noted this, having expected a manifestation of public enthusiasm which was not there. But there was Kemble! As he sat majestically in his curule chair, imagination could not supply a grander or more noble presence. In face and form he realised the most perfect ideal that ever enriched the sculptor's or the painter's fancy, and his deportment was in accord with all of outward dignity and grace that history attributes to the *patres conscripti*. In one particular, however, I was greatly disappointed: having heard much of his scholarly correctness, I expected in his costume to see a model of the *gens togata;* but the cumbrous drapery in which he was enveloped bore no resemblance, in any one fold or peculiarity, to the garment that distinguished the Roman as one of the *rerum dominos*. The *ensemble* was nevertheless remarkably striking, and the applause that greeted him proved the benches to be occupied by very devoted admirers. The tragedy, five acts of declamatory, unimpassioned verse, the monotony of which, correct as his emphasis and reading was, Kemble's husky voice and laboured articulation did not tend to dissipate or enliven, was a tax upon the patience of the hearers. The frequently-recurring sentiments on patriotism and liberty, awakening no response were listened to with respectful, almost drowsy attention. But, like an eruptive volcano from some level expanse, there was one

burst that electrified the house. When Portius entered with an exclamation,—

> "Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
> My brother Marcius,"—

Kemble with a start of unwonted animation rushed across the stage to him, huddling questions one upon the other with extraordinary volubility of utterance—

> "Ha! what has he done?—
> Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
> Did he look tamely on and let them pass?"

Then listening with intense eagerness to the relation of Portius, —how

> "Long at the head of his few faithful friends
> He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
> Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
> Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell"—

as he caught the last word he gasped out convulsively, as if suddenly relieved from an agony of doubt, "I am satisfied!" and the theatre rang with applause most heartedly and deservedly bestowed. This was his great effect—indeed his single effect; and great and refreshing as it was, it was not enough so to compensate for a whole evening of merely sensible cold declamation. I watched him intently throughout—not a look or a tone was lost by me; his attitudes were stately and picturesque but evidently prepared; even the care he took in the disposition of his mantle was distinctly observable. If meant to present a picture of Stoicism, the success might be considered unequivocal, but unbroken except by the grand effect above described; though it might satisfy the classic antiquary, the want of variety and relief rendered it uninteresting, and often indeed tedious. Charles Kemble made the most of Juba, in which there was little to be done.

Kean's appearance in two new characters—Sir Edward Mortimer in Colman's play of 'The Iron Chest,' and Oroonoko in Southern's tragedy of that name—attracted me two nights at Drury Lane, and confirmed my opinion of his unquestionable genius. The house was very good, but not full, to 'The Iron Chest;" to 'Oroonoko' it was indifferent. Sir Edward Mortimer was one of Kean's most finished portraitures. He had grasped the complete conception of the character, the Falkland of Godwin's 'Caleb Williams,' and was consistently faithful to it through every varied shade of passion. There was an absence of all trick in the performances. Scarcely once through the whole part did he give way to that unpleasant mode of preluding a sentence (an occasional habit with him) by a hesitation, or a sound as of a half-laugh like a cue for the applause of *claqueurs*. He had subjected his style to

the restraint of the severest taste. His elocution was flowing, discriminating, and most impressive. In his deportment there was the dignified ease of one accustomed to receive obedience; the mild and gentle manner of his address to his dependents spoke the benevolence of his nature, while his woe-worn aspect told of some settled grief that was preying on his heart. The very mournfulness of tone in which, before his entrance, he called for "Winterton," prepared the spectator for the picture of blight and sorrow that his appearance presented. When in Wilford's utterance of the word "murder" the chord was struck that seemed to vibrate through every fibre of his frame, the internal struggle to regain his self-possession quite thrilled the audience. His trembling hand turned over rapidly the leaves of the book he held, as if to search its pages, that were evidently a blank to his bewildered sight, till the agony of his feelings overbore all efforts at repression, and with tiger fury he sprang upon the terrified youth. But to instance particular points in a personation disfigured by so few blemishes almost seems an injustice to a most artistic whole. Throughout the play the actor held absolute sway over his hearers; alike when nearly maddened by the remembrance of his wrong and the crime it had provoked, in his touching reflections on the present and future recompense of a well-regulated life, in pronouncing the appalling curse on Wilford's head; or, when looking into his face, and in the desolateness of his spirit, with a smile more moving than tears, he faintly uttered—"None know my tortures!" His terrible avowal of the guilt that had embittered existence to him brought, as it were, the actual perpetration of the deed before us; the frenzy of his vengeance seemed rekindled in all its desperation, as he uttered the words—"I stabbed him to the heart." He paused as if in horror at the sight still present to him, and following with his dilated eye the dreadful vision, he slowly continued—"And my oppressor rolled lifeless at my foot!" The last scene was a worthy climax to a performance replete with beauties, that in its wildest bursts of passion never "overstepped the modesty of nature." Colman, who had tutored Elliston in the part, and frequently seen Young's very successful assumption of it, must have felt pride in witnessing this representation. He was more jealous of the effect of this than of any other of his dramas. He was put into a state of extreme perturbation once on the occasion of a very indifferent player, who was the hero of a private theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, appearing as Mortimer at the Haymarket Theatre. On tenter-hooks during the whole play, when in the last scene Falkner, the representative of Mortimer, exclaimed in his delirium, "Where is my honour now?" Colman could not restrain himself, but called out, I "wish your honour was in Tottenham Court Road again with all my heart!'

'Oroonoko' had of late years ceased to be attractive, nor could all the talent of Kean in the principal character restore its popularity. The introduction of Aboan, his back bleeding from

the driver's lash, is one of those revolting spectacles that come within the prohibitory canon of the poet:

"Multaque tolles
Ex oculis quæ mox narret facundia præsens;"*

and were there no other causes of exception, would remain an insuperable one, as exciting emotions not merely painful, but disagreeable. Ben Jonson arraigns Shakespeare on the score of taste in suffering Desdemona to be smothered in sight of the audience, which he condemns as simply "horror;" and it was Coleridge's observation, that whilst terror, the legitimate passion of tragedy, touches the heart, horror makes a descent, and affects the stomach. Kean had bestowed great pains on the study of the part, and, though more unequal than his Sir Edward Mortimer, gave a masterly delineation of the noble African. In his calm submission to his fate his demeanour was still princely, and his reproaches struck deeper from the temper with which they were uttered. Among the effective passages with which his performance abounded I could instance as one, from his mode of delivery, never to be forgotten, his prayer for his Imoinda. After replying to Blandford, "No, there is nothing to be done for me!" he remained for a few moments in apparent abstraction, then with a concentration of feeling that gave emphasis to every word, clasping his hands together, in tones most tender, distinct, and melodious, he poured out, as if from the very depths of his heart, his earnest supplication:

"Thou God adored! thou ever-glorious sun!
If she be yet on earth, send me a beam
Of thy all-seeing power to light me to her!
Or if thy sister goddess has preferr'd
Her beauty to the skies, to be a star,
Oh, tell me where she shines, that I may stand
Whole nights and gaze upon her!"

With all his extraordinary power he would often descend to court applause by trickery, at the expense of correctness, as in this play, against the remonstrance of Rae, the stage-manager, he altered the text, "What, is he gone?" to win the clapping of "the groundlings" by a trick of voice, "Where is he? Eh! Eh! gone!" These were littlenesses which a man so wonderfully gifted could well afford to have held himself above.

An event now occurred, that could not fail to act in some measure as a discouragement to a young actor circumstanced like myself, who for the ultimate recognition of his claims placed his single reliance on severe and honest endeavours in the mastery of his art. I had now to discover, what experience has since made

* . . . . . such scenes
Withdrawn should be from the spectator's eye,
And spoken narrative the plot supply.
HORACE, *Art of Poetry*.—ED. TRANS.

familiar to me, that notoriety has a charm for "the fond many," outvaluing for a time (though only for a time) the more solid pretensions of artistic truth. A report had reached the managers of Covent Garden of a Mr. Booth (who in figure, voice, and manner so closely resembled Kean that he might be taken for his twin brother) acting Richard the Third at Brighton and Worthing with the greatest success. An appearance at Covent Garden was offered to him with the promise of an engagement if successful. Accordingly on the 12th of February (1817) he appeared in Gloster, and certainly on his first entrance on the stage, with a similar coiffure and dress, he might have been thought Kean himself. With considerable physical power, a strong voice, a good deal of bustle, some stage experience, and sufficient intelligence to follow out the traditional effects of the part, he succeeded in winning the applause and favour of his audience, and repeated the performance on the following night. He was announced in consequence again for the 17th, but in the interim the question of his engagement was mooted. The managers offered him £8 per week, which he declined, and withdrew his name. This, together with the reported similarity of his figure and manner to Kean's (with whom his admirers ventured to compare him), made some little stir in the theatrical world. Kean, who was supposed not to feel complimented by the comparison, drove to Booth's lodgings, and in the most friendly manner informed him that he had procured an engagement for him from the committee of Drury Lane, and that his carriage was waiting to take them to the theatre, where all would be settled at once. Booth readily went with him, an engagement at £10 per week was agreed on and signed, and Booth was immediately advertised to appear in Iago to Kean's Othello on the 20th of February.

The theatre was crowded to the very ceiling on that night, which was often spoken of long afterwards for the extraordinary effect produced by Kean's acting.* He seems to have put forth all his power, and according to the testimony of Hazlitt, Proctor, Hamilton, Reynolds, and other excellent judges, he never acted as he did on this occasion. My brother, who had not before seen him, could only obtain standing room in a corner of the slips, but, despite his inconvenient position and consequent weariness, returned in raptures of admiration at the performance. Booth was not only obscured, but hidden; no one seemed to give a thought to him. The question of comparison was completely set at rest. The tragedy was announced for repetition on the 22nd, but Booth was not well enough to appear. He sent a note about three o'clock on that day, stating that he was very ill, and ordered to leave town

* *The Times on Othello.—Kean and Booth.*—"As Iago Mr. Booth was highly respectable. But the chief *éclat* of the performance was due to Mr. Kean. This great actor excelled on the present occasion all his preceding efforts . . . . There were scenes in this play which we had never yet beheld so ably represented, and there were improvements in Kean's acting of which we did not think the tragedian's art had been susceptible."

for change of air. On inquiry at his lodgings his wife neither knew that he was ill nor that he had left town. On the evening of the same day he addressed a letter to the committee, to the effect that he could not appear in his own characters at Drury Lane, and that he had in consequence renewed his engagement with Covent Garden. Briefly, he broke his engagement with the Drury Lane committee, and returned to Covent Garden, where he resumed the part of Richard III. on the 25th.

By this breach of contract, which was circumstantially given with his letters in the Drury Lane playbills, the indignation of the public was raised to such a pitch, that Covent Garden Theatre, where before he had played to scant audiences, was now filled with persons exasperated against him. The tumult was so great, that not a word of the play was heard. The house was again filled on March the 1st to the same play, and with the same result. Apologies and appeals, which could not be heard in the theatre, were made in the playbills, and at length silence was obtained, but from comparatively deserted benches. With the subsidence of "the row" the attraction diminished. The Drury Lane committee brought an action against Booth and the Covent Garden managers, but afterwards dropped it. Kean wrote a letter to the papers, stating that "The Wolves" club no longer existed—a proof it had existed—and so the squabble ended. But the Covent Garden managers, hoping still to draw some profit from the notoriety it had given birth to, determined to push their experiment with Booth to the utmost. Sir Giles Overreach (in which Kean had made quite a sensation) was his second part, in the last scene of which he resorted to a manœuvre which was severely commented upon. One of the attendants who held him was furnished with a sponge filled with blood (rose pink), which he, unseen by the audience, squeezed into his mouth to convey the idea of his having burst a blood-vessel. It is not by such means as these that the dramatic poet is to find support from the artist. Persisting, in the theatrical phrase, in trying to "keep him up," the managers gave Booth Sir Edward Mortimer, Posthumus in 'Cymbeline,' and Fitzharding in Tobin's play of 'The Curfew.' It would scarcely be expected that I should look with much complacency on the preference they showed, though little or no advance resulted in the public estimation from their policy.* In 'The Curfew' I volunteered to act the part of Robert, in which is one scene of considerable power, and its effect answered my expectations. But now came on a trial to submit to which required all my nerve and power of endurance. A new play, called 'The Conquest of Taranto, or St. Clara's Eve,' written by Dimond, was read in the manager's room. An original part is justly considered (as Kemble before me, and as I myself in 'The

* *Morning Herald on 'The Curfew.'—Booth.*—"That the gentleman does possess some talent we have already expressed our belief; but that it is not of that extent which his friends would have us imagine the public voice has more than once unequivocally declared."

Slave' had already proved) of the greatest service to an actor; and the hero of this piece, Rinaldo, with the hope and purpose of establishing him firmly in the highest favour with the public, was allotted to Booth. Young had, of course, a very prominent character, Egerton an important one; Miss Stephens, Sinclair, &c., were among the *dramatis personæ*. A part called Valentio was forced upon me, the managers refusing to accept the forfeit, thirty pounds, which I would willingly have paid for my release. There was scarcely a line of passion in it—one of the meanest, most despicable villains that a romancer's invention ever teemed with. I looked on myself as inevitably ruined by the exposure to such a degradation. But there was no redress, no escape. I could not, sensitive and indiscreet as I was, suppress at the rehearsals expression of the bitterness I felt, and was unwisely stung to anger by Mr. Booth's sneering observation one morning, "I think your part is as good as mine." "Will you change with me?" was my reply, sufficiently answered by his significant and triumphant smile.

The day of representation came on, and I went from the rehearsal to my lodgings sick with nervousness and apprehension, where I lay down to steady my nerves and prepare myself for the disapprobation that already seemed to ring in my ears. The play proceeded rather tamely to the second act, in which Young roused the audience by his splendid declamation. From that point it flagged in interest (Booth making no impression), and was indeed drooping, when his greatest scene came on. This was in the last act, in which he had to relate in frantic rage to Valentio, his pretended friend, the treachery that had been practised on him, with denunciations of the act, and of the unknown villain (Valentio) who had so basely ensnared him. Here was the anticipated climax of his triumph; but the interest of the scene took altogether a contrary direction. The agitation of the traitor, as with averted face he stood shuddering under the imprecations of his guilt, and the expression of his shame and remorse, so completely engrossed attention and excited the spectators, that loud and frequent applauses broke forth, interrupting and drowning the concluding words of Rinaldo's speeches, so that the effect of the dialogue was directly the reverse of what the author had intended and the managers expected.* With the failure of this play, which was acted only a few nights, the attempt to give prominence to Booth was abandoned, he only appearing four times more during the remainder of the season.

It may seem strange that the event in this instance should so utterly have defeated expectation; but from the many opportunities subsequently afforded me of testing the fallibility of opinion

* *Morning Herald on 'The Conquest of Taranto.'*—"There were some good scenes, particularly one between Mr. Macready and Mr. Booth, which probably saved the piece. Mr. Macready's acting was excellent throughout, and mainly contributed to the success of the piece."

in these cases, the conclusion has been forced upon me that the most experienced judges cannot with certainty predict the effect in representation of plays which they may hear read, or even see rehearsed. Some latent weakness, some deficient link in the chain of interest, imperceptible till in actual presence, will oftentimes balk hopes apparently based on the firmest principles, and baffle judgments respected as oracular.

CHAPTER X.

1817.—First acquaintance with Richard Lalor Sheil—His appearance and conversation—'The Apostate'—Macready as Pescara—Importance of acting at rehearsal—Ludwig Tieck's opinion of Macready—John Kemble's last nights—Reappearance of Mrs. Siddons for his benefit—Kemble's last performance of Macbeth—Talma present—Kemble's powers and failings as an artist—Dinner to Talma at the Clarendon Hotel.

THIS unlooked-for result ought, perhaps, to have acted as a lesson, teaching me for the future confidence in the ultimate triumph of careful and honest study; but, not enjoying the advantage of a very sanguine temperament, my spirits had begun to give way in contemplating the impediments already interposed to my attainment of the highest rank; and in speculating on the adverse chances that might further arise, I began to cast about my thoughts in quest of some other mode of life less subject to those alternations of hope and dejection which so frequently and so painfully acted upon my temper. Still my resolution never wavered to do, as far as in me lay, the best in whatever was to be done, and an occasion soon arose to put my firmness to the test. "A call" was sent me to attend the reading of a new tragedy. The author was Richard Shiel, a young briefless Irish barrister, recently married to a very pretty woman, niece of the Irish Master of the Rolls. No one could look at Shiel, and not be struck with his singular physiognomy. A quick sense of the humorous and a lively fancy gave constant animation to his features, which were remarkable for their flexibility. His chin projected rather sharply, and his mouth was much indrawn. The pallor of his sunken cheek suggested a weakness of constitution, but lent additional lustre to his large, deep-set eyes, that shone out with expression from underneath his massive overhanging brow. His conversation was most delightful, richly stored as his mind was with the literature of many tongues, and teeming with the original conceptions of a very fertile imagination. It was at the chambers of our mutual friend Wallace, in the Temple, that I made his acquaintance, which soon ripened into a friendship that continued unbroken to his death. With his dramatic successes my own fortunes became in some measure identified;

but it was not with less interest that I watched his upward progress from his spirit-stirring appeals in the Catholic Association in behalf of his disqualified countrymen to his frequent displays of eloquence in the House of Commons, and his eventual participation in the offices of our government.

Young, Charles Kemble, Miss O'Neill (who took a great interest in the author), and others, with myself, met in the manager's room to hear him read his play, 'The Apostate.' The peculiarity of his appearance, regardless as he was of the niceties of dress, together with his harsh, shrill voice, caused several of his auditors at first to cast furtive glances from one to the other significant of no very high expectation: but his intense earnestness and impassioned delivery soon riveted attention, and all were presently absorbed in the progress of the scenes. Applause followed their close; and as the written parts were distributed to their several representatives, my forebodings were verified when the MS. of Pescara was put into my hands. Mournfully and despondently I received it, Charles Kemble's consolation for me in the green-room was, "Why, William, it is no doubt a disagreeable part, but there is passion in it." Which being true, there was nothing for me but to think how to work it out with the most powerful effect, and to work I went upon it with my usual determination.

It was the custom of the London actors, especially the leading ones, to do little more at rehearsals than read or repeat the words of their parts, marking on them their entrances and exits, as settled by the stage-manager, and their respective places on the stage. To make any display of passion or energy would be to expose oneself to the ridicule or sneers of the green-room, and few could be more morbidly sensitive to this than myself. But the difficulty of attaining before an audience perfect self-possession, which only practice can give, made me resolve to rehearse with the same earnestness as I would act; reasoning with myself that if practice was of the value attributed to it, this would be a mode of multiplying its opportunities, of proving the effect of my performance, and of putting myself so much at ease in all I might intend to do that the customary nervousness of a first night would fail to disturb or prevent the full development of my conceptions. Upon making the experiment I may quote Dryden's line, "'Tis easy said, but oh! how hardly tried!" I found it much more difficult to force myself to act in the morning with the cold responses and composed looks of Miss O'Neill, Young, and the rest, than at night before the most crowded auditory. Frequently in after-years when I have given certain directions to actors rehearsing, the answer has been, "Sir, I never can act at rehearsal, but I will do it at night." To which I had only one reply, "Sir, if you cannot do it in the morning, you cannot do it at night; you must then do something because you must go on, but what you cannot do now, or cannot learn to do, you will not be more able to do then." The task I found a very hard one, but I fought successfully against my *mauvaise honte*, and

went doggedly to it. By this means I acquired more ease in passing through the varieties of passion, confirming myself in the habit of acting to the scene alone, and, as it were, ignoring the presence of an audience, and thus came to wield at will what force or pathos I was master of.

Our rehearsals, now my regular school of practice, brought us to the night of the play's representation, May 3rd, to which I went with fear and trembling; but I knew what I had to do, and I did it. The tragedy obtained a complete success. Young acted admirably the old Moor Malec; Charles Kemble was spirited, chivalrous, and gallant in Hemeya; and Miss O'Neill, beautiful in Florinda. In her apology for her love of Hemeya the words seemed to flow in music from her chiselled lips. It was the perfection of elocution. In the fourth act her efforts to save her lover, and her recoil of horror from the proposals of Pescara, raised the enthusiasm of the audience to a tumult of applause, and the act-drop fell amidst the acclamations of the whole house. The character of Pescara tended to improve my position with the critical portion of the playgoing public, but in its extreme odiousness rather prejudiced me with the generality.* At a later period a testimony was afforded me, in the opinion of the illustrious Ludwig Tieck, which more than compensated me for the pains I had taken and the anxiety I had undergone. In his 'Letters on the English Drama,' in 1817, he records the impression produced on him by this performance. In remarking upon it he says, "This villain was admirably represented, and was indeed so vehement, truthful, and powerful a personation, that for the first time since my arrival in England I felt myself recalled to the best days of German acting. If the young man continues in this style, he will go far."

Kemble's last nights were now drawing to a close, but not answering the manager's expectation of their attraction, were given for benefits to those performers who chose to pay their extra price. He acted Hotspur for Young, Macbeth for Charles Kemble, the Stranger for Miss O'Neill, Hamlet for Miss Stephens, Wolsey for Farley, and Penruddock for Blanchard. I saw him in Hotspur, Macbeth, the Stranger, Hamlet, Wolsey, Brutus, Octavian, King John, Lord Townley, and Coriolanus. Of these I gave the preference to King John, Wolsey, the Stranger, Brutus, and his peerless Coriolanus. On his last performance of Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons was induced to reappear for her brother Charles Kemble's benefit. The theatre was crowded. The musicians were ejected from the

* *From the Morning Herald, May 5th, on 'The Apostate.'*—"The author must feel much indebted to Mr. Macready for the bold and masterly style in which he represented Count Pescara. He was particularly happy in the severe irony which constitutes a prominent feature of this tyrant; and when his indignation was aroused, and he could no longer conceal the passions which were consuming his heart, his delivery was rapid, fervent, and impressive. He looked the character completely."

orchestra, which was filled with seats for spectators, among whom was Talma himself, then on a visit to England. As a very great favour Charles Kemble gave me a place in the third circle. Immense applause greeted the entrance of the Queen of Tragedy, the unrivalled Siddons, as Lady Macbeth. It was indeed Mrs. Siddons in person, but no longer the Mrs. Siddons on whose every look and accent enraptured crowds would hang breathless with delight and astonishment—who lent to dramatic poetry pathos and power beyond what the author himself could have conceived. Years had done their work, and those who had seen in her impersonations the highest "glories of her art" now felt regret that she should have been prevailed on to leave her honoured retirement, and force a comparison between the grandeur of the past and the feeble present. It was not a performance, but a mere repetition of the poet's text—no flash, no sign of her pristine all-subduing genius!

Through the whole first four acts the play moved heavily on: Kemble correct, tame, and effective; but in the fifth, when the news was brought, "The queen, my lord, is dead," he seemed struck to the heart; gradually collecting himself, he sighed out, "She should have died hereafter!" then, as if with the inspiration of despair, he hurried out, distinctly and pathetically, the lines:

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time,
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing,"—

rising to a climax of desperation that brought down the enthusiastic cheers of the closely-packed theatre. All at once he seemed carried away by the genius of the scene. At the tidings of "the wood of Birnam moving," he staggered, as if the shock had struck the very seat of life, and in the bewilderment of fear and rage could just ejaculate the words "Liar and slave!" then lashing himself into a state of frantic rage, ended the scene in perfect triumph. His shrinking from Macduff when the charm on which his life hung was broken by the declaration that his antagonist was "not of woman born" was a masterly stroke of art; his subsequent defiance was most heroic; and at his death Charles Kemble received him in his arms, and laid him gently on the ground, his physical powers being unequal to further effort.

The language of criticism is frequently dogmatic, exacting deference from the authoritative tone it assumes, sometimes without the needful preliminary application to the subject of which it treats. It was said by no incompetent judge, "De pictore, sculptore, fictore,

nisi artifex, judicare non potest."* But this opinion, as applied to the theatrical art, is repudiated by many; and, as I have before observed, it is held by some writers in England (though not in France), that no particular study is requisite to make a critic or connoisseur of "acting." I have been led by observation to think differently; but, although my active life has been chiefly devoted to the study of poetry and playing, I make no pretension to the critic's chair; and in trying to describe with accuracy what was palpable to my senses, advance my opinions no further than in stating the impressions made upon a very excitable temperament and a very sensitive organisation.

On the sum of Kemble's merits judgments differed: that he was a great artist, all allowed. His person was cast in the heroic mould, and, as may be seen in Lawrence's splendid portraits of him in Coriolanus, Hamlet, and Rolla, reached the most perfect ideal of manly beauty. But he had serious disadvantages to contend with in a very disagreeable voice, husky and untuneable, and in a constitutional asthma that necessitated a prolonged and laborious indraught of his breath, and obliged him for the sake of distinctness to adopt an elaborate mode of utterance, enunciating every letter in every word. His limbs were not supple—indeed his stately bearing verged on stiffness; and his style more suited to the majestic, the lofty, and the stern, than the pathetic, might not inaptly, in respect to his movement on the stage, be termed statuesque. Mrs. Siddons, speaking of him to Reynolds, the dramatist, said, "My brother John in his most impetuous bursts is always careful to avoid any discomposure of his dress or deportment; but in the whirlwind of passion I lose all thought of such matters:" and this forgetfulness of self was one of the elements of her surpassing power. The admission of Mrs. Inchbald, one of Kemble's most ardent worshippers, corroborates the opinion very generally entertained of his phlegmatic temperament. In the part of Oswyn, in Congreve's tragedy of 'The Mourning Bride,' she says, "Garrick had great spirit and fire in every scene, but not the fire of love. Kemble has not even the sparks. Yet Kemble looks nobly, majestically, in Oswyn, and reminds the audience of the lines:—

> "'. . . tall pile,
> Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
> * * * * *
> Looking tranquillity.'"†

In all he did the study was apparent. The "ars celare artem,"‡ with all his great talent, he did not reach; but he compelled the respect and admiration where he did not excite the sympathies of his audience. His noble form and stately bearing attracted and

* No one but an artist can criticise the works of artists.—*Pliny*, Epist. i. 10 —ED.

† *The Mourning Bride*, act ii. sc. 1.—ED.

‡ "The art of concealing art."—ED.

fixed observation, and his studious correctness retained attention; but in the torrent and tempest of passion he had not the sustained power of Talma or Kean, but, like a Rembrandt picture, his performances were remarkable for most brilliant effects, worked out with wonderful skill on a sombre ground, which only a great master of his art could have achieved, and of which I have endeavoured to convey some faint idea in my description of scenes of 'Cato' and 'Macbeth.' In his management he was a strict disciplinarian, following the traditional theatrical observances; and the stage was greatly indebted to him for the reformation he effected in the barbarous costume (Romans with powdered heads and knee-breeches) that was in vogue until his day.

Before I left town, which I did on leave of absence previous to the close of the season, the Covent Garden actors gave a sumptuous dinner at the Clarendon Hotel to Talma, to which of course Kemble was invited. It was intended to be a convivial affair, and the only speech was a short one in English from Talma, expressive of his sense of the flattering attentions paid him, and of the gratification he felt in participating with his esteemed friend Kemble in the pleasure of such a meeting. In the course of the evening Kemble sent, by a waiter, to ask me to drink wine with him, which Charles Kemble, who was my next neighbour, hearing, observed to me, "You may think very little, William, of this as a compliment, but I assure you it is a great deal for my brother." Kemble's general manner was cold and austere, and he was considered in the theatre to be proud and imperious. I therefore felt it to be very kind and complimentary in the company of so many my seniors to make so young a man an exception to his general practice. My absence from London prevented me from witnessing his farewell performance in 'Coriolanus,' and the presentation of the testimonial at the parting dinner given to him in Freemasons' Hall, to which I subscribed. It was on that occasion that Campbell's beautiful 'Valedictory Stanzas' were read by Young, and on their subsequent publication in the papers many were the voices that echoed the line, "Pride of the British stage! a long, a last adieu!"

CHAPTER XI.

1817–1818.—A diplomatic adventure—Second London season—Dumont—Wish to leave the stage, go to Oxford, and enter the Church as a profession—Life at a boarding-house—Discussion on Wordsworth's poetry—William Whewell—A strange history—'Retribution'—Accident in the green-room—Brother sails for India—His character—'Rob Roy'—Sonnet by Barry Cornwall—Charles Lloyd—Introduction to Charles Lamb and Talfourd—Sheil's 'Balamira'—The 'Castle of Paluzzi'—Miss O'Neill in Lady Randolph—'Cymbeline'—Close of the London season.

My summer was passed in acting, among others, my new London characters, Mentevole, Gambia, Valentio, and Pescara, at my father's theatres in Newcastle, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, and Whitehaven. These engagements unhappily did not pass off without disagreements between my father and myself, for which, although with indisputably just grounds of complaint, I am now disposed to blame myself in not extending a more indulgent consideration for the modes of reasoning and judging upon which he acted. Some weeks of leisure were spent at my old favourite resort, Holy Island, and with my sisters at a little fishing village on the south bank of the Tweed, whence we made excursions among the Cheviots, and to Wark, Norham, and other places of historical and legendary interest. From Whitehaven I made a trip in the weekly packet to the Isle of Man, where I spent three days, visiting Douglas, Peel, Castleton, surveying the Tynwald Mount, whence the laws of the island are proclaimed, and other spots inviting the traveller's curiosity. From Carlisle, where I parted with my father, having happily accommodated our differences, I proceeded *en route* to London, as far as Manchester. On the road I fell into conversation with one of the coach passengers, a very gentlemanlike young man. The freemasonry of youth and youthful spirit is quick in establishing acquaintance, and as we met and messed together in the same coffee-room at the Bridgewater Arms Hotel, he very soon gave me his confidence, and requested my services in the discharge of rather a delicate embassy. He held a commission in the insurgent force of one of the South American Spanish colonies, and was about to embark for the New World. But he had contracted an engagement with a young lady, who, against her guardian's wishes, had promised him her hand, and they had since prevailed with her to revoke her given word. The blank this made in the picture which his too credulous fancy had painted of something dear to cling to and strive for in his desperate enterprise, was naturally dispiriting and mortifying to

him. The voyage to the Pacific would have been to him a pleasure excursion with the poet's song upon his lips:

> "Come o'er the sea,
> Maiden, with me;
> Mine through tempests, storms, and snows.
> Seasons may roll,
> But the true soul
> Burns the same where'er it goes."

And he could confront danger, so he supposed, with still more ardent hope and more resolute confidence possessed of her; but to forego the promise of that sustaining solace in trials and partner in his successes he could not bring down his sanguine spirit. The fickle fair one lived with her relations in Manchester, and his earnest request to me was that I would be the bearer of a letter to her, and deliver it into her hand. My representations as to the awkwardness of such a charge being delegated to a person a stranger to all parties were overruled; it was his last hope, and, although desperate, it would be a consolation to him to have it tried. Reasoning was vain against his importunity, and though sympathising with him, it was with reluctance that I yielded at length to his entreaties. He walked with me to the Oxford Road, and pointed out the house to me. With the best face I could put on I went on my strange errand, and inquiring for the young lady, was ushered into the awful presence of an aunt. Aunts, from Mrs. Malaprop downwards, are usually regarded by young people in the condition of my friend as formidable as she-dragons. I was somewhat taken aback by her severe physiognomy; but calling to my aid my most bland and conciliatory airs and most persuasive manner of address, I explained the purpose of my visit, and pleaded the cause of my client so effectually that she at last allowed the young lady, who entered all pale and trembling, to be introduced. In her name a positive refusal to see her disappointed lover was given, which she did not contradict; but she was permitted to receive the letter with which I was charged, which accordingly I placed in her hand, and with the best bow I could make took my leave. The barren issue of my diplomacy I reported to my friend, who was waiting at some little distance in a state of great anxiety. He was a fine young fellow, and I regretted in parting with him to think that I should most likely never see him again. But we had our separate routes: the dreary and unhopeful prospect of my theatrical career lay before me, and he went on his way to leave probably his bones on some unrecorded battle-field in Bolivia or Peru.

At Rugby I met my brother Edward, who had conveyed our sisters there, and, leaving them on a visit with our friend and relation Birch, we took our places outside the coach for London. It seems very strange now to me, and I cannot well account for my improvidence, in remembering that we had not the price of our

dinners in our pockets, and that we walked on before the coach, staying our hunger with biscuits, and keeping up our spirits by laughing at the straits to which we were reduced. I was indeed the general paymaster; but I have since been made sensible that the state of my affairs ought to have been very different. That great and important worldly lesson, the value of money, I had not been taught—certainly I had not learned; a lesson on which in after-life I have often most painfully reflected, the neglect of it having on many occasions prevented me from doing all I might have done, with the very abundant receipts so frequently at my command. A lifelong self-reproach is prepared for the youth who is not early indoctrinated in the principle and habits of a liberal economy. To restrict expenditure to the half of an income will make a man independent, to limit it to a third will make him rich: and where is the merit of generosity, or even charity, if not practised at the cost of some self-denial? The want of discretion in parting with my money was with me an early fault too long uncorrected, and might have proved more prejudicial to me through life than it has done, but for two conservative principles that my father's continual reiteration had rooted in my mind: a dread of debt, and a horror of gaming.

On reaching London after a few days we found very good accommodation in a handsome first-floor at a boarding-house in Soho Square, kept by a Dr. Barber, the master of what still retained the name of Soho School. Here, with my brother as my guest, my salary left me a sufficient surplus, and I entered on my second London season. What were my feelings and my prospects? There was nothing bright in the prospect before me, and my spirits could not always bear up against the pressure on them. No gleam of promise appeared to me in the future to inspire my exertions, or to relieve what under such depression I felt to be the drudgery of my employment. My dissatisfaction with my position was not lessened by the species of character imposed on me in the beginning of this season. Indeed my pride was stung to the quick by a summons to the reading of a melodramatic after-piece, in which I was to appear. As I now look back on these earlier days I cannot but perceive how much I was the author of my own disquietude, what a world of annoyance I might have spared myself by calmly digesting these fancied indignities, regarding them as the trifles they really were. But "trifles light as air" are constantly magnified by the actor jealous of his reputation, and in consequence often unreasonably captious, into grave injustices. The piece was a translation by Reynolds, as bald and bad as it well could be. My mortification was great, but my rule held good "to do in the best manner whatever was to be done." Mr. Farley, the melodramatic director, wanted to teach me how to play the part, and I was obliged to let him understand that "if I did it, it must be in my own way." The melodrama was called 'The Father and his Children,' my part Dumont; and I had so far satisfaction in its

performance, October the 25th (1817), that the applause and tears of the audience gave evidence of my ability to take higher ground than to be the exponent and apologist of such trash.

I now began seriously to meditate some mode of escape from this distasteful and unpromising pursuit, and exchange it for one of greater utility, which would bring me more content. The only condition that could reconcile me to the profession I had adopted was to hold its highest walks, and from this present appearances seemed to debar me. There was at the same time little congeniality of taste or sentiment between the frequenters of the green-room and myself, the conversation there being generally of a puerile and uninteresting character, and not unfrequently objectionable on other grounds. I was impatient of my position, and a prey to uneasy and fretful apprehensions, unwisely "casting the fashion of uncertain evils," instead of resting my faith on the ultimate success of resolute endeavour. My wish was to make the trial of my talents in some other profession, and the Church offered me apparently facilities for the attempt. There was little or no doubt among my old schoolfellows that I could with ease take my degree at Oxford (a much less arduous ordeal then than now), and a friendly proposal to advance me the amount requisite for my residence there seemed to open the path directly for me. But much was to be taken into account, much to be calculated before I could commit myself to so weighty an obligation. In the meantime my duties had their claim upon me. On the occasion of Charles Kemble's illness the part of Romeo was sent to me, and the applause when the curtain fell was so enthusiastic, that Harris immediately announced me for its repetition on the following Monday. The fates were in this instance adverse; I was confined to my bed, and unable to appear.

My studies, in company with my brother, of my old school classics, and of English poetry, employed much of the leisure time that the theatre left me; and to Milton, Thomson, Pope, Dryden, and others, I now added the perusal of a poet whose works have ever since been constant companions of my idle hours. The common table, at which the boarders in the house, with our chance visitors, assembled, gave us some agreeable acquaintances. One evening's conversation fixed itself in my memory: the subject was Wordsworth, against whom the voices of all at table, except one, were upraised; and with the flippancy of youth and ignorance (for I had not read his poems) I joined in the depreciating chorus, objecting in the spirit of the *Edinburgh Review*, and quoting Byron's derisive lines in his dispraise. The poet's champion, however (whose name was G——, and whose subsequent history was a most lamentable one), was not to be silenced by the arguments or vehemence of his opponents. He tried, but in vain, to recall the Sonnet on Westminster Bridge; he could do no more than describe it, repeating its last grand line—"And all this mighty heart is lying still!" The merit of this was disputed contemptuously by

the rest of the party, but on me it made so deep an impression that I purchased the poet's works, and, reading them, was converted to an enthusiastic love of his writings, ever after being eager to acknowledge my gratitude to him for having made me in some respects a wiser, and excited in me the aspiration to become a better man.

On another evening the visitors of one of our boarders, a young clergyman recently ordained, dined with us. One of them, a gentle and melancholy-looking man, of very pleasing address, and with a mind of evidently a very superior stamp, was most engaging in the modesty with which he advanced his opinions: his name was Sleigh. The other was clownish in his build and deportment, and brusque in his manners, overbearing and dogmatic to absolute rudeness in the superciliousness of his remarks and his apparent contempt for the understandings of those around him. He was reported to have just taken his senior wrangler's degree with unprecedented *éclat*, and quite answered to the idea of one whose world had been limited to the schools and quadrangles of his university. He has since deservedly attained the highest reputation, and is now the Master of Trinity.*

The usual dinner-party at Dr. Barber's, occasionally reinforced by the invited guests of the boarders, consisted of the Rev. E. Reed, Mr. Brabazon, an Irish gentleman, the Doctor and his son, another boarder whose name I forget, my brother, myself, and G——. The singular character and career of this man cannot well pass unnoticed. Possessed of an agreeable person, though with something of an Indian tinge in his complexion, an easy and self-confident address, that placed him at once on familiar terms with the generality of men, considerable tact, and unfailing readiness in conversation, he soon became popular with his acquaintance. He had read much, was a good speaker, extremely fluent, and, by dint of unscrupulous effrontery in making his assertions, made his reading tell for more than it was really worth. He was richly gifted, except in the great disideratum, principle. He pressed his intimacy on all, but I could never relax a certain degree of reserve towards him though in unavoidably frequent communication with him. His story, as it subsequently became known, was a strange one:

He was a native of New York, where at the early age of fifteen or sixteen he had been convicted of forgery, and was working as a convict in the streets of his native city, where he was seen by Price, the manager of the Park Theatre. During the war with England he contrived to make his escape, and, landing in this country, he found at Plymouth a compassionate friend in a Mr. Ball, who afforded him refuge and hospitality, and after concealing him for some time, assisted him to evade the alien act, then in force, and reach London in safety. Here he procured employment as

* Dr. Whewell, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was in fact Second Wrangler in 1816.—ED.

messenger on the *Statesman* newspaper, to which Mr. Burdon, a Northumberland gentleman of large fortune, was a frequent contributor. In his capacity of messenger, having one morning brought Mr. Burdon the proof sheet of a recent contribution, he was questioned by that gentleman on the authorship of an article in the paper that had particularly attracted his attention. To his great astonishment G—— informed him that the article in question was written by himself. Mr. Burdon, one of those romantic characters more frequently met with in fiction than in real life, adopted the youth into his family, and entered him at Trinity College, Cambridge, with a liberal allowance. But his wayward disposition counteracted the intentions of his benefactor. His extravagance obliged him to quit Trinity College for Emmanuel, and his haughty and insolent assumption in Mr. Burdon's house became intolerable to the family. Still, in pursuance of his wish to advance him in life, Mr. Burdon gave him a set of chambers in the Temple, with adequate means to continue his studies for the Bar. But he ceased to occupy them during the winter of 1817, and became a lodger and boarder at Dr. Barber's. It was here we became acquainted. He made many, and some very good, acquaintances, but his life in London was a course of irregularities. His visits to gambling-houses, the hells of St. James's, were frequent, and often replenished his failing purse. For such a character he was extraordinarily communicative. One day, in an unusually grave mood, he abruptly addressed me: "Macready, my patron is dead. He sent for me yesterday, and I saw him in his bed. He told me he had left me one hundred pounds, and said, 'I hoped to have lived to have seen you a great and good man: I shall not live; and if I did, I should not see you either great or good.'"

With the £100 bequeathed to him, and with what else he could collect, G—— set out for Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Congress was then sitting. Here in two nights at the gaming-table he won £1900, with which he returned to England, and investing a portion in a purchase of books (soon afterwards sold), and placing the rest in a banker's hands, he set out on a tour through France, Germany, and Italy, returning in a few years without a sixpence, all his winnings having long since been engulfed in play. In London he led a precarious, dissipated, and discreditable life, writing occasionally for some obscure newspaper, and borrowing money of every one of his acquaintances, until he had completely exhausted the patience of all. I thus lost sight of him for some time, but his evil genius after some years brought him again under my notice.

On the 1st of January, 1818, a new tragedy was produced at Covent Garden. The author, John Dillon, a very young man, was the librarian of Dr. Simmons of Paddington, famous for a very splendid collection of valuable books. With great promise of dramatic power, as evinced in this his first essay, he wisely left the poet's "idle trade" for the more lucrative pursuits of commerce, and became partner in the well-known firm of Morrison, Dillon,

and Co. His play was called 'Retribution,' the chief weight of which, in a very powerful character, Varanes, was on Young's shoulders. Miss O'Neill, Charles Kemble, Terry, and myself were his supporters, the villain of the story falling of course to me. It was acted nine nights, and tended to establish me more firmly in public opinion as the undisputed representative of the disagreeable; but I look back on it with pleasure, as the source of a friendship with one whose talents, however much entitled to respect, are surpassed in his general estimation and by higher and more endearing qualities. It was on one of the nights of this play's performance that I had the mischance to break the large pier-glass in the green-room, in those days above £100 value. In swinging round a heavy battle-axe on my shoulder, as I was preparing to go on the stage, the metal head flew off, and, dashing against the glass, shivered it in every direction. It was quite a stirring event for the quidnuncs of the theatre, and it would have been an amusing sight, had it not been a heavy responsibility to myself to see the rush of the players, male and female, into the green-room, when the act drop fell, to behold the wreck I had made. The fault was really the servant's or property-man's, as he is called; but in the morning I wrote to Mr. Harris, expressing my readiness to undergo my liability for the accident. He behaved with great consideration and liberality, limiting my dues to only a proportion of the expense incurred in repairing the damage done.

My speculations on a change of life now came to a dead stop. The officers and privates of the first battalion of the 30th Regiment, who had been serving with the second previous to its being disbanded, received orders to join their corps in India. My brother's sole chance of rising in the service was by procuring an exchange to full pay, and accompanying his late comrades. For such an object there could be no hesitation in availing myself of the means within my reach; and accordingly I borrowed of my friend Jeston, who had offered me the loan for my proposed Oxford residence, the sum necessary to replace my brother in his old regiment. As it was only by my continuance on the stage that I could hope to repay it, all thoughts of venturing on any other calling were of necessity abandoned. The best arrangements we could make were soon in train, and with as good a kit (to use the military term) as our narrow finances would procure, my brother prepared for his voyage. After a hurried visit to Rugby, where he took leave of my sisters and our good friend Birch, leaving his heart behind him, he returned to town, and proceeded with me to Gravesend, where the good ship the *London*, a first-rate East-Indiaman, was lying off. Much had occurred since his return from the Continent, both in our family and elsewhere, to strengthen the ties of affection which from our early boyhood had always bound us, and he stood in relation to me now as the dearest friend I had on earth. It was therefore with a heavy heart I went on board with him to see his berth and inspect his accommodations.

Our evening, a very sad one, was spent on shore at the hotel, and the next morning, February 9th, with a few words we parted for an absence of many years, he to the ship, and I to my duties at Covent Garden Theatre.

Our mutual attachment had something of romance in its earnestness and devotedness, though differing relatively in each other so far, that he looked up to me for counsel and guidance in our companionship and correspondence. Admiration of many points in his character mingles with the love I bore him; and if I must admit occasional flaws on its even surface, they must for the most part be attributed to laws of conduct self-imposed and carried to extremes. He was of the very stuff to make a soldier: brave, resolute, clear-sighted, indefatigably industrious in all pertaining to his profession, and ambitious to a degree of weakness. Whatever he undertook he would master, at whatever cost of labour or endurance; in any competition he would be first: he was the boldest rider, the best horseman, the truest shot in his regiment; his reading was extensive; his judgment penetrating and clear; abstinent and self-denying in his personal gratifications, he was free and bounteous to others, and so guarded and circumspect, that I believe I may unhesitatingly say he never lost a friend. From all under whose notice he came—Lord Hill, Lord Hardinge, Sir Colquhoun Grant, and others—he received the highest encomiums. He was, in few words, a truly good man, and only wanted the opportunity to have been a great one.

My journey back to London was dreary and dispiriting, and my lodgings had a very desolate look as I now felt myself their lonely occupant. For my night-work at the theatre I had less zest than usual, as may readily be supposed, when this evening another of those unpalatable mixtures was given me to swallow, which caused me so much disgust, and which certainly prejudiced me in public opinion. But remonstrance would have been useless, and I could not now afford to pay the forfeit for non-compliance, therefore I went doggedly through the rehearsal of another of Reynolds's trashy melodramatic after-pieces, the 'Illustrious Traveller,' and in a despairing mood gave to its performance, February 3rd, all the support in my power. My spirits were at the lowest ebb, and only derived respite from reflecting on my brother's happier destiny.

His voyage was a favourable one, chequered only by one serious accident. After passing the Cape the ship was discovered to be on fire, and on this occasion the steadiness and presence of mind exhibited by Edward called forth the warmest thanks of Captain Campbell, of whom he made a friend by his conduct. Unavoidable expenses in joining his regiment in India compelled him to incur serious debts. Against the friendly expostulation of his Colonel and others of the officers he absented himself for some months from the mess-table, till by a rigid and systematic economy he had freed himself from all his engagements, and stood unembarrassed before

the world. I had reason to be proud of him and of the faith he held in me; which seemed unbounded. In the endeavour to save the life of a brother-officer, who was bathing with him in a tank in India, he very narrowly escaped drowning; and in his desperate struggle to reach the shore with his helpless companion, the thought that rushed across his mind with the prospect of death before him, was, in his own words, "I know William would approve what I am doing." I may truly apply the Psalmist's words to him: "My brother Jonathan, very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

The novel of 'Rob Roy' had been published in the previous December, and was immediately pounced upon by the playwrights of the theatres, of whom Pocock was first in the field. Mr. J. Soane had the title, but I fancy nothing more, to a piece which was at a later date produced in Drury Lane. Pocock's drama, called 'Rob Roy McGregor, or Auld Lang Syne,' was read in the green-room of Covent Garden at the latter end of February, and acted on the 12th of March (1818). Several of the prominent incidents are compacted together in this dramatic version in a sufficiently workmanlike manner, and, with the recollections from the novel to piece it out, the story, so far as Rob Roy is an agent, runs pleasantly on without any very perceptible hiatus or want of connection. Many popular Scotch airs were introduced, and, sung by Miss Stephens and Sinclair, added to the gratification of the audience, though the reader of the original work would lose in them all trace beyond the names of the characters of Diana Vernon and Francis Osbaldistone. Liston in Baillie Jarvie was humorous in the extreme, Tokely in the Dougal Creature was a wonderful savage, and Blanchard was dry and precise as Mr. Owen himself. Rob Roy was cast to me, and, though not the lofty tragedy to which I aspired, was yet welcome to me for the humour, pathos, and passion that gleam throughout it and diversify its scenes, and for the rude heroism that elevates and gives something of a poetical character to the Highland cateran. I studied it from the original, and enjoyed my full share of the success the drama obtained.

The effect of the performance was soon felt by me in the manifest growth of public favour. Latterly there had been a disposition to identify my powers, which were not denied, with the representation only of the worst passions, and it was to this character I was first indebted for the opportunity of breaking the malignant charm that seemed to weigh upon me and contract my sphere of action. If what my eulogists called "my genius" could not yet "walk abroad in its own majesty," it could at least peep out, and give signs of something more akin to humanity than was believed of it. In the course of time some testimonies of the effect of this performance reached me, and I can well remember the stimulus my hopes received from the opinion expressed by a poet distinguished and popular as Barry Cornwall was, who, next year, published in

the *Literary Gazette* the following 'Sonnet, written after seeing Mr. Macready in Rob Roy.'

"Macready, thou hast pleased me much; till now
(And yet I would not thy fine powers arraign)
I did not think thou hadst that livelier vein,
Nor that clear open spirit upon thy brow.
Come, I will crown thee with a poet's bough;
Mine is an humble branch: yet not in vain
Giv'n if the few I sing shall not disdain
To wear the little wreaths that I bestow.
There is a buoyant air, a passionate tone
That breathes about thee, and lights up thine eye
With fire and freedom; it becomes thee well.
It is the bursting of a good seed, sown
Beneath a cold and artificial sky—
'Tis genius overmastering its spell."

The sympathy this character awakened was still more strongly stamped upon my memory by a singular occurrence of a little later date, which may well find its place here. The post one morning brought me a letter, of which the following is a transcript:—

"Sir,—A person who witnessed on the evening of the 11th inst. your portraiture of the noble and romantic Scottish chieftain Rob Roy cannot withstand the impulse that leads him to transmit to you a few lines, which he would fain have you consider as the involuntary effect of unfeigned admiration of your powers, and not sent under the presumptuous pretension of being a tribute worthy of them.

"I am, Sir, yours,
"With much gratitude and admiration,
"12*th June.* "C. D.

"SONNET

To Mr. Macready on seeing him at Covent Garden Theatre in the character of Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell.

"Macready, thou who know'st with magic art
To pierce the inmost chambers of the breast,
Frown not if Gratitude her thanks impart!
Thou with such skill Rob Roy didst manifest
As Sire, as Husband, and as high of heart,
That one whose brain was dry,—whose dearest rest
Was death's pale dwelling,—he hath felt it start,
Nature's first gush for years,—at thy behest.
May'st thou be happy! and this nameless thing,
Who not *commemorates*, but *thanks* thy powers
(Thou like Macgregor's self impassioning).
Oh, could Fate bring thee to his withered bowers,
Methinks youth's rose long sered once more would spring,
And flattering visions rise of happier hours."

It was not likely that an address in so grave a strain, bearing every semblance of truth and soberness in the description of the

writer's mental suffering, should fail to touch me. My interest was excited, my curiosity aroused. How relief could be administered to a real ill by the mere "cunning of the scene" was a problem to me, and as months passed away I had ceased to expect any elucidation of the mystery; when a volume of poems was brought to me with a letter from the author, Charles Lloyd, recalling to me the sonnet addressed to me, and requesting my acceptance of the book just published. I was thus aware that it was the translator of Alfieri, the author of several original works, and the friend of Charles Lamb, who had been my anonymous correspondent. A friendship, which lasted through his life, speedily grew out of the acquaintance which this compliment induced. I was a frequent visitor at his lodgings, spending many evenings in delightful intercourse with him and his most amiable and accomplished wife. Under his roof I first became acquainted with Lamb, and that sister to whom his brotherly devotion made his life one course of self-denying heroism. She was most intelligent and gentle in manners. Here, too, took place my introduction to Talfourd, who has so eloquently told the story of their woes. It was from Lloyd himself that I received the melancholy account of his sufferings. For upwards of four years he had been afflicted with a most extraordinary malady, a torpor of feeling, and, as it were, a numbness of his faculties, that all the medical advice to which he had resorted had been unable to relax or to dispel. He was impenetrable to the efforts of skill or the blandishments of affection. All intellectual pursuits had been discontinued, and, as his sonnet intimates, life itself had become wearisome. By some inexplicable chance he strayed one night, he scarce knew why, into the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, where the drama of 'Rob Roy' was being acted. He became absorbed in the interest of Scott's romantic story, and, in the scene where the outlawed chief dashes away the tears from his eyes, poor Lloyd felt his own fast trickling down his cheeks. The rock was struck, and the gushing stream was a new spring of life to him. So he felt it, and testified to me, as the instrument of his restoration, the most affectionate regard. But some lines of his own, extracted from a poem addressed to me some time after as "expressive of the gratitude of the author," will describe his previous state of mind and the revolution it underwent more faithfully than any words of mine:

"TO W. C. MACREADY, ESQ.

"Whence is that unaccustomed gush, which steals
From eyes that so long in their sockets burned?
Whence, that a 'heart as dry as dust' now feels
That for which fruitlessly it long hath yearned?
The spell that wrought this miracle reveals
Most complete influence; in it are discerned
The visions of romance, and dear appeals
To dreams, from loftiest forms of thine, O Nature, learned!

"This potent spell was sped in its deep aim
By transcendental powers! and thus I wept
Tears, healing, yet impassioned; of whose name
Alone for years the memory I had kept.
From that day forth (oh! may the omen shame
Fear's ghastlier presentiments!) up-leaped
With natural yearnings, and with heart of flame,
The Muse, from voiceless trance, in which she long had slept.

"Four years had slept on in unbroken trance—
New thoughts came o'er me, wishes, feelings new—
And Nature's scenes, which showed before my glance
Like ice-encrusted forms when with one hue
Winter o'er mount and moorland doth advance,
Beamed forth with healthier colours to my view,
And all assumed a kindlier countenance,
Light from new loopholes gleamed, and the cheered mind peeped through.

"Now, whom beneath the providence of heaven
(For as to anything, by men who own
A God above, can name of cause be given
To that not straightway issuing from His throne)
Must I call cause of this? The chain was riven
That numbed my heart-strings, by thy suasive tone,
Gifted Macready! May I be forgiven
Thus to thee rendering back with gratitude thine own?"

I heard with deep regret of his death some years after in Paris, whither he had removed, and where the cloud had again settled on his mind.

The favour with which my personation of Rob Roy was received revived my hopes and encouraged me to believe that with the patient resolve to "bide my time," that time would come, and the place I claimed would be accorded to me. The prospect of such an issue seemed to brighten before me with each new subject submitted to me. In my friend Sheil's tragedy of 'Balamira, or the Fall of Tunis,' produced April 22nd (1818), and supported by Young, Charles Kemble, Miss O'Neill, Terry, and myself, the character entrusted to me, Sinano, a Venetian noble turned renegade under the name of Amurath, was considered the most effective in the play. The *Morning Herald* made use, in criticising the performance, of the expression, "Mr. Macready in the part of Amurath has made a giant stride in his profession," and Shiel borrowed the phrase in the acknowledgment of his obligations to the actors prefixed to the published work.*

About this time the affairs of my poor host, Dr. Barber, were so

* *From the Times.*—"The characters are well sustained, and that of Amurath in particular is marked by some touches of scorn and hatred which display the hand of a master. Macready quite surpassed himself in the cool, remorseless villain regarding his victim with the smile of a demon; we could never have believed him so effective."

embarrassed that it became necessary to change my abode; and I prudently took less expensive lodgings in Foley Place, where out of my weekly salary I saved sufficient to discharge half my debt to Jeston before the end of the season, and before the summer's close I paid the remainder, accompanying the liquidation with a handsome piece of plate, in lieu of interest. It might have been expected that my professional successes would have procured me exemption from any further drudgery in melodramatic after-pieces, in which I felt my appearance a degradation; but the lees of the distasteful cup were to be drained in a piece called the 'Castle of Paluzzi, or the Extorted Oath,' May 27th (1818), founded on one of the *causes célèbres* which had lately been one of the current subjects of conversation, the murder of Fualdes, and the conviction of the assassins by the evidence of Madame Manson, "qu'un hasard fort extraordinaire avait rendu témoin du crime chez la femme Bancal," who kept a house of ill-fame. Terry had a part in the piece, and one night when, standing at the side-scene, I was inveighing against the taste and policy of compelling us to expend our talents on such rubbish, in his brusque way he ejaculated, "Why the d—— then do you take such pains for its success?" I had no answer to give. Having taken the part, it was due to the author, the management, and myself, to present it to the best advantage. The season was now approaching its close. Miss O'Neill selected for her benefit, June 2nd, Home's tragedy of 'Douglas,' in which, as Lady Randolph, she ventured unadvisedly on a character unsuited alike to her juvenile appearance and her style of acting. Charles Kemble acted Douglas very gallantly. Young was very good in Old Norval, and I had every reason to be satisfied with the revival of the play from the credit I obtained in the part of Glenalvon. For Young's benefit, June 5th, as an especial favour, I acted Pizarro in Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's drama. Miss Booth's benefit, June 30th, gave me the part of Posthumus in 'Cymbeline,' which, as a Shakespearean character added to my list, was firm ground to me. Young was the Iachimo. In a review of the results of this season, which ended with the play of Rob Roy, July 16th, I could not be blind to the fact that my position was improved. It was incontestable that I had won upon opinion, both in the public voice and in the estimation of the manager and the actors; and regaining confidence in determination of will, and putting faith in the power of resolution, I looked more cheerily and hopefully into the future. "Possunt quia posse videntur."*

* Things become possible when they seem to be possible.—Ed.

CHAPTER XII.

1818–1819.—Keeley—Intercourse with other actors—Anecdote of Barry—Macready acting gratuitously for his father—Visit to a coal mine near Newcastle—London season—Michael Ducas in Lucas's 'Adelgitha'—Romani in 'Proof Presumptive'—Dumont in 'Jane Shore'—'Earl of Warwick'—Miss Somerville—Sheil's 'Evadne'—Father's difficulties renewed—Maturin's 'Fredolfo'—Condemned on first night—Mrs. Siddon's reappearance in Lady Randolph for Charles Kemble's benefit—Miss O'Neill's last performance in London—Edinburgh—Glasgow—Falls of the Clyde—Pedestrian tour in the Highlands—Professional study in a lunatic asylum—Swansea—Bristol.

From London I proceeded to Birmingham, where Elliston was lessee of the theatre, who paid me £100 for a week's performance. Mr. Keeley was a member of the company, and it was with pleasure I noted in him, young as he was, the humour and theatrical aptitude that have since been so universally and pleasantly recognised. It had always been in direct contrariety to my disposition and my taste, even in London, to adopt the "hail-fellow-well-met" familiarity of the green-rooms, into which (when I entered them, which was not often) I carried the manners and address habitual with me in general society. I am well aware this subjected me to unpopularity with very many in the profession, among whom I bore the character of being haughty and overbearing. On the occasion of this Birmingham engagement it it was reported to me that the actors had come to an agreement to "cut" me whenever I should go into the green-room, and that Keeley had enjoyed their disappointment in the tables being turned by my never affording them the opportunity. There were other causes tending to alienate my fellow-labourers, among which was the zeal, probably sometimes outstripping discretion, which I carried into the pursuit of our art, at rehearsals requiring of them a degree of accuracy and attention that they were perhaps too indolent, or indisposed, or sometimes unable to give. A better judgment would have made more allowance for them. There was some humour in the retort of a country actor of the name of Knipe to the famous Barry, who was, like myself, impatient of the incompetency of the players of the company. "Do not speak your speech, sir, in that drawling way," said Barry in his energetic manner; "look at me, sir! speak it in this way—'To ransom home revolted Mortimer!'—that's the way to speak it, sir." To which the actor immediately replied, "I know that, sir—that *is* the way; but you'll please to remember you get £100 a week for speaking it in your way, and I only get thirty shillings for mine! Give me £100, and I'll speak it your way; but I'm not going to do for thirty shillings what you get paid £100 for."

On the intimation from a mutual friend, Mr. W. Loraine, that a professional visit to my father might relieve his affairs from much embarrassment, I immediately made a very satisfactory arrangement to act for him gratuitously in Miss O'Neill's engagement, the ordinary receipts to be equally divided, her benefit to be entirely her own, and she to give her services on the night announced as mine. Expectation was fully answered, and my father was for the time set at ease; but one of his strange fits of caprice placed me in a very awkward predicament. I had readily consented to repeat for Miss O'Neill's benefit 'Rob Roy,' which I had acted as the second piece for my own, *i.e.* my father's benefit; without any shadow of pretence he interfered, and refused his permission. It availed nothing that I overruled his prohibition. Miss O'Neill very naturally declined to take the piece. A brief and courteous correspondence with Mr. R. O'Neill exonerated me from all participation in the discourtesy, and we happily parted on the best understanding.

Some idle days on my hands were given to sightseeing. The old castle, Sunderland Iron Bridge, &c., were interesting, but the chief object of my curiosity, when in the North, had always been the working of a coal mine. I had a letter to the manager or headman of a mine: the name does not remain with me, but it was the deepest but one in the whole coal region. Loder, a violinist of great note in his day (there had been no Paganinis, Vieux Temps, Ole Bulls, or Winiawskis then), was dining with my father, and, hearing my intention, expressed his wish to accompany me the next morning. Accordingly at the appointed hour next day a chaise took us to the little hamlet at the pit's mouth, about six or seven miles from Newcastle. Arrived there the manager receiving us very civilly, informed us that we must put on miner's dresses. This was not a very agreeable introduction, but we at once understood its necessity, and there we were two complete miners, save and except the want of smudge upon our faces, which however we did not long wait for. A stout, elderly, steady-looking man was directed to be our guide. The basket was pulled to the pit's mouth, and I must confess to a flutter of the heart when I saw the craft in which we were to make our downward voyage, feeling like Acres, very much inclined to "run;" but casting a look on my companion, and seeing his face as pale as ashes, restored my courage, and with a hearty laugh I got into one side of the basket whilst he slowly took his place in the other: our guide slung his thigh into the noose of a chain, and the steam-engine began to lower us down at half-rate pace, which seemed to me what might be better termed "double-quick time."

Once or twice in our downward course I looked up aloft, when the aperture through which we had emerged appeared like "a star of smallest magnitude," and our guide, when we had made what seemed a great distance of depth, kept constantly striking against the wall of the shaft the particular sort of rough stick he carried.

I was wondering what his object could be, perceiving there was some significance in the action, when he enlightened us not very agreeably with the exclamation, "Now then I'll tell ye, when we get half-way doon." It was with a suppressed groan I learned that we were still dangling at such an awful distance from the bottom. But the deepest shaft, like the longest day, will have an end; we reached a solid footing at last, and extricating ourselves from our basket, sat down in a scooped-out recess to "get our sight," as our guide, who was providing himself with a light, directed us before setting out on our tour through this gnome's world of wonders.

A world it seemed to be from the activity pervading it. There were horses with long trains of creels of coal, and their drivers; a steam-engine at work; a pond for the horses to wash in. But a partial view was all we could obtain in the darkness visible by the help of our conductor's lamp. We traversed gallery after gallery, sometimes more than six feet in height; at other times we were obliged to walk in a stooping posture. At given distances through the galleries there were trap-doors, with pulleys and weights, to ensure a frequent circulation of air; under an open shaft was an immense roaring fire, kept up, like the great *lung* of the excavation, for a continual draught of pure air from above. It particularly surprised me to see the process of blasting a huge mass of coal detached, which the miners, naked to their waists, vigorously broke up and deposited in the creels. The air was very thick and close, and heavy on the breath; but the particular oppression I experienced was in the sensation of my ears. In one compartment, as the trap-door shut after and enclosed us, our guide stopped us, and, apparently with great relish, said, "Now I'll show you something;" then lighting a match at his lamp, he raised it to the top of the seam, and igniting the gas or fire-damp, in an instant the roof was all on flame. For the uninitiated it was a very nervous minute. "Thank you," said I, "that will do." "Oh, there's no danger," returned he; "d'ye think I'd have lighted it if I did not well know?" "I have no doubt," I continued, "but we're perfectly satisfied;" upon which, half grumbling at the effect of his pyrotechnic display, he continued, "Oh, I'll put it out in a minute, ye'll see," and beating the ceiling with his hat, he very soon extinguished every trace of fire. We were some hours below, for our slow walk was one of miles, and at the extreme point of our progress our guide informed us that "we were just under the middle of the Tyne." In some places the heat was very great, and the perspiration flowed profusely down our blackened faces. We were glad to have seen what was to me a wonderful sight, but at the same time it was not the least part of our enjoyment to take in a good draught of the fresh air of heaven, and to find ourselves standing again on the outside of the earthy crust. After a hearty laugh at the figures we presented to each other, we took the benefit of the cold water

set for us, exchanged our miners' suits for our own apparel, and, recompensing our conductor, got merrily into our chaise for our return to Newcastle.

The anecdote will recur to many of Sheridan's expostulations with his son Tom, when at Newcastle, on his wish to make a descent into one of these mines, and Tom giving as a clenching reason for persisting in his purpose, "Well, father, I should like to say I had been down a coal mine," and Sheridan's rejoinder, "Well then, Tom, why can't you say so?" I have not yet discovered any particular gratification in saying I have been down a mine, but the sight was one I would not have missed, nor would I willingly part with the recollection of it. My previous ideas of these wonderful exenterations of the earth had been wild and fanciful in the extreme. I had expected to find an immense concave vault, that might have suggested a Hall of Eblis, or lofty area, extending beyond the reach of sight; but I found myself threading low galleries, that suggested in magnified proportions the passages in an ant-hill. Vast pillars of coal were left by the miners and wooden props as supports to the vacant spaces, from whence the coal had been taken, in order, I believe, to prevent or render more gradual the subsidence of the masses above.

On reaching London for the approaching season, I found that the Drury Lane committee had been led from ill-success to reduce their prices, whilst Covent Garden opened, September the 7th (1818), under most favourable auspices, receiving a powerful addition to its great comic strength in the engagement of Mr. W. Farren, an actor deservedly admired for his studious correctness and the passion of his comedies, though eclipsed by Munden and Dowton in the rich quality of humour. I settled myself in a commodious first floor in Berners Street, and for the first three or four weeks the success of Farren's plays, which were strongly cast, gave me many leisure evenings, which, however, were not allowed to be idle ones. I had before me a most repulsive character, against which I had vehemently protested, but as usual in vain. This was Michael Ducas in Mr. Lewis's tragedy of 'Adelgitha.' In acting Lothair, the juvenile hero of the play, I had won golden opinions; which made it a peculiar hardship that I should now be forced to represent the old bombastic tyrant, the butt against which all the indignant sentiments and sarcasms of the other parts were levelled. Fawcett's reply to my complainings was not without its good effect, "Why, William, you grumble at every part that is given you, and you succeed in them all! Set to work at this, and, though it is rather an odious gentleman, you may make something of him by hard study." I did give especial pains to it, investing it with a dignity of manner that enforced respect, and with a concentrated energy that made the scenes in which I appeared completely my own. The truth had become manifest to me, that, as passion is weakness, the real sense of power is best expressed by a collected and calm demeanour. Indeed from this

performance I date an elevation of style and a sensible improvement in my acting, of which I felt before my audiences the general recognition. Miss Somerville, *alias* Mrs. Bunn, was the Adelgitha, not eliciting any particular approval, indeed rather causing disappointment from the injudicious puffery that had heralded her appearance. She had the advantage of a commanding person, and some force in declamation, but her talents were not of a first order. Young was not equal to himself in Guiscard, a part he did not like, and Charles Kemble made no great effect in Lothair. For myself the part was a great step in public opinion.* A sort of serious drama in three acts, called 'Proof Presumptive,' translated from the French by Charles Kemble (to which I offered no objection, because it was his), was acted only three nights; but the part, named Romani, afforded me opportunities which I did not neglect.†

The chronicle of my progress is but a monotonous repetition of adventure in new characters, and generally with similar results. Through an industrious circulation of newspapers, notices, and paragraphs in laudation of Miss Somerville, a temporary excitement had been raised by the announcement of her appearence in a play with Miss O'Neill. Between these actresses there was no approach to comparison. One was a genius, great in her art, the other respectable. But curiosity was piqued. The play of 'Jane Shore,' November 10th, was powerfully cast, and, with Miss O'Neill as the heroine and Miss Somerville as Alicia, supported by Young as Hastings, Booth as Gloster, and myself as Dumont, filled the theatre for thirteen or fourteen nights. Praise was lavishly bestowed and rightfully awarded to the performances of Miss O'Neill, and young Miss Somerville was what might be considered an average representative of Alicia: but Booth was so ineffective that he quitted the theatre after the first night, and Egerton filled his place. Good fortune attended me in the part of Dumont, to which I bent my best endeavours.‡ Nor was I less favoured in the criticisms passed on my representation of the Earl of Warwick in the tragedy of that name§ —which was revived for the purpose of affording another trial to Miss Somerville, in the part of Margaret of Anjou. This was one of the characters in which Mrs. Siddons, by the

* *From the Times*—"The character of Michael Ducas found a most able representative in Mr. Macready. There are few performers on the stage who produce so much effect without any apparent effort as this gentleman."

† *From the Times.*—Mr. Macready gave some very fine traits of the discerning actor in the part of Romani; he yields to no one in the delineation of the cool and crafty, yet bold and determined villain."

‡ *From the Times*—"To complete the catalogue of first-rate performers, we had Mr. Macready in the part of Dumont. The character probably never had before so excellent a representative."

§ *From the Morning Herald.*—"It was one of the finest performances we have seen. Mr. Macready has the art which so few besides possess, and which is the perfection of declamation, that of giving the language of the part the air of being unpremeditated."

grandeur of her deportment, the truth and intensity of her passion, presented a poetic image, an historical ideal, that far transcended the author's conception. Miss Somerville declaimed the part as other actresses have done, but left no particular impression of its power. This lady's appearance in London was attended with an unpleasant demonstration of the actors' disapproval of her husband's proceedings. A weekly theatrical paper had been started in praise of Miss Somerville and in depreciation of Miss O'Neill, by a bookseller, Harris, whose shop in Bow Street was opposite to the theatre. It was very soon ascertained that Mr. Bunn had set it on foot, and was its sole editor. As the husband of Miss Somerville he had been allowed the *entrée* of the green-room; but on this discovery Mr. Fawcett, the stage-manager, upon the indignant representation of the performers, gave him to understand, with some very severe comments on the affair, that his presence in the green-room was disagreeable to the ladies and gentlemen who frequented it, and could no longer be permitted. Upon which Mr. Bunn very penitently promised to stop the publication of the abusive journal, and his strictures on the performances were for a time discontinued. The paper after three or four numbers was heard of no more.

My London career now became a regularly progressive one, the characters allotted to me bringing me generally an increase of favour as I grew in confidence of my audience and of my own powers. In the month of February Shiel produced his tragedy of 'Evadne.' Gifford, the author of the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad,' and editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* and *Quarterly Review*, had met him at Murray's, and given him the proof-sheets of Shirley's 'Traitor,' as he was preparing the edition of that author's works for the press, observing at the same time how little was needed to adapt it for representation. Shiel was delighted with the work; he read it to me, and expressed himself particularly gratified in the opportunity of putting such a part as Ludovico in my hands, and very speedily, with some considerable and most judicious alterations, sent in the play to Mr. Harris. Harris's observations were to the effect that "an altered play never had the attraction of an original one, and that the dramatist who could write such a scene as that of 'the statues' in the third act, ought to make the whole play his own." Accordingly the play of 'Evadne, or the Statue,' was duly prepared and put into rehearsal. Its effect in representation, February 10th (1819), was very great. Miss O'Neill was the Evadne, in all the charm, the tenderness, and the power of the character; Young as Colonna, the brother, and Charles Kemble as Vicentio, the lover, were both at home in their several parts, and Ludovico proved another stepping-stone for myself.*

* *From the Times.*—"Macready proved himself, as he never fails to do, the accomplished actor; we were much struck by a passage in the first act, where, after he had been practising the greatest adulation and meanness, to

My father's difficulties meantime had thickened around him: he had lost the Newcastle Theatre, his main dependence, and had opened a negotiation for the lease of that at Bristol. But the funds required to leave his old abode and enter on a new speculation were wanting. These were supplied by the contributions of our relations, the Birches, and myself. My two sisters, who up to this time had lived with our father, now took the independent resolution, in order to relieve him from the expense of their maintenance, of going out as governesses. I was strongly opposed to their plan, wishing them to share my home; but they were firm in their determination, and were supported in it by our relations' and friends' opinions. Fortunately I was able to avail myself of some vacant nights at Covent Garden to engage Terry, and, taking him down with me to Bristol, we presented a very imposing bill of fare for the inauguration of my father's new enterprise, by acting together for him the three first nights of his season, beginning with Easter Monday. This was a good start for him, and he was able to maintain his position in that city with general respect and in comfortable circumstances for the remainder of his life.

The green-room news on our return to London was the acceptance by the Covent Garden managers of a tragedy by Maturin, the success of whose previous works, 'Bertram,' 'Manuel,' &c., gave pungency to the curiosity such an announcement excited. In these there was evidence of great power, passion, and poetry; and only originality of invention was wanting to justify the award of genius to the author's clever combinations. But in his novels, as in his dramatic efforts, he seems to have been under the magnetic influence of what he approved or admired in others, which with an irresistible force drew him, I believe unconsciously, into imitation. With sundry properties of genius he yet was deficient in its primary element, patience—the confidence to wait for the birth and maturity of his own conceptions. His play of 'Fredolfo,' perhaps the least to be commended of all his works, supported by the Covent Garden company, could not fail of full justice from a cast including Miss O'Neill, Young, Charles Kemble, &c. But opinion was unanimous in the green-room on its fate. Of the characters, three of them were villains—the three degrees of comparison, bad, worse, worst. Young was Fredolfo, the positive; Yates, the comparative, Berthold; and to me was committed the superlative, Wallenberg,—a very voluptuary in villany, whom it was not possible the taste of any audience could tolerate. Mr. Alaric Watts was the friend to whom the supervision of the rehearsals and the care of the author's interests were intrusted, and he was as confident in the triumph of the tragedy as all the actors were of its damnation.

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divert the attention of the king from his revealed treason, he assumes, on his departure, a manly attitude and gesticulation, in the finest contrast with his previous servility."

Its production was so long retarded, though all concerned were perfect in their parts, by the severe illness of Young, that the managers were driven, after three weeks' delay, to the decisive step of altering the cast. I was desired to prepare myself in Fredolfo, a very long part; that of Wallenberg was sent to Terry, and the play was to be represented, *coute qui coute*, on that day (Saturday) week. I acted Pierre in 'Venice Preserved' on the night the change was made, and the next morning was early up and on work at Fredolfo. The play was rehearsed on Monday, and Mr. Harris went on the stage in some anxiety to inquire of McCulloch, the prompter, how the rehearsal had "gone off." His first question was: "Did Macready know anything of Fredolfo?" "He was perfect in every line of it," was MacCulloch's answer. "And Terry in Wallenberg?" added Harris. "Did not know a word of it," rejoined McCulloch. Terry was a very clever actor, with a remarkably quick study, to which he always trusted, generally rehearsing with his book in his hand till the morning of the play's performance. My system, on the contrary, as I have before observed, was to pluck out all the advantage that could be derived from every opportunity of practice. Young rose from his sick bed, and the original cast was maintained. The play passed (May 12th, 1819) with little applause and occasional disapprobation to the last scene, the interior of a cathedral, at the altar of which Wallenberg had secured Urilda (Miss O'Neill), and threatened Adelmar, her lover (Charles Kemble), who with his band had burst in to her rescue, with her instant death unless he surrendered his sword. In the agony of his despair Adelmar on his knees gave his weapon into the hands of Wallenberg, who plunged it directly into his bosom, upon which the pit got up with a perfect yell of indignation, such as, I fancy, was never before heard in a theatre. Not another syllable was audible. The curtain fell in a tumult of opposition, and 'Fredolfo' was never acted again.

The approaching close of the season was intimated by the notice of the performers' benefits, and frequent messages were sent to me from the box-office, reporting inquiries there, whether it was my intention to take a night, and intimating that if I would act Richard III. I might calculate on a crowded house. But although I was sensible of my growth in public favour, I hesitated to set on such a venture the vantage-ground I had gained. Between Young and myself there was something of a feeling of rivalry, which, however, did not interfere with the courtesy that, although distant, was always maintained between us. I made it a point to oblige him on the occasion of his benefits, and this year studied for him, in 'Julius Cæsar,' the "lean and wrinkled Cassius," a part in the representation of which I have through my professional life taken peculiar pleasure, as one among Shakespeare's most perfect specimens of idiosyncrasy.

The theatres, no less than the public, were taken by surprise upon the advertisement of Charles Kemble's benefit. The Queen of

Tragedy, Mrs. Siddons, had consented to appear once again upon the stage! To those who had enjoyed the privilege in former days of appreciating the displays of her transcendent genius, and who, in her performance of Lady Macbeth in 1817, had been regretful witnesses of the total decline of her physical powers, the announcement was an unwelcome one. Her admirers, jealous of her fame, felt it an injustice to herself, and blamed Charles Kemble for soliciting the sacrifice from her. His purpose was, however, fully answered by the thronged attendance of all ranks to get a parting sight of the greatest actress of her own or perhaps of any time. The play was 'Douglas.' How ineffaceably impressed on my memory was her matchless personation of the widowed mother seven years before! I then was the young Norval, now Charles Kemble's character. Young retained old Norval, and Glenalvon remained of course with me. Mrs. Siddons appeared June 9th, "for that night only," as Lady Randolph. On her former reappearance as Lady Macbeth there had not been one salient point to break the sombre level of the unimpassioned recitation. On this night there was a gleam of the "original brightness," in which many like myself no doubt rejoiced, as calculated to afford to those who had not known her days of triumph some slight glimpse of the grand simplicity and force of her style. When, as Glenalvon, I stood intently riveting my gaze upon her, as she uttered her threatening caution regarding Norval, she paused; then fixing her eyes sternly upon me, in a tone of insulted dignity and with a commanding air, continued:

> "Thou look'st at me as if thou fain would'st pry
> Into my heart,"

concluding with the majestic confidence of truth:

> "'Tis open as my speech."

The effect was electric, and the house responded with peals of applause. But this was as the last flicker of the dying flame; no flash enlightened the succeeding scenes. Her powers were no longer equal to those bursts of passion in which, with unrivalled skill, she had formerly swayed at will the feelings of her audience. Those who have only known the painting of Guido in the faint and watery colourings of his pencil's later productions (characterised by *cognoscenti* as his "feeble manner"), could scarcely give the artist credit for such works as the Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Aurora, the Madonna at Bologna, and other marvels of his art, which won him renown in his earlier and happier day. Still less could they who had been present at no other performance of Mrs. Siddons than these two last attempts have formed any idea of the matchless fidelity with which the passions of our nature could be portrayed, or have remotely conceived of the point of sublimity to which her wonderful powers of expression could raise the poet's thought. In no other theatrical artist were, I believe, the charms of voice, the

graces of personal beauty, and the gifts of genius ever so grandly and harmoniously combined.

The close of this season was rendered further memorable by the disappearance of another "bright particular star," indeed one of the brightest that ever glittered in the theatrical firmament. On the evening of July 13th (1819) Miss O'Neill acted Mrs. Haller in 'The Stranger,' announced in the playbills as "her last performance before Christmas." It was her last performance in London. Before Christmas she had exchanged the public triumphs of her laborious art for the tranquil felicity of domestic life by her union with Sir William Wrixon Becher, Bart., M.P. for Mallow. With endowments of genius that placed her on the very loftiest pinnacle of her profession, she was gifted with virtues and native graces that would have adorned and shed lustre on the highest rank. Like the star of Hipparchus, she had suddenly shone out to the surprise and wonder of all beholders, and, after a brief display of her glory, as suddenly and silently had vanished from their sight.

My course for the summer lay northward, and, leaving my sister Letitia to visit her Newcastle friends, I went onwards to my engagement at Edinburgh, which did little more than cover my expenses. But these mischances, when they occurred, seldom gave much disturbance to my philosophy, and in a note I made at the time of this visit I remark, "In warm and enthusiastic approbation no place to me ever was more kind. The fervour of those who came to see me" (and, if I remember rightly, the authors of 'Essays on Taste' and the 'Man of Feeling' were conspicuous among them) "almost recompensed me for the absence of those who stayed away." My chief cause of regret in leaving that beautiful and interesting city was my inability to present the letters of introduction with which I had been furnished to Sir Walter Scott, who at that time was confined to his bed by a serious and, it was feared, a dangerous illness. Happily he lived to swell still farther the amount of his contributions to the world's entertainment and instruction; but the expectations I had fondly cherished of making his acquaintance were for once and all disappointed. Another introduction was scarcely more fortunate. My good old friend Birch, who never missed an occasion of serving me, had sent me a letter to Dr. Hamilton, a physician in high practice, to whose son he had shown great kindness at Rugby. The letter I left with my card at the Doctor's house. The only notice given of its delivery was a guinea sent for a box-ticket on the day of my benefit, which I immediately enclosed in a note, to the effect that in wishing to give me the pleasure of Dr. Hamilton's acquaintance, my relative and friend could have had no intention of laying a tax on his liberality; that it was not my practice to receive presents on my benefit-nights; and with due acknowledgments of his courtesy, I begged to return his enclosure. He called on me the next day, but I had left Edinburgh, and his card was sent after me. A few performances at Glasgow somewhat

improved the state of my finances, and three idle weeks were now before me, which I thought could not be laid out to better advantage than in visiting the romantic scenery which in this "land of the mountain and the flood" invited me on every side. My first excursion was to the Falls of Clyde, and the grand and picturesque ravine of Cartland Craigs. The cascades of Stonebyres and Bonnington would not have recompensed me for the fatigue of my walk, but that of Corra Linn may vie in picturesque effect with many of greater volume and altitude, and justifies the magnificent apostrophe of Wordsworth's noble ode, "Lord of the vale! Astounding flood!" blending as it does the grand with the beautiful in happiest union.

At that time steamboats were few and railroads unknown. The Highlands were consequently less accessible than they now are, and the solitudes of wild and romantic scenery were comparatively rarely invaded by the parties of pleasure and tourists that now crowd to them in the summer season. Now on the sites of shielings where I was glad to find oatcake and whisky, there are spacious hotels, with champagne, fancy bread and every luxury, and the pleasure of "roughing it" (to young people adding so much zest to their enjoyment) has disappeared before the comforts of civilisation. There was, however, then a steamboat that made its weekly run from Glasgow to the head of Loch Fine, and in this, a bright summer morning giving me splendid views, along the expanding Clyde, of Dumbarton, the Kyles of Bute, Rothsay and the distant hills, I reached at sunset the town of Inverary.

Here my pedestrian tour began; and from hence my route lay to Portsonochan on Loch Awe, across Lakes Etive and Creran in sight of Ben Cruachan—to Ballahulish on Loch Leven—through the sternly-wild and sublime pass of Glencoe, by King's House—and Inveronan to Tyndrum, each day's journey varying in detail the grandeur and beauty of the scenes through which I passed. As I told a friend, I really felt on the banks of Loch Leven, "Had I been born here, I should have been a poet." Such scenes must inspire lofty thoughts, and feed the mind with images of the purest beauty, of which they who keep their eyes upon the level of the crowded street can seldom or ever dream. It is with an inward delight and glorying that gazing on Nature's splendours we sympathise with Wordworth's emotions, and feel ourselves they

> "Have no need of a remoter charm
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye."

The only approach to an adventure, if I may call it so, that diversified the even tenor of my way was owing to my deviation from the ordinary track of road. My old guide from Tyndrum promised to take me by a "short cut, just about eighteen miles and a bittock," over the Braes of Balquhidder to the west end of Loch

Katrine: Loch Katrine, the goal of my expedition, the object of my most ardent wishes. We started in excellent spirits, and got over the level road at a gallant pace; but what might have been "eighteen miles and a bittock" in a champaign country was more than doubled in fatigue when the retardations of swamp, rushes, and high heather up these toilsome braes are taken into account. I saw, however, much to interest me in this wearying walk. A battle-field was pointed out to me by my guide, but all my searching inquiries could gain from him no more than that the MacNabs suffered greatly there. Continuing our walk by a small river's side, we came to a deep hole in a little bend of the stream, where he informed me the "wud folk were dookit." I could not at first understand him, but made out at last that it was sacred to St. Fillan, and that after the insane persons were immersed, or, in his own phrase, "dookit," there, the superstition required that each of them should add a stone to the large round heap which I observed on the low cliff above the water's edge. It then occurred at once to me that this was one of those places of pilgrimage alluded to by the Palmer in 'Marmion' as

> "St. Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
> And the crazed brain restore."

In the dreariest waste of the braes, where there was neither path-way nor track, and where all looked as if the foot of man had never broken on its silence, to my great surprise I came upon a tumulus with four large stones fronting each other at its base, answering to the description of a chieftain's tomb in Ossian. These monuments carry us back into the world of conjecture, where "all that we know is, nothing can be known."

I could have willingly rested here some time; but the day was advancing, and it was necessary to wend on our way "over hill, over dale, through bog, through briar;" and as the sun was pouring down his hottest beams, and the "short cut" seemed to lengthen itself out interminably, my patience began to give way. Indeed I chafed as much from ill-humour (to my discredit be it confessed) as from the broiling heat. A spectator would have been amused to have seen the wrathful glances I cast at my good-natured old guide, as every now and then he would turn round to me with a complacent grin, and, wiping with his hand the perspiration streaming from his forehead, ejaculate—"Oh! it's pleasant!" I am afraid I received his observations very ungraciously, his "short cut" being the most laborious journey I had ever taken, and feeling myself completely "done up" by it. But the longest road has an end, and there is a summit to Balquhidder, which at length we reached, and oh, what a burst of beauty on my sight was there! The sun was not yet below the hills, and under its sloping rays Loch Katrine lay before me like a sheet of molten gold in a framework of mountain, wood, rock, and shrub, intermingled and

disposed as if in one of Nature's happiest moments of design. The effect of this glorious view upon me was most extraordinary; wine could not have produced such instantaneous and wonderful exhilaration: I was really enraptured by it:

> "Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy; my spirit drank
> The spectacle."

After gazing a few minutes in transport on the gorgeous splendour of the scene, I bounded down the long hill-side in the wildest effervescence of spirits, all annoyance and fatigue forgotten as if it had never been, and at the bottom vaulting over a gate, that opened into an enclosure in front of a substantial-looking farmhouse, was accosted in rather a surly tone by a farmer-looking man—"What's your wull?" To my explanation that I had had a long day's walk, and would be obliged to him for a night's shelter, for which I would willingly make any remuneration, he very brusquely informed me that at the other end of the lake there was "a *public*," and that he "had no room for me." I begged for the accommodation even of a barn, but he was inexorable; "for the loan of a boat?" His brief answer was, that about half a mile off there was "a cottager who kept a boat," and with this, returning to his house, he shut the door in a sufficiently intelligible manner.

My guide had now made his way down the hill, and rejoined me, observing, "Eh, sir, ye're no that tired noo, I see!" He informed me that the place was called Portnellan, and that the churlish laird's name was Graham. But there was no time to lose, and we made at once for the boatman's cottage. Arrived there, the boat, at no great distance, with two men in it, was hailed, and a bargain made with them to take me to the other end of the Loch. Having paid and parted with my guide, we went briskly on our way up the lake. The evening shades were falling fast when we had rowed about four miles, and, being still damp after my profuse perspiration, I felt quite chilled by the cold air of the lake. My feet were numbed, and finding myself unequal to further exertion, I desired the men to pull to the left-hand shore, where up the high sloping bank I saw a sort of one-storied cottage-building of two or three rooms. As I approached it four or five dogs came out, and with their furious barking kept me at bay, till the owner, a stout-looking peasant, about thirty years old, appeared, and driving them away, inquired my business. This was soon told; I was wearied out, and if he could give me shelter for the night, a sheaf of straw and a crust of bread, I would pay him handsomely. "Oh," he replied, "you Southern gentleman think a poor Highlander can't give you a bed; but you shall have a bed, and blankets too, and sheets too, whichever you like best: walk in, sir." The boatmen were appointed to call for me next morning, and most thankfully did I follow my kind host into his lowly, hospitable abode.

He led me into an inner room, evidently the parlour of the rustic

dwelling; the walls were in some places plastered, but in others the rough stones of the wall were left bare. Making up a good peat fire on the open hearth, and helping me to pull off my soaked boots, he seemed intent on doing his best for my comfort, but when I asked him, feeling dreadfully chilled, if he could oblige me with a glass of whisky, he made no answer, and I perceived a disinclination to comply with my request. Did he suspect me to be a branch of the excise on a detective errand? At length, after about a quarter of an hour's conversation on sundry matters, he went out and returned with a bottle, from which he poured me a bumper of the cordial beverage—a nectarean draught to my chilly frame—real mountain dew. After some time a servant lassie laid a clean cloth, spoons, knives, and soup-plates on the table; and whilst I was wondering, with the fear of a haggis present to me, what our supper was to consist of, a large basin covered over was brought in, which to my great contentment proved full of mashed potatoes, prepared *à merveille*. This, with rich new milk poured over it, gave me a supper, the relish of which I can well remember. Cheese and oatcake, with whisky-toddy, crowned the delicious repast. My good host showed me into a little room adjoining, that measured about six feet by eight, on one side of which was a bed with clean coarse sheets, and a basin and towel perfectly convenient. The sky showing itself through some breaks in the roof, tended perhaps a little to prolong my musings, but did not otherwise interfere with a good night's rest. The very peculiarity and novelty of the circumstances and the situation added to my enjoyment.

Next morning early, wrapped in my cloak and only partially dressed, I was passing out of the door, when my host bade me good morning, and inquired where I was going. I told him to bathe in the lake. The water of the lake was too cold, he said, and asked, "Can you swim?" Having satisfied him on that head, he directed me to take the path along the field to my left, which would bring me to "the burnie that runs into the Loch," where I should find a convenient place to bathe. Following the path, I soon came within sound of the rushing stream, which, shrouded in a deep cleft, was pouring over its rocky bed down the long steep slope of the hill. The place I reached, descending to the water's brink, was subject for a painter's pencil or a poet's pen. The burn, that in its downward course had been rushing over and between the rocks with noisy violence, welled in this hollow, as if for a temporary rest, into a round, silent pool, about fourteen or fifteen yards across, of such transparent clearness as made it appear of inconsiderable depth, showing every stone and weed beneath its surface. The rocks at either side looked as if prepared by the kind genius of the place as seats and tables for a Naiad's toilet, whilst the thick, overhanging foliage screened it from every passing sight. It was a most enchanting scene. The water was very deep, and the glow I felt after a good swim in it was most delightful. I have never forgotten the Naiad's grotto, for such it might appropriately

be called. After a capital breakfast on tea, oatcake, eggs, and mutton-ham, the boatmen appeared, and I took a grateful leave of my hospitable Highlander, with the utmost difficulty compelling him to accept a token of my obligation to him. His deliberate manner, sound good sense, and ready and conscientious kindness, gave me an admirable specimen of Scotch character.

We rowed merrily up the lake, visiting the island, the Goblin's Cave, and every spot that Scott's poetry has invested with a never-dying interest. Passing through the Trosachs, my onward walk in company of a guide was to Aberfoyle, and thence along the banks of Loch Ard, over the shoulder of Ben Lomond to a very snug inn at Rowardinnan, on the shores of Loch Lomond. The next day gave me in a steamboat the tour of the lake as high as Rob Roy's Cave, and the night found me comfortable housed in my hotel at Glasgow. Desirous of turning to the best account my short stay here, I made the round, with my friend John Tait, of the objects most worthy of attention. The beautiful crypt of St. Mungo's Cathedral—the most beautiful and picturesque I have ever seen—I never fail to revisit when staying in this noble city. The college, with its Hunterian Museum, the scenes associated with Scott's 'Rob Roy,' the Tolbooth, the Salt market (to whose dirty extent faith in the great novelist's relation lent interest as the residence of Baillie Jarvie), came within our tour.

But uppermost in my mind was always the cultivation of my art; and as the aim and object of all true art is the skilful blending of the real and the ideal, it becomes the student's study to store his mind abundantly with facts, at the same time that he gives free scope to the exercise of his imagination. Whatever, therefore, might extend my experience of the various aspects human nature may put on in the vicissitudes of pain and pleasure, suffering or enjoyment, I regarded as a needful and imperative study. Under this persuasion it was that I braced up my nerves (always acutely sensitive to a sight of suffering) to go through the lunatic asylum. The superintendent was a very intelligent person, whose conduct of the establishment had gained him great credit; he was most courteous; and in directing my attention to the several peculiarities of the hapless inmates, greatly assisted me in the earnest scrutiny with which I watched every movement, every play of feature of those stricken creatures. It was reading one of the most harrowing pages out of Nature's book, and so faithfully conned over that every character was impressed indelibly on my memory. I had gone through two wards, and when my conductor was applying his key to the grated door of the third, I declined, being, indeed, quite unable to extend my observations further. I took from thence lessons, painful ones indeed, that in after-years added to the truth of my representations.

The remainder of the day, till my friend left me in the evening at my lodgings, was passed in sight-seeing. I went to bed at an early hour, and had scarce laid down when every image that I had

so carefully scanned at the asylum in the morning came before me in such terrible reality, such fleshly distinctness, that, unable to shut them from my sight, I said to myself in a perfect agony of endurance, "I would give worlds to believe this a dream." It was really horrible, and worked me into a state of mental agony that made me fear I was on the point of losing my senses. I had only at last power left me to raise myself on my knees upon my bed, and in a few despairing words pray with frantic fervour that I might only retain my intellect whilst I lived, when I must have sunk down in a state of insensibility, and have found eventually in sleep a refuge from the dreadful vision. About half a year after the same resemblances returned to me, but so shadowy and faint that I could perceive it to be an illusion.

From Glasgow I went to a successful engagement with my father at Swansea, accompanying him from thence to Bristol, where a fortnight's performances concluded my London vacation. At Bristol orders from the managers reached me to prepare myself in the part of Macduff for Monday, September 6th (1819), to begin the Covent Garden season; for Wednesday in Joseph Surface, which I had never acted; for the following Monday in Rolla; and to be perfect in the new character of Mordent for the second Wednesday. This was certainly rather high pressure. Macduff I was obliged to decline, and to give every unoccupied minute to the other parts. Hitherto my onward and upward course had been looked on with hope, and not without confidence, by many habitual frequenters of the theatre, while by others a certain amount of talent, not treading on the heels of their own favourites, was grudgingly conceded to me. But now a wider field seemed opening to me, and in my return to London for the ensuing season the opportunity for fairly testing my powers shone out in prospect to me.

CHAPTER XIII.

1819–1820.—Letters from brother in India—London season—Favourable opening—Joseph Surface—Rolla—Mordent—Henry V.—Othello—Rob Roy—Byron—Hotspur—Clytus—Desperate condition of Covent Garden Theatre—First appearance in Richard III.—Complete success—Contemporary criticisms—Effect on the treasury of the theatre—Altered position—Account of Mrs. Siddons in Rowe's 'Tamerlane'—First appearance in Coriolanus—Sonnet by Barry Cornwall—A fickle lady—Jaques—Robert Dudley—Front de Bœuf in 'Ivanhoe'—Henri Quatre—Edmund in 'Lear'—Kean's Lear—Production of 'Virginius'—Sheridan Knowles—Dedication of 'Virginius' to Macready—Hazlitt—Jackson—Appearance in Macbeth—Refusal of pecuniary gifts on benefits.

My correspondence had been regularly maintained with my brother, which during our London vacation brought me his account of an action in which he had been engaged in the spring—the storming

of a hill fort, Asseerghur. The following short extract is eminently characteristic of him :—

"On the orders arriving I waited on Major Dalrymple, to resign the command of the company I was attached to, and request permission to join the storming party. He very kindly granted my demand. The doctors desired me not to go, but away I marched in spite of the faculty. However, I had cause to confess that they were no fools, nor I a second John of Gaunt. As long as the running and shouting lasted, I could have followed the bubble which charmed me on over impossibilities; but after standing in the sun for some hours, I found the fag of our night march, my consequent exertion, the heat of the weather, &c., all working so strongly against a constitution debilitated by two months' severe illness, that faith! I thought I was going to 'greet the objects of my early love.' However, I was determined you should have old Cato's consolation if I left you, and I am well aware that it was my ardent desire to merit your approbation as much as any other cause that kept me up. I knew I was uttering your sentiments when, in reply to the surgeon, who requested me to evade, at least, a part of my duty, I said, 'My dear Evans, I consider the man who fears to risk his health in the performance of his duty not a bit more respectable a character than the rascal who deserts his comrade in danger; I may recover from the illness you seem to apprehend, but I never could recover my own good opinion if I followed your advice.' It is to you I owe every feeling which gratifies and supports me."

"*Fort St. George, July* 1818.—Your friendship is invaluable. I know not a truly happy feeling I have enjoyed for which I am not more or less indebted to it. In thinking of you I forget all in life that is not to be loved, and bless my fate that made me what I am. The affectionate solicitude for my honour and happiness which appears in every line you have written claims my warmest gratitude. Your advice shall be scrupulously observed. Do not in future spare it, for in no country can it ever be so essentially necessary. Men become here degenerate, idle, dissipated, discontented, and not unfrequently disgraced, by such imperceptible progressions, that the warning voice of my better genius cannot be too often heard. You know the influence you possess in all that regards me, and pray continue that brotherly kindness which has already so much benefited me.—E. N. M."

It was under adverse and unpropitious circumstances that the curtain of Covent Garden Theatre rose this season, September the 6th, 1819; but from hence an epoch dates in my professional history. Hitherto I had wanted room for my exertions, which now the disasters of the season laid open to me. The absence of Miss O'Neill and Miss Stephens, on leave till the winter, of Liston from illness, and the secession of Young, made deplorable gaps in the heretofore attractive company of Covent Garden. Elliston became the lessee of Drury Lane, which he opened most auspiciously with a corps of great comic power, holding Kean in reserve till its attraction began to droop. A fatality seemed to impend over the fortunes of Covent Garden. The prestige of the theatre received a withering shock from the injudicious selection of the opening play, 'Macbeth,' the cast of which (Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Bunn; Macduff, Yates; and the noble Thane, Charles Kemble) could awaken little hope of very rapturous applause. After Young's

withdrawal the plea of seniority would seem to entitle Charles Kemble to the part of Macbeth, to which he was, unhappily, utterly incompetent. From a cordial reception on his entrance the audience gradually relapsed into cold attention, thence to indifference and impatience, which in the third act found vent in derisive expression of weariness and disgust, ending in the fifth with an explosion of disapprobation such as has been rarely provoked by the performance of an actor of talent. In many of the chivalric characters, and in those which were technically known as appertaining to "genteel comedy," he justly held a high reputation; but the lofty tragedy was beyond his reach, and even Mrs. Siddons used to say of him, "Why will Charles wish to attempt the high tragedy parts? He ought to know that the public will never receive him in them."

My turn now came on; and certainly my first appearance this season (September 8th) was one of no good augury. I had barely time to master the words of Joseph Surface, and was able to do little more in its performance than utter them correctly. In after-years I made this one of my most perfect representations. Rolla in 'Pizarro' was a success,* followed two nights after (September 15th) by a character on the study of which I had bestowed great pains, and in which were scenes of tragic power that would task the best efforts of the most finished artist. The play was called an alteration of Holcroft's 'Deserted Daughter;' the principal alteration was in its title, which now became, 'The Steward, or Fashion and Feeling; a play in five acts, by S. Beazley, Esq.' The name of my part was Mordent.† The play was acted several nights, and followed by Shakespeare's 'King Henry V.' (October 4th), at that time represented almost as barely as the poet describes:

> "With four or five most vile and ragged foils
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous."

My performance of the character, which was much applauded, I

* *From the Times.*—"The part of Rolla was sustained by Macready in a manner that betrayed little inferiority to any of his predecessors. He would be still greater if he did not so frequently affect a lowness of tone in speaking."

† *From the Times.*—"Mordent is a part extremely well adapted for dramatic effect, and it found a very able representative in Macready. The scene at the close of the fourth act, where he discovers that Joanna, in addition to the consequences of his abandonment, is exposed to seduction and infamy, almost reminded us of those passages in the character of Sir Giles Overreach which Kean has rendered so famous. In this character the feeling and power of the actor are called forth, particularly in the fourth act, where the treachery of his steward, in whom he had confided, is disclosed to him, and where he learns that by his own artifices his own child had been led to the verge of destruction. These scenes produced a strong sensation, and the act-drop fell amidst shouts of applause."

had, however, greatly improved, and it added to my popularity.* Othello, Rob Roy, Biron in Southern's 'Fatal Marriage,' Hotspur, and Clytus in Lee's 'Alexander the Great,' came next in succession. A gentleman of the name of Amherst (I think from the Surrey Theatre) appeared as the Macedonian hero. The remarkable effect of this performance was in the contrast between the inaudible tones and the resounding action of the new aspirant, whose voice, scarcely ever rising above a whisper, could not be heard over the orchestra, whilst his action, a repeated clapping together of the hands, echoed through the house. At first the listeners were disposed to be out of humour; but soon in a gamesome spirit, eliciting fun out of the absurdity, they took it in jest, and through the night kept up a sort of running fire, a succession of minute guns from boxes, pit, and galleries, responding in loud signal claps to the only audible signals made to them or to us, the *dramatis personæ*, by the whispering Alexander, till the curtain fell amidst roars of laughter.

The condition of our lately flourishing and popular theatre had now become almost desperate. Indeed there seemed scarcely a chance of keeping it open. The original building debt, with its weight of interest, was still a heavy pressure on the concern, requiring extraordinary receipts to meet the frequent incoming bills, and buoy up the credit of the establishment; whilst neither in tragedy, comedy, nor opera did it appear possible for the managers, during the absence of so many attractive performers, to present an entertainment likely to engage the public attention. As if to aggravate still more the distressful load that was bearing down the property, a personal quarrel with Mr. Harris induced Charles Kemble temporarily to withdraw his name from the company's list. The horizon was dark indeed, not a glimmer of hope appearing to raise our drooping spirits. Ruin seemed inevitable, and was so near a culminating point, that, as Mr Harris some time afterwards told my friend Shiel, he "did not know in the morning when he rose whether he should not shoot himself before the night!" Individually one could do little; but considering that a crew should lend their best aid to lighten a sinking ship, I proposed to several of the leading actors that all the performers rated at above £10 per week should agree to relinquish their weekly salaries until Christmas, on condition of receiving the arrears after that date. By some the suggestion was well received, others demurred to it; but the managers took advantage of it, and, the emergencies of the

* *From the Morning Herald.*—"*Covent Garden Theatre.*—Shakespeare's 'King Henry V.' was performed at this theatre last night. The character of that warlike and virtuous prince was sustained by Mr. Macready. In the fourth act, when the trump of battle sounds in his ear, and

'The warlike Harry, like himself,
Assumes the port of Mars,'

his performance was truly splendid. His delivery of the invocation to the 'God of battles,' and of the noble speech which unfolds the anticipated glories of 'St. Crispin's Day,' is, we venture to say, unexcelled on the stage."

theatre making it compulsory on all, there was "no treasury" on several succeeding Saturdays.

And now came on what I must regard as the turning-point of my life. All is present to my mind as if occurring yesterday. Under the critical circumstances described above every one connected with Covent Garden had, of course, an interest in devising schemes for re-establishing the fashion it had lost; and many were the wild unavailing recommendations of novelties and revivals from different quarters; but the box-office was the pulse of the theatre, where the state of public feeling was most sensibly felt, and the general appetite indicated; and from hence the urgent demand was almost daily made that I should appear in King Richard III. Mr. Harris, not, at first attaching much importance to the experiment, proposed it to me. Why I should recoil from an attempt so flattering to my ambition may appear to some scarcely intelligible; but there was much to lose in the event of failure, and in a play worn threadbare before the public, what could I look to gain? Every character I had of late assumed had been for me a stepping-stone to popularity, and the prospect of a leading part with Miss O'Neill in Sheil's best play, 'The Huguenot,' which the author had expressed his intention of dedicating to me, promised to confirm my most sanguine expectations. For Richard my figure was ill adapted; and there was in threatening array against me the prejudice of partisans, and the prepossession of the town in favour of Kean's admirable performance, which would denounce as presumptuous my shortcomings, and thus retard my progress, if not sink me permanently in the estimation of those who had hitherto upheld me. I shrank from the perilous attempt with most determinate repugnance. Days passed, and the darkening fortunes of the theatre still deepening in gloom, Mr. Harris, importuned by Brandon, the box-office keeper, who now was backed by Reynolds, renewed his instances with more urgency, which came at last to positive command; the desperate situation of the theatre would "no longer admit of vacillation or coy timidity; I must do it." My request for a little more time to re-read and reconsider the part failing to reconcile me to the risk I must encounter, I still pressed for further law.

But the question was decided for me. On Tuesday morning, October 19th, on my way to Reynolds' house, where Mr. Harris resided when in London, to my consternation I read in the Covent Garden playbills the announcement for the following Monday of 'The historical tragedy of 'King Richard III.' The Duke of Gloster by Mr. Macready: his first appearance in that character." It was with a sickening sinking of the heart I turned back to my lodgings. There was now no escape! I was committed to the public, and must undergo the ordeal. No alternative was left me but to put on, in Hamlet's phrase, a "compelled valour," and devote my energies of mind and body to the task before me. All that history could give me I had already ferreted out; and for my

portrait of the character, the self-reliant, wily, quick-sighted, decisive, inflexible Plantagenet, I went direct to the true source of inspiration, the great original, endeavouring to carry its spirit through the sententious and stagy lines of Cibber; not searching for particular 'points' to make, but rendering the hypocrisy of the man deceptive and persuasive in its earnestness, and presenting him in the execution of his will as acting with lightning-like rapidity. I pass by the alternations of hope and fear in which my intermediate days of preparation were passed, and in which there was little to encourage me. Nothing better than the old dresses of the wardrobe were allowed me, and even for the alteration of these I had to pay. The night of trial came (October 25th, 1819), to which I might truly apply Shakespeare's words:

> "This is the night
> That either makes me, or fordoes me quite."

A crowded house testified to the public interest in the result. The pit was literally jammed. The audience were evidently in a very excited state. The scene had scarcely changed to that of the White Tower, in which Gloster makes his entrance, when the applause broke out in anticipation of my appearance. This, which was intended to cheer me, rather tended to increase my nervousness. It was, however, to me like a life-and-death grapple, and I threw my whole soul into all I did. My auditors followed the early scenes with the deepest interest, frequently seizing opportunities to applaud. A friendly whisper, "It's all going well!" from Terry, who acted Buckingham, was better than music in my ear. At the repulse of Buckingham, "I'm busy; thou troublest me! I'm not i' the vein," the plaudits were sudden and hearty, and loud and long; but it was in the succeeding scene that the fortune of the night was decided. At the close of the compunctious soliloquy that Cibber has introduced Tyrrel enters: with all the eagerness of fevered impatience I rushed to him, inquiring of him in short, broken sentences the children's fate; with rapid decision on the mode of disposing of them, hastily gave him his orders, and hurrying him away, exclaimed with triumphant exultation, "Why then my loudest fears are hushed!" The pit rose to a man, and continued waving hats and handkerchiefs in a perfect tempest of applause for some minutes. The battle was won! The excitement of the audience was maintained at fever-heat through the remainder of the tragedy. The tent-scene closed with acclamations, that drowned the concluding couplet, and at the death the pit rose again with one accord, waving their hats with long-continued cheers; nor with the fall of the curtain did the display of enthusiasm relax. Connor, who played Tyrrel, the actor appointed, was not allowed to give out the play, and the practice was this evening first introduced at Covent Garden of 'calling on' the principal actor. In obedience to the impatient and persevering summons of the house, I was desired by Fawcett to go before the

curtain; and accordingly I announced the tragedy for repetition, amidst the gratulating shouts that carried the assurance of complete success to my agitated and grateful heart.

I make extracts from several of the papers, but the criticism of the *Morning Chronicle* is given entire, as more accurately describing the predicament in which failure would have placed me. The writer, as I subsequently learned, was James Haines, author of 'Mary Stuart,' 'Conscience,' 'Durazzo,' &c.

All concerned and interested in the management were assembled in Fawcett's room, and profuse in their praises. Congratulations poured in upon me, and the next day's newspapers recorded in no niggard spirit the triumph of the night.

From the Morning Chronicle.—"Last night was a most important one in the dramatic life of Mr. Macready. He undertook for the first time the character of Richard the Third, in Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy. The effort was hazardous in the highest degree: a failure must have stamped it as presumptuous, and in the present temper of the public mind, warm and enthusiastic as it is in admiration of Mr. Kean's admirable performance, there was no middle point between disgrace and glory. Mr. Macready's professional reputation was, in fact, at stake; he has saved and established it upon higher grounds than ever. His Richard was perfectly original; yet there was no apparent struggle after originality, no laborious effort to mark a difference in passages of small importance—the expedient of little minds to escape from their proper sphere of imitation. It was the natural unforced and unaffected effort of an intellect relying on its own powers, and making its own way undisturbed either by the wish or the apprehension of borrowing from any one. The performance had of course its unevenness. In some of the commencing scenes it was rather tame, but its distinguishing feature was that of rising in impression as the play advanced, a task which not only required the strongest mental qualifications, but such physical ones as perhaps no other actor on the stage possesses. This circumstance of itself contributed in no small degree to assist that air of novelty which certainly pervaded the whole. We found those parts which some of our most popular Richards have been obliged to slur over, from mere exhaustion, brought into prominent display. His voice, instead of suffering, seemed to acquire strength as he proceeded, and, strange to say, in a part of such exertion, was not only as audible, but as much at his command in all its tones and modulations, in the very last scene as in that which commenced his arduous task. It would be impossible, according to our present limits, to notice the various merits which an enlightened audience caught at and applauded; but justice requires that we should name a few. His courtship of Lady Anne, though by no means the most successful of his scenes, is, nevertheless, deserving of particular mention for one reason. That reason is, that it was conducted in a spirit of assumed sincerity, and with a total disregard of those sarcastic touches which tell so well in the acting, while they detract from the consistency of Richard's dissimulation. The first burst of applause, which gave an indication of complete success, was that excited by the scene in the Tower, while the assassins are murdering the children. His hurried directions for the disposal of the bodies was tragical in an eminent degree. The tent-scene was another fine display. His impetuosity and resolution, his momentary compunction and rapid recovery, were all marked in the different scenes with extraordinary

fidelity and vigour. His death was also managed with the best effect; and we may say of the whole, that though we were prepared to expect much from his talents, we did not expect so much as their display impressed us with on the occasion of which we are speaking. After the conclusion of the play he was called for to announce the repetition of it himself, which he did according to the summons of the audience; and there can be but little doubt that his exertions in the part will prove attractive for a considerable time. We have studiously avoided all comparisons with another great performer of the day. It is not necessary to the reputation of either that the other should be depreciated; or if it is, we decline the ungrateful office, in respect to the public and to ourselves."

From the Times.—"Macready appeared last night in the character of Richard III. for the first time. It was such a performance as could only result from great histrionic talent, combined with physical and mental energy, and was received by the audience with a degree of applause which fully sanctions his entering a higher sphere than any he has hitherto moved in. . . . . The audience were frequent in their testimonies of applause, and at the fall of the curtain accompanied it by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs in long-continued motion. He was even called for, according to the practice adopted at, and hitherto we had hoped confined to, the other theatre, to announce the play for repetition, which, after silence had been obtained, evidently in a state of exhaustion, he complied with, and made his *exit* under a renewal of the applause just mentioned."

From the Courier.—"Mr. Macready last night performed the arduous character of Richard III., and astonished his most enthusiastic admirers with a display of talent which they scarcely deemed him to possess. The fate of this actor has been somewhat singular. Unaided by any concerted system of applause within the theatre, or by any equally concerted system of panegyric without, despising quackery of any sort, he has from the first moment of his appearance on the London boards been gradually, but incessantly gaining upon public opinion. Every time he has appeared he has acquired fresh fame. He did not burst forth at first with the dazzling brilliancy of a meteor, which runs a blazing but a fleeting course. He slowly ascended from the horizon, till now he has attained his zenith, where he shines with a vivid lustre, which, however, must even yet continue to increase, and which will have in it no other tendency to decay than that which the mere progress of time brings upon all human excellence. His performance last night was a splendid effort; and we never witnessed from an audience such vehement and impassioned applause. He has evidently studied the character with a profound discrimination of the author's meaning, and everywhere his conception and execution went hand in hand. His fine, mellow, sonorous voice thrilled upon the ear in tones which reminded us, as to their effect, of the matchless sway of Siddons. Upon the whole he has made a stride in professional fame that has placed him upon its pinnacle. When he died the pit rose with a simultaneous impulse, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs testified the unbounded enthusiasm of the audience. They would fain have had the curtain drop; but the remainder of the dialogue was impatiently suffered to go on to its close. Mr. Connor then came forward to give out the performance for this evening; but the general cry of 'Macready, Macready!' compelled him to appear once more, and receive the thundering plaudits of the house. Mr. Macready, as soon as silence could be restored, announced the play of 'Richard III.' for Thursday next, and withdrew amid the loudest plaudits we almost ever heard within the walls of a theatre."

Literary Gazette.—"*Macready's Richard III.*—Our habitual readers, aware of the very high estimation in which we have always held Mr. Macready's powers, will anticipate that we were prepared for a triumph on this occasion; and we rejoice to say that by this great effort that gentleman has made all the playgoing world think as much of him as we do. We have, however, resolved to postpone a detailed examination of his Richard, because, striking and intense as was the effect he produced on Monday, his excessive trepidation and want of self-possession was so apparent, as to convince us that his every future assumption of the character would be infinitely more masterly. But we are far from intending to convey an idea that his performance was not admirable; it was so to the full meaning of that very lofty word; but it was not finished into what we think we shall soon see it, a concentration of all the best Richards of modern times, with a fine original colouring peculiar to the artist himself. In the early scenes Mr. Macready subdued his energies considerably; but afterwards they continued mounting to the end, when he was hailed with as general and enthusiastic applause as ever rewarded an actor's exertions. Though we have assigned our reason for not going into details, we must close with a sort of anecdotic specification—a dialogue which we overheard, at a place of eminent critical resort.

"'Have you seen Macready's——?'

"'Never was more delighted in my life.'

"'What! haven't you seen Kemble?' 'Yes!' 'And Cook?' 'Yes!' 'And Kean?' 'Yes!' 'And never was more delighted?' 'Never; often not so much.' 'Kemble was glorious, and almost defies competition.' 'Granted; but here is competition that will not be defied; and without plucking one fibre of a leaf from our fine tragedian's classic crown, I will not adduce him to depress so noble a young man as this appears to be, with every requisite to inspire hope of future improvement, without a defect that time (a short time) will not cure, and with present excellence such as has rarely been seen on such an occasion.'"

Second Notice of the Times.—"Mr. Macready repeated the character on Thursday, and by this second performance has fully established his claims to a place in the highest rank of the drama. It had all the advantage over the first that might have been expected from a man of spirit and judgment who had the talent of discerning, by that sympathy which always exists between an actor and his audience, where he failed in making a due impression, and of redeeming the faults revealed to him from so unequivocal a source. The character was rendered more consistent as a whole, and more striking in the prominent passages. Its effect was fully proved by the warm and even enthusiastic reception given to it by the audience. The house was one of the fullest of the season."

Examiner. (By Leigh Hunt.)—"A new and unexpected circumstance has taken place here, which promises to rescue the character of the house from the pantomimic degradation into which it was fast falling. Mr. Macready has performed Richard twice in the course of the week, with the greatest applause. We must confess we went to see him with no sort of expectations at all commensurate with the greatness of the part. We thought him a man of feeling, but little able to give a natural expression to it, and so taking the usual refuge in declamation. He appeared to us one of the best readers of a part we had seen, according to the received notions of good reading; but with the exception of a character now and then bordering on the melodramatic, like Rob Roy—that was all.

"We are bound to say that we found our anticipations completely erroneous. A proper sense of the greatness of the part, and of the honourable rank as an

actor which he now had to sustain, seems to have roused up all his intelligence to give fit companionship to his sensibility. We expected to find vagueness and generality, and we found truth of detail. We expected to find declamation, and we found thoughts giving a soul to words. We expected to find little more than showy gestures and a melodious utterance, and we found expression and the substantial Richard.

"A critic on these particular occasions is forced upon comparison. However, they sometimes enable him to give his readers a more exact idea of a performance. Compared then with Mr. Kean, we should say that a division of merits, usual enough with the performance of such comprehensive characters as Shakespeare's, has taken place in the Richards of these two actors. Mr. Kean's Richard is the more sombre and perhaps deeper part of him; Mr. Macready's the livelier and more animal part—a very considerable one nevertheless. Mr. Kean's is the more gloomy and reflective villain, rendered so by the united effect of his deformity and subtle-mindedness; Mr. Macready's is the more ardent and bold-faced one, borne up by a temperament naturally high and sanguine, though pulled down by mortification. The one has more of the seriousness of conscious evil in it, the other of the gaiety of meditated success. Mr. Kean's has gone deeper even than the relief of his conscience—he has found melancholy at the bottom of the necessity for that relief; Mr. Macready's is more sustained in his troubled waters by constitutional vigour and buoyancy. In short, Mr. Kean's Richard is more like King Richard, darkened by the shadow of his very approaching success, and announcing the depth of his desperation when it shall be disputed; Mr. Macready's Richard is more like the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the gay tyrant Edward IV., and partaking as much of his character as the contradiction of the family handsomeness in his person would allow.

"If these two features in the character of Richard could be united by any actor, the performance would be a perfect one; but when did the world ever see a perfect performance of a character of Shakespeare's? When did it ever see the same Macbeth's good and ill nature worn truly together—the same King John looking mean with his airs of royalty—the same Hamlet, the model of a court and the victim of melancholy? Mr. Kean's Othello is perhaps the most perfect performance on the modern stage; but it is not a perfect Othello nevertheless. The union of such a variety of tones of feeling as prevails in the great humanities of Shakespeare seems as impossible to be found in an actor as the finest musical instrument is insufficient to supply all the effect of a great writer for a band.

"At the same time when we thus compare Mr. Macready with Mr. Kean, it is to be recollected that Mr. Kean first gave the living stage that example of a natural style of acting, on which Mr. Macready has founded his new rank in the theatrical world. Nor must we omit that the latter falls into some defects which the former is never betrayed into, and those too of a description inconsistent with the general style of his performance. We allude to some over-soft and pathetic tones towards the conclusion of the part, where Richard is undergoing remorse of conscience. Richard might lament, and even be pathetic; but he would certainly never whine, or deal in anything approaching to the lackadaisical. We think both performers occasionally too violent; but this may be partly a stage necessity. Mr. Macready (and he is evidently quite capable of doing it) should reflect that all depth of feeling in reflecting minds requires a proportionate depth and quietness of expression. It may be as imaginative as he pleases; but it has no taste or leisure for dallying with the gentilities of grief.

"Upon the whole, Mr. Macready's Richard is a very great addition indeed to his reputation, and no small one to the stock of theatrical pleasure. The Covent Garden stage was thirsty for a little more genius to refresh it, and he has collected all his clouds, and burst down upon it in a sparkling shower. We certainly never saw the gayer part of Richard to such advantage. His very step, in the more sanguine scenes, had a princely gaiety of self-possession, and seemed to walk off to the music of his approaching triumph."

As one gratifying consequence, the treasury was reopened on the following Saturday, and the performers paid me the compliment of admitting they were "indebted to me for their salaries." The houses were filled on the nights of the play's repetition; and on the third Monday of its performance (November 8th) at Covent Garden, Kean assumed the part at Drury Lane, with the announcement of "New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations," and Elliston as Richmond. For several evenings Richard III. occupied both the playbills, furnishing subject-matter for comparative criticisms in the papers, and not only for town-talk, but for street-ballads and caricatures in glaring colours in the print-shop windows, representing the 'Rival Richards.'

The mark at which I had aimed so long was now attained. I was the undisputed head of the theatre, and upon myself must depend how much farther my career might lead to celebrity and fortune. My profession had not been adopted from choice; but it would have been ungrateful to complain of the destiny which placed so much within my reach. On the "utmost round" of "young ambition's ladder," far from "spurning the degrees by which I did ascend," I was the more sensible of perseverance, and resolved, now under happier auspices, to continue with unabating energy my efforts towards greater finish in my art, and with jealous diligence secure the place I had won.

Rowe's play of 'Tamerlane,' without time to perfect the different performers in its words, was acted one night. It is a heavy declamatory production of the cast-iron school, indebted, when first brought out, for its short-lived popularity to the political temper of the day, which assigned to William III. the character of the magnanimous Tartar, and the sanguinary Bajazet to Louis XIV. In theatrical records it is indeed memorable for one of those marvellous displays of tragic power that seem in their narration to task credibility; but my father was in the pit of Drury Lane with Holman on the occasion to which I allude, and his account has been confirmed to me by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Charles Kemble, who performed in the play, and others. John Kemble acted Bajazet, and Mrs. Siddons was the Aspasia. In the last act, when, by order of the tyrant, her lover Monesis is strangled before her face, she worked herself up to such a pitch of agony, and gave such terrible reality to the few convulsive words she tried to utter, as she sank a lifeless heap before her murderer, that the audience for a few moments remained in a hush of astonishment, as if awe-struck; they then clamoured for the curtain to be

dropped, and insisting on the manager's appearance, received from him, in answer to their vehement inquiries, the assurance that Mrs. Siddons was alive, and recovering from the temporary indisposition that her exertions had caused. They were satisfied as regarded her, but would not suffer the performance to be resumed. As an instance of the impression this great actress made on individuals who might be supposed insensible, from familiarity, to the power of acting, Holman turned to my father, when Mrs. Siddons had fallen, and looking aghast in his face, said: "Macready, do I look as pale as you?" a strange question, but one not unintelligible, under the extraordinary excitement of the moment.

The success of Richard would in ordinary course necessitate the trial of other leading characters. Coriolanus was the next selected by the managers. In this I stood at disadvantage, with the recollection of Kemble still fresh in the memory of the playgoing public; but with a full consciousness of the difficulty of my task, I went to work. To add dignity and grace to my deportment I studied under D'Egville the various attitudes from the antique, and practised the more stately walk which was enforced by the peculiarity of their dress on the *gens togata*. I allowed myself no leisure, intent on mastering the patrician's outward bearing, and under that giving full vent to the unbridled passion of the man. My reception (Nov. 29th, 1819) was that of an acknowledged favourite, and the applause throughout the play and at its close exceeded my most ambitious hopes.*

Among the flattering testimonies offered me on this second venture none were held by me in equal esteem with the graceful sonnet published in the *Literary Gazette* by Barry Cornwall.

"MR. MACREADY IN 'CORIOLANUS.'

"'This is the noblest Roman of them all;'
And he shall wear his victor's crown, and stand
Distinct amidst the genius of the land,
And lift his head aloft while others fall.
He hath not bowed him to the vulgar call,
Nor bid his countenance shine obsequious, bland,
But let his dark eye keep its high command,
And gather'd 'from the few' his coronal.
Yet unassuming hath he won his way!
And therefore fit to breathe the lines of him
Who gaily, once, besides the Avon river,
Shaped the great verse that lives, and shall live for ever.
But he now revels in eternal day,
Peerless amongst the earth-born cherubim."

* *From the Morning Herald.*—"Mr. Macready by his performance of Coriolanus last night has again won the first honours of the stage. The previous development of this great performer's genius in Richard stripped his last night's enterprise of all its peril and much of its aspiring. . . . We have merely room to state that in the scenes where he consents, at the entreaty of

Fortune was now smiling on me. An offer of £50 per night, made to me by the Brighton manager, was too tempting to be resisted, and for three weeks I was able, by travelling all night, to act there once in each week for the proposed sum. Nor was it less a satisfaction to me to post down to Bristol, and by the performance of Richard and Coriolanus to crowded houses to render serviceable aid to my father's managerial undertaking. Being obliged to hire a carriage in order to post home for the next night's play at Covent Garden, I took with me a youth, a cadet at Woolwich, the brother of a young lady between whom and myself all but mutual declarations of attachment had taken place. She was in person very lovely; but my judgment was at war with the partiality into which the fancied preference of myself had flattered me. It was of course a pleasure to me, as an attention to her, residing at Bath, to give her brother the opportunity of spending two days of his Christmas holidays with his family: and leaving Bristol after acting Coriolanus, I received in returning home my young fellow-traveller about midnight at Bath, as we changed horses there. His news took me by surprise, and caused me some agitation, which in the friendly darkness escaped observation. It was that his beautiful sister (*variam et mutabile!*) was engaged to be married to a gentleman whom she had met at Dawlish. Flushed as I was with professional successes, my wounded self-love soon found refuge in activity of thought, her fickleness saving me trouble in reconciling myself to the change. In the course of two months she broke off with her new lover, and was earnest in her entreaties to a mutual friend to invite me down to meet her at his place in Oxfordshire, where she was to make a visit. But in complying with her wish, he knew, and told her, his conviction of my resolution:

> "I do confess, thou'rt smooth and fair,
> And I might have gone far, far to love thee,
> Had I not found the slightest prayer
> That lip could move had power to move thee;
> But I can let thee now alone,
> As worthy to be loved by none."

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his mother, to go back and conciliate the incensed people, and where he gives vent to his scorn and defiance of the tribunes, he gave proofs of variety, flexibility, and power rarely equalled and absolutely unexcelled. . . . The quarrel with Aufidius, particularly that passage in which Kemble was so fine —the retort of 'Boy'—produced acclamation. . . . There is one grand point in which no other living actor but Mr. Macready can approach Kemble,—we mean the magic power of imposing an illusive image of physical grandeur upon the very sense of the beholder, merely by some slight change of attitude or action. From the death of Coriolanus to the fall of the curtain the house resounded with applause, and in the pit the waving of hats was universal. Mr. Egerton came on to announce the next performance, but was obliged to give way for a general cry of Macready. He did accordingly make his appearance, was received with the liveliest expressions of kindness by the audience, and announced the repetition of 'Coriolanus' on Wednesday."

My good friend did not, however, think so, for in the course of a few months he married her himself, and verified the tag of children's stories by being "very happy ever after."

The heaviest mischance that could depress the fortunes of Covent Garden Theatre now fell with almost crushing effect. All—but none with the same motives of regret that weighed on me—were in a state of temporary despair in hearing that Miss O'Neill had quitted the stage! Her husband, Mr. Becher,* met the claims of Mr. Harris in the most liberal and gentlemanly spirit; but no amount of money that could be reasonably asked would compensate for the loss of her great talent. Still, "il faut cultiver notre jardin;" the best face was put on this disaster, for such it was, and the work of the season went on. The grass was not allowed to grow under our feet. Jaques, in Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' was a study for me, one of those real varieties of mind with which it is a pleasure in representation to identify oneself. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in a bald translation of Schiller's 'Marie Stuart'—a compound of Bois de Guilbert and Front de Bœuf in a drama by Beazley from Sir W. Scott's 'Ivanhoe'—and a very effective sketch of Henri Quatre in a clever operatic drama by Morton under that title, carried me onward through a great part of the season.

It was in the Easter Week that old Mr. Harris, the patentee and chief proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, came up to town from his seat, Belmont, near Uxbridge. I received a very courteous message from him expressive of his wish to see me; and going to his hotel, I was introduced to him, a very old gentleman, with all the ceremonious and graceful manners ascribed to the Chesterfield of his early day. His wish to see me was to thank me personally for the service I had rendered the theatre in its distress. It was a gratifying and uncalled-for manifestation of feeling on his part, and justly appreciated on my own.

The performance of Tate's miserable debilitation and disfigurement of Shakespeare's sublime tragedy of 'King Lear' (adopted by Garrick, Kemble, &c.) had been for several years interdicted at the theatres, as suggesting in its principal character a resemblance to the actual condition of the reigning sovereign, George III. His death this year (January 29th, 1820) caused the restriction to be removed, and the play was to be revived for Kean, with a very expensive outlay, at Drury Lane. Henry Harris, wishing to forestall its production there, directed me to prepare myself in the principal character. This *ruse* of antagonism was certainly not in a generous spirit of competition. The object was to hurry out the play, no matter how prepared, in order to anticipate the rival theatre. But however indulgently the audience might be disposed to receive me, it would not have been consistent with the principles I held in respect to my art to venture before them the grandest

* Mr. Becher became Sir William Becher on his creation as a baronet in 1831.—Ed.

and most affecting of the Great Master's creations without time to search out the clearest conception of his intentions, and perfect myself in the most elaborately studied execution of them. In refusing to commit myself to so rash an experiment, it was only due to Mr. Harris's interests to state my willingness to act any other character in the play, and on his naming Edmund, I without pause undertook the part (April 13th), and lost no credit by it. With the sole purpose of taking the edge of novelty off the revival of the play, he engaged Booth for a few nights to act Lear. It could not be a success. It was acted three nights. On the 24th of the same month, April, it was brought out at Drury Lane with "dresses, scenery, and machinery," all new. A great display was attempted by what the playbills called a "Land-storm," intended to represent the overflowing of a river, bearing down rocks and trees in its course; but as a scenic effect it was a noisy failure, and as an illustration of Shakespeare's text, which tells us, "for many miles about there's scarce a bush," a ludicrous blunder.

Kean's personation of King Lear (it must be borne in mind that it was Tate's version, or parody, as without a very great strain on the word it may not unaptly be termed)* could not be entirely void of those flashes of genius that were rarely wanting even in his least successful assumptions; but in my judgment it was not to be ranked with his masterly portraitures of Othello, Overreach, Mortimer, or Richard, and such appeared to be the opinion of the public. Most actors, Garrick, Kemble, and Kean among others, seemed to have based their conception of the character on the infirmity usually associated with "four-score and upwards," and have represented the feebleness instead of the vigour of old age. But Lear's was in truth a "lusty winter:" his language never betrays imbecility of mind or body. He confers his kingdom indeed on "younger strengths:" but there is still sufficient invigorating him to allow him to ride, to hunt, to run wildly through the fury of the storm, to slay the ruffian who murdered his Cordelia, and to bear about her dead body in his arms. There is, moreover, a heartiness, and even jollity in his blither moments, no way akin to the helplessness of senility. Indeed the towering range of thought with which his mind dilates, identifying the heavens themselves with his griefs, and the power of conceiving such vast imaginings, would seem incompatible with a tottering, trembling frame, and betoken rather one of "mighty bone and bold emprise," in the outward bearing of the grand old man. In Kean's performance there

* It would scarcely be believed that such a passage as the following would be given in what professes to be an improvement on Shakespeare. It is Gloster addressing Edmund in reference to his son Edgar:

> "Find him,
> Edmund, that I may wind me to his heart,
> And twist his bleeding bowels round my arm!"

were many striking effects, but as a whole the impression it left was weak in comparison with his triumphant success in other characters.

In the course of the month of April an application was made to me by my old Glasgow friend, John Tait, on the subject of a tragedy that had been produced at Glasgow with much applause. The author he described as a man of original genius, and one in whose fortunes he and many of his fellow-citizens took a deep interest. It so happened that I had undergone the reading of two or three tragedies when late at Glasgow, and it was with consequent distrust that, to oblige a very good friend, I undertook to read this. Tait was to send the MS. without delay, and I looked forward to my task with no very good-will. It was about three o'clock one day that I was preparing to go out, when a parcel arrived containing a letter from Tait and the MS. of 'Virginius.' After some hesitation I thought it best to get the business over, to do at once what I had engaged to do, and I sat down determingly to my work. The freshness and simplicity of the dialogue fixed my attention; I read on and on, and was soon absorbed in the interest of the story and the passion of its scenes, till at its close I found myself in such a state of excitement that for a time I was undecided what step to take. Impulse was in the ascendant, and snatching up my pen I hurriedly wrote, as my agitated feelings prompted, a letter to the author, to me then a perfect stranger. I was closing my letter as the postman's bell was sounded up the street, when the thought occurred to me, "What have I written? It may seem wild and extravagant; I had better re-consider it." I tore the letter, and, sallying out, hastened directly to my friend Procter's lodgings, wishing to consult him, and test by his the correctness of my own judgment. He was from home, and I left a card, requesting him to breakfast with me next day, having something very remarkable to show him. After dinner at a coffee-house I returned home, and in more collected mood again read over the impassioned scenes, in which Knowles has given heart and life to the characters of the old Roman story. My first impressions were confirmed by a careful re-perusal, and in sober certainty of its justness I wrote my opinion of the work to Knowles, pointing out some little oversights, and assuring him of my best exertions to procure its acceptance from the managers, and to obtain the highest payment for it. I have not preserved a copy of my letter, but its general purport may be guessed from the reply to it, which is here *verbatim*:

Glasgow, 20*th April*, 1820.

My dear Sir,—For bare sir is out of the question—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the most kind—I must not say flattering—tho' most flattering—letter that you have written to me. Really I cannot reply to it in any manner that will satisfy myself, so I shall only once for all repeat—I thank you; and feel as if I should never forget the opening of a correspondence with Mr. Macready. You must have a very warm heart. Do not think, I

entreat you, that because I express myself imperfectly—very imperfectly—there is any deficiency where there ought not to be.

I have but a few minutes—I should say moments—to write. All your suggestions I have attended to; I believe so, and if I have not, I fully proposed to attend to them, except so far as the word "squeak" is concerned: that word I know not how to lose, for want of a fit substitute—*the smallest possible sound.* Find out a term, and make the alteration yourself; or if you cannot, and still wish an alteration, do what you like, I don't care about it, I merely submit the matter to you. Oh, I have forgotten the word "cheer;" what shall I do also in the way of finding a substitute for that word?

I cannot stop to write another line.

I am very much your debtor, and truly

Your grateful humble Servant,

J. S. KNOWLES.

Make any alterations you like in any part of the play and I shall be obliged to you.

A letter more truly characteristic of a man was never written. Procter was with me betimes the morning after my call. How pleasant is the recollection of that morning's conference! How delightful to recall particular instances of a life of benevolence, the history of which would be one long catalogue of kindly deeds! We read the play together, and no word of exception was heard to jar against the praise he spontaneously and liberally bestowed on the work—but he had ever a ready and unenvying admiration of contemporary genius. He undertook to write the epilogue, and to enlist Hamilton Reynolds in its cause as the contributor of the prologue.

In accepting the tragedy Mr. Harris consented to my stipulation that its payment (£400 for twenty nights) should be continued into the next season, which making the difference of £100, I had great satisfaction in communicating to Knowles. The characters were allotted and the calls issued. Fawcett having much on his hands asked me to read the play to the company, and to take on myself the "getting it up," *i.e.* the arrangement of the action and grouping of the scenes. Not one sixpence was allowed for its *mise-en-scène*, and to be correct in my costume I was obliged to purchase my own dresses. But my heart was in the work, so much so that it would seem my zeal ran the risk of outstripping discretion, for it was made a complaint by Egerton, the Numitorius, that "the youngest man in the theatre should take on him to order and direct his elders." On Fawcett's report of this to me, I directly made the *amende* to Egerton, apologizing for any want of deference I might have shown to my brother actors.

The play was, in French phrase, well mounted, with Charles Kemble, Icilius; Terry, Dentatus; Abbot, Appius Claudius; and the lovely Miss Foote (afterwards Countess of Harrington), Virginia: who thankfully accepting my tuition, produced the most pleasing effect by aiming at none. My every thought was engrossed by Virginius. I had perfected myself roughly in the words of the part

before presenting the play, and with the first of morning and the last of night the images it offered were present to me, whilst every vacant hour was employed in practice, to give smoothness to those pathetic touches and those whirlwinds of passion in the part, which in the full sway of their fury required the actor's self-command to ensure the correctness of every tone, gesture, and look. The rehearsals, as may be supposed, had been most carefully superintended, and all appeared in the best train, when on the night before the play's performance an order from Carlton House, desiring the MS. (which had passed the Lord Chamberlain's office) to be sent there immediately, filled us all with alarm. Of course it was immediately sent, and as reported, subjected to the royal scrutiny. The next morning we were assembled on the stage waiting for it, when it was returned, with only pencil marks drawn over some lines in the part of Appius Claudius, expatiating on tyranny. On May 17th (1820) 'Virginius' was first acted, and its early scenes were not unattended with danger, Charles Kemble being so hoarse that not one word, spoken in the lowest whisper, could be heard; but the action of the scene told its story with sufficient distinctness to keep alive its interest. This grew as the play advanced, and in the third act, in Icilius's great scene, Kemble's voice came out in all its natural strength, and brought down thunders of applause. With the progress of the play the rapt attention of the audience gradually kindled into enthusiasm. Long-continued cheers followed the close of each succeeding act; half-stifled screams and involuntary ejaculations burst forth when the fatal blow was struck to the daughter's heart; and the curtain fell amidst the most deafening applause of a highly-excited auditory. The play was an unquestionable triumph, which Knowles had sat in the pit to witness and enjoy.*

* *From the Times.*—"Macready deserves peculiar praise for his Virginius. His acting is always excellent; but he has in this character touched the passions with a more masterly hand, and evinced deeper pathos than we recollect on any former occasion. The tone with which in the judgment scene he uttered the words—'My poor child here, who clings to me for protection'—was truly pathetic. Some embarrassment arose from the entangling of the knife in the folds of his robe, which injured the general effect; but the blow when given was terrific. As a catastrophe nothing could be finer, and the play should end, if possible, as that of Alfieri does, with the line from Livy, addressed to Appius, 'With this blood I devote thy head to the infernal Gods.'"

From the Morning Herald.—"Virginius is drawn a dramatic person of high order. His historical character and the Roman manners of the time are preserved with great force and fidelity of touch. One may apply to him the expression of a living orator, 'original and unaccommodating, the features of his character bear the hardihood of antiquity.' The delineation of this arduous character by Mr. Macready will take its place among the first performances on the stage. It is one of the finest specimens of the art which his great and still growing genius has yet produced. Austere, tender, familiar, elevated, mingling at once terror and pathos, he ran over the scale of dramatic expression

In my eager desire to obtain for Knowles all possible benefit derivable from his beautiful work, I called on Murray, the most liberal of publishers, with the expectation that he would give, according to his wont, a liberal price for it. He received it in the most friendly spirit, and my disappointment was in proportion to my raised expectations when, a day or two after, I found the MS. upon my table with his note declining to publish it. His reader and adviser on this occasion, as I was informed, was the Rev. H. Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, one whose name is justly to be classed with those of the great and good, but who, I think, in this instance, "impar sibi," did not exert that liberality and clearness of judgment which would ordinarily and justly be ascribed to him; for the star of Alfieri's genius looks pale on this subject before the lustre of that of Knowles, and so long as there is a stage, and actors capable of representing the best feelings of our nature, so long will the pathos, the poetry, and passion of 'Virginius,' command the tears and applause of its audience.

Its publisher was Ridgway of Piccadilly, an old friend of the author, and it has passed through many editions.

An acquaintance formed under the circumstances, that introduced me to Knowles, would naturally soon ripen into intimacy. It might almost have been said of him, that he "wore his heart upon his sleeve," so unreserved and expansive was he in the expression of his feelings. His rough exterior would better convey the idea of the captain of a Berwick smack than that of the poet who could conceive the virgin purity, the tenderness and grace of his "sweet Virginia." To a sensibility almost womanly, and an exuberant flow of boyish spirits, he united the most manly sentiments, ready courage, and conscientious rectitude of purpose. The creature of impulse and sensitiveness, his strong good sense, when brought to bear on his errors of precipitation, would instantly correct them; but his generous and too-confiding nature would occasionally betray him into embarrassments that tried his patience without adding to his stock of experience. With all his genius his want of method in his affairs made the greater part of his life a struggle with pecuniary difficulties; but even under the pinchings of poverty he would seek indemnity from the hard dealings of fortune in the little swarm of children that clustered round him, and would suggest comfort to their mother in the very cause of her anxiety, exclaiming, "Look at them, Maria, are we not rich in these?" His heart was in his home, and with the greetings of friends and the plaudits of the theatre ringing in his ears, he was longing impatiently to return there. In a letter from his wife on the news

with the highest degree of what may be called power. We have not space left to notice the passages in which both the actor and the dramatist were most applauded; but we must not pass unnoticed the scene of sensibility so strong, so natural, in which he yields his child with tears even to the lover of his choice, his first meeting with Virginia on his return, and his appearance before the tribunal."

of his play's success reaching Glasgow, recounting the many visits of congratulation she had received, she observed—"Ah, James, we shall not want friends now!" Few men have had more or truer friends, but a sort of perverse destiny rendered their efforts for many years unavailing, in assisting him in the establishment of an undisturbed regularity of income.

A little incident may serve to show the singularity of his character in his inattention to ceremonious observances. On the Sunday evening after the production of 'Virginius,' I was dining with Sir Robert Kemeys in Park Lane, where, I fancy, I was the only untitled guest at table. In the course of the dinner one of the servants half whispered to me, "Sir, a person wants to see you." Utterly ignorant of any business that any one could have with me I was a good deal embarrassed, but Sir Robert very good-naturedly relieved me by saying, "You had better see the person, Mr. Macready;" and accordingly I went into the hall, where to my astonishment, in the dusk of the evening, I distinguished Knowles. "How are you?" was his greeting. "Good heavens, Knowles! what is the matter? You should not have come here to me!" was my hasty remark. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he replied: "I am going out of town in the morning, and I wished to give you this myself. Good-bye!" thrusting a parcel into my hand and hurrying away. Putting it in my pocket without looking at it, I returned in some confusion to the dinner-table. When I reached home I found the packet to contain the printed copy of 'Virginius,' dedicated to myself, and a note sent afterwards to my lodgings, expressive of his regret for his intrusion on me, and, evidently under wounded feelings, informing me that it was the first copy struck off, and bidding me farewell. I wrote immediately to him, explaining the awkwardness of my position and my ignorance of his object in coming to me and wishing to see him. The note reached him in the morning: he came at once, and all was made perfectly smooth between us.* At a supper he gave to a few intimate friends at a coffee-house in Covent Garden (the bill of fare of which was salmon and a boiled leg of mutton) I first met Hazlitt, to whose early advice and tutorship he considered himself greatly indebted. Hazlitt was a man whose conversation could not fail

* The following is the dedication that appeared in all the earlier editions, but has been omitted in the later ones:—

"To William Macready, Esq.

"My dear Sir,—What can I do less than dedicate this Tragedy to you? This is a question which you cannot answer; but I can. I cannot do less; and if I could do more, I ought and would.

"I was a perfect stranger to you: you read my play, and at once committed yourself respecting its merits. This, perhaps, is not saying much for your head, but it says a great deal for your heart; and that is the consideration which above all others makes me feel happy and proud in subscribing myself "Your grateful Friend and Servant,

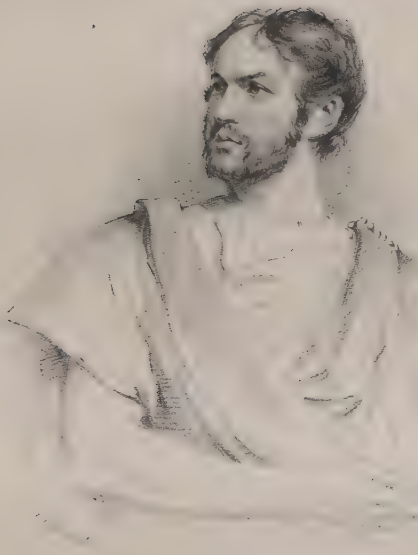
"James Sheridan Knowles."

to arrest attention. He found in me a ready listener, and in the interest of our discussion became irritated by the boisterous boyish sallies of Knowles's irrepressible spirits, rebuking him for his unseasonable interruptions, and, as one having authority, desiring him not to "play the fool." The poet was in truth a very child of nature, and Hazlitt, who knew him well, treated him as such.

Among the many gratifications associated in my mind with the production of 'Virginius,' the acquaintance first made with my friend Jackson is not the least prized. It was in this character I first sat to him, for my portrait in 'Virginius,' and, as intimacy developed to me more and more the simplicity and benevolence of his nature, my attachment to him kept place in its growth with my admiration of his genius during his life, and still clings warmly to his memory.

Through the remainder of the season 'Virginius' was acted every night appropriated to benefits. Mine came off, June 9th, with flying colours. A crowded house put a good sum in my pocket; and my first essay in Macbeth,' on the study of which I had bestowed my best pains, was very favourably received.* To strengthen the cast of the play I had asked Terry to undertake Macduff, at which Abbott, who had once appeared in the part, took umbrage, and made it the ground of a quarrel. It was in vain that I pleaded to him the universal custom on such occasions, and in the most soothing and friendly manner deprecated his taking offence. He very intemperately persisted in language that was inadmissible and which left me no alternative but to retort

* *From the Morning Herald, June 10th.*—"*Covent Garden.*—The tragedy of 'Macbeth' was acted at this theatre last night for the benefit of Mr. Macready It was his first performance of that admirable character, and he has reason to be doubly gratified with his selection of its performance for his benefit. It attracted a crowded and remarkably brilliant audience, and in this new essay he met with signal success. His air of bewildered agitation upon coming on the stage after the interview with the weird sisters was a most judicious and effective innovation upon the style of his predecessors. In the banquet scene, too, he made an original and admirable effect. Instead of intimidating the Ghost into a retreat, he fell back, sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands, then looked again, perceived the Ghost had disappeared, and upon being relieved from the fearful vision recovered once more the spring of his soul and body. The effect was powerful. His expression of terror after the murder produced a long-continued stillness. The pathos which he infused into Macbeth was a principal merit in his delineation. At the fall of the curtain, upon Mr. Connor's appearing to announce the performance of the next evening, there was a universal clamour for Mr. Macready. After some delay he did appear, but was quite exhausted by the exertions of the last act. He was so overpowered by fatigue and perhaps by the enthusiasm which the audience manifested towards him, that Mr. Fawcett came out and said that, in consequence of the estimation which the audience had expressed of Mr. Macready's performance, the play should be repeated on Thursday."



(which I did most reluctantly) by a personal indignity. Emery, who was present, came up to me when Abbott left the room and took me by the hand, saying, "My dear William, if it had been my own son, I would not have wished you to have done other than you did." The issue was that Abbott applied to Mr. Richard Jones to be his friend on the occasion, who at once told him that he was greatly to blame and in the wrong throughout. The terms of an apology to me were settled between Jones and my friend Lieutenant Twiss of the Royal Engineers, which, repeated by Abbott, called forth from me an expression of regret that I should have suffered myself to be provoked to such an extremity. It had been a practice, as was said, of long standing for the frequenters of the theatres to send, on the performers' benefit nights, presents of more or less value to the artists whom they particularly approved. This custom seemed to me to compromise the actor's independence, and in that belief I had laid it down as a rule not to accept more than the value of the tickets required. I will not contend for the prudence of this determination; with me it was a matter of feeling. I could not consider myself sitting down to table on terms of social equality with a man to whom I had been obliged for the gift of five, ten, or twenty pounds. I may have been too fastidious; but I have never had cause to regret the line of conduct adopted in this particular. Among others, on the occasion of this benefit, Lord Glengall sent me ten pounds and Colonel Berkeley fifteen, which I returned with letters that elicited from them the admission that it was "impossible to be offended" with me.

CHAPTER XIV.

1820–1821–1822.—Country engagements—Dublin—Newcastle—Aberdeen—Montrose—Dundee—Perth—Future wife—Lancaster—Liverpool—George Meredith—Fifth Covent Garden season—Iachimo—Zanga—Reading MSS. for dramatic authors—'Wallace'—Major Cartwright—Progress in public opinion—Vandenhoff—'Mirandola'—Engagement of Miss Atkins at Bristol—Partial restoration of Shakespeare's text in Richard III.—John Kemble—Wainwright—'Damon and Pythias'—Character of Hamlet—Henry IV.—Portrait by Jackson—Story of the child saved from fire—Country engagements—Highland tour—Second Covent Garden engagement—Difficulties in the management—Cassius—Othello.

The close of this season found me in a very different position from that in which I had stood at its opening. Engagements from country managers poured in upon me, and filled up the whole term of my vacation before I left London. Through the interest of the Duke of York, the patent of the Dublin Theatre had been given by George IV. to Mr. Henry Harris, who fitted up the rotunda as a temporary theatre (capable of holding about two hundred) until

the new one he had to build should be completed. My summer engagements began there, where the performance of 'Virginius' made quite a sensation. It was acted to crowded houses seven nights out of the ten, to which my stay was limited. Sheil reached Dublin from circuit in time to be present at one of the representations. After the play he came and sat down beside me in the green-room, and was silent for some time: at length, "Well, Macready," he began, "what am I to say to you? I really don't know; there is nothing I have seen like it since Mrs. Siddons!" Such an eulogy from such a judge was worth to me the acclamations of a crowded theatre.

My route lay onward to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and from a severe hurt in my knee, got by a fall at Dublin, I was obliged to travel in post-chaises and as rapidly as I could bribe the post-boys to go. My old friends there welcomed me with the old cordiality, and, as in Dublin, I continued to reap a rich harvest. From thence to Aberdeen was my point of travel, and, on account of my wounded knee and the necessity of journeying all night, I hired a carriage at Newcastle, setting out after the play on Saturday night. On Saturday midnight I reached Woodhaven on the shore of the Firth of Tay, where I had to wait two hours for the tide to cross to Dundee. Dressing and breakfasting at Montrose, I reached Aberdeen about noon, where I saw my name announced in the playbills for Richard III. as I passed from my hotel to the theatre. Two young girls were walking up and down the stage, apparently waiting for the business of the morning to begin. One, the manager's daughter was a common-looking person; the other, plainly but neatly dressed, was distinguishable for a peculiar expression of intelligence and sprightly gentleness. She rehearsed with great propriety the part of the Prince of Wales, and was introduced to me by the manager as my Virginia for the next night's play. On the following morning she came an hour before the regular summons to go through the scenes of Virginia and receive my instructions. She was dressed in a closely-fitting tartan frock, which showed off to advantage the perfect symmetry of her sylph-like figure. Just developing into womanhood, her age would have been guessed more, but she had not quite reached fifteen. She might have been Virginia. The beauty of her face was more in its expression than in feature, though no want of loveliness was there. Her rehearsals greatly pleased me, her acting being so much in earnest. There was a native grace in her deportment and every movement, and never were innocence and sensibility more sweetly personified than in her mild look and speaking eyes streaming with unbidden tears. I soon learned her little history; she was the support of her family, and was the same little girl whom I had rebuked some years before for supposed inattention at the Glasgow Theatre. My engagement with Mr. Ryder was for three weeks, divided between the towns of Aberdeen, Montrose, Dundee, and Perth; and as the same plays were repeated by the same performers my oppor-

tunities of conversation with this interesting creature were very frequent, which as they occurred, I grew less and less desirous of avoiding. Her strong good sense and unaffected warmth of feeling received additional charms from the perfect artlessness with which she ventured her opinions. The interest with which I regarded her I persuaded myself was that of an older friend, and partook of a paternal character. All the advice my experience could give her in her professional studies she gratefully accepted and skilfully applied, showing an aptness for improvement that increased the partiality she had awakened in me. I could have wished that one so purely minded and so naturally gifted had been placed in some other walk of life; but all that might be in my power for her advancement I resolved to do. On the last night of my engagement at Perth I sent for her into my room, and presenting her with the handsomest shawl I could procure in Perth, I bade her farewell, desiring her, if at any time my influence or aid in any way could serve her, to apply to me without hesitation, and assuring her she might rely on always finding a ready friend in me. As I gazed upon her innocent face beaming with grateful smiles, the wish was in my heart that her public career might expose her to no immodest advances to disturb the serenity or sully the purity of her unspotted mind. My way lay far away from her, but her image accompanied me in my southward journey, and I may say, indeed never after left me.

At Lancaster I acted two nights, reaching Liverpool in good time for my fortnight's engagement. My early arrival allowed me to be present at a public dinner given in aid of the Liverpool Theatrical Fund, at which the mayor, Sir J. Tobin, presided. To this as to all the other provincial theatrical funds I subscribed my £10; but I should have acted more wisely in keeping my money in my pocket. A very considerable sum was accumulated in the course of a few years, which was, unjustly and dishonestly in my opinion, as a manifest diversion from the purpose of the endowment, divided amongst the few remaining members of the fund. If no legitimate claimants for relief were left, it ought to have been transferred to some other similar charity, or the different contributions returned to their subscribers. The fortnight at Liverpool realised for me a handsome sum, though my plays were very indifferently mounted. The 'sweet Virginia' is thus depicted in the beautiful lines of Knowles:

> "I know not whether in the state of girlhood
> Or womanhood to call her. 'Twixt the two
> She stands, as that were loth to lose her, this
> To win her most impatient. The young year,
> Trembling and blushing 'twixt the striving kisses
> Of parting Spring and meeting Summer, seems
> Her only parallel."

But she was represented in Liverpool by a lady of considerable talent in maternal characters, looking quite old enough to have

been the mother of Virginius. These inappropriate assumptions call to remembrance the old player who complained of his manager's "cruelty" in superseding him in the character of the youthful George Barnwell, after he had successfully acted it for upwards of fifty years. The part of Lucius, who brings to Virginius the tidings of the horrible outrage on his child, was entrusted to a Mr. Cartlitch, whose deeply comical tragedy convulsed the audience with laughter, and the actors at rehearsal were scarcely less amused when Mr. Bass. as Icilius replied to the playful question of Virginius, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do it?" "Whichever you please, sir." Notwithstanding, the houses were very good, and I returned to London for my fifth Covent Garden season, set up in funds, and with cheering onward prospects.

My first savings went on a long and not uninteresting venture. One of the brothers of a Birmingham family, with whom in early life we had lived in close intimacy, was making preparations for a voyage to Van Diemen's land. With several children, a second wife, who soon added largely to their number, and what amount of money he could scrape together from the sale of a heavily encumbered estate, he looked the future boldly in the face; but by the outlay he had been obliged to make was straitened for the small sum of £200, which I had the satisfaction of lending him. His career was one of continual crosses, against all of which he most manfully held up. He was cheated by the person entrusted with his funds for the purchase of sheep; was kept out of his grant of land for more than six years, obtaining it at last only by parliamentary influence—engaging the interference of the Colonial Secretary: his ship, which he fitted out for the South Sea whale fishery, was wrecked; and, finally, he had to witness the total destruction by fire of the wooden warehouse he had built for the stowage of all his goods, furniture, and implements—in fact, his entire stock. Even then his constancy did not desert him; under the pressure of manifold ills his spirit never gave way. On hearing of this last disaster I wrote to him in terms of condolence, and with the acquittal of his debt to me. But resolutely and courageously he continued to bear up, until he paid off, principal and interest, every farthing he owed, and, dying, left an excellent fortune, and a name, George Meredith, that is an honour to his descendants. Such a man's history is worth a record as a great example of industry and endurance.

The beginning of this season gave repetitions of the characters of the last—Virginius, Henri Quatre, Rob Roy, &c. The first new ones ordered by the management were Iachimo in 'Cymbeline' (October 18th, 1820), and Zanga in Dr. Young's 'Revenge.' Divided between the two I made little impression in either. In Zanga, October 31st, my earnestness kept the audience in interested attention though the first four acts, and in the triumphant exultation over the fallen Alonzo in the fifth the enthusiasm of the house was raised to a very high pitch, from which point I suddenly and most

unaccountably sank down into comparative tameness, and the curtain fell to very moderate applause. In discussing the night's event with Talfourd, Wallace, Procter, and some other friends, at one of our customary and very agreeable symposia—at which pasha-ed lobsters, champagne-punch, and lively talk prolonged the pleasure of the evening's triumph, or cheered the gloom of defeat—it was a subject of general surprise, how I could have suffered a success so near its perfect achievement to slip from my grasp; but of the fact there could be no doubt that the result was a failure. I perceived my error when too late, lamenting the neglected opportunity. To Iachimo I gave no prominence; but in subsequent years I entered with glowing ardour into the wanton mischief of the dissolute, crafty Italian.

The reception of 'Virginius' had brought on me a great increase of applications from authors to read their MSS., a task which was accepted by me as an appropriate and positive duty pertaining to my position, and which, although engrossing much time and attention, was most conscientiously discharged by me to the very end of my public career. It had its compensations to balance the discontent and hostility which sometimes my adverse judgments unwillingly provoked. One instance was singularly curious. A youth who, as head of the town boys, had finished with credit his term at Westminster School, was desired by his father to apply himself to mathematics. Either from presumed incapacity or aversion to the study, he peremptorily refused, and his father as peremptorily refused to make him any allowance to go to the University. In this exigency he set about writing a play, and procured an introduction to me from my relative, Captain Birch, with the request that I would read it, as it was his sole dependence. In my judgment it was, with some effective dramatic situations, a very clever schoolboy production, but little more. I pressed on him the necessity of greater care and more force in the language, and suggested alterations which, when made, failing to satisfy me, I endeavoured to dissuade him from reliance on it. But the case was a desperate one, and he was so urgent in requesting the presentation of his MS. to Mr. Harris that I could no longer resist his entreaties, although with no expectation of the play's acceptance. To my great surprise and very great gratification Mr. Harris did accept, and, put at once into rehearsal, it was produced November 14th under its title of 'Wallace,' and went through sixteen representations to well-filled houses with very considerable applause. It gave Mr. Walker the means of keeping his terms at Oxford, where he took his degree, supporting himself through his college course by his dramatic writings, and indebted to his own industry and perseverance alone for this important step in life. His acknowledgments were made to me in the dedication of his play.

To the interest I took in its production I owed the acquaintance of Major Cartwright, who, as a stickler for Parliamentary Reform, was regarded by his Tory opponents as a monster unfit for human society, and, for mischief and malignity, to be classed with

"Scorpion and asp and amphisbæna dire!" The venerable old gentleman was of most polished manners, of almost child-like gentleness, and one of the mildest, most charitable, and philanthropic characters that ever dignified humanity. The Reform Bill of 1832 went very far beyond his utmost dreams of popular enfranchisement; but democrat, radical, fanatic, Jacobin, were terms too good, and an action at law too gentle a correction for the good old man. We have lived in an age of change; but in none of the alterations brought about by the wisdom and eloquence of our leading statesmen has the improvement of our social condition been more distinctly proved than in the tempered tone of political discussion. Opinion is no longer subject to legal persecution. With the disappearance of Sidmouths, Wilson Crokers, &c., the conduct of our institutions has been liberalised. *Ex-officio* proceedings are become a dead letter. Whilst at issue on the choice of means for effecting a public benefit, party feeling can now admit sincerity of conviction and honesty of purpose in opposite opinions. The law of progress is now universally accepted as God's law, and the question of debate is only, which may be the safer way of carrying it into effect.

The Covent Garden managers neglected no opportunity of enlisting recruits that might be likely to add strength to their corps, and with this view entered into an engagement with Mr. Vandenhoff, who had obtained a considerable provincial reputation. He made his *début* in Tate's version of 'King Lear,' December 9th, and was received with applause; he performed afterwards Sir Giles Overreach once, Coriolanus twice, and Rolla once; later in the season he appeared in a melodrama that was acted five nights, after which he retired from the theatre.

The next novelty of the season was Barry Cornwall's 'Mirandola.' Its history was peculiar. He began it by writing the second act, the dramatic power and interest of which made me urgent with him to piece out so excellent a sample into a perfect whole. He then proceeded with the first. The catastrophe, similar to that of 'Don Carlos,' 'Parisina,' &c., was already settled; but, on the intervening scenes, occupying the third, fourth, and part of the fifth acts, and forming the intrigue of the story, he could not satisfy himself. In despair he wished me to draw out a plot to fill up this extensive chasm. I made a draft of the scenes, acting over to him in familiar words the passion of each. There were certainly many grounds of objection to be taken to it, but, hemmed in between two points of a story, it was no easy work so to adjust events as exactly to fill up a given space. He wished me to consult Sheil on it, which I did, and brought him back Sheil's decisive opinion that the dilemma did not admit of any better plan of extrication. *Faute de mieux* he went to work upon it, and, as they were struck off, scene by scene was subjected to criticism and alteration till the whole was completed. It was produced January 9th, 1821, for nine nights, acted to overflowing houses, and Barry Cornwall received £300 from

Warren for the copyright. But during the remaining seven nights of its run the wind was taken out of our sails by the appearance of Miss Wilson at Drury Lane as Mandane in 'Artaxerxes,' who became the attraction of the town for twenty nights from the report of George IV. having heard and praised the new vocalist.

About this time I received from Mr. Atkins, the father of the young actress who had so won upon my favour in Scotland, a request that I would recommend his daughter to some respectable theatre on the expiration of her engagement with Mr. Ryder. I could answer for her kindly treatment nowhere so securely as at Bristol, and on my recommendation she with her family was received there, where she continued for two years her course of improvement. On her route through London she called with her father to thank me, and impressed on me more deeply the opinion I had formed of her innocence and amiability.

My professional career was now no longer subject to the painful anxieties which each new attempt had formerly cost me. I was established as the leading tragedian; the principal character therefore in each play fell to me as a matter of course, and it was sufficient incentive to my best exertions to maintain the place I had won.

An alteration of Cibber's adaptation of 'King Richard III.' had been sent to me by Mr. Swift of the Crown Jewel Office, but varying so little from the work it professed to reform, that I was obliged to extend the restoration of Shakespeare's text, and it was submitted (March 12th, 1821) to the public ordeal. The experiment* was partially successful—only partially. To receive full justice, Shakespeare's 'Life and Death of King Richard III.' should be given in its perfect integrity, whereby alone scope could be afforded to the active play of Richard's versatility and unscrupulous persistency. But, at the time of which I write, our audiences were accustomed to the coarse jests and *ad captandum* speeches of

* *From the Times, March 13th*, 1821.—"At a period when Shakespeare is regarded almost with idolatry, any attempt to rescue the original text of his plays from the omissions and interpolations which successive ages have accumulated, must at least be viewed with favour; with that feeling we witnessed last night the representation of his 'Life and Death of King Richard III.,' which was announced to be, with a few necessary deviations, the text of the author. How far this might have been deemed by the public an improvement on Cibber's alteration, which has so long maintained possession of the stage, we are unable to state, as the condition has not been complied with by a strict adherence either to the words of Shakespeare or to the order of his scenes. The performance of last night was merely another arrangement, and certainly inferior in dramatic effect to that of Cibber. . . . The only scene of much value was that of the Council and the condemnation of Hastings. Macready was not so cool and indifferent as he should have been in his previous conversation with the Council, but the burst of anger on baring his arm was terrific. His Richard is a performance of great merit, and would be still more complete, if he always retained his self-command."

Cibber, and would have condemned the omission of such uncharacteristic claptraps as

> "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!"

or such bombast as

> "Hence, babbling dreams: you threaten here in vain.
> Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!"

In deference to the taste of the times, the passages as well as similar ones were retained. At a later period, if the management of Covent Garden in 1837-9 had been continued, the play, with many others, would have been presented in its original purity.*

It was in the early spring of this year an occurrence took place that was destined to darken the fortunes of this once flourishing theatre, to break up a company of actors and actresses that presented a phalanx of talent unequalled, perhaps, in the history of the stage, and ultimately to reduce this splendid property to a state of irredeemable insolvency. From the date of the O.P. riots the proprietors had to struggle against the building debt, which in adverse seasons pressed heavily upon them. By dint of extraordinary exertions, managerial tact, and an untiring spirit of enterprise, the greater part of this was now paid off; and there was every reason to believe that a few more years would see the property disencumbered. But, until that wished-for consummation, each partner was personally liable to the creditors; and as John Kemble from his age could not look forward to derive much profit from its successes, he was enduring a responsibility and incurring danger with no adequate prospect of compensation. He therefore, very discreetly, came from Lausanne, where he was residing, and by deed of gift made a transfer of his share, one-fourth, to his brother Charles, to whom it had always been expected he would bequeath it. Some newspapers made a scene of the transaction, ending with the brothers "falling into each other's arms;" but to John Kemble the surrender was virtually a release, whilst to Charles, who had no property to tempt a creditor's legal process, it might afford an opening to the management whereby he might gratify his ambition in acting characters to which he had hitherto vainly aspired. In comedy he was without a rival; in tragedy he was first-rate in second-rate parts, but never could be content with his position: with the universal and liberal approbation awarded to his per-

* *From the Morning Herald, March 13th*, 1821.—"We shall restrict ourselves to noticing only the one principal scene now brought for the first time on the stage—that of the Council, in which Richard orders out Hastings for immediate death. It afforded the display of uncommon power. The artful vehemence with which the actor stunned the Council and the accused, the picturesque effect, and reality (if we may so express it) of illusion, with which he bared his arm, as the witness of his wrongs, and the masterly control with which he governed himself in the very whirlwind of declamation, produced upon the audience one of those electric effects, which are but rarely witnessed, and which it is delightful to share"

formance of Cassio and Macduff, repining at the cold reception given to him in Macbeth and Othello. It was on this occasion I met John Kemble at dinner at Fawcett's. Charles Kemble, Henry Harris, Vernon, the munificent donor of the gallery, and Baldwin, the breeches'-pocket representative for Totness, made up the party. John Kemble was interesting and amusing in his reminiscences of Dr. Johnson and some other worthies of his early days. It was the last time I ever saw him.

I am reminded of another dinner at which I met some memorable persons this year, at the house of a man who subsequently obtained a dreadful notoriety by the name of Wainwright. He was then an artist, a disciple and imitator of Fuseli, and a *littérateur*, living in handsome rooms in Great Marlborough Street, and supposed to possess some property. At his table were Hazlitt, Carey, the translator of Dante—Procter, I think—and some other literary men. He was a contributor to Scott's 'London Magazine,' under the signature of Janus Weathercock. For some years after his disappearance from London, fearful suspicions were afloat concerning him on account of the mysterious deaths of his wife's uncle and his sister-in-law, whose life was heavily insured in many of the London offices. He had taken refuge on the Continent, where he underwent imprisonment for three months on a charge of having poison in his possession for which he could not give a satisfactory account. It was full twenty years after my brief acquaintance with him in London, that in going over Newgate prison with my friend Dickens, I looked through an eyelet-hole in one of the cells where were four prisoners, and to my surprise and, I may say, horror, among them distinguished the features of this wretched Wainwright. Having pleaded guilty to the charge of forgery, he was sentenced to transportation and sent to New South Wales, with the suspicion of several murders very strong against him. He died there in one of the hospitals.

There were some checks to the attractive course of this Covent Garden season, but it proved a very prosperous one at its close. In a *mélange* that was called Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' with songs interpolated by Reynolds among the mutilations and barbarous ingraftings of Dryden and Davenport, and sung by Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree, I had to act, May 15th, 1821, the remnant that was left of the character of Prospero, but not for many nights. The tragic play of 'Damon and Pythias,' written originally by Banim, but so amended and added to by Sheil as to make it a joint production, was accepted by Mr. Harris, and acted May 28th with very great applause. The single well-known incident on which it is based did not give scope for the development of strong individual character, though there were in it scenes of thrilling interest. Charles Kemble acted Pythias remarkably well, and to myself, from the effect of the performance of Damon, the play gave additional popularity. It was dedicated to me by the authors, and I had every reason to be satisfied with its production,

but it did not unfortunately swell the treasury's receipts, and its run was in consequence limited to seven nights.

And now came on one of the most searching of those trials in the player's life that test and stamp his qualifications as the personator of distinctive characters; that put to proof, in no ordinary degree, the accuracy of his perceptions, the correctness of his judgments, his penetration into the innermost depths of thought and feeling, and, withal, his powers of execution. Hamlet was announced for my benefit on the 8th of June, 1821. Upon this wonderful creation of Shakespeare, in which the language is so often a disguise for the passion beneath it, more has been written than probably on any other character, real or fictitious, within the whole range of literature. But are we indebted to the poet's numerous commentators for the unravelling what seems mysterious in it, and rendering clear what might be obscure in the text; or are we not, in the generality of his critics, made sensible of the vain ambition to obtain credit for critical sagacity, and to gain distinction by the association of their smaller names with the great one of the author?

> "Letting their little barks attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

Of most, with the exception of Coleridge, Tieck, Goethe, and Schlegel, I believe, this may be said. To illustrate and to interpret the poet's thought is the player's province, and conscientiously to labour to this end is the only ennobling and elevating duty which the practice of his art delegates to him. I have before observed that no actor possessed of moderate advantages of person, occasional animation, and some knowledge of stage business can entirely fail in the part of Hamlet; the interest of the story and the rapid succession of startling situations growing out of it compel the attention of the spectator, and irresistibly engage his sympathy. But to make the mind of Hamlet apparent, to render his seeming inconsistencies reconcilable and intelligible, is the artist's study; and a task to which the majority of players, content with the applause which a dexterous employment of stage trick is certain to obtain, rarely aspire. My meditations on the character continued to the close of my career, and I will defer the exposition of my views upon it to the record of my last performance, if I am permitted to complete the registry of my life's doings. On this occasion the theatre was crowded, and the applause throughout the play most enthusiastic. It was a great satisfaction to me; and a supper given at Talfourd's chambers in the Temple was a most agreeable wind-up to an eventful day.

The approaching coronation of George IV. 19th July, 1821, for which preparations had been making during the past year, occupied general attention, fifty-eight years having passed since a similar show had been exhibited. Of course the theatres took advantage of it, Covent Garden anticipating its pageantry in the crowning of

King Henry V. in Shakespeare's historical play of the 'Second Part of King Henry IV.,' and Elliston waiting for the performance of the Fourth George in Westminster Abbey in order to present as faithful a copy of it as the dimensions of Drury Lane Theatre would allow. In King Henry IV. the part of the King was sent to me. John Kemble had revived the play in 1804, but produced little effect in the dying Bolingbroke, which was owing, as Harris informed me, to his being "too sick;" he was "only partially and imperfectly heard." Garrick had not given the prominence he had expected to the part; and for these reasons, and believing the audience would be impatient for the show with which the play was to end, I begged hard to be excused from appearing in it. But my objections were set aside, and very properly; it was necessary to support the cast with the whole strength of the company, and I could not be left out of the leading tragic part. To every line in it I gave the most deliberate attention, and felt the full power of its pathos. The audience hung intently on every word, and two distinct rounds of applause followed the close of the soliloquy on sleep, as I sank down upon the couch. The same tribute was evoked by the line, "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought!" —which, I may say, was uttered directly from the heart. The admission of the perfect success of the performance was without dissent, and it was after being present at one of its representations that Lord Carlisle wished me to be introduced to him. He had seen and remembered Garrick in the part, and said very kind things of me in reference to it. He presented me with the volume of his poems, so unmercifully dealt with by Lord Byron; wished me to see his Zoffanys, which are amongst the best specimens of the artist; and gave me a very pressing invitation to visit him in the vacation at Castle Howard. The revival of the play rewarded the managers with houses crowded to the ceiling for many nights, nor was this attributable to the pageant only, for the acting was of the highest order. Farren as Shallow, Emery as Silence, Blanchard as Pistol, Charles Kemble as the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Davenport as Dame Quickly, were admirable. Fawcett was the best Falstaff then upon the stage, but he more excelled in other characters.

Mathews, so distinguished for his powers of mimicry, had more than once expressed his intention of adding a portrait of myself to his gallery of theatrical notables, and, entertaining a high opinion of him and liking him very much, I determined to present him with one. Jackson went to see me in Henry IV., the character in which I proposed to sit to him. The picture had made considerable progress, when Fawcett called with me one day to see it. On coming out from Jackson's studio, he exclaimed, "Why, William, you must not give that picture away—Jackson has never done anything like it! "When I reported this to Jackson, his quiet answer was, "Well: it is very easy to paint another; you would not mind paying for the ground-colours being rubbed in by another

hand, would you?" My objections were vain to this proposal of my most liberal friend. His pupil made a rough copy of the picture, which Jackson, putting the first draft aside, finished at once. I sent it with a kind note to Mathews, from whom I received this answer:

"DEAR MACREADY,—It is not in my power to express satisfactorily to myself my feelings of surprise and pleasure on the receipt of your splendid present, and the gratifying letter that accompanied it. The value of the one is very much enhanced by the other, and in this hurried acknowledgment (for Colonel Wigston is waiting while I write, as I understood you had left England early yesterday morning) I feel unable to express as I ought the gratification I feel on the unexpected occasion of your liberality and gratifying assurances of friendship, which from a man like yourself I feel particularly welcome to my self-love. The picture is a most beautiful work of art, and a perfect resemblance. A Garrick was removed to make room for it in an hour after my return home on Saturday evening. It was seen by many persons yesterday and universally admired. It is as great an ornament to my gallery as its original is to the profession and sphere he moves in.

"Believe that you have much gratified me, and I look forward on my return to England with great satisfaction to the assurance you have given me that I may have more opportunities than hitherto of increasing that friendship which I shall feel an honour to retain.

"Believe me, dear Macready, very gratefully and sincerely yours,

"HIGHGATE HILL, *July 1st.*" "C. MATHEWS.

The original painting was not replaced on the easel until late in the year, when it was finished and exhibited at the British Gallery, Pall Mall, where it was pronounced a specimen of colouring equal to the best of the Flemish school.*

It was in the month of May in this year that the first number of a theatrical periodical entitled the 'Dramatic Enquirer' or 'Examiner'—I forget the exact name it bore—was sent to me with "the Editor's compliments." The frontispiece was a portrait of myself in the character of Henri Quatre. The face had been copied from Jackson's drawing of Virginius, but the hair was turned back on the head, and armour on the chest and shoulders was substituted for the folds of the Roman drapery. The leading article was a biographical sketch of myself, exceedingly complimentary on my recent successes, but the utter amazement I felt in reading a romantic story, circumstantially detailed, of my rescue of a child from the flames of a burning house in Birmingham, may be well imagined. I retraced the past events of my bustling life, but among them there was nothing to support or justify this extraordinary invention. Fearful of its being supposed that I had in any degree participated in giving currency to such a fiction, I called next morning at the office of the publication in Catherine

* Jackson's portrait of Macready in the character of Henry IV. will ultimately, under his bequest, be placed in the National Portrait Gallery, as also will the marble bust of him by Behnes. The duplicate of the portrait, given to Mathews, is in the collection of the Garrick Club.—ED.

Street, Strand, requesting to see the Editor. He was "not within, but any message I might have for him," the woman, a respectable-looking person who had charge of the office, assured me she would "punctually convey." Accordingly, referring to the article in the magazine, I begged her to inform the Editor that no such circumstance as that related of the fire had ever occurred, and that it was my particular request he would in his next number give a direct contradiction to the statement. She promised faithfully to repeat my words; but at the same time stated her conviction that the Editor had received the account from what he considered 'unquestionable authority." I was earnest in repeating my denial and my hope that the next number would set the truth before the public. I heard no more of the publication, and fancy it must have died in its birth from the paucity of its readers: but not so the story it had promulgated, as the sequel will show.

The attraction of the coronation in 'Henry IV.' was so great that Covent Garden Theatre was kept open beyond the usual period of its season—to my loss, having very lucrative country engagements in prospect; some I was prevented from fulfilling and obliged to relinquish. Being announced to appear at Birmingham on Monday, July 30th, 1821, I was greatly embarrassed by the continuance of my name in the Covent Garden playbill for King Henry IV. on the same evening. I had no alternative but to set off, after acting at Covent Garden on Saturday, and travel all night (there were no railways or telegrams then) to see Mr. Bunn, the Birmingham manager, on the Sunday, and explain to him the dilemma in which I was placed. It was thereon decided that my appearance at Birmingham should be deferred to the Wednesday, and he went back with me in my carriage to London, travelling again through the night: all was amicably settled. I acted in London on Monday and Tuesday, and by another night journey was able to begin a very profitable fortnight's engagement at Birmingham on the next day, Wednesday, in the part of Virginius. From thence to Nottingham; on to Derby, to Cheltenham, Halifax, and Liverpool, where I remained three weeks, putting money in my purse, and in all the high spirits of health and youth, enjoying the prosperity of my career. This brought me up to the middle of September, when I had set apart a fortnight for the enjoyment of a holiday after my hard work, and another gaze upon that lovely and grand Highland scenery which had so impressed its pictures on my memory, and which I can even now with pleasure call up before me. My young friend Walker, who had accepted an invitation to accompany me in my short Highland tour, met me at Liverpool, and we proceeded together to Glasgow; I spent a couple of days there with my friends, Knowles and John Tait, and uniting business with pleasure, entered into an agreement with the managers of the theatre to act there two nights on my return from Argyleshire. My intention had been to visit Staffa and Icolmkill; but this the stormy state of the weather prevented. He

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took with us the eldest son of Knowles, a fine lad of twelve years of age, since dead in India. We made our way down the Clyde to Dumbarton and Loch Lomond, and up the lake as far as Tarbert, from whence round the head of Loch Long, we ascended the wild pass of Glencroe, which brought us down to Cairndow on the shores of Loch Fine. Crossing the Lake to Inverara, we were here provided with a very stylish tilbury and good saddle-horse, sent forward from Glasgow to meet us. Alternating the drive and ride, we spent ten very pleasant days in a hurried tour by Dalmally on Loch Awe, Tyndrum, Loch Earn Head, Callander, Loch Katrine, Port Menteith, Stirling, and back to Glasgow. But for the perfect enjoyment of romantic scenery the tourist must be content to rough it in his daily walk of 20 or 30 miles with his knapsack at his back; his "foot must be like arrow free," that in his struggles upwards to the mountain's top, and in his extensive survey of the world of beauty stretched around and far below him, the excitement of his spirits as they drink in the spectacle may make him conscious of pleasure in the mere feeling of existence. Horses and carriage may be to some a luxury, but to the lover of nature they become in such scenes a positive encumbrance. I experienced the truth of this in contrasting with my former pedestrian ramble, the gayer turn-out on this occasion. At Glasgow I recommenced to well-filled houses my "starring" course, pursuing it through Carlisle, Richmond in Yorkshire, Scarborough, and Whitby, indulging in those places my appetite for the picturesque and beautiful in the noble ruins and striking scenery that give interest to them, whilst with every change of billet my banker's account was steadily improving, to which the theatres of Leicester, Nottingham, and Manchester very liberally also contributed.

But the time had arrived when I could no longer delay giving a direct answer to the overtures of Mr. Harris. My first Covent Garden engagement of five years expired with the last season, and he was anxious to secure my services for a similar term. Young was re-engaged, therefore a personal conference with the manager seemed to me necessary to perfect the understanding between us, and accordingly I hurried up to London and met him with Mr. Reynolds. He was frank and friendly, and very few words were needed to make our compact mutually satisfactory. I required the highest salary given in the theatre, to which he admitted I was entitled, and "should have it." In a brief conversation he explained to me the cause of the maximum salary being reduced from £25 per week to £20, "at which both Young and Miss Stephens were then engaged;" and in signing my agreement at £20 per week for five years, he pledged his word under witness of Mr. Reynolds, that "if any regular performer in the theatre should receive more than that sum, my payment should be immediately raised to the same amount." This ill-advised measure of linking together a written and a verbal contract was in the issue fraught with consequences of a very distressing nature: but the signatures were affixed, and being under an

engagement to act six nights with my friend Mr. Mansel at Hull, it was arranged that I should appear at Covent Garden in 'Virginius' on Monday, November 26th, 1821.

I now took the upper part of a house in Berners Street, No. 67, and entered on my second Covent Garden engagement. Great was the difference in my circumstances and position from my entrance on the first. I had now invested some little sums, and could count many and ardent friends where then I had scarcely an acquaintance. The doubt and apprehension under which I ventured on each primary essay were now succeeded by confidence in the just or indulgent appreciation of my audience, whenever by diligence and resolute endeavour I might make myself master of the subjects of my study; I shared with Young the station of leading tragedian, and in all respects we stood on a perfect equality. But it was so much the more imperatively necessary that no effort towards continued improvement should be relaxed, and with this renewed determination I awaited the events of time. There was little of theatrical interest in the early part of the season at either theatre. Kean at Drury Lane made trial of several characters: one in a new tragedy called 'Owen, Prince of Powys,' written, I believe, by Miss Jane Porter—a sad failure; others in old stock plays, productive of little effect; but in the revival of Joanna Baillie's 'De Montfort,' with alterations by the authoress, he shone out in the full splendour of his genius. The play was, however, with all its great merit, too heavy and gloomy to be attractive, and its early withdrawal deprived me of the satisfaction of witnessing a performance which was spoken of as singularly triumphant. At Covent Garden the dramatic romance of the 'Exile,' in which Young gave unusual prominence to the part of Daran, was brought out with the pageant of a coronation, and had a very long run. My appearances were in consequence infrequent, and limited to characters with which the town was familiar.

In the course of the two past seasons I had made several excursions to my father's theatre at Bristol, where crowded houses almost invariably welcomed me. These visits brought more particularly under my notice the young actress Miss Atkins, who had so won upon my interest. In her unaffected pathos and sprightliness I had seen the germ of very rare talent, and was anxious its development should not be marred by any premature attempt. The counsel which, in consequence, I sought to impress on her led to frequent conversations, and eventually to correspondence, which I tried to make instrumental to the advancement of her education, and then it was, in my own case as no doubt in hers, that "love approached me under friendship's name," although ususpected and unconfessed in either of us.

It was in this season that, at Charles Kemble's instigation, exceptions to the management of Mr. Harris were taken by the other proprietors, and hostilities aroused that led in the sequel to the ruin of the property. The grave has closed over all the parties

at issue in the conflict, and I have no wish to touch on any of the accusations retorted between them beyond what may be necessary to explain the embarrassing position in which their dispute placed me. The main facts are these:—Charles Kemble, now a co-proprietor, was desirous of obtaining sway in the management, to which Mr. Harris, the owner of one-half and a fraction of the concern, refused to assent. The threat of a suit in Chancery was so far effectual in bringing the parties to terms of settlement that a lease between them was decided on. The malcontents—Charles Kemble, Willet, Captain Forbes, R.N., and the representatives of Mrs. Martindale—proposed to take it. Mr. Harris demanded a rent of £12,500 per annum for seven years. Upon the rejection of these terms Mr. Harris offered to take the theatre upon the same terms. This was not the object of the dissenting party, the management of the establishment was what they aimed at; and, accordingly declining the tender of Mr. Harris, they consented to become the lessees of Covent Garden Theatre at the annual rent of £12,500 for a term of seven years. Unluckily for Mr. Harris, upon their signatures to an agreement to sign the same lease, he gave them possession, instead of waiting for the complete execution of the legal document. The transfer was so far effected that the committee, as these lessees were now styled, entered officially on the new premises and on their new office, utterly and, unhappily, ignorant of the business they had taken in hand. One of the first duties incumbent on them in taking office was to acknowledge and guarantee the performers' engagements. As a stipulation, verbally given, made an important part of mine, Charles Kemble wished to have from Mr. Harris his confirmation of my statement, and with my ready consent the point was to remain in abeyance until it could be submitted to and acknowledged by him. The committee was not ostensibly "the management:" Charles Kemble as "acting manager" being "viceroy over them," and Fawcett, whose alleged incompetency had been one of their main grounds of complaint, was retained in his office of "stage manager" and invested with more power than before. The appearance of Charles Kemble in the 'School for Scandal' late in March was the only notification of any change having taken place.

The season dragged its slow length along, but received an impetus from the performance of 'Julius Cæsar,' Young acting Brutus; myself, Cassius; Charles Kemble, Mark Antony; and Fawcett, Casca. The receipt of the first night exceeded, it was said, £600, and the house was crowded to its several repetitions. On this occasion I entered *con amore* into the study of the character of Cassius, identifying myself with the eager ambition, the keen penetration, and the restless envy of the determined conspirator, which, from that time, I made one of my most real personations.

A very bad play by George Colman, called 'The Law of Java,' in which Young, Liston, Fawcett, Jones, Miss M. Tree, and Miss Stephens had parts, was not calculated to raise the spirits of the

lessees. It was a complete failure, and determined them on closing the theatre a fortnight earlier than usual: the benefits were accordingly brought on without delay. Young took King John, in which I acted Hubert for him. He was most earnest in his acknowledgments to me, not only for acting the part, but for the manner in which, in his great scene, I placed myself upon the stage to give prominence to his effects. 'Othello' I chose for my benefit, Young volunteering himself for Iago, or anything else; as he said, "Whatever I might wish him to do I had but to name it." Our rivalry was always maintained on the most gentlemanly footing. My house was great, and my improved representation of the Moor* strengthened my hold on public opinion.

My summer vacation I desired to spend in a tour through Italy, hoping to find suggestions in my own art from the contemplation of the great works of sculpture and painting which I could only see there. I set to work intently on the language, which I did not consider difficult. My friend Fawcett went with me to Ransom's Bank, where I procured my letters of credit, and where I was introduced to Douglas Kinnaird, who in the kindest manner gave me letters to his brother Lord Kinnaird at Naples, and to Lord Byron, then at Pisa.

CHAPTER XV.

1822.—Continental tour—Paris—Mars, Potier, Duchesnois, Talma, Lafond at the Théâtre Français—Dijon—Geneva—Lausanne—Villeneuve—St. Maurice—The Simplon—Lago Maggiore—Milan—Iron Crown at Monza—Verona—Tomb of Juliet—Vicenza—Padua—Arquà—Painful pilgrimage to the shrine of Petrarch—Venice—An Italian actor—Bologna.

With the best travelling companions, youth and good spirits, and the enlivening anticipations of a world of beauty before me, I set out on my journey. At Paris I quartered at the Hôtel du Prince Regent, Rue Ste. Hyacinthe, a small street off the Rue St. Honoré, where I found a quiet and moderate *table d'hôte*, and all

* *From the Times, May 29th*, 1822.—"Mr. Macready last night performed Othello for his benefit, an undertaking of no small peril, while the excellence of Mr. Kean in the character is fresh in the public mind. Mr. Macready, however, without any imitation of Mr. Kean, and without disturbing the noble impressions which he has left on our memory, succeeded in giving a representation of the part, abounding with individual traits of grandeur and of beauty, and forming altogether a consistent and harmonious whole."

From the Morning Herald, May 29th, 1822.—"*Covent Garden Theatre.*—'Othello' was performed at this theatre last night, for the benefit of Mr. Macready. If it were possible that Mr. Macready could add any new claim to public favour, it certainly would be his performance of Othello last night. He called forth all his powers, and most successfully, to personate the unhappy

necessary aids towards acquainting myself with the lions of the French capital, of which the Louvre was my principal attraction, part of almost every morning being spent in the study of its splendid galleries. Talma was ill, and expressed his regret at being prevented from seeing me. I visited of course the theatres, and at the Français witnessed with delight the performances of the charming Mdlle. Mars. Her voice was music, and the words issuing from her lips suggested to the listener the clear distinctness of a beautiful type upon a rich vellum page. It was a luxury to the ear to drink in the "dulcet and harmonious breath" that her utterance of the poet gave forth. Nor was her voice her only charm: in person she was most lovely, and in grace and elegance of deportment and action unapproached by any of her contemporaries. Potier was the favourite comedian of the day, and in genuine humour was unrivalled either on the French or English stage. Mdlle. Duchesnois and Lafond, in Voltaire's tragedy of 'Alzine,' furnished the best examples of the declamatory style of the French school of acting; but the genius of Talma (whom I saw at a subsequent period) rose above all the conventionality of schools. Every turn and movement as he trod the stage might have given a model for the sculptor's art, and yet all was effected with such apparent absence of preparation as made him seem utterly unconscious of the dignified and graceful attitudes he presented. His voice was flexible and powerful, and his delivery articulate to the finest point without a trace of pedantry. There was an ease and freedom, whether in familiar colloquy, in lofty declamation, or burst of passion, that gave an air of unpremeditation to every sentence, one of the highest achievements of the histrionic art. It is a custom with many actors purposely to reach their dressing-rooms in just sufficient time to go on the stage, in order to avoid the nervousness which waiting for their entrance occasions. But Talma would dress some time before, and make the peculiarities of his costume familiar to him; at the same time that he thereby possessed himself more with the feeling of his character. I thought the practice so good, that I frequently adopted it, and derived great benefit from it. His object was not to dazzle or surprise by isolated effects: the character was his aim; he put on the man, and was attentive to every minutest trait that might distinguish him. To my judgment he was the most finished artist of his time, not below Kean in his most energetic displays, and far above him in the refinement of his taste and extent of his research, equalling Kemble in dignity, unfettered by his stiffness and formality.

But with Italy before me, I grudged each day that detained me

husband, suspecting but yet 'strongly loving.' It would be difficult to select any part of the performance in which Mr. Macready excelled, with such ability and such a just conception did he sustain the whole, which frequently called forth the loudest applause from the audience."

in Paris. In the coupé of the diligence, with my Italian grammar and books in my *petit sac*, at which I was constantly working, I made my way to Dijon, and from thence over the Jura towards Geneva. To one of an enthusiastic temperament keenly alive to the sublimity and beauty of the varying scenes that rise in quick succession to the view throughout this picturesque route, this journey must be one of rapture. Few incidents occurred to break in on my enjoyment of it. Some posts before reaching Dijon, I was startled about midnight out of my short sleep by the postillion lashing his team—five horses—into a furious gallop down a short and rapid descent of the road, and urging their speed upward on the opposite steep acclivity. It seems he had observed in the moonlight against the horizon the figures of two men waiting our approach. One rushed at the leaders, the other endeavoured to lay hold of the wheeler's reins: the first encountered the full shock of the galloping horse, which sent him sprawling on the side of the road, stretched out on his back like a spread eagle; the other followed the carriage shouting for some little distance, but soon gave up the pursuit. I inquired of my companion in the coupé what was the matter, and was not a little surprised at his brief answer, "Monsieur, les voleurs!" a most extraordinary attempt of two men, apparently armed only with bludgeons, upon a diligence loaded with passengers.

At Dijon, where I spent great part of a day in visiting the museum, the cathedral, and other churches, we changed our ponderous diligence for a lighter but not swifter vehicle drawn by three horses. The driver, whose short whip could only reach the haunches of the wheelers, at every ascent in the road dismounted to fill his pockets with stones to pelt the leader of his unicorn team, who showed little sensibility to the uncertain aim of his master's projectiles. Under such charioteering we made, as may be supposed, but slow progress; but the wild grandeur of the scenery would have occupied the mind sufficiently in lingering still longer amidst the Jura's awe-inspiring masses of mountain, rock, and wood. We all alighted to make a foot descent of the mountain of Gex; one of my fellow-travellers, who was walking with me in advance of the rest—an intelligent, gentlemanly man, well acquainted with the road—requested me not to "look up" until he gave me the word. I did not well understand this, but on reaching a turn of the hill, where the road opened suddenly over an abrupt cliff, his call to me to "look" disclosed to me a prospect that baffles all power of description: the valley and lake of Geneva bound in with mountains of differing forms and hues, above all which Mont Blanc in its vesture of eternal snow rose majestically into the heavens. Moore's lines upon this wondrous spectacle of loveliness and grandeur have something of prettiness in them, but the idea of a prettiness is an impertinence before such a glory of creation. Wordsworth observed to me, in speaking of it, that he did not think there was on earth another view so gorgeously beautiful.

The feeling of entrancement into which it wraps us as we gaze upon it is not inadequately expressed in his own lines descriptive of the emotions of a young enthusiast in the presence of Nature's splendours:

> "Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
> The spectacle. Sensation, soul, and form,
> All melted into him; they swallowed up
> His animal being. * * *
> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
> Wrapt into still communion, that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
> His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
> That made him; it was blessedness and love."

Under a charm of such potency we resisted as long as we could our conductor's remonstrances at our delay, and would gladly have prolonged our stay to impress, if possible, every feature of the glorious scene indelibly on our memories; but the word "*En route*" was peremptory, and we were obliged to resume our seats in the carriage, which in a short time deposited us at our hotels in Geneva. Illness, the consequence of my own imprudence, left me little time at my own disposal, and in my hurried visit I brought away the distinct remembrance of little beyond the deep blue of the waters of the Rhone as they rushed out of the lake, seeming in their depth of colour as if they would tinge with their own tint whatever they might touch. Forty years have passed since these wanderings were made, and although the objects noted in them present themselves in wonderful freshness to my memory's sight, yet I cannot trust my pen with the record of them here. I was in the state of mind and the season of life to investigate and enjoy; and, wherever I went, I left nothing unobserved that I had time or means of seeing. A few hours only were left to me at Geneva, where I proposed to return; and on the afternoon of the next day I reached Lausanne, where I called on John Kemble. He was reported not visible till the next morning. I wrote a few lines to him, and passed the evening on the lake, enjoying, to its last lingering light, the effect of the most splendid sunset I ever beheld.

Next day my course was through Vevay where I had not time to see Ludlow's house by the Castle of Chillon, to Villeneuve and on to St. Maurice, through a vale of garden beauty. This romantic little town, shut in by overhanging rocks that just afford a passage for the rapid Rhone, crossed by a curious bridge, the construction of which is ascribed to Cæsar, had a peculiar attraction for me. I supped and slept here, and rose early for my onward journey. As some indication of the state of feeling in which I allowed myself to

indulge, I extract the following note from my pocket-book, dated "*Sunday, July 13th*, 1822. *St. Maurice.*—It is with extreme unwillingness to leave this romantic scenery that I am expecting the momentary summons for departure. The clock has not yet struck four, and in the deep gloom of twilight, with only the wild rock to look on that rises perpendicularly above me, deepening the uncertain light of morning, my thoughts are driven back upon myself. The roar of the rushing Rhone, softened by distance to a loud but not unpleasing murmur, is all the sound that reaches me, except when the solitary scream of some bird breaks the profound stillness. It is here that my heart turns back with fond yearnings to those I love, to those I live for. A crowd of undefinable emotions swell and seem to overcharge my bosom. I cannot find words for what I feel. It is not happiness, but a mixture of sensations, that I think to a better tuned mind should be so. What do I not owe of gratitude for pleasure in scenes like these? and yet there is the alloy of thinking, when I bid them adieu, as I now prepare to do, that I utter the words of an eternal parting." My summons was given, and by Martigny and Sion I reached the poor hotel at Brieg, where at the Simplon's foot I got a first view of the wonderful road which human ingenuity and enterprise have constructed over what to the eye would seem impassable.

Before daylight I was up to accompany my *cocchiere* with his post-waggon over the mountain, but being much in advance of him I had the full advantage of contemplating alone the awful in nature and the wonderful in skill and energy of man—precipices, glaciers, cataracts, bridges, buttresses, and galleries holding the mind in a subdued state of wonder and awe. Unless the traveller through such scenes wrote down a minute account of each particular feature in them, he could convey no idea of any resemblance: no general terms of description would leave any image on the mind. Our rapid course down the other side through the richest forest scenery brought us to Domo d'Ossola, the extreme point of my conductor's journey. Here some young Frenchmen travelling in a *vettura*, having learned that the banker of the place sought to impose on me in regard to his charges on my letter of credit, persuaded me to come on with them to Milan, to which city the *vetturino* would frank me, paying all personal expenses on the road, to be reimbursed at our journey's end. The bargain was made with the *vetturino* for my conveyance, provisioning, and lodging, and legally ratified by his gift of a *scudo* to me—so vary the customs of countries. Three of my new acquaintances were young men belonging to the French bar, very gentlemanly, very courteous, lively, and agreeable. The name of one was Moreau, another Guillaume, the third escaped me; but an Italian, whose name I have also forgotten, was known among us, on account of his frequent reference to Rome as his place of birth, as Monsieur Jules César. I accounted myself fortunate in companions, who very much assisted me in correcting my French, whilst Monsieur

Jules César rendered me good help in my study of Italian. We made frequent stoppages for the inspection of churches or paintings in them, or some beauty in the landscape. At the Lago Maggiore we spent the greater part of a day visiting the Isola dei Pescatori, a very dirty little island, the Isola Madre, and the most lovely Isola Bella—all seemed enchantment; we were in a region of romance, which Armida might have made her voluptuous retreat, or the Aladdins and Noureddins of Arabian fable have taken in exchange for the palaces and gardens of Bagdad.

On our onward route an incident occurred that, in the altered feelings of Italian nationality, could scarcely, one would hope, happen now. Our driver was dozing on his box as his horses went sauntering along the dusty road, almost as sleepy as himself, when a cart with one horse was driven rapidly past us by a man in a peasant's dress. Our *coccbiere*, instantly waking up, lashed his team into a half-gallop, and soon got up with the poor carter, whom he belaboured with his whip in a most unmerciful manner. My blood was on fire at the oppressive conduct of the fellow, who thus revenged himself for the offended dignity of his more aristocratic vehicle. I was loud in my exclamations to the poor carter; but one of my companions coolly observed: "Monsieur, ils ne sont pas des hommes dans ce pays-ci!" I rejoice in the belief that since that day a true sense of the rights and dignity of man has been established in that glorious country.

At Milan we put up at the Croce di Malta, where our landlord paid the expenses of my journey from Domo d'Ossola and installed me in most comfortable, airy apartments. A very specious, glibly-speaking fellow came up to my rooms, and with many bows and simpers reminded me that I had left my hat-box in the carriage, which he had brought up to me, hoping I would remember him. I gave the rascal a franc, and was not likely to forget him, finding on opening the box that he had abstracted my travelling-cap from it. "So," thought I, "begins my Italian experience." In Milan there was very much to see. I was up at four in the morning, and at the Duomo, that most magnificent pile, by five. I underwent here a curious experience. At home I never could keep my head from giddiness at any unusual point of elevation. Here, after a careful examination of the interior, I descended to the superbly-decorated shrine of San Carlo Borromeo, in wonder at the superstition that invests it with a power of sanctity, and from thence, at my *cicerone's* invitation, went up to the roof of the building. So far advanced, I thought I would venture to the next stage; I was again tempted to the next, and so on, up and up, until I found myself at the very top of the highest pinnacle, commanding a prospect on one side of the distant Alps, and the rich plains of Lombardy stretched out upon the other. Among the many objects that attracted my attention in Milan were the Ambrosian Library; the famous fresco of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, now nearly obliterated, but restored to life by

the burin of Raphael Morghen; the gallery of the Brera, containing among many masterpieces the Sposalizio of Raphael and the affecting picture by Guercino of the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael. The grand theatre, La Scala, was degraded by the performance of a grotesque ballet, but at the Carcano some very creditable pieces were presented. I accompanied my French friends in their drives on the Corso to the different *trattorias* and *tables d'hôte* to which they resorted in search of the best and most moderate dining-houses—how different from Englishmen!

After some days we parted company, two of them, Guillaume and his friend, returning by Switzerland, and Moreau taking, as far as Florence, the line of march that lay before me. On their departure I joined the *table d'hôte* at my hotel, filled chiefly by my own countrymen, among whom I formed some pleasant acquaintances, and one steady and valued friendship in the person of the lamented Dowling. By application to some officials I obtained an order to see the Iron Crown at Monza, and drove over there two miles for the purpose. On reaching the Cathedral where this treasure or talisman is deposited, I was met by a young priest, who announced to me that I was waited for (notice having been forwarded from Milan of the permission granted), and approaching the shrine in a chapel to the right of the high altar I found four others with incense ready. A man (lay) had mounted a ladder, and stood on it before a door in the wall over the altar of the chapel; unlocking it, another of brass, richly gilt, was seen within, behind this again was a glass one containing the treasure encased in a large gilded cross. Upon its disclosure the priest diffused the smoke of the incense very profusely, making several genuflexions. Two of the priests then ascended the ladder, and with the necessary bendings and curtseyings proceeded to take out the cross, several feet in length, which was richly carved and had six apertures glazed over, within which (the Iron Crown in the centre) were the various relics, sponge, reed, thorns, &c., believed to have been used at the Crucifixion. The Iron Crown, or rather the diadem so called, is not iron, but a band of gold plates connected together by hinges and ornamented with gems; in its centre is a glazed aperture, in which is seen an iron nail, supposed to be one of those that pierced the Saviour, from which it has gained the name of the "Iron Crown." The chief priest, after pointing out and descanting on these invaluable relics, reconsigned the cross to the care of the officiating subordinates, who deposited it beneath its threefold guard again. On requesting him to inform me in Latin how these precious memorials came to light, after some hesitation he made out his story that St. Helena had been directed by the Almighty to seek for them, and that on finding them in a cave near Jerusalem, she had distributed portions of them, giving a large share to St. Gregory, who had presented these, the most valuable, to this church. The crown was said to have been Constantine's. It was no doubt used by the Lombard

Kings, and might have been fabricated for the Roman Emperor. Certainly Charles V. testified his faith in it by being crowned with it at Bologna, but I scarcely thought this piece of antiquity, with all its guarantees, worth the journey and the fee it cost me.

The remainder of my stay at Milan was busily engaged with churches, palaces, and other objects of interest in this noble city, and it was with great regret I turned my back upon it, taking the diligence to Brescia. But before my departure I received a very kind letter from my late fellow-traveller, Moreau, dated Venice, recommending me a good hotel there, and promising to apprise me, throughout my route as I proceeded to Florence, of the best modes of travel and houses of resort. At Brescia I could not extend my stay beyond a few hours, wishing to reach Verona before nightfall. On my journey there the continued cloud of dust obscured every object (if there were any) worth notice, except the Lago di Guarda, of which I had frequent and satisfactory views. It reminded me of the Scotch Lakes, to which, except in the luxuriance of its southern banks, I do not think it superior; but that doubt is no mean eulogy. The fort of Peschiera also struck me—as the comparison must every one—between the graceful bendings and winding outlines of nature with the sharp angles and straight lines of military science: besides, it was a fetter on the mountain-spirit—for oppression, not for protection.

On approaching Verona my ruminations led me more to the creations of Shakespeare's genius than to the sterner characters associated with its history. As I entered the city, admiring the rapid course of the roaring Adige, the thought first on my mind was that she, "the true and faithful Juliet," and he she loved, had looked on the same stream and trod the same steps. I passed through handsome streets and over a singular bridge of three arches to my inn, from whence, when I had emerged from the cloud of dust that, in uncasing myself, I shook out of my clothes, I set out to look around me. I entered the Cathedral, and saw the Assumption of Titian (not like that I afterwards beheld at Venice). But I have seen so many churches and such richly-adorned ones, that the interest in them grows more and more languid. An extraordinary statue by the father of Paul Veronese caught my attention, the dusk preventing my close inspection of the paintings. In taking a survey from the bridge of the hill opposite, the old citadel, the floating mills upon the river, and the antique buildings of the city, Shakespeare was ever present to me. My *valet de place* directed me to the Amphitheatre, and with a kind of moody pleasure I entered through the porches, where Romans had been of old, to see their degenerate successors occupying its seats to laugh at the buffoonery of some Italian players who were exhibiting in a temporary theatre by daylight. I lingered here until the deepening shadows warned me of the lateness of the hour, and the solitude of the place; for all were gone but my guide and myself. I examined the vomitories, the imperial entrance; I looked at the

canal for the naumachia, and sauntered slowly away, wrapped in meditation on the capacity of man and his abuse of it. Napoleon had been in triumph there: but the thought of him was a small item among the throng of imaginations that such a scene would evoke. Leaving it in the twilight, I saw the tombs of the Scaligeri; the hall of council, with the statues of Maffei, Vitruvius, and other Veronese worthies; the market-place, with the antique statue in the fountain, and the intended palace of the republic from the designs of Michael Angelo.

But no place was free from the intrusion of visions of the Capuletti and Montecchi, and the beautiful story that grew out of their disturbance of "the quiet of the streets." It was night, when I desired the guide to take me direct to Juliet's tomb. Our long walk had disinclined him for the visit, and he would have dissuaded me from going, insisting that it was nothing to see; to me it was all, it gave an interest to every step I took and every house I passed. My enthusiasm must have warmed into something like anger by the tone in which I ordered him to proceed. We traversed several streets, passed, under the wall of the old citadel, and at last emerging from a low and dark archway of some length, pursued our course through a lane between two high garden walls. The luxuriant foliage from one side at times quite overshadowed our path; and the brightness of the moon, which, piercing through the drooping boughs, at intervals shone upon us, deepened by the darkness of the shade. Another lane exactly similar, into which we turned, brought us to the cottage door, the object of our quest. An old woman answered to our knocking, and led us by the light of a "lanthorn dimly burning" through her miserable habitation, our steps ringing on the hollow floor, into the garden or vineyard beyond. The splendour of the moon, that shone bright in heaven, penetrated the interstices of the vine-leaves that were thickly roofed in trellis over our heads. The roaring of the Adige alone broke the silence of the night, which was calm as if there were one rest in heaven and earth; not a leaf stirred near us, and the slow footfall of our steps was heard in clear distinctness. The old woman stopped and held her lantern over a broken stone coffin, said to have been the tomb of her who has become a proverb of loveliness and truth. The place had been formerly the garden of a Franciscan convent, but my guide is responsible for my correctness. It may be—I dare say is—fabulous, but yet the delusion was too pleasing to be admitted such. I believed that I saw before me the sepulchre of her whom Shakespeare has taught us to picture as one of the fairest and the best, the gentlest and truest, of her sex. In the study of my art I had often drawn to my fancy the image of her beauty, and now I stood like a fond and credulous pilgrim before her shrine, whose imaginary perfections had filled his early visions with delight and love. I drew my slow steps with reluctance from the spot, and when outside the cottage, as I stood in the broad moonlight, looking on the bright

planet in full pure glory above me, I thought that so she must have looked when the love-sick boy invoked her beams in attestations of his truth. I would rather have missed ten galleries of pictures than this one hour of dreamy, idle musing.

The next morning I rose at point of day to leave Verona. I took a last glance at the Amphitheatre, as the carriage wound round it, and looked with regret on the rapid Adige, as we passed over it for Vicenza. The rich fertility of the landscape awoke most pleasing associations. The vines hung gracefully in festoons from tree to tree, clustering and disporting, reminding me of Virgil's rural scenes. The emotions excited by this continued succession of interesting objects presented to my sight, of those transcendent in art and in the glories of nature, almost bewilder the mind, preventing its sober self-examination; but they leave ineffaceable images behind, which, though passing from the view, are stored up—treasures of memory that time cannot take from me.

My hours were few at Vicenza, where, as in all the Italian cities, churches and palaces abounded, enriched with the works of the great masters that make constant demand on the industrious attention of the traveller; and to these I never failed to apply myself with unwearying diligence. But the name most in the mouths of the *ciceroni* of this city is that of Palladio, who has embellished his birth-place with monuments of his art that justify the pride with which his name is cherished. Among these the Teatro Olimpico, designed as a model theatre for the ancient drama, is regarded as his masterpiece. It interested me; but I am not a sufficient connoisseur in architecture thoroughly to appreciate its acknowledged excellence. In Padua I made a longer stay, visiting under conduct of a *valet de place* the different churches, where the works of Giotto, Titian, Paul Veronese, &c., are conspicuous. Of the old Amphitheatre there is little to remark beyond its site. The monument at Liraj, and the tomb, said to be of Antenor, could not fail to be noted by me. The many objects of art, architectural (for here Palladio has extended his triumphs), sculptural, and pictorial, employed all my daylight; but the fatigue of my perambulations did not prevent me from attending the theatre in the evening, which, even after the Scala, I thought magnificent. The performance was an opera. I did not learn its title, nor remain to its close, what I saw of it impressing me but very feebly. Before however going there, it was necessary for me to make provision for my projected visit to Arquà on the morrow: a sojourn in Padua, although rich in recollections, would have appeared incomplete to me if it had not comprehended Arquà. The lines of the noble eulogist are familiar to all lovers of poetry:

> "There is a tomb in Arquà: rear'd in air,
> Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
> The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
> Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
> The pilgrims of his genius."

My visit there had all the penance in it that a pilgrim could desire, and certainly was the most unsentimental of any excursion I have ever made. I had had reason in so many instances to complain of the extortion practised on me at the hotels, that I thought the best mode of securing myself from imposition on this occasion was to be my own purveyor for the next day's carriage. Accordingly, I made inquiry respecting the hire at the best stables in the city. The rogues there took their cue from my foreign accent, and being proportionately exorbitant in their charges, so raised my choler as to make me exhaust what I knew of the abusive in the Italian vocabulary in expressing my indignation at their unblushing demands. At last a quiet and seemingly simple fellow agreed to take me and replace me in my *locanda* for eight francs. I inquired of his carriage. Pointing to some standing near that I had rejected, "These," I observed. "are too shabby: is it better than any of these?" Confidently, he replied, "O Corpo di San Tomaso, molto più bella!" "And the horse?" "Eccellente!" "Shall we go quick?" "Prestissimamente" "Safe?" "Sicuro!" "At 5 o'clock?" "Senza dubbio." "The horse is really good?" "Buonissimo!" All was, as I thought, most satisfactorily arranged, and with the early morning I rose from a very uncomfortable bed in my very uncomfortable inn, delighted with the idea of breathing the fresh morning air in a neat and spruce conveyance, and pacing merrily over the campaign to Arquà.

The *vettura* was announced. I was equipped and eager for the expedition. Full of Petrarch and Laura, my imagination revelling in ideas of the beautiful and ardent, the sensitive and romantic, I descended, but stopped short at the door. A carriage was there certainly, which I looked at quite aghast. It was a rotten, shattered old gig or tim-whisky, it had no springs, and, though corded up in several places, seemed incapable of surviving the shock of starting. It looked as if it had been discharged some months from hospital service, and left to die a natural death by rotting away on some dunghill out of which this rascal must have picked it. The horse was not unworthy of what he was tied to. "Is this the carriage?" in consternation I asked. "Sicuro, signor." There was no alternative—into it I got, my nerves responding to the creaking and trembling of the rickety affair. My *conduttore* followed; he was a compound of villainous smells, from which I partially defended myself with eau-de-cologne. We made our way through two or three streets, and had just entered a deeply dusty road, running parallel with the ramparts and leading to the city gate, when the horse tripped and made a complete somersault clean out of the shafts, bursting the harness in sundry places. The driver raised the rascally animal, and replacing him between the shafts, we resumed our seats, when he began kicking as if some spirit of evil were in him, and never rested till he had sent the footboard in the air and both of us into the dusty road. "Corpo di San Tomaso!" exclaimed the driver, "è una disgrazia!" Muttering all terms of abuse in my own language, I resigned myself to my

destiny. A cord mended the broken tackle, and we once more ventured ourselves in the vehicle, but to little purpose; we were kicked out by this vicious brute on an average every mile and a half, until we reached the foot of the hill leading to Arquà. At every ejectment that we endured from this detestable beast, the *conduttore* adjured the body of his patron saint, San Tomaso di Padova, as he himself informed me. "Is he a good one?" I inquired. "O, buonissimo," he replied, "the best in all Padua."

The level country through which we passed was rich, but not particularly interesting: as we entered the hilly region, the beauty of Italian scenery, in all its mixture of fertility and wildness, of luxuriance and sublimity, broke upon our view. "Grazie a San Tomaso," for our safe delivery, was my silent thought, as we finished our outward-bound course. I left my fellow-sufferer to busy himself with the repairs of harness and carriage and to feed his ill-tempered brute, that he might have spirit enough to kick us back again to Padua. A very intelligent boy, whom I selected from the swarm of ragged urchins that volunteered their services as *ciceroni*, conducted me up the hill to the house of Petrarch. I followed him from room to room with all the veneration which the laurelled genius exacted, saw his chair and secretaire, and added my name to the long list of pilgrims (none had more justly earned that title than myself) who were enrolled in the record of his admirers. I passed on to his tomb, close to the small church of Arquà—a simple, square, unostentatious monument on steps, with four pillars supporting a stone sarcophagus. The following lines I hastily copied into my pocket-book:—

> "Frigida, Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarcæ,
> Suscipe, virgo parens, animam, sate virgine, parce:
> Fessaque jam terris, cœli requiescat in arce.
> "MCCCLXXIIII. XVIII. JULII."*

Four laurel-trees in full berry grew, one at each corner, overshadowing and adorning with most appropriate gracefulness the modest, interesting structure. The view over the far out-spreading plains of Lombardy was most extensive, lost in the seemingly interminable expanse of luxuriant vegetation, which contrasted well with the less fertile summits of the hills around me. The grandeur of the landscape, but still more the name and remains of Petrarch, are all that give interest to this secluded spot. Plucking a small branch from one of the laurels, the withered remains of which I still possess, I reascended the crazy, freshly-corded vehicle to go through again the same set of manœuvres that the fractious brute had made us undergo in our journey here. Seven

* Under this stone the bones of Petrarch rest;
Virgin Mother, receive his soul;
Son of the Virgin, make him whole,
That, weary here, he may with God be blest.
18th July, 1374. ED. TRANS.

times was I served with notice to quit from the heels of this restive animal, and, as a pleasant finish to this eventful history, my perfumed guide on regaining Padua drove me, covered with dust and perspiring with exertion, passion, and shame at my appearance, through the principal streets, crowded with the gaily-dressed inhabitants, who were flocking, to the sound of the Sunday morning's bell then tolling, to morning mass. My green spectacles and the conviction that no one knew me from Beau Brummell or the Emperor Alexander *incog.*, enabled my *mauvaise honte* to endure this concluding trial; but oh! the relief in jumping out of this antediluvian piece of patchwork in the yard of my *albergo* is indescribable! I paid the rascal who had trapped me into this purgatorial expedition; gave him, his horse, and San Tomaso di Padova to Old Nick; and ordering a more respectable *vettura* for Fusina, by ablution and libation washed away all unpleasant recollection of my poetical pilgrimage, and in a less desperate machine set out on my route to Venice.

The thick grass which overgrew the pavement of the last street before the gate of Omnium Sanctorum was a sad remembrance of the "revolution of the times,"—an eloquent, mournful indication of declension and decay. It was otherwise, I thought, when the noble contended for the independence of his little principality, or when Padua was the home of learning, the popular resort of the wise and the ambitious. The ride along the Brenta's banks, studded with villas and villages, in which were groups of holiday-keepers obstreperous in their noisy mirth, brought me to Fusina, the place of embarkation in gondola for Venice. This was the only mode of reaching it: there were no railways then; and I believe in the whole world there was no city that offered to the traveller's approval a spectacle so imposing as that of Venice. Her peculiarity of situation has been so often descanted on that it may be supposed familiar to every imagination, although no description can do justice to the startling reality, or weaken the crowding sensations that swell the enthusiast's bosom as his gondola glides from between the high banks of the narrow Brenta upon the widely-spreading surface of the Adriatic, and the scene of wonder bursts upon his sight. The setting sun poured its last beams of ruddy light upon the majestic city of the sea, that rose like some fabled work of enchantment from the bosom of the subject flood. The blue summits of the distant Alps on one side, and the scattered islands on the other, closed in the fairy prospect. There was scarcely a ripple on the glittering waters, nor a sound in the air except the far-off tolling of the vesper bells, that came sadly and slowly booming over the expanse. If "the pale moonlight" be in appropriate tone to the mouldering grandeur of a Gothic ruin, the hour of sunset does not less truly harmonise with the decaying magnificence of a capital like Venice. She still sits like a queen indeed upon her watery throne, but it is in "faded splendour

wan." Her edifices and public places are monuments; no single object speaks of recent achievement. Her spoils from Constantinople, and her trophies set up on the conquests of Cyprus, Crete, and Rhodes, still stand in reproach of her degenerate sons, for the tributary nations no longer pay her homage, and the Moslem "hath broken the crown of her head."

At the hotel which Moreau had recommended I found good apartments, and, having engaged the services of a *valet de place*, desired him to conduct me to St. Mark's. We traversed the narrow lanes leading to the Piazza, jostling the busy crowd that was hurrying on, earnestness in every face, and importance in every voice that gabbled by us. When at the outside of the Piazza, I dismissed my servant for the night, and, passing on beneath the dark arches, emerged upon the interesting scene. The grand fantastic façade of the church of St. Mark spread out its majestic grandeur at the opposite side of the square: the Campanile pointed its darkly-shadowed spire to the clear deep blue above, which was richly set with stars; the uniform architecture of the square was distinctly visible in the evening's light; and in the illumination of the shops and *cafés*, all of which were lit up, and displayed in almost daylight distinctness the many, many groups, the crowds of persons engaged in conversation, promenading up and down the more vacant spaces, or thronging round the military band who, with their music-stands fixed in a large circle, were playing the most charming airs. I was alone in this, to me, novel scene of splendour, luxury, and beauty. The glories of the night above were again reflected in the sleeping waters of the Adriatic. The thought that I was indeed in Venice was itself a delight to me: Venice, the frequent vision of my youthful fancy, peopled with the grand and terrible realities of history and the glorious and touching fictions of romance and poetry. It was a sort of spiritual intoxication I experienced, yet, with every sense thus gratified, there was a strange overcast of melancholy in the thought that this enjoyment was so soon to end and never again to be renewed.

My time in Venice, limited to one short week, was thriftily employed. Here, as in every city throughout my tour, I gave one or two hours a day to a tutor engaged to assist me in my study of the language, with which I very soon grew familiar. The rest of the day was spent among the splendid works of art that court inspection in the galleries, churches, and palaces adorning this singular city, that begin their date with the Horses of Lysippus, and, satiating the entranced spectator with the masterpieces of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, &c., come down to the Hebe of Canova* on view in the Grimani Palace. In Byron's words, I was "dazzled and drunk with beauty," and moving as in a dream made up of memories and associations.

* The news of Canova's death arrived while I was in Venice. I had a letter of introduction to him and hoped to see him in Rome.

The creations of Shakespeare rose up before me on the Rialto; and the Hall of Council, indeed, haunted me at every step. The tombs of the Doges, the Giant's Staircase, the Place of the Lion's Mouth, the Bridge of Sighs, the dark curtain inscribed with Faliero's doom, recalled the tales of suffering that historians have recorded and poets have intensified. I neglected nothing that untiring industry enabled me to see; the luxurious cushions of my gondola affording me repose and amusement in my transit from place to place.

There was only one theatre then open, and some of my evenings were passed there. The building was neither spacious nor handsome: the performances not of a very high order. One evening there was a translation or, I should rather say, an adaptation of Sheridan's 'School for Scandal,' in which an English playgoer would have found difficulty in recognising the original. In a kind of romantic drama, reminding me in some scenes of the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son, and in others of Schiller's 'Robbers,' there was much power. It was tolerably acted and vehemently applauded. The chief actor, a young and well-favoured man, appeared to rely solely on his energy and sensibility for success. He did not appear to have bestowed a thought upon the influence that birth, or age, or country might have produced on the expression of passion. How unlike the probing research of Talma! There was no character; no difference in his several performances beyond the dress he wore; nor did he seem to have made grace in the least degree the object of his study, though surrounded, as the student is here, with so many monitors of its power. With so many models to guide the pupil in his attainment of elegance, the decency of gesture on this stage seemed utterly disregarded. A jerking, confined movement of the actor's arms, a constant ungraceful shifting of the legs, offended the eye of taste: but with all his faults, his want of repose, of grace, and discrimination of character (for he was always the representative of himself), this player from his single earnestness and ardency took a strong hold on the feelings of his auditors. In the excess of rage or agony of grief he would almost shriek, and his voice would reach a degree of shrillness that threatened to endanger his retention of sympathy, but, the moment of peril once successfully passed, the effect produced was powerful and even terrible. The studious artist will "gather honey from the weed," deriving instruction from the imperfections of others, and in this clever actor's performances the lesson impressed was the enforcement of Shakespeare's injunction—"In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of your passion, to acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness."

The days to which my sojourn here was restricted having rapidly passed away, my departure for Florence could no longer be delayed. My friend Moreau had been faithful to his promise, and my course was shaped in agreement with his instructions. It was dark when I arrived at the palace degraded now to the Office for Diligences

where I was to embark for Chioggia. When I entered the filthy packet that was to convey me from Venice, the moon had not yet risen, but the blue sky was richly spangled with stars, and the frequent lights from the palaces and buildings on the Great Canal gave the scene a most lustrous and imposing effect. These, reflected in the water, and the lamps of the gondolas sometimes gliding slowly along, now darting like shooting-stars across the sight, like spirits on the waters, all make this sea-born city a place of enchantment. How very regretfully I saw the vessel pass the magnificent structures that embank the canal! I spread my cloak and pillow on the deck, and lay along, looking alternately from the bright heaven above—where now the moon, "apparent queen," was shining—to the waters, the islands, the banks, and sea-marks we were slowly passing, and with a heavy heart bade a long, a last adieu to Venice, bearing with me recollections of delight that time cannot efface or weaken. At Ferrara, which I reached by packet-boats on the Adige and the Po, my stay was short, enabling me to see no other objects of interest than the prison of Tasso, the tomb, house, and MSS. of Ariosto, and the heavy mass of the Ducal Palace, rendered more gloomy by the remembrance of Lord Byron's 'Parisina.' Thence to Bologna, where the sculptures of John of Bologna and the works of the Caracci school, especially the pictures by Domenichino and Guido, would have recompensed weeks of study; but two days were all I had to give to this noble city. The square leaning tower appeared to me a most unsightly object, calculated to excite, perhaps, surprise and wonder in some, but awakening no feeling of pleasure in the true lover of art.

In my progress through the streets of the city, my curiosity was aroused by the sight of a woman very respectably dressed in mourning, with a black thick veil enveloping her person and completely hiding her face, seated on a low slab or stool; her head bowed down implied distress, but the decency of her appearance did not warrant at first view the idea of utter indigence. On inquiring into the cause of her long continuance in the same place and posture, I was told that she was "*una mendicante vergognosa*;" that it was a privilege authorized by long custom for an unfriended woman, overtaken by calamity and under the pressure of poverty, to resort for one day to this mode of exciting the commiseration of the benevolent, concealing her name and person, but that beyond the day she was not entitled to the indulgence. It struck me as a custom that, in its tenderness to misfortune, had something of delicacy in it, affording the sufferer a chance of relief without the humiliation of exposure.

At a day theatre, in which the spectators sat in the open air, an Italian version of Voltaire's 'Zaire' was performed. I arrived only in time to see the last act. The Orasmin was a bulky, drowsy caricature of the impassioned Sultan of Jerusalem, but the Zaire displayed grace and feeling that made me regret the loss of her earlier scenes. It was at Bologna that I saw, for the only time in

my life the "*giuoco del ballone.*" I paid an admission fee to the court; the players were three or four on a side, and certainly astonished me by the extraordinary strength, dexterity, and agility they displayed.

CHAPTER XVI.

1822.—Florence—Fiesole—Sir Robert Comyn—Naples—Eruption of Vesuvius —Pompeii — Pæstum — Herculaneum —William Etty— Rome — Parma — Milan—Pantomimic acting—Turin—Geneva—Paris—Talma in 'Sylla.'

My journey over the Apennines by *vetturino* was made in company of a most repulsive description, and under a degree of temperature that, greatly heightening the disagreeableness of my fellow-passengers, made Florence a haven of delight, as I took possession of airy rooms in my comfortable hotel on the Lung' Arno. Before setting out next morning on my daily tour of observation, I was surprised by the servant's delivery of a small packet with my name inscribed, the bearer waiting for an answer. Who could possibly know me in Florence? was my immediate thought. I was as much amused as I had been surprised, on opening the packet which contained a little MS. book, very legibly and carefully written; the first page of which I copy *verbatim:*

"On the auspicious arrival in Florence of most distinct and illustrious noble gentleman, Sir William Macready, England, the academician and poet, Laurence Vallazani, in testimony of his dutiful respect, presents to your gentleman, with the most sincere desire, his following poetical compositions, with hopes that your gentleman will not disdain to place them under your powerful protection, and flatters himself that, with the usual generosity of your gentleman, will not fail to be rewarded."

This was the introduction of three sonnets in Italian, the first of which, "Pel felice arrivo in Firenze," began thus:

"Almo Signor, questa città di Flora
Lieta e contenta e più dell' usato,
Poiche l' aspetto grave e insiem ben grato,
Di tua gentil presenza oggi l' onora."

Inquiring how much would qualify me as a worthy Mæcenas of this poet, I purchased my patron's title with a couple of francs, with which the poor fellow was well satisfied. This, as I understood, was his means of livelihood, being presented with the alteration of the name to every new arrival.

The character of this city resembles none that I had previously passed through. Even in presence of the massive structure, with its donjon-like aspect, of the Ducal Palace or Palazzo Vecchio, frowning over the Piazza which it overshadows, I should say that elegance was its distinguishing peculiarity. Even to the pavement

of its streets there is a neatness and a finish rarely observable elsewhere. More than a fortnight was busily employed by me in this delightful depository of high art, storing my mind with images of beauty and interest that are still a lively enjoyment to me. To enumerate them would fill a volume. Nothing was neglected. The churches, particularly the Duomo with its baptistery and the Santa Croce, the galleries, palaces, museums, rich to profusion in the various arts, opened a new world of meditation to me; but the days were too short for the manifold subjects of study and observation that courted my attention, several of which lured me again and again to their inspection. It would be a languid taste that could soon be wearied with the treasures of the Galleria di Firenze, among which "the statue that enchants the world," the Medicean Venus, is the primary attraction. I confess myself, in a certain degree, disappointed in it. The real beauty of "the human face divine" is its expression, and in the face of the Venus there is none, so that no sentiment is awakened beyond the pleasure of admiring its well-adjusted proportions, the accuracy of which, however, I have heard, is disputed by some anatomists. The Venus of Canova at the Pitti Palace is a graceful figure, with a gentle compression of the lips as if suppressing a smile. But of all the statues I have ever seen, the Venus of Milo in the Louvre answers, I think, to the most perfect ideal of womanly loveliness.

I copied the inscriptions on the monument of Macchiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Alfieri, and others; visited the different places of amusement, the Cascine, Boboli Gardens, and the theatres then open. At the Day Theatre I saw Goldoni's comedy of 'L'Aventuriere Onorato,' which, being very well acted, amused me very much. With Milton's poetry so frequent in my thought, and the "Anche si muove" of the Tuscan artist he celebrates, I could not omit to visit Fiesole. I drove there one day after dinner, but within half a mile of the town, wishing to spare the horses the toil of the steep ascent, I left the carriage to wait for me in the road, and briskly made my way up to the convent that, above Fiesole, caps the very summit of the hill. Attended by one of the friars, I went over the wretched garden, through the dormitory, into the refectory, where the supper of the monks, a slice of bread and bunch of dried grapes for each, was laid out; and, after listening to the monk's complaints of the convent's poverty, I left a gratuity for the few brethren there and rushed down the narrow road that led me back to the town. It was then twilight, and, seeing the cathedral doors open before me, I did not slacken my speed, but bounded in, and with rapid steps had reached the middle of the nave before two persons at the high altar were aware of my intrusion. One was a priest, who, in desecration of the place and forgetfulness of his holy office, was in the act of kissing a young woman. Startled by my sudden irruption, he hastily retreated into the sacristy at the left hand, and the young girl flung herself upon her knees against a bench at the right, with her head so bent down that,

as I walked round the church and passed close by her, I could not get a glimpse of her features. When I had nearly regained the door, the priest returned; whether to resume his devotional exercise or no, I did not stay to enquire. It was a *festa* in the town, which was crowded with people. Descending the hill, I soon reached the carriage, and at Florence mentioned the strange scene I had witnessed. I was told that I ought to make the Bishop acquainted with the circumstance, but knowing how light ecclesiastical penances generally are, I did not think it worth while to move further in the matter.

At the hotel where I lodged, I had the good fortune to meet Comyn, with whom I had made acquaintance at Talfourd's chambers. We were on the same route, and, as he preceded me two or three days, we agreed to meet again at Naples. Our intimacy, ripened into friendship, continued through many years. He went out as Sir Robert Comyn to a judgeship in India, and, after holding the office of Chief Justice of Madras for a considerable period, returned to England with a very good fortune. The day of my departure having arrived, I left this delightful city with the courier; and as he had charge of the mail, my journey precluded all attempts at delay, so that the interesting tract over which we passed was almost a dead letter to me. Of Siena I saw nothing beyond the great square and the exterior of the cathedral, and had only a passing glance at the Lake of Bolsena. The summer heats were not yet sufficiently tempered to make Rome a safe sojourn, and I therefore took advantage of the courier's early start to limit my stay there to a very few hours. We could gain but partial views of the country from our carriage windows, so that beyond the "impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur," * the modern Terracina, the conviction that we were on the track of the Via Appia, and the sight of the identical pavement at Fondi that once made part of it, we had little to remind us of Horace's journey to Brundusium, which nevertheless was frequently in my thoughts. We had been cautioned to avoid sleep as much as possible, particularly over the Pontine Marshes; and, as a defence against the malaria, had frequent recourse to some strong aromatic vinegar that I had procured at Florence. The mere sight of the unfortunate creatures who, in the service of the posts there, brought out the relays of horses, was sufficient to create uneasy sensations in breathing this pestilential atmosphere. Their complexion was the deepest yellow, their limbs like those of actual skeletons, whilst the swollen dropsical stomach was protruded out of all proportion with the rest of their emaciated frame. It was a dismal spectacle, bespeaking a speedy termination to a life of miserable endurance, exciting at once pity and disgust, from which it was a relief to escape.

Arrived at Naples and luxuriously lodged in a very good hotel on the Chiatamone, commanding a full view of the Bay, that in its

* "Anxur, built on its far-gleaming cliffs."—*Horace*, Sat. i. 5. 26.—Ed. Trans.

beauty even surpassed my highly-wrought expectations, no time was lost in making out my plans. A fresh field of exploration opened before me, and with all the ardour of a discoverer of new regions, I entered on my pursuit, taking in due turn the churches, palaces, and repositories of works of special interest, at the head of which, for unrivalled excellence, abundance and variety of objects, stood the Museo Borbonico, rich in the antiquities amassed from Herculaneum, Pompeii, &c., and in the marvellous creations of genius from the earliest classic times down to the glories of mediæval art. My hours of business (for my daily rounds, though a labour of love, were treated as business by me) were agreeably diversified by the acquaintances I formed here. Our Minister to the Court of Naples, Mr. Hamilton, was most kind in his attentions to me; no less so was Lord Kinnaird. Mathias, a distant connection of ours, the well-known author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' described in Canning's verse as—

> "Thou, the nameless bard, whose honest zeal
> For Law, for Morals, for the Public Weal,
> Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
> The stream of verse and many-languaged prose,"—

was on a visit to Mr. Otway Cave, and introduced me to the hospitalities of that charming family. It was at dinner with Lord Kinnaird, that I heard the startling news of the suicide of Lord Londonderry. As a minister he was unpopular, and would have been more in his proper element, I fancy, in the command of an army than at the head of a cabinet or as leader of the House of Commons. He was possessed of very considerable talent, of a very gentlemanly address, and such undaunted courage that he might have been classed among the bravest of the brave.

From this dinner-party it was that I started in a carriage for Resina, where I engaged a guide for the ascent of Vesuvius. The wells at Resina, Portici, &c., had been for some days dried up, and the usual indications of an eruption near at hand were noticed with anxiety by the inhabitants. Every three or four minutes volleys of red-hot ashes and stones, with clouds of white smoke from the crater, were shot far up into the air. There could not have been a better time for a visit to the volcano. A sure-footed donkey carried me through narrow lanes and vineyards over the ragged tract of the mountain path, and we reached our resting-place a little before midnight. It was a region of desolation, a desert of ashes and huge blocks of lava; a wilderness of nature's ruin without one speck of vegetation. There was a sort of *hospice*, or "hermitage" as it was called,—why, I do not know, except that two jolly fellows in monks' frocks receive visitors here, and get well paid for their ministry of sour wine and tepid water, which they call "*acqua fresca*." I was shown into an upper room furnished with a bed, on which I did not venture to lie down. The open window gave a soft balmy air delightful to the sense, and a

view of the sea, the surrounding hills, and the city, all spread out underneath in the bright moonlight. The stillness was so profound as to be really felt, and was rendered more impressive by the low and hollow murmur, from time to time, of voices in the chamber beneath; and sometimes more solemnly by the roaring of the mountain above, "whose grisly top belched fire and rolling smoke." I never had the sense of solitude as on that night and in that room; and in that loneliness, my thoughts, strangely enough, wandered to my home and those I loved in my own dear country.

After a time I fell into a dose, from which a horrible dream awoke me in a cold perspiration. Two hours after midnight, my guide knocked at my door with the announcement, "All ready." I remounted my donkey, the guide walking beside me, and another man leading the way with a torch, over and between blocks of lava of all sizes. Nothing but lava and ashes—the scene so dismal, as to call up Thomson's line, "Horror wide extends his desolate domain." At a certain point we stopped to light our torches, the moon being now so low in the heavens as to cast deep shadows over our rugged path, and, leaving the donkey to the care of our assistant, we continued our uneven and stumbling course until we came to the foot of the cone. Here I gave up my torch as a useless encumbrance, and rushed up the ascent (which seemed almost perpendicular) of loose ashes, that gave way in every step I made. When about two-thirds of the way up, I stopped to rest myself and looking down the "vast abrupt," for such it seemed, I felt my head turn dizzy with the height. I thought I must give up the task; but not liking to be beaten, I set to again. Again I faltered, and again pushed on, and, at last reaching the margin of the crater, I rolled along upon the ground in a state of most profuse perspiration, and desired my guide to wrap my cloak over me that I might recover breath and strength. The position and form of the craters have of late years, as I have read, been by sundry eruptions entirely altered; but at this time there were two, the one to which we attained in active discharge, the other, of far more extensive circumference, extinct, and exhibiting here and there some scanty verdure in parts of it.

After a little rest, which was most grateful to me, we made our approaches to the mouth of the yawning gulf, and went so near the edge of the crater that, as the red-hot ashes came tumbling close about us, my guide objected to remaining, and we took up a position a little more distant. The moon went down blood-red below the horizon on one side, and we waited to see the sun rise up "in glory and in joy" upon the other. My attention was arrested by a most extraordinary sound, to which I stood listening for some time. It was like a deep and heavy sigh, that every now and then breathed out from the depths of the volcano, as of the mountain panting from exhaustion. Inquiring of the guide what this might be, he informed me that it was a sound that was heard every morning at sunrise, when the mountain was in a state

of agitation. It was with a feeling akin to awe that I lingered to catch each return of this mysterious sound, that impressed me as the stifled expression of pain from some gigantic prodigy of nature. My summer in England might have been turned to good account in a pecuniary point of view, but the memory of a spectacle of true sublimity like this was a treasure of thought not to be computed by coin. I felt grateful for the indulgence of my wishes, and prepared for my descent with extreme reluctance. But, *facilis descensus! Facilis*, indeed; for we had only to give our heels to the loose surface of our downward way, and in two or three minutes, laughing all the time, we were at the foot of the cone. Leaving the customary compliment with mine hosts of the hermitage, and parting on good terms with my donkey and Salvatore, my guide, at Resina, I soon made my way from thence in a carriage back to Chiatamone,

My evenings not spent in society or in the theatres were usually passed in a lonely row on the Bay, where, letting the boatman go at will, I could observe the frequent outburst of Vesuvius, or watch the deepening shadows on the surrounding shores of Pausilippo and Sorrento, and the distant isles of Capri, Procida, and Ischia. At the San Carlo, that gorgeous theatre, I saw a mythological ballet, not very well performed; the 'Cenerentola' at the Fondo, and at the Teatro Nuovo a literal translation of Murphy's comedy of the 'Way to Keep Him,' in which Lovemore was addressed and spoken of as Mis-ter Lovy-more. The actress who personated the widow Belmour was the same accomplished artiste whom I had seen at Bologna in Zaire. She was the very ideal of the woman of fashion, gay, graceful, and altogether charming.

My tour to Pæstum by way of Pompeii was made in company with Comyn. In walking through the streets of Pompeii, the once buried city, examining the amphitheatre, almost perfect, the Forum, theatres, and private dwellings, in marking the ruts worn by carriages in the stony pavement, imagination wanted little aid in building up the Roman town as it stood, and peopling it with the busy throngs that ages since gave life to it. Pompeii presents a history of the Roman's social state that no verbal description can equal, and is to the antiquary and artist an inexhaustible treasury of instruction. On our onward route we were several times accompanied by Neapolitan beggars, running for more than a mile by the side of the carriage, and pleading in significant dumb show their necessities. It is not an unusual custom for Italians to answer your questions by a gesture, if limited to "yes" or "no;" but the Neapolitan has a silent language, and is eloquent in his gesticulation. Assuming a most rueful aspect, the pantomime of his limber hands, alternately waving in a most dejected manner, pointing to his open mouth, and tapping his craving stomach, distinctly indicative of his wants, needed no interpreter. But translated into English words it would run:

"Illustrious Signor, I am a very miserable creature; this poor stomach is quite empty; put something into my open mouth to send into it; and Heaven will reward you!" With this mute but expressive action, irresistible in provoking one's laughter, the persevering suitor seldom fails to extort some *bajocchi* from one's charity.

We slept at Vietri, and with the early morning drove on to Pæstum. The country through which we passed appeared utterly deserted, as if depopulated by malaria. The three magnificent temples, so grand and majestic in their solitary state, were well worth a longer journey. I was never before so impressed, whatever the criticisms of architects may advance, with the beauty of fitness and just proportion, as in the sight of these noble monuments of a bygone civilization. On our way home we reached Portici about noon, and were invited by the loiterers, who surrounded our carriage, to see what was shown of Herculaneum. Unaware, or not remembering that, having been submerged by floods of lava, all that can be seen of it is excavated from the subterranean rock, we followed our guide, and down a flight of steps descended by candle-light to the vaulted passages cut out of the ancient theatre. The walls, which a little scraping showed to be marble, were streaming with moisture; and having on me no heavier garment than a light cambric muslin jacket, the chill seemed to strike right through me. Being able to see nothing beyond the bits of wall that the candle showed, I was anxious to return, but Comyn, whom a *coup d'œil* generally satisfied, persisted most provokingly in lingering in this well-like cavern. I afterwards learned that Herculaneum was the best friend to the Neapolitan physicians.

Returning to Naples, we dined together at a *trattoria* over the bay, amused with the vociferous oratory of the vendors of maccaroni and water-melons, who kept up an incessant jabber in extolling the excellence of their respective objects of merchandise. Parting for the night, he went to a theatre, and I enjoyed the beauty of the evening, watching the violent explosions of Vesuvius on the smooth waters of the bay till nearly midnight. But the next morning I awoke in great pain and seriously indisposed. Calling in the course of the day on Lord Kinnaird, he perceived that I was very ill, and gave me the address of Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Clark, enjoining me to send for him without delay, which of course I did. I was laid up for many days with a bilious fever, and, under God, owe my life, I believe, to my physician's skilful treatment of my disorder. The loss of time and strength this illness cost me, obliged me to give up several objects of interest I had reckoned on seeing, and I was obliged to use a carriage during the few remaining days left me in Naples. The tomb of Virgil I could not leave unnoticed, and from it continued my drive through the grotto of Pausilippo. Under my windows I had the baleful sight of the Austrian force

(then in occupation of the city, ten thousand strong) passing in procession to the Chapel of the Virgin, on occasion of the *Festa della sua Natività*. Every man's uniform was padded, and some made a most grotesque appearance: the paddings, intended to give a stalwart appearance by the prominence of the chest, in many cases went down to the lower stomach. I could not help thinking that half the number of Englishmen would have sent those fellows to the right-about in double-quick time. There was a small park of artillery in the Toledo, and Austrian uniforms in every street exposed the humiliated condition of the government. I felt as if I could not recover my strength here, and had a horror of being buried, should I die, in Naples.

The day of our departure was fixed, and places taken to Rome with the courier for Comyn and myself. The third seat was occupied by a short, thin young man, with very light hair, his face marked with the small-pox, very gentle in his manner, with a shrill and feeble tone of voice, whom we found a very accommodating and agreeable travelling companion, and whom through all his after-life I found a very warm friend. It was William Etty, whose picture of Cleopatra on the Cydnus had already given earnest of the elevation he subsequently obtained. Without any particular adventure we reached Rome, whither my thoughts had wandered long before. How large a space in the early dreams of our imagination is filled with the events of its stirring history!—and here I was, in all the fervour of youthful enthusiasm, on the very stage where those events were acted! This high delight I had reserved as the climax of my holiday's enjoyment. In the map of travel that I had marked out myself, here was "the butt, the very sea-mark of my utmost sail." I took a very snug lodging in the Piazza di Spagna. Though now much at ease, with tolerable fluency, in Italian, I still continued, as in all my other resting-places, the services of a tutor. My Roman aid was a literary man recommended to me by Mathias, whom I engaged to talk with me an hour every day.

I should fill a volume in giving a catalogue of the scenes and works of art that crowd upon the attention here. It is enough to say that with redoubled ardour I set myself to improve the opportunities before me.* I was up every morning with the first gleam of light to wander over the Forum and its precincts, through the Coliseum, the baths, the circuses, temples, and sites consecrated to memory by poets and historians. Nothing was left unobserved or unstudied that came within my reach, from the interior of the

* Macready's copy of Vasi's 'Itinerario di Roma' (edition of 1820) is now in the Editor's possession. It contains abundant proof of the diligence with which he went over Rome. It is full of notes and observations in Italian, carefully written in ink upon the margins of the pages, and contains his remarks on pictures, mentioning many which are not named in the guide-book.—ED.

brass ball on the dome of St. Peter's, through a crack of which I had a sight of

> "Latium's wide domain, forlorn and waste,
> Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
> Mournfully rolls,"

to the secluded fountain of Egeria. The statues, from that of Pompey, at whose base "great Cæsar fell," to that mutilated mass which goes by the name of Pasquin (but which is, I believe, the remnant of a group either of Hæmon and Antigone, or Menelaus and Patroclus), were scanned again and again with unsatiated interest; but the two that took the firmest hold of my attention and admiration were the Apollo in his majesty of superhuman beauty, and the Gladiator in his heroic sufferance of the death that was overshadowing him. With the masterpieces of the sister art I was not less familiar, being a frequent attendant at the Vatican and the many galleries enriched with the works of Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo, Domenichino, the Caraccis, and others, feasting my sight with the beauty they have bequeathed us, and taking lessons in grace and expression from the forms and combination they have so wonderfully delineated.

Among the portraits were two that, from their evident verisimilitude and the tragic histories attaching to them, left a deep and painful impression on me. These were the Cæsar Borgia, in the Borghese Palace, by Raphael, and the Beatrice Cenci, in the Barberini Palace, by Guido. The first, with his hand upon his dagger's hilt, in his handsome swarthy Italian countenance reveals a capacity for mischief that has rendered his name supremely infamous, whilst the mild innocence of the features of the lovely Beatrice seems irreconcilable with the perpetration of the crime for which she suffered and the intrepidity with which she confronted her accusers. I seemed here to be walking in a day-dream of delight, recalling the deeds of other times, standing on the very spot where Cicero might have fulminated his sentence of expulsion against Catiline, and where Virginius might have made his awful sacrifice. Visions of the past rose incessantly before me. The faces of the antique busts and statues became so familiar to me that Comyn used to say, "There was no necessity with me for a catalogue." We dined at the same *trattoria*, meeting almost every day at dinner, where he generally saluted me with the intimation of the number of galleries he had "knocked off" in the morning. Our excursions to Tivoli, Adrian's Villa, and Horace's Farm, and to Albano and Tusculum, were made with Mr. Pemberton Leigh (afterwards Lord Kingsdown). The pictures of these places were photographed on my memory in life-enduring colours, of which words could make no copy.

It would not be expected that, in Rome, the effect of the Catholic religion on the popular mind should escape my notice. Outward observance would be judged by many to be all in all to its possessors.

I have watched those who came to pray at St. Peter's, leaving the shrines before which they had been kneeling, approach the bronze figure of the Prince of the Apostles (said to have been originally a statue of Jupiter), and wiping its foot with their cuffs bestow their devotional kisses upon it. The metal is considerably worn by these pious tributes; and in the church of Sta. Maria della Minerva is a marble statue of the Saviour by Michael Angelo, the foot of which for its protection and further preservation, has been encased in a sandal of brass, so much of it having been worn away by the pilgrims' kisses. The more respectful and serious demeanour of the English and Irish novices is particularly noticeable in contrast with the levity and air of indifference with which the Italians go through their Aves and Paternosters. Italians will sometimes stare with astonishment at their enrapt earnestness, and observe to one another, "E un Inglese." One evening, at the theatre of the Marionettes, in the course of the performance, a tinkling bell was heard in the street; the curtain was instantly lowered, and all present in devout silence went down immediately upon their knees. In surprise, I inquired of my neighbour what that might be. I did not directly understand her whispered answer, "E il Signor!" —which she explained to me as the Host which the priests were carrying to some dying or sick person. These ceremonial offices did not tend to strengthen my faith in the depth of religious feeling in Italy.

My days, that had been so industriously and happily employed, were now drawing to a close. My leave of absence would soon expire, and my return to England could no longer be delayed. With what reluctance I prepared for my departure, the following extract from my journal will explain:—

"*October* 17*th*, 1822.—In a few hours I shall leave Rome. The heaviness and despondency I feel are not, I trust, a presage of ill to come, but there is a weight on my spirits I strive in vain to shake off. It is like a foreboding that, in the balance of life's good and ill, the future will have much to set off against the enjoyment of the past. I have been able here to free myself from all the cares and annoyances which will in degree chequer the most fortunate conditions, and have allowed my time to glide away—how swiftly it has passed!—in pleasing speculations and delicious reveries on things and names gone by. I am recalled to the duties and serious realities of the world, and must henceforth make reputation and interest the objects of my eager aim. This morning I revisited for a last farewell the various places which have been familiarized to me by my frequent rambles and meditations. From the Pantheon, where I ruminated over the ashes of Raphael and Annibal Caracci —from Michael Angelo's grand and pensive statue of the Saviour in the church of Sta. Maria, I proceeded to the Capitol to copy the inscription on the urn of Agrippina. I descended to the Forum, taking my last view between the Senate House and the Tarpeian, and made the circuit of the Palatine; entered once more the Coli-

scum, and lingered among its imperial ruins till compelled to leave them. It was with regret amounting almost to pain, that I took leave of these incentives to high thought. But to have been in Rome is something—a possession among memory's treasures for which the ordinary pleasures of life have no equivalent. I cannot moreover forget the prison of Tasso, the birthplace of Livy, and the grave of Virgil, where my homage has been paid. I have sailed on the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and the single consciousness of where I then was has been a reflection of self-gratulation to me. I have thought, as I walked through the silent and deserted ruins of the Queen of Cities, the once 'mistress of the world, the seat of empire, the delight of gods,' that the mighty spirits who raised her to her pinnacle of unequalled glory had walked and mused upon the very spot where I then trod. This is some consolation that these gratifications have been and will be mine while life lasts:

> 'Not fate itself upon the past has power,
> But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.'"

My plan of return was unavoidably altered. I had calculated on presenting my letter of introduction to Lord Byron at Pisa, and making a short stay there on my way to Genoa; but on account of some injury to the road, which would require time for repairing, the passage was closed, and I was forced to re-tread my steps by way of Bologna. This was a grievous disappointment, as I had counted much on seeing the noble poet in whose works I was so deeply read. An English physician, Dr. Crawford, whom I met at Florence, was on his way to England, and, joining company, we took our homeward course in a *scappa-via* from Bologna through Modena and Reggio to Parma, where we rested, and profited by the opportunity of seeing the beautiful easel-pictures and frescoes of Correggio, and the wooden theatre, said to be the largest in Europe, and which certainly is the most remarkable for its wonderful transmission of sound. From Parma to Piacenza, where the Po is crossed by a bridge of boats, our next resting-place was Lodi, made famous by the desperate passage of the bridge over the Adda, one of the most daring exploits in military history, performed by Napoleon Buonaparte and Massena at the head of their grenadiers in face of the Austrian army.

We reached Milan the same night in time to be present at the performance of a grand serious ballet at the Scala, where a pantomimist, called Pellerina, famous throughout Italy, acted the principal character. The story has been dramatised with some alterations by Hannah More in her tragedy of 'Percy,' and was probably suggested by Boccaccio's tale of Gismenda and Guiscardo. The heroine has been compelled to marry a nobleman during the absence of her lover in the Holy Land, who, on his return, falls a victim to the infuriate jealousy of the husband, and not satisfied with this revenge, the implacable husband, to glut his hatred, sends

from the field of combat her lover's heart to her enclosed in a golden case. The grace, intelligence, and emotion expressed in her attitudes and gestures riveted attention throughout; but the effect of her acting in the scene where she receives the mysterious present, was beyond what I have ever seen produced by similar means. With a foreboding of its contents, most distinctly expressed, she hesitated in opening the casket, and her look and stiffened attitude of horror when the appalling truth was disclosed was actually thrilling! I covered my face with my hands, so much was I affected by the tragic power of this extraordinary artiste. Unless I had witnessed the performance, I could not have believed that mere mute expression, without the aid of language, could have worked so powerfully on the feelings. The next morning Dr. Crawford invited me to accompany him to the Ospedale Maggiore, to the Curator of which he had a letter. It was a truly noble establishment; the cleanliness and quietude were remarkable. We walked through the extensive and well-ventilated wards of the male patients, where the beds were ranged at convenient distances on either side; not a word was spoken, nor a sound beyond that of our own footsteps heard to disturb the stillness. From there we crossed the courtyard to the women's ward. There is to me no sound in nature more sweet than that of woman's voice, and, impressed with that belief, I shall not be thought reflecting on the sex when, adopting Shakespeare's dictum, "the sweetest honey is loathsome in its own deliciousness," I could wish for moderation even in what might be most charming. On opening the door the clatter that burst upon our ears from the double row of invalid beds made such a Babel, that we were glad to shut it and escape from the din that might be called a chorus, but which certainly was not a "harmony of tongues."

On to Turin, where I had time to go through the royal gallery, in which are many fine pictures; among them the Vandyke portraits of the Stuart family particularly engaged my notice. The triple portrait of Charles I., sent to Italy for Bernini to model a statue from, showed the unintellectual character of the face as I had never before remarked it. In the courier's mail-carriage, a very comfortable sort of conveyance, my journey was continued over Mont Cenis in a violent snow-storm, by no means an agreeable transit to Chambery. Les Charmettes, the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens, I visited, but entertaining no sympathy with the occcupants that have made the place an object of public curiosity. The profound thought, the eloquence and descriptive power of Rousseau, cannot reconcile me to his disregard of the first social obligations; but whilst I read with disgust his violation of them, and his repudiation of nature's claims, Pity lifts "her soul-subduing voice" in the doubt that arises of his perfect sanity. He has left great utterances, and taught in words the wisdom he could not prove and illustrate by practice. Arriving at Geneva, I went to Ferney. The house of Voltaire, and his bed-room, said

to be left exactly as in his lifetime, with the portrait of Le Kain opposite to his bed, could not fail to give matter for much reflection. If all he wrote had been written in the spirit of his romance of 'Zadig,' what a benefactor to mankind his mighty genius would have made him! The diligence took me to Dijon, where I slept, and the next morning went at the earliest business hour to the bankers to change my last *billet de banque*. On my way back I turned into a very handsome *café*, and ordered breakfast. At a table on the opposite side of the room was a gentleman whose features I instantly recognised.

How often one may hear from Englishmen indiscriminate abuse of the French character! In conversation once with Savage Landor, I remember making some observation on the very general diffusion of taste in France, when I was interrupted by the grand old poet with, "Sir, the French are all scoundrels!" It was with difficulty I restrained myself from laughing out at this brusque universality of condemnation; but I regret to think that many Englishmen totally unacquainted with France and Frenchmen would be found readily disposed to endorse the libel. I can remember when the House of Commons would hear with the silence of indifference, if not of acquiescence, the monstrous dogma which the bigot ignorance of members has laid down, that the French and English were natural enemies: an implied arrangement of the Creator, whose attribute is love, at once as impious as it is absurd. Englishmen in visiting France too often neglect the needful study of the language, and in consequence expose themselves to embarrassment and inconvenience, which they resent in their vituperation of a people whose style and address are usually allowed to be most courteous and conciliatory. My own experience of them would justify me in maintaining politeness to be a national characteristic. Nor is kindness of heart a quality less native to them than urbanity of manner: an interesting proof of this was afforded me on the present occasion. The gentleman whom I had noticed, after a few minutes casting his eyes to my side of the room, started up, and exclaiming "Oh! Monsieur Macready!" rushed over to me and embraced me with the most genuine cordiality. It was Monsieur Guillaume, one of my young French *compagnons de voyage*, whom I had parted with at Milan in the early summer, He sat at my table while I breakfasted, and not all the resistance and remonstrance I could make availed to prevent him from discharging my account. He insisted that I should be "his guest" whilst in Dijon. His family were still in the country, but he took me to his house, an extremely handsome one, left in the care of a servant, accompanied me to the Museum, entertained me at the principal *restaurant* with a *recherché* dinner, and walked or sat with me to the hour of my departure, nine at night, when he shook hands with me as I took my seat in the diligence for Paris. I had given him my address in London, where he promised to see me, and where I had hoped to renew our intimacy; but it was not fated that we should ever meet again.

This unexpected *rencontre* is a very pleasing remembrance, and it is a small return in recording this, among many instances of spontaneous friendliness, to bear testimony to the kindly spirit and amiability of disposition in Frenchmen, of which I have had such large experience.

Arrived at Paris, I took up my quarters at my old hotel, Rue Ste. Hyacinthe, and at the *table d'hôte* fell into conversation with an Englishman just come from London, who, in giving me news of the theatres, amused me with what I conceived his blundering statement of having seen Young in Hamlet at Drury Lane. I begged leave to correct him, assuring him it was not possible, and that he must mean Covent Garden. He, however, persisted, and I resolutely in my own mind persuaded myself he was mistaken. There had been for many years an understanding, if not a direct covenant, between the managers, that no performer leaving one theatre should be engaged at the other until after the expiration of a year. The knowledge of this (unjust) compact gave me confidence in my assertion.

'Sylla' was the play at the Théâtre Français, where, of course I hastened to obtain the best place for seeing the great French actor. The play itself is meagre in incident, deficient in pathos, prosaic in its language, and, indeed, restricted in its apparent aims to the single purpose of developing the character of Sylla. In the success of this attempt the author, Jouy, has been greatly aided by the genius of Talma, the reality of whose impersonation justly entitled him to the grateful acknowledgments of the poet's preface: "Il n'est point acteur: il ne porte ni la pourpre ni le diadême de théâtre: il vit chaque jour pendant deux heures de la vie du personnage qu'il représente. Jamais transformation ne fut plus complète." Having intently watched him throughout his performance, I can readily subscribe to this eulogism. His entry on the stage, in the dignified ease of his deportment, bespoke a consciousness of power that arrested at once the attention and interest of the beholder. In his attitudes and manners there was nothing of the rigidity and visible preparation of Kemble; his address was that of one, to whom the tone of command was too familiar to need strain or effort. His pride, too lofty to be betrayed into violence displayed itself in his calm disdain of the "Romains dégénérés." To the dependent kings, the mutinous people, or the infuriated Valerie, he preserved the same unperturbed demeanour. The heroic bearing with which he tendered his sword to the conspirator, Claudius was in the same lofty scorn of death, the same confidence in his destiny. It was only when arraigned at the bar of his own conscience that he appeared to feel, and confessed the insufficiency of greatness to give peace. In the disturbed sleep, haunted by the vision of his slaughtered victims, which followed his soliloquy, he awed the audience into a death-like stillness. The crowning act of his public life, his abdication, was in accordant tone with the haughty indifference to his servile countrymen that

had marked his career of greatness; and his dignified utterance of the line,

"J'ai gouverné sans **peur**, et j'abdique sans crainte!"

was a fitting climax to the character so nobly and consistently maintained. The toga sat upon him as if it had been his daily costume. His coiffure might have been taken from an antique bust; but was in strict resemblance of Napoleon's. It was reported that several passages had been struck out of the text by the censor, under the apprehension of their application by the Parisians to the exiled emperor, and an order was said to have been sent from the police forbidding Talma to cross his hands behind him, the ordinary habit of Napoleon. Such were the *on dits* of the day; but they detracted nothing from the consummate skill, displayed by this great actor in his personation of the Roman Dictator. It was the perfection of the art, raising it to an intellectual level with the sculptor's or painter's conceptions, and for current value wanting only a medium more tenacious than memory whereon to stamp the fidelity of its portraiture.

CHAPTER XVII.

1822–1823.—Commencement of Covent Garden season—Sheil's 'Huguenot'—Wolsey in 'Henry VIII.'—'King John'—Miss Mitford's 'Julian'—Shylock—Secession from Covent Garden—Engagement to marry—Agrees with Elliston to act at Drury Lane—Provincial engagements—Rapid journey from Southampton to Montrose—The story of the child rescued from the fire—'Virginius' at Kendal—Tour in the English Lake country—Visit to Wordsworth at Rydal Mount—York—Musical Festival—First season at Drury Lane—Meeting of future wife and sister.

My engagements not allowing me to prolong my stay in Paris, I arranged for my departure the next day; but first went to a reading-room in the Rue de la Paix to learn what had been doing in the London theatres during my absence. To my astonishment, indeed it was with dismay, I read in the *Courier* that Emery was dead, and that Young, Miss Stephens, and Liston, had seceded from Covent Garden and were engaged by Elliston at Drury Lane, where crowded houses were in nightly contrast with the deserted benches of the other theatre. But there my lot was cast, and to join this impoverished company, stripped of so many of its ablest supporters and sunk in public opinion, I was under bond to go. It was with a feeling of extreme dejection, indeed of hopelessness, that I set out on my journey. My anticipations fell short of the actual state in which I found the theatre on my arrival. The incapacity of the Covent Garden Committee, in contrast with the policy of Mr. Harris and the enterprise and tact of Elliston, had

irrecoverably developed itself. For an inconsiderable weekly sum, they, the committee, had parted with three of their most popular performers, and enabled the rival house to array against their weakened forces a company comprising the names of Kean, Young, Munden, Liston, Dowton, Elliston, Terry, Harley, Knight, Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Davison, &c., &c. The result was what could only be expected. Drury Lane was the fashion, and Covent Garden was literally a desert. A few months' experience was sufficient to convince the committee of their inaptitude for the task they had undertaken, and of the fallacy of Charles Kemble's representations and advice. They accordingly wished Mr. Harris to resume the conduct of the theatre, which he declined, on the reasonable plea that they had broken up his powerful company; and holding them to their written undertaking to sign the lease agreed upon, a suit in Chancery was the consequence, which terminated in the bankruptcy of the concern. In the meantime, my engagement held me fast, and my first appearance for the season, with very indifferent support, was made, November 13th, 1822, in 'Othello' which, with the combination of Young and Kean, was acting to a run of overflowing houses at Drury Lane. At this time my eldest sister was induced by my pressing representations to take up her abode with me. I had made the same proposal to my younger sister, but incompatibility of temper, which did not prevent us from remaining friends, was a barrier to such a permanent arrangement.

The anxiety of Sheil to bring forward his tragedy of 'The Huguenot' led him to hope that in some rising actress he might find a successor to Miss O'Neill, who could sustain the heroine's part in his play; and with this view he had requested me to give what instruction I could to Miss F. H. Kelly. In consequence I had tutored her in the part of Juliet, which character she successfully repeated several nights to good houses at Covent Garden. But of acting may be said what Scott has said of poetry, it is "the art unteachable, untaught." Her subsequent efforts did not keep pace with the *éclat* of her *début*. 'The Huguenot' was produced with a very feeble cast, and though the part of Polignac was among my most powerful personations, the play sank for want of due support. Abbott was not perfect in the words he had to speak. A character intended for Young was assigned to Bartley, a comic actor, and Yates, in his appearance as the chivalric rival of Polignac, excited a roar of laughter from his resemblance to the Jew, little Isaac Mendoza. This was the best of Sheil's dramatic works, and deserved a better fate.

The production of 'King Henry VIII.' (January 15th, 1823) gave me the opportunity of studying Cardinal Wolsey, at which I laboured with unremitting diligence, and which has remained among my most favourite Shakespearian assumptions. 'King John' was the next play of Shakespeare's that added another character to my list. Kemble's reputation in this part had

reference chiefly, if not exclusively, to the grand scene of John's temptation of Hubert. On this I bestowed, of course, my utmost pains, but brought also into strong relief that in which the coward monarch endeavours to shift his own criminality on Hubert, a scene to which Kemble, in his impressive representation of the part, had neglected to give prominence. It was in this play that Charles Kemble appeared to very great advantage. His handsome person answered to the heroic idea of Faulconbridge, and his performance of the character was most masterly.

A tragedy by Miss Mitford, entitled 'Julian,' acted March 15th, had but moderate success: the Covent Garden company was no longer equal to the support of plays containing several characters. The authoress, in her dedication of her play to me, was profuse in her acknowledgments and compliments, but the performance made little impression and was soon forgotten.

The only remaining event of interest to me was my first essay in the part of Shylock, which I acted with the playful *petite* comedy of 'Matrimony' for my benefit to a crowded house on May 13th, 1823. The audience, ever disposed to look with favour on my attempts, were most liberal in their applause, but I was not satisfied with the execution of my conception, which the study of after years very greatly improved.

The season had been to me one of perplexity, disquiet, and irritation, much of which, as I now perceive, was attributable to the excitability of my own undisciplined temperament. Had I possessed the impassive prudence of Young, the endeavour of the committee to impose on me a contract different from my rightful one would have been quickly and quietly foiled, but my own impatience of wrong lent them arms against me, and whilst striving against manifest injustice, I was, through their representations, regarded by many as unreasonably captious and causelessly discontented. It was my acceptance of Mr. Harris's verbal pledge in connection with our written agreement that led to disputes, which ended in the rupture of my engagement. I would willingly pass over all notice of the transaction, but my secession from Covent Garden being a part, and an important one, of my professional history, requires to be accounted for. By evasion in the first instance, and by subsequent misstatements, the committee sought to nullify the verbal part of my agreement, acknowledged in writing by Mr. Harris and attested by Mr. Reynolds.

After much correspondence and studied delay on the part of the committee, I at length yielded most injudiciously to the proposal to submit the question to arbitration, with the emphatic proviso that the settlement should be made immediately. Talfourd and Maule (both of whom subsequently attained seats on the Bench) were nominated arbiters on the above condition. Maule, the committee's referee, deferred the settlement of the business, and the season closed without any meeting having taken place. In consequence I instructed Talfourd to signify to the committee my withdrawal of

his authority to act in the matter, and by the same post gave them notice that, as they demurred to ratify my engagement, I held it to be void, and should act on that understanding.

It was with regret I left Covent Garden, the scene of my earlier successes, and associated with so much of interest in my professional career; but under the present management it was no longer the same theatre. I may perhaps be suspected of exhibiting an unnecessary, or at least a premature, querulousness on what may seem only a possible contingency; but, involving as my engagement did not only a question of pecuniary amount, but also that of my rank in the theatre, it was of especial importance that its terms should be recognised and distinctly specified. The circumstance arising from this imbroglio that I must lament, was the rupture of those friendly relations which had so long subsisted between Mr. Fawcett and myself. It is only due to his memory to admit what I have since seen, that, through my inexperience and impatience of the committee's injustice, I gave too little consideration to the difficulty of his position between the parties; and it is with grateful respect to his memory that I now give utterance to my regret, recalling the many acts of kindness I had received from him. I wrote to him after my illness, but my letter did not, I have reason to believe, convey to him the full expression of my feelings as I could have wished.

The impolicy, to use no harsher term, of the committee's conduct will be apparent from its results. In acceding to the payment demanded, and in previous seasons received, by Young, Miss Stephens, and Liston, the total addition to the weekly charge on the Covent Garden Treasury, including the consequent advance of £5 per week to myself, would have been only £20, for which consideration the committee lost the services of those most popular performers, who profited by this unthrifty economy in the receipt each of £20 per night, which Elliston readily gave them. Although eventually benefited in a pecuniary point of view, much mischief arose to me from the cabal to which I was afterwards exposed from the partizans of the Covent Garden management. But it is a dreary wilderness where some flowers do not grow, and in the midst of all this turmoil and contention, sweet and soothing promises of happier days would often intervene, and, under present vexations, I could at times look hopefully into the future, and "bid the lovely scenes at distance hail!" The prospect was now before me of that change in my domestic life which anticipation always presents in glowing colours, and which to me in its consummation realised all the happiness my sanguine imagination had painted.

During my absence on the continent the young actress, Miss Atkins, whose innocence and beauty had made so deep an impression on me, had removed with her family to Dublin, where her talents were appreciated, and were in the course of successful development. Our correspondence continued there, and became more frequent and more intimate. A sudden and heavy calamity

befel her in the death of her father and brother, who were drowned with most of the passengers in the Liverpool packet, wrecked through the misconduct of the captain in a calm sea at mid-day on the Skerries Rocks. Such a disaster could not fail to weigh with most depressing influence on her spirits, and to draw forth the tenderest expressions of sympathy and condolence from me. The actual state of my feelings I could no longer conceal from myself. I indulged in the pleasing dream that my interest in this young creature was limited to a friendly and paternal solicitude for her welfare and professional advancement: and now awoke to the undeniable conviction that love was the inspiration of all the counsel and assistance I had rendered her. This disclosure was no longer withheld from her: her answer to my declaration and proposals was acquiescence in all my views, and under her mother's sanction it was settled between us that our marriage should take place as soon as possible compatibly with the arrangements to which I was bound. It is but simple justice to her beloved memory to repeat the truth that, although in a worldly sense I might have formed a more advantageous connection, I could not have met with qualities to compare with the fond affection, the liveliness, and simple worth that gave happiness to so many years of my life.

My country engagements occupied my whole summer, and though almost every night was given to acting, and every morning to rehearsing, it was the willing and remunerative labour of a captive released from most galling shackles in my emancipation from my Covent Garden bondage. My course lay through Swansea to Birmingham and Leicester; thence to Leeds, where I was most hospitably entertained by a family of the name of Wilkinson. Their house, a very handsome one, was at a short distance from the town, situated picturesquely in well laid-out grounds. Night and morning their carriage was at my disposal to convey me to and from the theatre, which was crowded every evening. To my great satisfaction I now received overtures from Elliston, and our negotiation was agreeably concluded by my acceptance of his offer of £20 per night for the ensuing Drury Lane season.

From Leeds to Newcastle, where I next halted, was a continuation of my productive labours, easily and pleasantly made, but an engagement I had entered into at Southampton for the following week, and which I could not induce the managers to alter, subjected me to journeys which railroads have smoothed down to a few hours' trip, but which in the days of posting were a very serious matter. At Southampton I had to act four nights, and then return northward as far as Montrose. This stretch required some management. I therefore left my carriage and servant at Newcastle, taking the mail to London, and on to Southampton, where I acted to overflowing houses four nights. A post-chaise was at the stage-door of the theatre there on Thursday night, in which, after acting in both play and entertainment, I set out for

London, where I arrived in good time on Friday morning. My day in London was entirely occupied with business, and at half-past eight at night I took my seat again in the mail for Newcastle. There my servant, according to the directions left with him, had my carriage drawn up to the door of the Queen's Head Hotel, and stepping out of the mail into it on Sunday morning, I continued, by dint of bribes to the postilions, my journey a-head of the mail through Edinburgh to Montrose, where I arrived in time to go to the rehearsal of 'King Richard III.' at two o'clock on Monday, acting the part in good spirits the same evening. I am thus particular in showing that I had no opportunity of seeing newspapers (which were neither so numerous nor so cheap as they now are), nor of knowing what was passing in the world beyond the track of my carriage-wheels. A night's performance in a provincial theatre usually absorbed my whole day. My rehearsals, to which I gave the strictest attention, both in regard to my own character and those of the players concerned with me, detained me daily at the theatre from ten or eleven till one or two o'clock. My very moderate dinner was necessarily followed by partial rest to recruit my spirits after the wearying, depressing business of rehearsing; and what might remain of the afternoon was generally employed in reading or thinking over the character I had to represent. I certainly so far devoted myself to my art, that I suffered no call of pleasure to interfere with it.

On the Tuesday morning after the performance of 'Richard' at Montrose, the manager, Mr. Ryder, calling at my hotel to inquire after me, told me he had just parted from the editor of the local paper, who had been loud in his praise of my acting, but had a "difficulty in reconciling my portraiture of such a villain as Richard III. with the noble acts of my life." On inquiring to what he alluded, "Oh, Sir," replied Mr. Ryder, "he was so excited by the account of your rescuing that child from the fire!" "Good heavens," I exclaimed, "how came that story here?" "Why, Sir, it was in the *Courier*." "Oh, pray," said I, "beg of him to contradict it." "Why, Sir, he has copied it into his own paper of to-day!" It seems, as I afterwards learned, that the editor of the Southampton paper had seen the magazine, of which I have given an account, and in eulogizing my performances, appended this story of 'the child' to his critique. My friend Mudford, editor of the *Courier*, delighted to meet with an adventure in my life so creditable, as he thought, to me, gave it extensive publicity by transferring it to the columns of the *Courier*, the paper, at that time, of the widest circulation in the country. In consequence, and in spite of my frequent contradictions, I have been haunted through my life by the apparition of this romantic tale, which every now and then would find its way again into print to my inexpressible annoyance. How the romance (first printed by the editor of the magazine in May, 1821) got birth, I have vainly tasked my brain to discover and never could divine, unless it

arose from some incorrect version of the two children rescued from the falling house in Newcastle, magnified and exaggerated by each succeeding narrator like the story of 'The Three Black Crows.'

My engagement with Ryder lay through Dundee, Arbroath, and Perth, places interesting to me as recalling the early incidents and growth of that acquaintance that had now ripened into an attachment which gave almost daily employment to my pen in my double character of tutor and lover. In my southward course I made my way to Glasgow in order to pay a visit to Knowles and discuss with him the scenes he had completed and those projected of 'Caius Gracchus,' which was to be forwarded to Elliston at Drury Lane with all despatch. Dumfries, Carlisle, Whitehaven, and Kendal were taken in my route, where I repeated to crowded audiences the same characters, but with appurtenances and supporters that frequently brought the performance to the verge of the burlesque and sometimes overpassed it. On such occasions, wanting the patient and philosophic indifference of many of my craft, I could never dissever myself from the humiliating sense of at least a temporary connection with the perpetrators of the miserable makeshifts that often turned the spectators from grave to gay, exciting laughter where the poet had prepared some of his most striking effects. One of the most ludicrous attempts to follow out the stage directions of the author at the least possible expense that I ever had the ill-luck to witness was at Kendal. The *corps dramatique* arrived in the town too late for the rehearsal of 'Virginius,' and I had to undergo during the two first acts a succession of annoyances in the scenic deficiencies and in the inaccuracies of the players. My unhappy temper was severely tried under the repeated mortifications I experienced, but in the third act of the play, where Siccius Dentatus should be discovered on a bier with a company of soldiers mourning over it, I saw the old man, who represented the Roman Achilles, lying on the ground, and two men standing near. This was too absurd! the body having to be borne off in sight of the audience. I positively refused to go on. "Oh, pray, Sir," urged the manager, "go on: the men have rehearsed the scene, and you will find it all right." In vain I represented that the men "could not carry off the old man." "Oh, yes, indeed, Sir," reiterated the manager, "they perfectly understand it." There was nothing for it but submission. After some delay the scene was drawn up, and disclosed the three as described. On I went and uttered my lamentation over the prostrate veteran, but when I gave the order "Take up the body, bear it to the camp"— to my agony and horror the two men, stooping down, put each an arm under the shoulder of the dead Dentatus, raised him upon his feet, he preserving a corpse-like rigidity, his eyes closed, and his head thrown back, and arm-in-arm the trio marched off at the opposite side of the stage amid roars of laughter from the convulsed spectators. I need not

observe how difficult it was for audience or actor to recover their serenity after such a travestie.

Two or three days were at my disposal to visit the Lake country, affording me views of Ullswater, Keswick, the ascent of Skiddaw, and a search for the Cataract of Lodore, which I found with scarcely a drop of water in it. But my visit to Rydal, even had I missed the beauties of this romantic region, would have been worth a journey, since it gave me an introduction to the poet whose works had been so long my study and delight. It was afternoon when I called at Rydal Mount, and sent in my card. Mrs. Wordsworth and his sister received me. Wordsworth was alone in the dining-room, with the blinds down to relieve his eyes, from the weakness of which he was suffering. He welcomed me very cordially, and as I had no objection to the gloom of the apartment, he talked long and most pleasantly, till, learning that I was on my way to Ambleside, whither I had sent on the carriage, he proposed accompanying me. His son joined us on our way, and few walks have been more agreeable to me or more memorable than that. He talked much; and much of his own poetry, and in me had a ready and delighted listener. I recollect his sonorous repetition of lines not then published, which have since appeared in print, that impressed themselves on my memory:

> "Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
> The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
> 'Tis done; and in the after vacancy
> We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed." *

I inquired of him whether the beautiful poem on the Yew Tree related to any real person, but he said it was purely imaginative. I think he repeated from a little pamphlet he gave me on the Lake scenery those lines on Kilchurn Castle in Loch Awe:

> "Child of loud throated war! the mountain stream
> Roars in thy hearing: but thy hour of rest
> Is come, and thou art silent in thine age."

As we passed I ordered my dinner at an inn at Ambleside, and we continued our walk to the lake, where we took boat, and his son and I pulled down towards the further end and back, Wordsworth, like the pastor in his 'Excursion,' holding our attention with his remarks on the beauty of the evening and scenery. They sat with me whilst I dined at the inn, and returning at twilight with me in the carriage to Rydal Mount, I took my leave of them there. Wordsworth wished me very much to call on Southey at Keswick,

* The passage commencing with these lines was first printed as a motto to the 'White Doe of Rylstone.' It afterwards appeared in its place in 'The Borderers,' a drama, in the last published volume of Wordsworth's poems.—ED.

but the evening was too far advanced; my furlough had expired, and I had to rise with the very early morning to make my way to York, where my excellent friend Mansel, one of the few in this profession entitled to the distinction of a "thorough gentleman," was expecting me to act in his theatre during the festival week.

This was the first occasion of the Minster having been appropriated to the performance of an oratorio: Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Deborah Travis, Braham, and all the *élite* of the musical world appearing in the orchestra. On no occasion that I can remember have I listened with more enrapt delight to the strains of Handel and Haydn, with which the grandeur and beauty of this majestic edifice seemed so perfectly to harmonise. By some it may be deemed a species of heresy to regard these noble temples, our cathedrals, as ill-calculated for the service of Protestant worship. It is, however, indisputable that the voice of the preacher or reader can rarely reach without violent effort through their vast expanse, and in consequence only a portion of them, the chancel, is reserved for divine service; but in this performance of sacred music every note of the vocalist and the finest tone of the instruments are distinctly heard at the furthest extremity of the galleries, that raise the auditor nearly to the roof of the building at its most distant range. Not only the powerful voice of Catalani and the silvery organ of Mr. Salmon, but the syllabic utterance of Deborah Travis as she warbled the hymn of 'Adeste fideles' made its way distinctly to the very remotest corner of the stately edifice. The streets swarmed with visitors and the theatre was nightly crowded, so that in all ways I profited; and my friend and host, Mansel, was enriched by his speculation.

A fortnight's performances at Liverpool and Manchester brought me to the end of my summer's country engagements, my appearance at Drury Lane being fixed for Monday, October 13th, 1823, in the character of Virginius. Why there should be a preference between two theatres of the same size and in the same city not one hundred yards apart, it does not seem difficult to understand, for in that little distance there was a great difference. All had been long familiar to me at Covent Garden; with the stage, the green-room, and the actors I was, as it were at home. At Drury Lane everything and everybody was strange to me. There was besides a want of regularity and attention behind the scenes, and of regard to strict good manners in the green-room, that made me feel myself like the citizen of another community. I was in consequence nervous and unusually anxious; but my old maxim was present to me, to "do my best in whatever I might have to do," and with this resolution I entered on the scene and met with such a reception from an overflowing house as gave a quickening energy to my endeavours, and in the crowning plaudits of the audience assured me of my position in their favour. 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Rob Roy,' and 'Leontes' had their various repetitions to crowded houses, with a melodrama called the 'Cataract of the Ganges,' in

which real water and real horses were introduced as very attractive adjuncts.

My sister, who had passed the summer with different friends in the country, met me on my arrival in town at our lodgings in Conduit Street, and it was of course a matter of primary necessity to break to her my engagement with my Catherine. Women have an intuitive penetration in affairs of the heart, that our less fine perceptions were often blinded to. The interest with which I had always spoken of this innocent girl had a significance in her eyes that I had not anticipated, and, though a little startled, she was less surprised than I expected when I imparted to her my intention of marrying Miss Atkins. My Catherine, in parting with her mother, whose friends and relatives were in Scotland, had taken up her temporary abode at Worthing as a retired quiet watering-place, where she could await the promised visit of my sister and myself, which depended entirely on the Drury Lane arrangements. My sister, who was indeed a devoted friend, had proposed, that Catherine, as her guest, should spend some weeks with us in London previous to our marriage, in order to improve their mutual acquaintance and cement their friendship. All parties were gratified by this proposal, and the opportunity for our journey soon occurred. At the request of Mrs. Glover I consented to act Virginius at Brighton for her daughter's benefit. On this our plan was formed for my sister to take her seat with me in the carriage to Worthing, and after her introduction to my betrothed, we were to go in company to Brighton, and the next day return altogether to London.

It is Byron's record, that the memory of sorrow is "a sorrow still," and it is but too true that events will happen in our lives so painful that their very remembrance is a sadness. My sister, I have no doubt, through the exaggerating and deceptive medium of sisterly partiality, believed that she saw in me merits far beyond any title I could make to them, and would have thought a Sophia Western, or indeed a paragon, "formed of one entire and perfect chrysolite," not above my pretensions. To some such affectionate extravagance of judgment I must refer, to account for the distressing issue of this fondly expected meeting. Unmistakable disappointment, indeed repulsion, was expressed in my sister's look and manner as she took Catherine's hand. No word in consequence was interchanged between them. Disconcerted and distressed as I was, my endeavours to reason with one or console the other were alike unavailing. The day was one of the most wretched in my whole life. It was not possible to alter the plan determined on. We were obliged to go forward to Brighton, and my place in the carriage was between the two dearest beings in existence, alienated from each other, as I feared, by a demonstration of aversion, uncontrollable, and too probably mutual. Arrived at the Clarence Hotel, Brighton, my sister retired to her room and lay till late in the afternoon on her bed, drowned in

tears. My poor Catherine was in little better plight, whilst I, half-distracted and bewildered in my endeavours at reconciliation, could be but a sorry comforter. Towards evening in an interview with my sister she avowed the utter disappointment of the expectations my description of Catherine had led her to expect, but was strenuous in agreeing to the necessity of keeping my plighted word. She, however, strongly urged the postponement of our marriage, which would afford opportunity to Catherine to continue the studies in which she had been lately engaged; Catherine herself, she was confident, with the improvement she would make in the interim, would be happier in becoming my wife at a period a little more distant. To this proposal, humbling to her pride and trying as it was, the gentle girl assented without murmur or reserve.

It may be thought I might have taken a more authoritative tone, and in justice to the future partner of my life might have resisted a suggestion that tended, as a hope deferred, to make the heart sick; but my sister was no common friend to me, bound to me in indissoluble bonds, to whom I had always looked to partake my fortunes, and on whose opinion and advice I had the firmest reliance.

I had to hurry to the theatre, where I repeated by rote the speeches of Virginius, my harassed feelings not allowing me to give a thought to the words I was uttering, or even to have an ear for the applauses that followed them. Never on any occasion of my life was my mind so absent from the character I had to portray, for among those days marked in my life's vicissitudes by most agitating anxieties I can reckon few, if any, more melancholy, more miserable than this. But night, with rest, brought composure to our ruffled spirits, and next morning, pacified, if not quite conciliated, we returned to Conduit Street, each fortified with the resolution to make the best of the time before us. My sister lent her best assistance in aiding me in my duties of tutorage to my lovely and docile Griselda, and certainly rendered essential service by her co-operation; for not only in acquirement from study but even in outward appearance did my dear pupil confirm by most delightful evidence the opinion I had always maintained of her wonderful aptness for improvement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1823-1824.—Knowles's 'Caius Gracchus'—Ugo Foscolo—Kean declines to act with Macready—Theodore Hook—Hostility of part of the London press—Purchase of the Granby Hotel at Harrogate—Letter from sister to future wife.

ON the 18th of November, 1823, Knowles's tragedy of 'Caius Gracchus,' which had been some time in rehearsal, was produced. This play, although not one of the best from the gifted author's pen, abounds in passages of lofty thought, and is marked by the impress of his genius with that truth of character so constantly observable in his writings. But among scenes of striking power, pathetic situations, and bursts of heroic passion, there is great inequality. Whole pages are given to the cavillings of the plebeians, who in their contentions neither sustain the dignity of tragedy nor recall the idea of the Roman people. Indeed the mob, though advancing the action but little, is too prominent an agent, whilst the familiar language of their altercations often descends to vulgarity. But in the poet's conception and draught of Cornelia we see before us the mother of the Gracchi, the ideal of the Roman matron. She gazes on her offspring with all a mother's fondness, but with an unflinching eye looks through the transitory brightness of the present to the darker destiny that awaits the future, and steels her soul to the inevitable sacrifice of her beloved son upon the altar of his country.

"I did rear my boys
Companions for the Gods! Why wonder I
If they will go to them ere other men?
Many a time when they have stood before me—
Such things as mothers seldom look upon—
And I have seemed to feed on them with mine eyes,
My thoughts have pondered o'er their bier, where they
Lay stiff and cold! I would not see them so
If I could help it, but I would not help it
To see them otherwise and other men."

When, elevated to the tribuneship, Caius meets and kneels before her, the prayer she offers up is worthy of the daughter of Scipio:

"May the great Gods, who crown'd thee with this triumph,
Instruct thee so to use it as to bless
Thy country! With a firm and mighty hand
May'st thou uphold the laws, and keep them ever
Above the proud man's violence, and within
The poor man's reach. So shall thy mother—Rome—
Acknowledge thee her son, and teach thy name
To the applauding tongues of after ages!"

How entirely the motive power of the hero's acts was derived from the superior mind of the mother is beautifully instanced in the remonstrance he makes to her when her fortitude is on the point of giving way to her affection:

> "Remember you Misenum, mother?
> Once from its promontory we beheld
> A galley in a storm; and as the bark
> Approached the fatal shore, could well discern
> The features of the crew, with horror all
> Aghast, save one. Alone he strove to guide
> The prow, erect amidst the horrid war
> Of winds and waters raging. With one hand
> He ruled the hopeless helm—the other strain'd
> The fragment of a shiver'd sail; his brow
> The while bent proudly on the scowling surge,
> At which he scowl'd again. The vessel struck!
> One man alone bestrode the wave, and rode
> The foaming courser safe! 'Twas he, the same!
> You clasped your Caius in your arms and cried,
> 'Look, look, my son! The brave man ne'er despairs,
> 'And lives where cowards die!' I would but make
> Due profit of your lesson."

But though instances of power and pathos may be multiplied from the poet's page, yet it must be admitted there is a want of sustained progressive interest in the plot, the fluctuation of party triumph not very actively agitating the hopes and fears of the auditors. The death of Gracchus, stabbing himself with the dagger concealed under the folds of his toga, is nobly conceived, and was startling in its effect. In Caius the passion of the more energetic parts and the tenderness of the domestic interviews laid strong hold on my sympathies, and I gave myself to the study of the part with no ordinary alacrity and ardour. In few original dramas had my individual success been more decisive; and even with the inefficient support it received—for Terry was the only artist that really rendered aid to it—the play would have enjoyed a much longer run but for the discreditable interposition of the stage-manager, who, from the inability of his wife, an actress of but moderate power, to grasp a character that required the commanding genius of a Siddons, insisted on its withdrawal.*

* *From the Morning Herald.—November 19th*, 1823, *Drury Lane*, '*Caius Gracchus.*'—"The main support of the play, as might be expected, was Macready's Caius Gracchus; and when we say that it was a piece of acting not at all inferior to his Virginius, and that the passages of conjugal tenderness and emotion were as true to nature in the present character as those of paternal feeling in the former, we shall have said enough perhaps to satisfy even his most ardent admirers. But if we proceed to more particular discrimination, we must point to the scene with his mother, in which he extorts her reluctant approbation to his going forth to the assembly of the people to vindicate his Tribunitian laws, and the final scene, in which he quietly buries the poniard in his heart under the concealment of his robe. In both

From the theatre, with the cheers of the audience and the congratulations of friends still ringing in my ears, I adjourned with Talfourd, Wallace, Procter, and other friends to Joy's coffee-house, our usual retreat after such excitement, and there prolonged our festivity to a very late, or rather early, hour in libations of champagne-punch to the continued prosperous career of 'Caius Gracchus.' The morning hours were hastening on when I reached Conduit Street, and a severe head-ache, the consequence of my imprudence, kept me in bed until late in the day. It was about ten o'clock that my servant awoke me, presenting me, to my great surprise and discomfort, with the card of my friend Ugo Foscolo, who wished to speak with me on very urgent business. On being informed that I was still in bed, and could not well receive him before noon, he posted off in a violent hurry to our common friend Wallace, from whom I afterwards learned the object of his visit, which was to ask me to be the bearer of a hostile message from him to G—— of whom I have before made mention, and of whom I had lost sight for many months. G——, to whom he, Foscolo, had given an asylum in his house, and supplied with employment that was a means of livelihood to him, had seduced one of the maid-servants of Foscolo, an exceedingly pretty young woman, in whom Foscolo took particular interest. His Italian blood was set on fire by the ungrateful return of his unworthy guest, and he commissioned Wallace to be the bearer of his cartel. The time and conditions of the meeting were arranged between Wallace and G——'s second; upon which Foscolo stated his determination to Wallace that the combat should be *à outrance*. Wallace on this distinctly told him that on such an understanding he could not go to the field with him, that his honour was in his second's hands, and that he must either conform to the usage of English gentlemen on such occasions or find some other friend. Foscolo was of course obliged to submit, and therefore, when on the ground, as he could not gratify his revenge in a more deadly manner, he resorted to the alternative of expressing his supreme contempt for his adversary by receiving his fire without deigning to discharge his own pistol. Upon which Wallace intimated to the other second that he could not allow his friend to remain any longer on the ground, and the parties separated without another word. There would be every reason to believe that G——

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of these he exhibited all the effect of genuine acting without any of the trick or ostentation of the art. In the former in particular the contrasted quietness and mortified submission with which he pronounced, 'I would have shown I was your son if you would have let me,' and the dignified firmness with which, in reply to his mother's enquiry, 'If I lose you what will remain to me?' he exclaims, 'My monument!' were very finely, the latter even thrillingly, expressive; and the manner in which he first bows down his head in pensive determination, and afterwards lifts it up in farewell resignation to the Gods, preparatory to the fatal act, was not less powerfully excitive of the noblest sympathies."

was perfectly insensible to the romantic disdain of his high-minded antagonist. A very little time sufficed to bring to a close his reckless and desperate course in London. The forgery of a bill—I believe for £500 on the house of Whitaker and Co.—obliged him to fly from justice, and he soon after was heard of as a passenger on board a packet-ship from Liverpool to New York.

Poor Ugo Foscolo! As a scholar, poet, novelist, and critic he enjoyed a European reputation. In his social relations he was most amiable. Born of a noble house in Venice, he had served under Napoleon, and for one season had been the lion of the London aristocracy; but experience has taught us how short-lived is such a distinction, and Foscolo lived to feel the instability of friendships based upon temporary popularity. He died neglected, if not forgotten, in one of the London suburbs. He had his weaknesses and peculiarities—who is exempt from them? Personal vanity was among them. Very plain in his person, it was the exception he made in his admiration of English women, to their endearing qualities, that none of them could be brought to make the declaration, "*Je vous aime!*" Though ordinarily of a most gentle disposition, he was liable to gusts of temper which were more provocative of laughter than of anger among his familiars. He was a great chess-player, but the loss of a game was too much for his equability. His customary adversary was an old friend and neighbour, who, knowing his excitability, always took this precaution before making the move which was to give him check-mate: he would shuffle himself half out of his chair, getting ready for a start, and as he moved his piece on the board and muttered "Check-mate," rush out of the room under the never-failing expectation of hearing the board and its contents, sent by the hands of Foscolo, come rattling after him. 'Jacopo Ortis' was his first work, and that at once established his reputation. He published his tragedy of 'Ricciardetta' in London, where he contributed many articles to the *Edinburgh Review.*

One object in this Drury Lane engagement, and that of especial import, on which the manager speculated, was the association of Kean's magnetic name with my own in a series of plays agreed on between Elliston and myself, viz: Venice Preserved,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'King John,' 'Jane Shore,' &c. From such a coalition Elliston anticipated a long and most productive season. But although he raised Kean's terms on this occasion from £30 per week to £20 per night, in order to remove all possible ground of complaint, Kean remained firm in his resolution not to consent to the proposed combination. He paid me, according to green-room report, the compliment of saying, he "Did not mind Young, but he would not act with Macready." My engagement was in consequence so far a disappointment that it was limited to its specified number of nights,—forty,—instead of being extended, as was hoped, through the greater part of the season. The first division of those nights was satisfactorily concluded; and till the

month of April 1824, when the second would commence, and in which the hope was not altogether abandoned that Kean would yield to the representations of the management, my time was to be occupied with provincial engagements. My lodgings were given up, and it was agreed in our little home council that it would be best for my Catherine to continue the prosecution of her studies in the family of a respectable widow lady at Kensington, most highly recommended, until the close of my Drury Lane engagement, which would leave me with sufficient holiday to ensure a honeymoon, and perfect freedom from business to solemnise most happily our long-deferred marriage.

I have alluded to the evil influence of a cabal that was set on foot against me by the partisans of the Covent Garden management. From the insidious calumnies, which obtained wide circulation, I became exposed to the systematic hostility of a great part of the London press, from which I suffered, and against which I had to contend for several years. The originator of the prejudice with which I had to struggle was Mr. Theodore Hook, a man of ready powers of sarcasm, of unblushing effrontery, with a quick sense of the humorous, and if not witty, was possessed of smartness that made a very near approach to wit. On the occasion of my appearance this season at Drury Lane, when all the papers were lavish in their praise, as the editor of the *John Bull* he reprobated the eulogistic language used towards me, but was willing to give me credit for my humanity in rescuing a child from the fire (Oh! that child!). Unwilling to accept unmerited commendation, I wrote to the editor of the *John Bull*, disclaiming all pretension to the romantic act ascribed to me, but desirous of avoiding (as I have always been) the intrusion of my name in reference to any personal matter on the public, I marked my letter *private*. Mr. Hook took advantage of this to state in a subsequent article that I had written to him in perfect agreement with his opinions, expressing my contempt for and disgust at the adulatory notices that my friends had published. I need scarcely say how shocked and pained I was by such a statement, which must make enemies of those who in their indulgent estimation of my performances had hitherto sustained and befriended me.

The principle that actuated this gentleman in his dealings with his fellow-men is not to be mistaken. Poor Conway allowed himself to be the victim of this man's abuse, and, wanting in strength of mind to endure the sneers and derisive personal attacks with which he was constantly assailed, retired from the stage, which afforded him a respectable income, and which could ill spare the degree of talent he possessed. Things that near to the sight look large become diminished by distance, and matters that have importance in our eyes at the moment sink into insignificance with the lapse of time. I wonder now at my own sensitiveness on occasions like this, but this is the player's weakness; his reputation lives in the opinion of his contemporaries, and it is with

feverish jealousy that he watches the rise and fall of public favour. In my own case there was an injury craftily, and to a certain point successfully, inflicted; for it was only natural that men of education, as the contributors to the English press are known to be, should feel indignant at what must seem my insolence and ingratitude. This statement, set abroad together with some false and libellous assertions of my ill-treatment of dramatic authors, which, written as I have good reason to believe, by a London clergyman, appeared some time after in *Blackwood's Magazine*, excited against me, as might be expected, a hostile spirit, which only years of patient and persevering effort enabled me to live down.

Leaving most reluctantly my future bride in her strange temporary abode at Kensington, I set out with my sister about the middle of December on my provincial tour. Our course was to Exeter, Plymouth, and Bristol, from whence with a rich harvest we proceeded to Dublin; here was a long engagement before me, which the repetitions of 'Virginius,' and the frequent performances of Cassius in 'Julius Cæsar,' made a very attractive one. Belfast was my next resort, and in returning through Dublin Mr. Harris detained me for one more representation of Cassius by the douceur of £50. Our route lay onward to Manchester, Blackburn, Halifax, Glasgow, Hull, York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunderland, Stamford, each of which places contributed liberal additions to my banker's account, and on the 10th of April we were again in London, where the remaining nights of my engagement with Elliston were to be played out. Our lodgings were taken in Mornington Place, then a suburban row of houses looking over the fields towards Highgate.

In looking out for investments for my little savings I was persuaded by George Robins, the famous auctioneer, to bid for a property then advertised by him for sale, the Granby Hotel at Harrogate, a large establishment, with offices complete, and land and plantation attached to it. He recommended the purchase for £6000, though I had not much more than half that amount to dispose of. The rest was left on mortgage, and would have been a very profitable investment if I had had a solicitor faithful to my interests: as it was it turned out rather an indifferent speculation. Some of the newspapers diverted themselves and their readers with the poor joke of my "going to the bar," as the owner of a great hotel!

Kean persisting in his refusal to appear in the plays with me, the repetition of the parts I had before acted, with the performance of the Duke in 'Measure for Measure' (a character in which dignity of demeanour and lofty declamation are the chief requisites), brought me to the end of my engagement on the 23rd of June, 1824, in the part of Cardinal Wolsey. On leaving the stage I hurried on my clothes and drove rapidly home, to prepare for an early rising on the following morning. My term of penance and

that of my Catherine's probation and exemplary patience were happily accomplished, and the morrow was to establish her as the future mistress of my home. The following letter from the excellent Archdeacon of London met me on my return from the theatre:

"*June 23rd.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I shall not fail to be in readiness for you at a quarter past eight, and rejoice much to be connected with an event which I trust will be followed by every blessing which your kindest friends can wish, among whose number pray include,

"Yours faithfully,
"J. W. POTT."

In justice to the beloved memory of her whose affection and amiability shed happiness over so many years of my life, and not less to the sage counsel of my dear sister's friendship, I copy out the letter addressed to her a few days before our marriage:—

"*Monday Morning*, 34, *Mornington Place.*

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I have not yet congratulated you upon the near approach of your union with my beloved brother, which I now do with true and heartfelt sincerity, and with the most ardent wishes for the happiness of you both, and I feel no doubt of those wishes being fulfilled to the utmost. You once, my dear girl, asked me 'if I loved you:' it was an abrupt question, and I made you no direct answer, nor would I till I could do it with sincerity and truth. You will not (or I am mistaken) value that love the less because not given hastily. Now you may ask the question when you like; but you need not ask it: I do love you truly, and ever shall whilst you make happy a brother so very dear to me. Let me no longer hear myself addressed by the formal title of *Miss:* we shall soon be sisters, I trust, in affection as well as name—then call me Letitia.

"Adieu, and believe me
"Ever your sincerely affectionate
"LETITIA MACREADY."

CHAPTER XIX.

1824–1825.—Marriage—Wedding-tour—Kite-Carriage on Salisbury plain—Country engagements—Drury Lane season—'Fatal Dowry'—Severe illness—'William Tell'—Tour in North Wales—Cottage at Denbigh—Country engagements.

THURSDAY, June 24th, 1824, the day long looked for, was at last reached—a day consecrated to memory by the years of home endearments and domestic felicity that take their date from it. My friend Wallace and my sister accompanied the bride to St. Pancras Church, where I was awaiting with my solicitor, Barker, their arrival. The Archdeacon was of course punctual in his kind attendance, and with his blessings, on the conclusion of the cere-

mony, we set out on our short wedding-tour. At Hounslow, where our breakfast had been ordered, we very soon arrived, and changed our bridal dresses for travelling costume. There Wallace, who had followed our carriage from London, took leave of us.

Through what varied scenes, what fluctuations of feeling, what agitating events the mind has to travel back in recurring to that happy day! Long years of joys and sorrows benignly alternated by the Divine Dispenser! "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn," and for the predominance of good in mine, mainly attributable, under Heaven, to the dear partner of its trials, I can never think without emotions of the deepest gratitude.

Wedding-tours offer little variety. The mind is so absorbed in its own ruminations, its consciousness of present happiness, its anticipations and reflections, that external objects lose much of their interest. The sunshine we carried with us could not be dimmed by the morning's heavy rain; and a bright afternoon was hailed by us as an omen of our future. Our route lay through Basingstoke to Andover, and the next day through Salisbury to Stonehenge. Whilst loitering here in contemplation of the rugged and sublime monuments of a barbarous superstition whose rude grandeur rivets the gaze of the beholder, our attention was drawn to faint sounds as of distant music, that grew louder, as if advancing towards us with great rapidity. We could soon distinguish the notes of a key-bugle well played, and looking out in the direction from whence it came, perceived a small dark mass moving down the incline of the road with extreme velocity. As it came more palpably in sight we perceived it to be a rude carriage, or rather a square box on four wheels, capable of holding three or four persons. As we stood gazing on its rapid course, we could not divine by what means it was impelled, till, looking up into the sky, we saw three large kites one above another at equal distances, to which strong light cords attached the vehicle. It came up to where we were standing by the Druidic Temple. Its conductor turned its side to the draught of the kites, and having fastened in the earth an anchor or grappling-iron, drew in the kites, which were of oiled silk, or some such light substance, and between five and six feet in height. After an interesting examination of this novel locomotive, which recalled Milton's lines on

> "The barren plains
> Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
> With sails and wind their cany waggons light,"

and some conversation with the gentleman who managed it, we proceeded on our journey.

Five years afterwards, travelling from Colchester to London, and seated with my brother on the dickey of the carriage, we met and passed this very same kite-carriage; but though the experiment was perfectly successful in those two instances, I am not aware that any public notice has ever been taken of it.

Our course lay onward to Weston-super-Mare, then a small village with inferior accommodation, now a very handsome and populous watering-place. We passed from thence to Congresbury, the quiet beauty of which little rural place delighted us much, and detained us till a professional engagement at Taunton compelled me to return to the business of active life. My time from this point was given to the duties of my profession. Swansea was my next halt, thence to Milford, and across to Waterford. My summer was spent among the different theatres of Ireland—Cork, Newry, Belfast, &c., during which I was subject to a succession of violent colds, that laid the foundation of an illness at a later date which nearly proved fatal to me. Engagements at Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Shrewsbury, Leicester, and Sheffield greatly improved my finances, and brought me to Monday, November 15th, 1824, when I re-appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Macbeth. This was followed by Leontes, Jaques, King John, and Cardinal Wolsey, and a novelty of much interest, in the revival of Massinger's tragedy of 'The Fatal Dowry,' produced Wednesday, January 5th, 1825. The original work is one of very great power, but unhappily disfigured by scenes too gross for presentation before an audience making pretension to any degree of refinement. Sheil undertook the task of its purification, and in its adaptation, whilst maintaining the strictest fidelity to the story, substituted scenes which, in energy, passion, and dramatic power, fully equalled those on which they were grafted. The parts of Rochfort and Charolois were very well represented by Terry and Wallack, and in Romont opportunities were afforded for the display of energy and lofty bearing, to the full height of which I laboured, not unsuccessfully, to reach; but though a great writer says, "*Il n'y a point de hasard*," we often find results under the sway of casualties. The play was well acted, and enthusiastically applauded: its repetition for the following Tuesday was hailed most rapturously; but Friday came, and with it a crowded house, to find me labouring under such indisposition that it was with difficulty I could keep erect without support. My disorder was inflammation of the diaphragm, which for some time threatened the worst consequences. Earle was attending me, and after ineffectual resort to the sharpest remedies, became greatly alarmed. Dr. Maton, whose name has lived in my memory as, under God, my life's preserver, was called in. After some days of doubt and apprehension he pronounced me out of danger: an announcement that brought relief and consolation to the hearts of my young wife and sister, worn down by their watchings and constant attendance on my sick bed. It was indeed from the grave's brink I had been rescued, and to the mercy that restored me more than even life was owing. When at the worst extremity the kind Archdeacon visited me with the sustaining comfort of religion in the administration of the Holy Sacrament, and from that period I date a more serious contemplation of life's duties. My spirits, which up to this illness had retained all their

boyish vivacity and exuberance, became greatly sobered, and this visitation I have ever since regarded, as an inestimable good out of a temporary ill, in the light of a most especial grace.

When able to leave my bed, which for several weeks I was not permitted to do, change of air was recommended, and Cheltenham considered as likely, by its mild atmosphere, to renovate my exhausted frame. Here we remained nearly a fortnight, and thence proceeded to Little Malvern, where for upwards of two months I enjoyed the quiet of a comfortable cottage residence, and in the pure air of its beautiful hills, by constant exercise of riding and walking, was rapidly recruiting my impaired strength.

In my marriage I had realised all that the most sanguine heart could have pictured to itself of happiness. The studies my Catherine had taken up with so much earnestness before our union she continued, I may say, throughout her after life, and she never entirely relinquished the character of pupil, in wearing that which she so gracefully did, of "wife and friend," improving her acquaintance with the best writers in French and Italian, and making herself conversant with the works of Milton, Locke, Bacon, and our leading authors in poetry and prose; so that my indoor life most agreeably diversified my enjoyments and occupations abroad.

My engagement with Elliston, which my illness had so suddenly broken up, was renewed for the latter part of the Drury Lane season. From the impression made in the winter by the performance of the 'Fatal Dowry,' and the high encomiums of the press, sanguine expectations were entertained of its successful career on the announcement of my return to appear in the part of Romont, on the 11th of April (1825). But here was one among the many instances of accident baffling calculation. In the interim between the revival of Massinger's tragedy and my return to London public excitement had been roused to an immoderate degree by occurrences that in their notoriety gave attraction which, in the more regular course of things, would not have exceeded the ordinary average. After the publication of the trials in which Kean and Miss Foote were severally parties, both Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres were for many weeks nightly crowded when those performers appeared; and in the interest of their *causes célèbres* the satiated public had lost sight of the ill-starred 'Fatal Dowry,' the simple but forcible passion of which was forgotten in the tumultuous contentions at one theatre, and the vociferous cheerings of party feeling at the other. It was a disappointment on many accounts to be lamented. A house had been taken for us on Hampstead Heath for the sake of my health, which as yet was but imperfectly restored, and on my reappearance at Drury Lane in the 'Fatal Dowry,' I had the questionable satisfaction of being warmly greeted by a very thin audience. The play was in consequence not repeated more than two or three times, and we had to fall back on 'Macbeth,' 'Virginius,' &c.

Meanwhile Knowles had been busy with his play of 'William

Tell,' which he brought to show me previous to presenting it to Elliston. The principal scenes in it are equal to the best that the gifted author has ever written; but in its original draught it could not have been more than partially successful. The conspirators before the gate of Altorf deciding in brief and prosaic language on the uprising of the Cantons against the power of Gesler opened the play, which was the only introduction to the character of the hero. After the fall of Gesler, with which, of course, the interest of the play terminates, the invocation to the mountains, a soliloquy, was the subject-matter of a single scene, and the description of the eagle followed in another, suspending with mere poetical language the release of the audience. Knowles had less of the tenacity of authorship than most writers. He was open to conviction, and immediately that it was pointed out to him how much effect would be obtained by using these speeches in the early part of the play as developments of character and arguments of the story, he unhesitatingly made them introductions to the meeting on the field of Grutli, and brought the play rapidly to a close after the death of the tyrant. The scene in the second act, where Tell gives his instructions to his son, and hears of the outrage on old Melchthal, is admirable; nor less entitled to praise are those between Tell and Gesler, which end in the archer striking the apple off his son's head. There is much in parts of the play that partakes of the quality of melodrama, but the scenes above mentioned would compensate for many grave delinquencies. The evidence of the little respect paid to the actor's art by our managers, who were for the most part mere tradesmen in their craft, was instanced in the production of this novelty. The condition of the treasury made it desirable that it should be hurried out, and although, from the alterations required, the text was not given to me in time to perfect myself in the words of the last act, I was importuned and, I may truly say, worried into running the hazard of its performance, trusting to momentary impulse for much of my effect (a very dangerous reliance), and even under the necessity, during the progress of the performance, of learning what I could of the concluding scene. As it fell out I did, however, manage to speak the text, or something near it; and the fall of the curtain was followed with acclamations of applause. For my subsequent representations, which were frequent, I persevered in the study of the character, and made it one of my most attractive personations. Dexterity in the use of the bow was indispensable to the performance, and by dint of practice archery soon became a favourite exercise with me.

On the 2nd of June, 1825, I acted King Henry V. and Rob Roy for my benefit, and my engagement was brought to a close on the 18th with the performance of William Tell, now fully established in its attraction.

My confidence in the recovery of my strength had been, as I soon discovered, too hastily assumed, and it was considered

advisable that I should seek in further repose and relaxation a more perfect re-invigoration of my system before launching again upon the course of regular professional work. Accordingly, after fulfilling the two engagements long since contracted at Cheltenham and Birmingham, my whole summer was given up to the amusement which a tour in North Wales afforded us. The heat this year was intense, and as one remarkable instance of it, I recollect in a lane near the town of Flint observing a man in pursuit of some swarms of bees that, as he informed me, had left their hives in consequence of the sun having melted the wax of their combs, which was trickling down through the crevices of the wooden stand to the ground. The scenery of this beautiful country, however familiar it may become, can never pall upon the eye of taste, and it was with renewed interest I now revisited its crags and peaks, its mountains and its streams, blest as I was with such dear companionship. In our present wanderings there was an object beyond the mere gratification which the ever-varying landscape could afford us. My plans had been formed to visit America in the course of the following year, and as our voyage would be made from Liverpool, I wished to fix our residence for the intervening time within an easy distance of our place of embarkation. We cherished the hope of fixing our permanent abode on our return in one of those lovely valleys, either that of the Clwyd or Llangollen, and house-hunting became part of the business of our tour by St. Asaph, Abergele, Conway, Bangor, Llanrwst, &c.

At Llanrwst, hearing of a neat, commodious house to be "let furnished" near Denbigh, I rode across the mountains with our landlord's son to see it, and finding it very neatly and completely furnished, with good stabling, coach-house, garden, and field, the rent was soon agreed on, and "The Cottage, Denbigh," was decided on as our address till the autumn of 1826. This was a happy period to look back upon, one of the happiest of my life. Our cottage was all our moderate desires could covet: we had books, archery, a little stud of three ponies, good spirits, capacity of enjoyment, and much, very much, to enjoy. My Catherine's studies were always a source of interest and pleasing occupation for herself, and for me in my superintendence of them. We had visitors in our neighbours, and some friends from a distance as far as St. Asaph. Our home was a little paradise to us, and one we should have been contented never to leave. But the world had its demands upon us, and as the autumn advanced I was under the necessity of resuming my professional duties, and of making from time to time long absences from "the happy valley." With the end of September I began engagements that carried me to Southampton, Liverpool, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Sheffield, Leicester, Lincoln, Newark, and Edinburgh. In some of these places I had the company of my wife and sister, and after one week spent at home, continuing my active course to Plymouth

and Exeter, I ended there the year 1825. My profits enabled me to pay off one mortgage on the Granby property of £720, and the year before me opened with the prospect of soon clearing away the remaining encumbrance.

CHAPTER XX.

1826.—Drury Lane—'First Part of King Henry IV.'—Elliston in Falstaff—His last appearance—Stephen Price of New York—American engagement—Farewell performance at Birmingham—The treasury of the theatre robbed—Generosity of Macready—Letters from Mr. Brunton and his company—Departure for America—Passage—Arrival at New York.

THE year 1826, up to the date of April 10th, was devoted to country engagements, varied by some short visits to my cottage home, and occasionally by the company of my wife and sister, as my fellow-travellers. The management of Drury Lane Theatre had been transferred from Elliston to his son, who, under the committee, now conducted the establishment, Elliston remaining as an actor of the company. The absence of Kean, who had gone to the United States again, made young Elliston very urgent with me to return to Drury Lane; but six weeks were all I could spare to London from my more profitable country engagements, by which I was now enabled to pay off above £1200 of the mortgage remaining on the Granby purchase. 'Macbeth' was the play advertised for my re-appearance at Drury Lane on Monday, April 10th, followed by the repetition of William Tell, Jaques, Leontes, Othello, Virginius, Leonatus Posthumus, Hotspur, &c. An interest more than ordinary attached to the reproduction of the 'First Part of King Henry IV.,' from Elliston's announcement in the part of Falstaff. The play was acted on Thursday, May 11th. Elliston was an actor highly distinguished by the versatility and power of his performances, but of late years he had somewhat "fallen from his high estate;" still such an announcement stimulated the curiosity of play-goers. His rehearsal gave me very great pleasure. I watched it most earnestly, and was satisfied that in it he made the nearest approach to the joyous humour and unctuous roguery of the character that I had ever witnessed, giving me reason to entertain sanguine hopes of a great success in its performance; but, alas! whether from failure of voice or general deficiency of power, the attempt fell ineffectively upon the audience, and the character was left, as it has been since the days of Quin and Henderson, without an adequate representative. The play was repeated on Monday, May 15th, 1826. Before the curtain rose I was in the green-room, and spoke with Elliston, who complained of being ill, and appeared so, smelling very strongly of ether. As the evening wore on he gave signs of

extreme weakness, was frequently inaudible, and several times voices from the front called to him to "speak up." There was not on this occasion even the semblance of an effort at exertion, and in the fifth act he remained silent for some little time, then, in trying to reach the side-scene, reeled round and fell prostrate before the foot-lights. It was a piteous spectacle! A sad contrast to the triumphs of his earlier popularity! The audience generally attributed his fall to intoxication, but without just cause. He was really indisposed, and the remedy from which he sought support was too potent. He was conveyed to his dressing-room almost insensible, and never appeared upon the stage again.

The following night was my benefit, when Young, never forgetful of the like courtesies he had received from me, acted Iago to my Othello. The house was well filled, and on the Saturday following I played for the last time in London previous to my departure for America. Leaving London, engagements at Bristol and Bath detained me another week from my cottage-home, whence, after the enjoyment of a short holiday, I proceeded to various country theatres. At Birmingham, now under the management of Mr. Richard Brunton, a truly worthy man, I acted one night with the desire of assisting him in his difficult enterprise. The receipt was £180, on which I reduced my charge to £30, leaving him very grateful and very happy at this unexpected addition to his resources. My plan of visiting the United States this year being now determined on, I went by appointment on the 22nd of July, 1826, to Liverpool, to meet there Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of the Park Theatre, New York, and conclude an agreement with him.

The burly appearance and bluff manners of the American manager did not much prepossess me, nor was I altogether at ease on finding him reluctant to commit to paper the terms of our contract. But I was resolute in refusing to undertake the voyage on a mere verbal engagement; and the conditions, £50 per night, were therefore finally recorded in black and white. This business was no sooner settled than he startled me with a piece of intelligence, as yet a secret, which sank like a dead weight on my spirits. He had become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre; Bish, the lottery-office keeper, to whom it had been let, having made over to him his agreement for a lease on very advantageous terms. Among the many injurious measures that weighed upon the theatrical art in our country this was a signal one, resulting from the mercenary character of the patentee. Objection to a foreigner as director of a national establishment, if qualified by talent and accomplishment for the office, must be considered narrow-minded and illiberal; but Mr. Price had no pretensions to justify his appointment. He was a reckless speculator, his betting-book for Epsom, Ascot, &c., being made up for him by Gully the pugilist, who had amassed a fortune by his ventures on the turf. He was boastful and overbearing, not popular even with his own

countrymen; of the dramatic art he could only judge by the public appreciation; of dramatic literature he knew nothing; of the opportunities of education he had taken little or no advantage; in conversation his only argument was a wager: in short he was not a gentleman, and in an evil hour was permitted to preside over the fortunes of the British drama. But the only consideration of those to whom the patents of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres had been entrusted was the amount of interest they could obtain for their shares; the improvement of the public taste, the cultivation of dramatic literature, or the respectability of the audiences being subjects below their liberal and enlightened views.

The needful preparations for my departure now engrossed my attention. Having business to transact in London, I took leave of my friends there at a parting dinner at the Piazza coffee-house, and made arrangements at Denbigh for the care of my little property left behind during my absence. On Monday, August 21st, 1826, 'Hamlet' was acted at Birmingham, as a farewell performance, to a crowded house, the receipts of which were to be equally divided between the manager and myself. An extract from a letter to my dear wife on this occasion will best relate the disastrous result:

"The house was £186 10*s*. My address, which was not expected, excited a very strong feeling, and was rapturously received. When Brunton came into my room with the account, I deducted with my pencil £26 10*s*. for him, and divided the remainder with him: £80 for myself, leaving £106 10*s*. for him, asking him if he was satisfied. He was exceedingly grateful, 'much more than satisfied.' Well, all this was very pleasant. He was to wait on me at my hotel, Hen and Chickens, the following morning with the cash. But on the following morning the news was brought by Mr. John Reynolds that the theatre had been entered by robbers in the night and £200 taken out of the treasury. Poor Brunton was in a dreadful state, on his own, and also on my account. He is much to be pitied, for these two nights, on which I have acted here, are the only ones that have reached £100 through the whole season. To set his mind in some measure at rest I have this morning written him a note as a receipt in full, releasing him from the debt of £80 in which he imagined himself engaged to me. The money is a severe loss, but I can bear it, and I thank God I can. To further reimburse poor Brunton, who would otherwise be unable to meet the salaries of his actors on Saturday, I have engaged to act Virginius here to-morrow evening. The boxes are I understand already all taken. I shall not receive a shilling for either night: it would not be right that I should—and you would be much prouder that your husband should be right than rich, would you not? I shall be at Cheltenham on Friday: you will I hope see me on Tuesday evening. Did you leave Denbigh, our ponies, and the hills with a heavy heart?"

On August 24th, 1826, as I had promised, I acted Virginius to a very full house, the receipt of which was £170 10*s*., a sum that lightened considerably the instant pressure on poor unfortunate

Brunton. The letter* which he sent me on the morning of the 23rd is inserted below, with those which passed between Mr.

* "Theatre Royal, Birmingham, 23rd August, 1826.

"My Dear Sir,—If in the agitated state of my mind, occasioned by the variety of circumstances which have occurred, I should feel myself unable to reply to the unparalleled generosity and kindness which you have so generally manifested towards me, but more particularly in your note of this morning, you, I am sure, will excuse it. Of this, however, be assured, that your kindness shall ever live in the most grateful feelings of my heart, and it shall be my greatest pride through every action of my life to merit the high and enviable appellation you have been pleased to bestow on me, 'your friend.'

"Richard Brunton.

"To W. C. Macready, Esq., Hen and Chickens Hotel."

"Theatre Royal, Birmingham, August 24th, 1826.

"Dear Sir,—Your truly liberal and disinterested conduct towards the head of the establishment of which we are members has excited in us all so warm a feeling of admiration and esteem, that we are desirous, before you quit your native land, of offering you our cordial thanks for your generosity, in which we all indirectly participate, and our best wishes for your health, prosperity, and safe return. We honour the motives which have induced you to act as you have done on the present occasion, and we feel grateful to you, not only for this individual instance of your kindness, but for supporting by your example, both in public and private life, the respectability of a profession which has been too much degraded by many who ought to have sustained its credit and character. We regret that the British stage should lose you, even for a short period, but earnestly hope your talents will be as justly appreciated, and even more liberally rewarded in the New World than they have been in Britain, and that you will shortly return with a large increase of fame and fortune. Accept the humble tribute of our entire esteem, which we respectfully offer, and in bidding you farewell, permit us to subscribe ourselves,

"Dear sir,

"Your obliged, and faithful servants,

B. P. Bellamy,	I. Bland,
J. Salter,	C. Jones,
Thos. Stuart,	H. Montague,
Jas. Dobbs,	Miss Huddart,
Jno. Gardner,	S. E. Cook,
H. T. Gough,	Miss E. Tree,
I. T. Jones,	Eliza Middleton,
W. Larkin,	S. Tree,
J. H. Carter,	L. Pincott,
James Wilton,	H. Moreton,
F. Charles,	Eliza Southey,
Jno. W. Hayes.	Ja. Cook,
Ed. Southey,	H. Lacy,
C. Parsloe,	Mrs. Montague,
T. Richards,	Louisa Ashton.

"To W. Macready, Esq."

"Hen and Chickens Hotel, August 25th, 1826.

"My Dear Sir,—I return you, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Birmingham theatre, my heartfelt acknowledgments for the kind and flattering

Brunton's company and myself. My wife and sister left our cottage at Denbigh on the 24th, and awaited my arrival at Liverpool. One night's performance at Bristol on Monday, 28th, and one at Liverpool on Wednesday, 30th, closed my professional engagements for this year in England before audiences that received my parting acknowledgments with the warmest tokens of personal interest. The kind attentions of my old schoolfellow, John Shaw Leigh, previous to our embarkation, are not to be forgotten. The *Canada*, Captain Rogers, a vessel of 600 tons, one of the largest and swiftest of the line then running between New York and Liverpool, was our ship, and Friday, September 1st, the day appointed for its departure, but whether to humour the superstition of seamen, or from some other cause, we did not start till Saturday.

Our passage was a rough one, but, before the application of steam, was considered a good one, being made in twenty-six days, during most of which we were confined to our berths by the tempestuous weather, so that there was little opportunity for observation; one day only differing from another in the degree of rolling and tossing that we had to endure from the time we passed Cape Clear to our reaching the Narrows, the entrance to the beautiful bay of New York. Captain Rogers was a noble specimen of an American seaman; he had been sailing-master of Commodore Decatur. Our fellow-passengers were, with the exception of two British officers, commercial men, and not particularly interesting. Our chief acquaintance was Captain Lang of the 71st. He came down to my state-room (as the little closet in which I lay was called) one morning, to ask me if I had ever seen the manœuvre of wearing a ship, and begged me to come up, as they were preparing for the work. It was blowing very hard, and I had no great curiosity in respect to the operation; but I would not seem to undervalue his courtesy and made the best of my way to the deck, where, holding fast by the companion, I saw our craft, that appeared in port of a conspicuous size, now tossed like a little cork in the deep trough of the sea, which was, in sea-phrase, running mountains high. I expected to see it submerge every minute; but she was brought round very cleverly, and I was glad to hurry down to my berth again.

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letter which you put into my hand last night. If I did not feel honoured and gratified by expressions so full of regard I must be insensible indeed. But you overrate an act of ordinary good feeling. A far greater sacrifice than any I can have made would be more than compensated by your liberal estimation of it. I am therefore the more indebted to you, and through my life I shall treasure this friendly testimony of your approbation. From my heart I wish you generally and individually every success, and again thanking you most sincerely, and bidding you farewell,

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours, and the ladies and gentlemen, most obliged, &c.,

"W. C. MACREADY.

"To B. P. Bellamy, Esq., Theatre Royal, Birmingham."

We had been twenty-five days at sea, when, on the 27th of September, the cry of "land in sight" was repeated by numerous voices, and produced a sensation through the ship that, strange as it may seem, I did not share. I felt pleasure in the delight and animation that brightened and laughed in every countenance, and the land itself, the breaking up of the level line of the horizon, the dim blue hill, towards which every eye was strained, was, as if by sympathy, an object of interest to me; but the "home" which my shipmates were approaching I felt more distant from me than before. Every one was soon actively engaged in arranging his trunks and changing his ship dress for gayer apparel. One gentleman, who during the voyage had skipped about the deck in a smart frock, emerged from his cabin, to my great surprise, in the single breast and upright collar of a Quaker's drab suit. The afternoon was beautiful; the sun was setting in mild, subdued splendour as we neared the lighthouse. The black fish were tumbling about around the ship; the land gave distinctly, as we advanced, the colours of the soil and foliage. The pilot being taken on board, all crowded around him, as if he had been an admiral come to hoist his flag over us. He was an old Dutch skipper, and had a habit of spitting on his hands before every order he gave, as if the effort was a manual exertion. At his command the man was slung to heave the lead. The day was now fast closing, and the land lay in deep shadow around, from which a light looked out now and then from some house on the shore like a friend we had missed for many a day. The vessel moved beautifully through the sea; the sun went down, and in the deep obscurity of the twilight I could sit apart and meditate upon the various states of mind around me, and my own absence from my native land. The melodious cry of the seaman as he heaved the lead—"Quarter less nine—a ha' less seven"—so musical, so melancholy, increased the dejection I felt. I sat listening to his chant until we passed the Narrows, a channel which the meeting points of the shore reduced to about half-a-mile in breadth, and from which the bay spreads open in grandeur and beauty. The dancing lights of the city, which multiplied as we approached, the steamboats, like fireworks on the waters, pouring from their chimneys streams of fiery sparks, the shouts and questionings as we passed the boats and shipping in the East River, made a scene, strange, picturesque, and interesting, and yet to us alone mournful.

CHAPTER XXI.

1826.—T. A. Emmett—First appearance in Virginius at the Park Theatre, New York—Society in New York—Visits to public buildings, &c.—The Falls of the Passaic—Moving houses—Conway acting in New York—Forrest—Boston—Baltimore—Charles Carroll—New Year customs in New York.

WHEN alongside of the quay, Captain Lang went up to the Park Place Hotel to bespeak rooms for us, and, strange as it may seem, I was glad when his messenger returned to say we could not be accommodated before the next day: my reluctance to go on shore was so great, and I seemed to hold on to the good ship, as if with the feeling that there was something of England still about it. The next morning a very neat carriage, that might have put to shame the hackney-coaches of London, came to take us to our new residence, a well-furnished and comfortable suite in an hotel looking on the park, an open space of some extent planted with trees, having the City Hall, the Park Theatre, and some good houses on the different sides of it. Simpson, the partner of Price, and manager of the Park Theatre, lost no time in calling on me, and urging the expediency of an early public appearance; it was settled for Monday, October the 2nd, in the character of Virginius. The objects I had in view in coming to the United States were not confined to the single one of making money. The government of the country, its society, the manners of its citizens, and its scenes of grandeur and beauty, so unlike what we had left behind in our own dear land, had claims on my curiosity and interest. I had besides resolved to spare no pains in the cultivation of my art, and from noticing in other actors, as in myself, the injurious effect of grasping at gain by playing every night in the week, leaving no time for meditation and study, I laid it down as a rule to limit my performances to three or at most four nights in each week, and steadily to keep a watch on my improvement. It was my practice never to undervalue my audiences; and, though I often found them in America less sensitive and more phlegmatic than those at home, I wrestled with the tendency to yield to their apparent want of sympathy, and by acting determinedly to the character I had to represent, my hearers gradually kindled into excitement.

The mornings of my two first days were given to rehearsals of my plays. The afternoons were occupied with the delivery of my letters of introduction. One of these was of peculiar interest, addressed by Sheil to Thomas Addis Emmett, who after his participation in Irish rebellion now stood at the head of the New York bar. In our many acquaintances we found very ready and

agreeable *cicerones*, eager to point out what was remarkable in the city and its institutions, for which a moderate share of admiration would have sounded dull and disappointing to American ears, as you are expected in this country to praise without stint; and it was a complaint of Basil Hall's, who arrived shortly after us, that his friends would not wait for his deliberate judgment, but exacted unqualified commendation for whatever they might draw his attention to. There was much to admire and interest in the novel scenes presented to us; but to note a description of the streets and buildings as they appeared to us in 1826, when the line of Broadway had its utmost limit in Canal Street, would be to give a picture that few now living would recognise, so extensive, so surprising have been its alterations and improvements.

On my appearance at the Park Theatre, a spacious and handsome building, the house was crowded, and my reception all I could desire. The only occurrence to remind my wife and sister, who occupied a private box, that they were not in an English theatre was the rough treatment of a black woman, who by some mistake had got into the pit, and for a length of time was hustled about from one to another amidst shouts of laughter from the white spectators, until at last she got into a corner, and, nestling down there, was suffered to remain unmolested during the remainder of the evening. No coloured person was at that time allowed to sit either in the boxes or pit. My performances being limited to the repetition of the characters in which I had gained reputation at home, gave occasion to little remark. The houses were nightly crowded, my emoluments were most satisfactory, and thus three weeks passed away agreeably enough. The hospitality of our many friends gave us ample opportunity of gaining intimate knowledge of the society of New York, dinners and evening-parties following in quick succession. Customs have much changed since then, but at the time of which I write a stranger going to a dinner-party would probably find the street-door open, without a servant to answer either knocker or bell; or if one did come to open the door, he would leave the visitor to make his way, unheralded and unannounced, to the reception-room. I have more than once suffered great embarrassment in entering a room full of people whom I did not know, and have been recognised as a guest by the courtesy of host and hostess from being the only stranger present. The round of introduction that follows your recognition, and which you are then condemned to undergo, every individual shaking your hand, merely in conformity with his own notions of good-breeding, and not caring one pin for you, is something of an annoyance. But I found the entertainment almost always unexceptionable; their tables are usually arranged with good taste and elegance; freedom and cheerfulness give life to their conversation, which is generally interesting and amusing. The scarcity of servants is a common inconvenience, and where one is almost as much an incumbrance as a help, one is not surprised that families dispense with all the

hands, as in-door residents, not absolutely necessary. Coffee is introduced at the dinner-table, it not being customary to return to the drawing-room to partake it with the women (I am writing of the year 1826). When the ladies rise from table they vanish, "and no man sees them more." This is odious, and a remnant of barbarism that I am glad to say is losing part of its detestable character in the growing disuse of cigars with wine.

The indefatigable attention of our many friends did not allow my leisure days to be idle ones. They were diligently and agreeably employed in visiting whatever was worthy of notice in or about the city. The principal public building at that time was the City Hall, in which the courts of justice were held. A trial of great interest, the States prosecution of some bubble companies, gave occasion to Thomas Addis Emmett, who was retained in the defence, for a display of his powers, and it was with admiration and rapt delight I listened to the energetic accents of "the old man eloquent." On leaving the court we passed through the vaulted passages underneath. A solitary figure was slowly dragging his steps along, close to the wall: he was below the middle size, dressed in a light grey-coloured suit, which, with his pale complexion, gave him in his loneliness somewhat of a ghostly appearance. When we had passed him, one of my friends in a significant whisper asked me if I knew who that was. On my replying in the negative, he told me he was Colonel Birr, who shot Hamilton the Secretary of State, and who had been under prosecution for high treason. He looked a mysterious shadow of unrepented evil. Once seen the vision was not one to be forgotten. The schools, of which Americans are justly proud, of course came under our inspection. In one of these the principal teacher ordered the boys to stand up, and made an American harangue to them which severely taxed our gravity. Pointing to us, the visitors, he emphatically charged them to remember that "the eyes of Europe were looking down upon them!"

An excursion was proposed to the Falls of Passaic, and a party was formed, consisting of the Wilkes's, and Coldens, Captain and Mrs. Basil Hall, and ourselves. Having to wait the ferry-boat's return to cross the Hudson, we employed the half-hour's delay in visiting the new streets at the rear of the Exchange, and in admiring the structure of that marble building. On our return, in passing down William Street, we were stopped by an apparatus of heavy framework of timber with large screws, laid across the street. Our inquiries were soon satisfied in learning that these preparations were for pushing from their original site, to a foundation built for their reception ten yards behind, two large brick houses. They had been moved part of the way along the soaped beams the previous night, and with so little agitation or disturbance, that a cup of milk on the dining-room chimney-piece of one did not spill a drop in its journey! The whole distance was completed in a few days, and the two houses were to be seen

occupying a different plot of ground from that on which they were first erected. Our wonder was not participated in by the citizens of New York, to whom a more extraordinary removal of a brick house some time before had familiarised the present experiment. That building was not only moved from the foundation on which it originally stood, but was actually let down upon another some feet below its original basement. Our road to the Passaic Falls lay beyond the Ferry of Paul's Hook, across some salt-marshes, clustered with irises and alive with fish, frogs, and terapins, and through a rich country beautified with orchards and the flowers of the tulip and locust trees. We slept at the town of Patterson, and on the morrow made an examination of the extraordinary geological phenomenon which gives such peculiar singularity to the falls of this river, but which a more scientific vocabulary than mine is required to depict and explain. It must suffice to say that we were amply repaid for our journey by the wonderfully curious fractures of the earth's crust which it presented to us, and the rushing of the broken stream through its various fissures.

A new theatre in the Bowery, a low quarter of the city, was opened during my sojourn in New York. It was handsome and commodious; but its locality was an objection insuperable to the fashion of the place. Messieurs Conway and Forrest were members of the *corps dramatique*, which was composed of some of the best actors in the country. I was very anxious for poor Conway's success in the States, holding him in great esteem as a thoroughly gentlemanly man, and entitled to credit for considerable talent. The part he acted on the night I saw him was Brutus, in 'Julius Cæsar.' The performance was even, perhaps too tame; unrelieved by any start of enthusiasm, and correctly described by that chilling word "respectable." Forrest was the Mark Antony. He was a very young man, not more, I believe, than one or two and twenty. The "Bowery lads," as they were termed, made great account of him, and he certainly was possessed of remarkable qualifications. His figure was good, though perhaps a little too heavy; his face might be considered handsome, his voice excellent; he was gifted with extraordinary strength of limb, to which he omitted no opportunity of giving prominence. He had received only the commonest education, but in his reading of the text he showed the discernment and good sense of an intellect much upon a level with that of Conway; but he had more energy, and was altogether distinguished by powers that under proper direction might be productive of great effect. I saw him again in 'William Tell.' His performance was marked by vehemence and rude force that told upon his hearers; but of pathos in the affecting interview with his son there was not the slightest touch, and it was evident he had not rightly understood some passages in his text. My observation upon him was not hastily pronounced. My impression was that, possessed of natural requisites in no ordinary degree, he might, under careful discipline,

confidently look forward to eminence in his profession. If he would give himself up to a severe study of his art, and improve himself by the practice he could obtain before the audiences of the principal theatres in Great Britain, those of Edinburgh, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, &c. (then good dramatic schools), he might make himself a first-rate actor. But to such a course of self-denying training I was certain he never would submit, as its necessity would not be made apparent to him. The injudicious and ignorant flattery, and the factious applause of his supporters in low-priced theatres, would fill his purse, would blind him to his deficiency in taste and judgment, and satisfy his vanity, confirming his self opinion of attained perfection. I spoke of him constantly as a young man of unquestionable promise, but I doubted his submission to the inexorable conditions for reaching excellence. The event has been as I anticipated. His robustious style gains applause in the coarse melodramas of 'Spartacus' and 'Metamora;' but the traits of character in Shakespeare and the poetry of the legitimate drama are beyond his grasp. My forebodings were prophetic.

From New York, where I left my wife and sister in their comfortable hotel, my next engagement, which began on the 30th of October, led me to Boston, where upon the same terms, £50 per night, I represented the same plays, using my leisure days in making acquaintance with Bunker's, or rather Breed's Hill, Faneuil Hall, the Capitol, the Common, and the various institutions and sights that laid claim to my attention. The theatre was nightly crowded, and the boxes were let by auction at premiums exceeding $200. A traveller would very often at that time hear complaints of the intractability and rudeness of Americans. My experience did not then justify me in admitting the correctness of the accusation. In New York, where I had frequently to make inquiries of passers-by, I observed that the courtesy with which they were answered was not surpassed by the *politesse* with which a stranger's appeals are usually responded to in the streets of Paris. A young Englishman with whom I was acquainted was never weary of inveighing against the coarseness and unaccommodating spirit of "the Yankees," which my own experience warranted me in discrediting. We drove together one morning in a cab to Salem, a pretty town about twelve miles from Boston, and were frequently under the necessity of applying to those we met, or to persons living on the roadside, for information, or assistance in regard to the harness or vehicle in which we were embarked. In every instance the readiest and most obliging answers were given, and the most efficient help afforded. On each several occasion I appealed to my fellow traveller: "What will you say of that man?" "Oh, that one was civil enough!" The next? "Yes, he was very well." Another. "He was one of the better sort." Another, and another, to at least half a dozen cases, in which he finally reconciled himself to his persistency of depreciation by the general

remark, "Ah, you have the luck to hit upon the good ones!" The simple fact being that civility meets with civility.

But I now find it necessary, if I am to make a record of my professional career, to limit myself to the bare facts of time and place, leaving any collateral remarks or descriptions to a possible future.

The success of this engagement induced the managers to secure me for its repetition in the ensuing March, and with most agreeable remembrances of the puritanical old city, which more intimate acquaintance only endeared to me, I set out on my journey to Baltimore, on my way joining company at New York with my wife and sister. Our residence at Baltimore was Barnum's Hotel, at that time distinguished in the States for its superiority in elegance and comfort to all others. My professional performances, commencing November 20th, were in the same plays in which I had acted at New York and Boston; but very serious illness mulcted me of one-half of the nights on which I had calculated. We received attentions from many families, among the rest from that of Dr. Potter, my physician, a very skilful, intelligent, and agreeable man, who accompanied me in a visit which I paid, on his own particular invitation, to Charles Carroll, of Carrolltown, a man most interesting from his varied and extensive acquirements, and especially as being the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was a rare instance of extreme old age (being then in his ninetieth year) retaining all the vivacity and grace of youth with the polish of one educated in the school of Chesterfield. In my life's experience I have never met with a more finished gentleman. At his advanced age he kept up his acquaintance with the classics. He spoke of England with respect, and of his own country, its institutions, its prospects, and its dangers, with perfect freedom, anticipating its eventual greatness, if not marred by faction and the vice of intemperance in the use of ardent spirits, detaining me, not unwillingly, more than two hours in most attractive conversation. When at last I was obliged to take my leave, he rose, and to my entreaty that he would not attempt to follow me downstairs, he replied in the liveliest manner, "Oh, I shall never see you again, and so I will see the last of you!" He shook hands with me at the street door, and I bade a reluctant adieu to one of the noblest samples of manhood I had ever seen, or am ever likely to look upon.

But for my unlucky illness our visit to Baltimore would have been in all respects satisfactory. On the nights when I was able to act, the houses were well-filled; but my stay there could not be prolonged, as my engagements with Simpson, at New York, required my re-appearance at the Park Theatre on Monday, December 11th, 1826. Returning there, we took up our residence in the City Hotel. With ten nights' performances, at £50 per night, my professional labours for 1826 came to an end. The arrival of the New Year is welcomed in New York by a celebration of old date,

but one that ought never to be suffered to grow into disuse, so sensible is its object, so genial and so Christian is its influence. On the 1st of January it is the custom for the ladies of each family to sit at home to receive visitors. It is unnecessary to say they are not on such an occasion altogether indifferent to their toilets. The street door is left open, and refreshments are laid out in an inner room. Every gentleman of their acquaintance who may have a leg to stand on, or a carriage to ride in, presents himself in the course of the morning to shake hands and to wish his fair friends and their families a happy New Year. The whole city is alive and radiant with good-humour, smiles on every face, and the spirit of good fellowship brightening every eye. The streets present a most animating sight, swarming as they do with well-dressed men hurrying in every direction in and out of the hospitable doors, snatching a hasty grip of hands from friends and acquaintances as they make their way through the moving crowd, and almost shouting as they pass the benediction of the day. In the utterance of this day's good wishes old friendships are confirmed, new ones are cemented, social slights and offences are condoned, misunderstandings are composed; where intercourse has been, from whatever cause, accident or shyness, suspended, this day, if taken advantage of, replaces all on an amicable footing. Many and great changes have taken place in New York since the day when I enjoyed this exciting and, as I felt it, this touching spectacle. My friend Mr. Wilkes did not expect me to sympathise with this outbreak of social feeling, but it quite carried me away. It was a demonstration that made one feel one's kindred with mankind, and I trust, if every other celebration in this country were to be discontinued, that this will last whilst there is a heart to kindle with enthusiasm at its Christian catholicity.

SELECTIONS FROM DIARIES.

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[The autobiographical reminiscences (commenced in 1855) are not carried beyond the year 1826, but there remains a series of diaries affording Macready's own contemporary records of his daily life.

From 1827 to 1832 the diary was kept in small pocket-books, admitting only of a short daily entry. From 1833 and onwards, it was kept in books of larger size (Dunn's 8vo. Daily Remembrancers), with space for longer entries.]

1827.

[The entries for 1827 are very few, beginning only in September, and furnishing no account of the return from America, or of the occupations of the first eight months of the year.]

September 8th.—Leave Paris for Italy.

(Lyons—Avignon—Nismes—Marseilles—Nice—Genoa—Pisa—Florence—Bologna—Milan—and back.)

October 30th.—London.

November 6th.—House in Weymouth Street taken for six months, for £210, and carriage hired for same time for £16 16*s.*

November 12th.—Drury Lane begins. [Macbeth. First appearance for two years.]

Auxilium viresque et animi et corporis, O Deus omnipotens! mihi affer; laboris patientis, verique scrutatorem diligentissimum, præmia laudis me sumere precibus meis concede. Sine te enim impotentia robora, inutilis occasio, futile est hominis ingenium. Tutamen adsis mihi in æternum, O Deus, precor.*

[The cash account for 1827 shows a total income from all sources (including repayments of loans), of £3,285 5*s.* 11*d.* and a total expenditure (including investment) of £3,106 5*s.* 10*d.*]

* Almighty God, give me help and strength of mind and body. Grant to my prayers the reward of praise, as a most assiduous disciple of patient labour, and of the truth. For, without thee, strength is weakness, opportunity is useless, and the understanding of man is a vain thing. Be thou my defence for ever, O God, is my prayer.—Ed. Trans.

1828.

January 1*st*.—Manchester.
——— 31*st*.—Bath (4 nights).
February 11*th*.—Bristol (5 nights).
——— 26*th*.—Harrogate.
March 5*th*.—Lynn (4 nights).
——— 18*th*.—Norwich (7 nights).
April 3*rd*.—Start for Paris.

[The English performances in Paris in 1828 took place in the (then existing) Salle Favart, and Macready had the support of Miss Smithson, who afterwards married M. Berlioz, the well-known musical composer, and of Mr. Webster and Mr. Abbott. Miss Smithson obtained a great success with the Parisian public. In 'Othello' the French critics made much laudatory remark upon the innovation introduced by Macready of withdrawing the actual murder of Desdemona from the sight of the audience, and letting it take place within the curtains of the alcove containing the bed.

The witches in 'Macbeth' excited laughter. In the scene of the cauldron an auditor exclaimed at the enumeration of the ingredients thrown into it: "Oh, mon Dieu! quel mélange!"

A burlesque of 'Virginius' was produced at the Théâtre des Variétés, in which Odry, a French actor of broad comedy, imitated Macready, dressed as a Roman centurion, but adding an English element to the costume, by wearing leather breeches and top-boots.

In a letter from Paris to his wife, of this date, Macready wrote: "I am considerably fatigued, as I play in earnest here and feel it for some days afterwards; but I am more than repaid in the sort of transport that seems excited among the literary and fashionable. I endeavour to procure every paper for you, that you may yourself judge of the degree and interest of the sensation."

The criticisms which Macready forwarded from Paris to his wife are well considered, thoughtful, and appreciative, and show a real knowledge of English literature and art. The following extracts will give some idea of their value, and the last one supplies the account of an occasion when Macready was "recalled," contrary to the regulations of the French theatre.

La Réunion. **18** *avril*, 1828.

"*Salle Favart*—'*Virginius*'—*Tragédie en cinq actes, de Knowles.* —C'est à Macready que je m'attache: lui seul est l'âme de la pièce . . . Qui croirait que cet homme, à qui la nature a tout refusé—voix, port et physionomie—pût atteindre aussi haut que notre Talma, pour qui elle avait tout fait? Ce prodige, qu'on

raconte de Le Kain Macready le réalisait hier. Jamais acteur n'a plus complétement disparu pour faire place au personnage: jamais de plus terribles émotions ne se sont pressées sur le visage d'un homme, pour passer dans le cœur de ceux qui le regardaient; l'illusion était complète, et devenait presque une souffrance. Expliquer de telles impressions qui l'essaierait? C'est beaucoup de pouvoir les soutenir; et j'avoue que pour moi, qui n'arrive pourtant pas tout neuf aux effets du théâtre, cet effort a fini par m'être entièrement impossible. On a honte de dire qu'on a sanglotté au spectacle; cependant, quelques personnes m'ont avoué que leur émotion avait été poussée jusque-là; et j'aime mieux mettre ici leur confidence que la mienne. On m'a dit que Miss Smithson a été admirable au moment de l'agonie dans la lutte de l'honneur contre l'amour de la vie: je n'en ai rien vu; il y avait déjà quelques instants que je ne pouvais plus regarder."

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L'Incorruptible. 19 *avril*, 1828.

"*Macready dans 'Virginius.'*—Ce tragédien n'excelle pas seulement dans un genre exclusif: presque égal à Talma dans les passages touchants et terribles, il se montre aussi beau que Lafont dans les mouvements chevaleresques. Il a fait verser des larmes dans la scène des fiançailles; . . . je n'essaierai pas d'exprimer les affreuses émotions qu'on éprouve au moment de la catastrophe. Macready abuse peut-être un peu de cet horrible situation: il tient trop longtemps le couteau suspendu sur le spectateur; on l'admirerait plus si l'on souffrait moins. . . . l'âme déchirée avait besoin de voir périr l'infâme Appius: Virginius en démence l'étrangle dans sa prison. Nous conseillons à quelque peintre d'aller voir Macready dans la dernière scène, lorsque, agenouillé près du cadavre d'Appius, qu'il vient d'étouffer, les yeux fixés, la bouche béante, il semble frappé d'une épouvantable stupeur: ce tableau est de ceux qui ne sortent jamais de la mémoire."

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Journal des Débats.

"*Othello.*—Le rôle d'Othello n'a pas été moins favorable hier à Macready que l'avaient été précédemment ceux de Virginius, de William Tell, et d'Hamlet. L'annonce que cette représentation était la dernière dans laquelle nous verrions ce grand acteur avait rempli la salle, et Macready semble avoir voulu, en redoublant d'efforts et de talent, redoubler les regrets que son départ doit exciter. Sans établir de parallèle entre lui et les deux célèbres tragédiens anglais qui l'ont précédé dans le même rôle (Kean et Kemble), on a généralement remarqué que par des moyens différents Macready savoit arriver au même but, et devenir leur égal sans être leur imitateur. Non moins admirable dans les

mouvements d'une douce sensibilité . . . . que dans les transports d'une jalousie effrénée et dans les excès de l'épouvantable vengeance qu'elle lui inspire, il a tour à tour attendri, ému, effrayé les spectateurs, et n'a point laissé à la réflexion le temps de s'arrêter aux inégalités bizarres qui défigurent l'un des chefs-d'œuvre de Shakespeare. Le triomphe de l'acteur a été complet, et après la pièce il a été redemandé avec des acclamations si franchement unanimes que l'on ne conçoit pas qu'on ait voulu s'opposer à un vœu aussi sincère et aussi innocent au règlement de police, qui par sa tyrannique absurdité devroit être considéré comme aboli avec le pouvoir d'où il tiroit son existence. Cependant Abbot s'est cru obligé de venir la rappeler au public, qui a trouvé un moyen très-plaisant de l'éluder, sans que M. le Commissaire de police pût s'en offenser ou se croire compromis. Un grand nombre de jeunes gens se sont rendus au théâtre, et ont invité Macready à descendre avec eux à l'orchestre des musiciens. A la vue de l'acteur, que son costume faisait facilement reconnaître, les bravos et les battements de main ont éclaté dans toutes les parties de la salle, et les amis qui entouraient Macready, interprétant les désirs du public, ont saisi Macready à bras-le-corps, et malgré une résistance modeste, l'ont porté sur l'avant-scène. C'est là qu'il a reçu de l'assemblée des adieux qui ont paru produire sur lui une vive impression."

[Macready's engagement in Paris on this occasion was for three weeks, at £100 a week.]

April 28*th.*—Drury Lane engagement.
May 23*rd.*—Last night at Drury Lane, and benefit.
[The receipts of this engagement of four weeks were £440.]
May 26*th.*—Birmingham.
June 9*th.*—Taunton.
—— 12*th.*—Bridgewater.
—— 23*rd.*—Second engagement at Paris.
[£100 a week for four weeks.]
July 24*th.*—London.
—— 28*th.*—Exeter (5 nights).
August 7*th.*—Swansea.
—— 11*th.*—Birmingham (1 fortnight).
September 8*th.*—Yarmouth (4 nights).
—— 15*th.*—Cambridge (1 week).
—— 29*th.*—Lincoln (3 nights).
October 6*th.*—Shrewsbury (3 nights).
—— 13*th.*—Liverpool (1 fortnight).
—— 27*th.*—Nottingham (5 nights).

[From Nottingham Macready wrote to his wife, who had been urging him to leave the stage, and discussing the place of their future residence: "Where to live?" "Will you go to Rotterdam, Seringapatam, Chippenham, any 'ham?' We young fellows roam

about. Are we to return to Wales, or vegetate at Pinner?* Settle where you like. Wherever thou art will seem Erin to me!"]

November 10*th.*—Bury St. Edmunds (4 nights).
——— 17*th.*—Sheffield (5 nights).
——— 24*th.*—Cardiff (4 nights.)
December 1*st.*—Bristol (6 nights).
——— 9*th.*—Wolverhampton (3 nights).
——— 17*th.*—Colchester (4 nights).
——— 26*th.*—Ipswich (4 nights).

[Total receipt of year, £2,361 16*s.* 3*d.*
Expenditure, £1,953 4*s.* 10*d.*
The plays chiefly performed during the English provincial engagements in 1828 were, 'Othello,' 'Virginius,' 'Macbeth,' 'William Tell,' 'Hamlet.']

1829.

January 1*st.*—Ut bene merear de hominibus gestique bonis favorem tuum adipiscar, O Deus omnipotens! precibus meis concede.†
January 5*th.*—Plymouth.
——— 19*th.*—Bath.
——— 22*nd*, &c. [Engagements at Bristol, Stratford, Warwick, Grantham, Pontefract, Halifax, Newcastle, Shields, Greenock, Kilmarnock.]
March 6*th.*—Belfast (6 nights).
——— 23*rd to April* 1*st.*—Worcester, Northampton, Stamford.
April 11*th.*—On this day my dear father died. May the God of Mercy give grace to his departed spirit, and receive him into his eternal peace.
April 18*th.*—Followed my dear father's body to his grave. O God, bless and receive him, and spare me further trials of such a nature. Amen.
April 19*th.*—Reached my dear, dear home. Praised and blessed be the name of God for all his mercies and goodness to me.
May 11*th.*—Bristol—close the theatre—[for his father's widow].
[No entries—time apparently spent at home.]
August 24*th.*—Swansea.
September 3*rd.*—Returned home.
October 6*th.*—Brighton (4 nights).
——— 12*th.*—Liverpool (6 nights).
——— 19*th.*—Birmingham (5 nights).

* Macready was now residing at Pinner Wood, Middlesex, three miles beyond Harrow, and about fifteen miles distant from Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres.—ED.

† Almighty God, grant to my prayers, that I may deserve well of men, and by my good actions obtain thy favour.—ED. TRANS.

October 28*th.*—Leicester.
November 16*th.*—Glasgow (6 nights).
——— 25*th.*—Edinburgh. Performing 'Virginius,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'William Tell,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Venice Preserved,' 'King John.'

[The year ends with a short Latin prayer of thanks and praise.
Total receipts for 1829, £2,265 10*s.* 2*d.*
Expenditure, £2,223 16*s.* 5*d.*]

1830.

[In the pocket-book for 1830 commences the practice, yearly continued, and with occasional additions, of copying certain sentences and maxims for the guidance of life, into the blank leaves at the beginning of the book. In the present book occur the following:]

O teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

The art of life consists very much in not suffering ourselves to be annoyed by trifles. The detail of an account is of little consequence, if the sum total is in our favour. A wise man will not stop to vex himself about petty items, but turns at once to the bottom of the page.

[There are also a couple of short prescriptions of laudanum and antimonial wine for a cold; and of sal volatile as a lotion for a relaxed throat. A list of prompt books is copied, indicating the plays in which Macready was chiefly performing during the year: 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'Virginius,' 'Hamlet,' 'King John,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'William Tell,' 'Henry V.,' 'Werner,' 'Fatal Dowry,' 'Damon and Pythias,' 'Venice Preserved,' 'Revenge,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Rob Roy,' 'King Lear,' 'Jane Shore,' 'As You Like It.'

January 1*st.*—Anno ineunte, tibi, Deus, precor, tutamen, auxilium, solamenque semper mihi adsis! Revereri et amare te, O magne virtutis Spiritus! virtutemque, dum vivo, me colere, precibus meis concede. Amen.*
January 11*th.*—Portsmouth (4 nights).
——— 18*th.*—Bristol (1 week).
February 5*th.*—Bristol again (1 night).
——— 8*th.*—Bath.
——— 15*th.*—Manchester (5 nights).

* With the opening year, I pray thee, O God, be with me, ever my defence, my aid, and my comfort, and grant to my prayers that I may revere and love Thee, Great Spirit of goodness; and while I live that I may seek after goodness. Amen.—Ed. Trans.

February 22*nd*.—Dublin.

——— 26*th*.—Sold my engagements at Dublin and Cork (altering the fortnight at Cork to Dublin) to Mr. Bunn for £600, to conclude on Saturday, April 3rd, to be paid £300, Saturday, March 13th, and the remaining £300 on April 13th.

April 2*nd*.—Gave up £100 to Mr. Bunn in consequence of the ill success of the engagement.

April 4*th*.—Saw my Catherine and Letitia sail for England.

—— 5*th*.—Belfast.—[Giant's Causeway, &c., visited.]

—— 8*th*.—Coleraine.

—— 17*th*.—Dublin.

—— 18*th*.—Sailed for England.

May 8*th*.—Hereford (4 nights).

—— 14*th*.—Ludlow (2 nights).

—— 31*st*.—Birmingham (7 nights).

June 8*th*, &c.—Lichfield, Stourbridge, Ashby.

—— 24*th*.—Sponsalis dies meus. Beatum sit nomen Dei optimi, qui mihi tantam felicitatem præbuit permisitque. Auctor virtutis, omnisque boni, in me meosque caritatem tuam ostendas perennem humiliter te oro! *

July 31*st*.—Entered into an engagement with Mr. A. Lee for three years at Drury Lane Theatre. £30 per week and half a clear benefit for the first season; £40 per week and half a clear benefit for the two following seasons.

August 4*th*.—Went to London. Saw Sir Thomas Lawrence's gallery.

August 14*th*.—Cork. Macbeth. Played it naturally and forcibly (8 nights).

August 30*th*.—Yarmouth (5 nights).

September 6*th*.—Margate (3 nights).

——— 24*th*.—Leicester.

——— 27*th*.—Scarborough.

October 4*th*.—Liverpool (1 week).

——— 11*th*.—Reached Elstree † from Birmingham: arrived at Elm Place. L. D.

October 13*th*.—Open at Drury Lane.

——— 14*th*.—Went to London to read 'Werner' to Mr. Morton. Returned to Elm Place.

October 15*th*.—Saw Mr. Ainsworth on Arteveldt.

——— 16*th*.—Went to London. Rehearsed 'Virginius.'

November 15*th*.—Plymouth (5 nights).

——— 17*th*.—Dined with Macaulay.

* My wedding day. Blessed be the name of God, who has given and permitted to me so much happiness. Author of excellence and of all good, I humbly beseech Thee to show Thy never-failing love to me and mine!—Ed. Trans.

† Macready was now living at Elm Place, Elstree, on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, three miles beyond Edgware, and about thirteen miles from the two great theatres.—Ed.

November 21*st.*—Arrived in London.
——— 15*th.*—Werner. Succeeded. L. D.
December 26*th.*—This morning it pleased Almighty God to bless me with the gift of a beloved daughter.*

[The professional receipts of the year 1830 are entered separately, and show a total of £1,817 15*s.* 7*d.* for thirty-nine weeks' performances in the provinces and at Drury Lane.]

1831.

[In the blank leaves at the commencement of the pocket-book for 1831 a passage from Cicero's 'Offices' (I. 25, 28) is added to the entries of the preceding year :]

Nihil laudabilius, nihil magno et præclaro viro dignius, placabilitate atque clementiâ . . . . Exercenda est etiam facilitas et altitudo animi . . . . ne, si irascamur aut intempestivè accidentibus aut impudenter rogantibus, in morositatem inutilem et odiosam incidamus.†

January 16*th.*—Catherine comes down to dinner. Laus gratiæque Deo!
January 24*th.*—'William Tell.' Called for by the audience. [And the same entry occurs on the 29th.]
January 31*st.*—Bristol. Bath (1 week).
February 27*th.*—Lodgings in Norton Street. Dine with Mr. Harley, 14, Upper Gower Street, six o'clock.
February 28*th.*—Saw Kean in Brutus.
March 2*nd.*—Breakfast with Fred. Reynolds. Met Bernal, Colonel Cradock, Lady Blessington, Comte and Comtesse D'Orsay.
March 14*th.*—Macbeth. Called for by the audience. L. D.
April 8*th.*—'Pledge.'‡ [New tragedy (performed 8 nights).]
——— 11*th.*—Talfourd, Birch, Cooper, and Knowles supped.
——— 23*rd.*—Sign lease of Elm Place. Shakespeare's B.D.
——— 28*th.*—Alfred the Great § (15 nights).
May 10*th.*—Sent excuse and donation (£5) to the Literary Fund.
——— 11*th.*—Literary Fund Dinner—'Werner.'
——— 18*th.*—Sent advertisements for benefit. Sent bills for ditto.
——— 24*th.*—'Virginius.' Called for by the audience. L. D.

* Christina Letitia (Nina): died 24th February, 1850.—Ed.

† Nothing is more excellent, nothing more worthy of a noble and great man than forbearance and a placable disposition. We should also be mindful to observe a certain courtesy not uncombined with reserve, and to avoid anger at ill-timed visitors and impertinent requests; otherwise we incur the risk of falling into an habitual ill-humour as annoying as it is unprofitable.—Ed. Trans.

‡ The 'Pledge; or, Castilian Honour,' an adaptation from Victor Hugo's 'Hernani'—Macready's part was Don Leo.—Ed.

§ By Sheridan Knowles.—Ed.

May 27*th.*—Benefit. Deus benignè adsis. 'Coriolanus,' 'Critic,' 'Blue Beard.' [The proceeds of the benefit appear to have been £176 2*s.*]

May 30*th.*—Dine with O'Hanlon,* half-past 6 o'clock.

June 1*st.*—'Coriolanus.' Played better than first night. My friend Jackson died. Requiescat.

June 2*nd.*—'Jealous Wife.' Received a note from Captain Polhill offering £30 per week for next season.

June 7*th.*—Dine with Talfourd, quarter-past 6 o'clock.

—— 9*th.*—Went to poor Jackson's funeral.

—— 13*th.*—Last night, Drury Lane.

—— 14*th.*—Mr. Lee's benefit.

July 1*st.*—Went to town. Dined with H. Smith.

—— 2*nd.*—Town. Dined with Bourne.

—— 3*rd.*—Came home.

—— 11*th.*—Insured my life for £2999.

August 4*th.*—Wrote to Edward. Came to town. Saw ancient masters.† Went to House of Commons. Dined H. Smith.

August 8*th.*—Swansea (4 nights).

——— 15*th.*—Leeds (6 nights).

——— 21*st.*—Came by coach to Manchester, and thence by railway to Liverpool *in less than an hour and a half.*

August 22*nd.*—Liverpool (6 nights).

September 10*th.*—Settled with Mr. Bunn an engagement with Captain Polhill for two years at Drury Lane Theatre, at £30 per week, including Lent, with, at the same time, leave of absence during Lent and half a clear benefit. Benefit on Monday. Orders.

September 14*th.*—Mr. Knowles undertakes to do for me scenes in 'Maid's Tragedy' for half the profits.

[The following entry is one of several similar ones, and shows how closely Macready attended to his farming affairs in the country:]

September 22*nd.*—*Vacca impregnata.*

——— 26*th.*—Shrewsbury (3 nights).

October 1*st.*—Drury Lane Theatre opens. Take lodgings, £1 5*s.* per week, 1*s.* each fire, for one month.

October 10*th.*—Walked to St. Alban's. Saw Abbey, St. Michael's, Lord Bacon's monument, Roman Wall, &c. Returned in chaise.

October 14*th.*—Saw Kean in 'Othello.'

——— 15*th.*—Read the 'Bridal' to Morton. Approved. Kean in Sir Edward Mortimer.

October 18*th.*—Signed an agreement with Captain Polhill. Went to Elstree.

October 20*th.*—Delivered MS. of 'Bridal' to the managers.

* Hugh Marmaduke O'Hanlon, afterwards counsel to the Irish Office in London.—Ed.

† The exhibition formerly held annually at the British Gallery, Pall Mall—on the site now occupied by the Marlborough Club.—Ed.

October 29*th.*—Read the 'Bridal.' Middling effect.
November 10*th.*—'Bridal' rejected.
——— 28*th.*—Saw Young in 'Zanga.' Very good.
December 1*st.*—Agreed for Dublin. £300 secured for three weeks. Terms: clear thirds, Mondays and Saturdays; clear fourths, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Divide the benefit.
December 9*th.*—Came to town and returned to Elstree in the evening.
December 22*nd.*—Ellen's* half year due. Walked down to Elstree.
December 26*th.*—Filia mea amatissima nata est. Deus parens protege, dirige, et adjuva eam!† (Nina's birthday).

[The total of receipts from all sources in 1831 is entered at £2,026 2*s.* 1*d.*; of payments, at £2,367 11*s.* 5*d.*]

1832.

[In the book of 1832 the following sentences appear for the first time:]

"The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies, which if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us."

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν.‡

February 6*th.*—'Hamlet.' Played naturally and considerately.
——— 23*rd.*—My darling child walked alone. L. D.
——— 28*th.*—'Richard III.' Acted naturally and earnestly.
March 1*st.*—'Macbeth.' Played really well.
——— 5*th.*—Bath. Bristol (4 nights).
——— 12*th.*—Manchester (5 nights).
——— 19*th.*—Dublin (4 weeks).
April 3*rd.*—'Winter's Tale.' Acted indifferently. Violent and indiscriminative.
April 4*th.*—Dined with Colonel D'Aguilar.
——— 6*th.*—Dine with Captain Bolton. Invited by the 60th Rifles' mess.
April 7*th.*—'Werner.' Not acted well. Distressed by people round me.
April 10*th.*—'Virginius.' Bespeak of garrison. My cold still very bad, and little expectation of losing it while here. Very low and unwell. Acted feebly but not altogether ineffectually. Very ill.

* Macready's sister, to whom he made a yearly allowance.—Ed.
† My dearest daughter born. May God protect, direct, and help her as a parent!—Ed. Trans.
‡ Strive ever to excel.—Ed.

April 11*th*.—No play to-night in consequence of my health.

—— 12*th*. — 'Macbeth.' Very unwell indeed. Much disinclined to act, but acted well—really well. Thought of an improvement in third act. Tenderness to Lady Macbeth. Physician came on too late, half undressed, holding his clothes!

April 13*th*.—'Pizarro.' Better, but not well. Acted with effect, and not altogether badly.

April 14*th*.—'Rob Roy.' Acted indifferently. Called for by audience, and spoke pretty well.

April 18*th*.—Travelled from Shrewsbury to St. Alban's in the *Wonder* coach. Reached my dear home at half-past eight. All well, thank the good God.

April 21*st*.—Went to London. Saw Bunn. Business. Took lodgings, 19 Argyll Street, at £2 12*s*. 6*d*. per week.

April 26*th*.—'Merchant of London.'* Play went very greatly.

—— 30*th*.—Farren's benefit. Home. Rabbits bought. Cough bad.

May 5*th*.—'Merchant of London.' Acted pretty well. Wretched house.

May 7*th*.—Late for coach. Stayed at Elstree. Day of idlesse and sunshine in the garden. Walked over to Edgware.

May 12*th*.—Dine at Garrick Club. Dinner to Lord Mulgrave. Very kindly noticed in his speech. Came away as they were about to drink my health. Not nerve for it.

May 14*th*.—Benefit. 'Winter's Tale.' 'Catherine and Petruchio.' Acted with tolerable spirit to the worst benefit house I ever played before in London: but thank God for all He gives.

May 15*th*.—Went home by *Crown Prince*. All well. Very much fatigued. Spent the day in the garden.

May 19*th*.—'Virginius.' Selected model of vase for Young. Acted coldly and ill. Played with naked arms.

May 21*st*.—Harley's benefit. 'Devil's Bridge.' Inscription for vase.

May 23*rd*.—'Werner.' Dined with H. Smith. Acted very well. Preserved an erect deportment in the midst of passion, and let the mind act.

May 24*th*.—Ordered boat. Laporte took Covent Garden Theatre. 'School for Scandal.' Acted pretty well. After play settled proceedings about Young's vase.

May 25*th*.—Last night. Gave inscription and names to Gass.

—— 28*th*.—Wrote speech. Garden boat arrived. Launched her.

May 29*th*.—Went to London. Rehearsed with Young, Mathews, &c. Strange effect on entering Covent Garden Theatre first time nine years. Garrick Club. Dined with J. Birch.

May 30*th*.— Young's benefit and last night. Act for him,† 'Hamlet.' Well received by audience. Went into orchestra

* By Serle. Macready's part was Scroope.—Ed.

† Macready played the Ghost for Young's benefit.—Ed.

Heard Young's farewell. Presented vase to him. Walked home with Cooper.

May 31*st.*—Dinner to Mr. Young by Garrick Club. Proposed Lord Clanricarde's health.

June 1*st.*—Rose an hour too soon. Went to King's Arms, Snowhill. *Crown Prince* full. Came by Hemel Hempstead coach. Very unwell, with bad headache as on the two previous days. Soothed and relieved by being at home. Thank God for my home!

June 2*nd.*—Rowed on the reservoir.

—— 9*th.*—Walked to Edgware to buy plants. Bees swarmed.

—— 10*th.*—Talfourd, &c., to dine, and returned to town in the evening. Talfourd informed me of Young giving my health, and of his speech on the occasion.

June 13*th.*—Paid Gass for Young's vase. Lunched at Garrick Club. Saw Abbott, Bartley. Called on Young. Gave me two dresses.

June 15*th.*—Go to Rugby and Birmingham. At Dunstable, roasting oxen, &c., to celebrate Reform. Delight to see human happiness. Read 'Quarterly Review' of Mrs. Trollope. Slept at Hen and Chickens.

June 16*th.*—Went to Coventry. St. Mary's Hall. Costume of Henry VI. St. Michael's Church. Full suit of plated armour, Henry VII.—easy to imitate. Trinity Church. Curious fresco of Day of Judgment. Went to Rugby. Melancholy reflections on time misspent through ignorance of one's own capabilities. Twenty-three years since I left. Slept at S. Bucknill's.

June 17*th.*—Rugby so altered. Rural character quite gone. Saw Birch. At church, heard Moultrie and Page.

June 18*th.*—Breakfasted at Bucknill's. Posted to Daventry. *Crown Prince* coach to Elstree.

June 20*th.*—An idle day. Very much fatigued, owing to bad night through the dogs barking. Went to bed early. Finished '*L'Ingénu.*'

June 22*nd.*—Read in 'Childe Harold.' Cannot like the style or sentiment.

June 23*rd.*—Read 'King Lear.' Wordsworth on 'Imagination and Fancy,' also some of his poems. '*L'homme aux quarante écus.*' Very tempestuous day.

June 24*th.*—My wedding day.

—— 25*th.*—Went to London. Looked for lodgings for Catherine. Dined with Cooper. Went to the Haymarket. Saw Kean in 'Richard.' Pleased with his energy. Felt his want of abstraction in his soliloquies, and his occasional tricks.

June 26*th.*—Went to the exhibition. Wilkie's pictures. Mulready, Etty, Phillips. Saw the Fleas; offensive and frivolous. Saw 'Robert le Diable.' Much pleased with the Nourrit* and Levasseur. A bad plan of amusement.

* Nourrit, the great tenor, for whom the opera was written.—Ed.

June 27th.—Called on Sheil. Not at home. Went to Committee of House of Commons. Examined.* Home by *Billing's*.

June 28th.—Cut hay. Went over garden and ground. Read a little of 'Hamlet.' Went on the water. Delightful day. Took tea in the summer-house. Read over 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Have much doubt of its effects. Read Wordsworth's 'Female Vagrant.'

June 29th.—All hay carted, looking well. Lovely summer day. Home looks and feels comfortable. L. D. Began copying 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Read very little of 'Lear.' Read over 'Maid's Tragedy.' Much pleased with it. Read with attention Alison 'On Taste.' Much gratified, though not always agreeing with his conclusions.

June 30th.—Gave James a notice to quit—one month. Resolved to do with one man-servant.

July 2nd.—Read 'Hamlet' and practised. Sold my old rick of hay, £3 10*s.* per load. Tried my bows in the field.

July 5th.—Wrote part of a letter to the Committee on Dramatic Literature, correcting evidence. Read and practised for two hours. Unpacked and deposited fourteen dozen wine.

July 7th.—Took exercise with quoits.

—— 17*th.*—Letter from Bunn and offer from Newcastle manager. Read 'Lear' for upwards of two hours. A day to picture summer by. Rowed on the water with dear Catherine. Tended my slips. Wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

July 19th.—Went to Covent Garden. Saw Mars and Taglioni. Thought highly of Mars, and as pleased as I could be with the grace of Taglioni.

* Macready does not appear to have prepared any statement for the Committee, but simply answered the questions put to him. His evidence, as printed in the 'Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Dramatic Literature, 1832,' is not long, and it may be interesting to state shortly the opinions obtained from him. He thought that due effect could not be given to most of Shakespeare's plays in a small theatre, but wished Covent Garden and Drury Lane somewhat reduced in size. He considered it almost impossible to congregate an efficient company in any one small theatre; and that more theatres open would not make more good actors. He said there was not then the same quantity of dramatic talent in the provincial theatres as fifteen or twenty years previously, and believed the profession of an actor to be so unrequiting, that no person who had the power of doing anything better would, unless deluded into it, take it up. He would not allow the minor theatres to perform the legitimate drama, but would let them purchase new five-act plays, so as to extend the market to dramatic authors; but admitted that, during two years of his existing engagement at Drury Lane, 'Macbeth' had only been given six times, 'Richard' five times, and 'Hamlet' once. To moderate any expectation of a better supply of good actors to be promoted by the multiplication of theatres, he pointed out that in a nation so dramatic as France no great actor had appeared since the death of Talma. He attributed the decline of the drama partly to the greater diffusion of books and facilities for reading, and he was in favour of giving to dramatic authors the right to remuneration from all theatres performing their pieces; and this was in fact afterwards provided for by the Dramatic Authors' Copyright Act.—Ed.

July 24*th.*—Bathed. Gardened. Read Pope. Finished Voltaire's '*Princesse de Babylone.*'

July 25*th.*—Read, thought, and practised in my profession. The reported marriage of L——'s daughter, and the simultaneous recollection of an air, sung by a particular person in my younger days, led me into a long and serious meditation on the ends of my being. "*Perfectionner mon être*" ought to be my motto. Is it?

July 27*th.*—Began to read Juvenal. Tried to read the review of Mrs. Somerville's astronomical work. Found it too scientific to be intelligible to me.

July 28*th.*—Rose and bathed. Read and practised Hamlet and Lear three hours. Wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Practised with the bow. Rowed on the water. Paid James's wages, who goes on Monday. Garden. Read Pope's 'Epilogue to the Satires.' Read Homer. 'Antilochus slaying Melanippus.' Ajax's speech. Have not been very idle this week.

July 30*th.*—Read and practised Hamlet and Lear three and a half hours. In future must give more time to the exercise of my voice and the manner of my voice. A most lovely evening, the thin crescent of the moon above the soft orange tints in the west.

July 31*st.*—Two hours' theatrical studies. Read Livy's character of Hannibal and a portion of Johnson's 'Swift.'

August 2*nd.*—Rose, 5.30. Garden. Planted shoots. Read and practised three hours professional. Good. Read two books of Pope's 'Dunciad.' Dissatisfied with the coarseness and little spite of the work itself, and with the descent of so great a man to such a revenge. Bed, ten minutes past 11.

August 4*th.*—Continued 'Burke on the Sublime.' Conjectural, fanciful, and unconvincing.

August 7*th.*—Birth of a son.

——— 8*th.*—An idle day, which in duty to myself and my dear children must not be.

August 13*th.*—Finished Second Satire of Juvenal. A lash of spikes.

August 20*th.*—Go to London. Read Tasso on journey to town. Hair cut. Ordered wig for Lear. British Gallery, gratified. Walked with Planché to panorama of Milan. Went to Haymarket to see the 'Hunchback'—a beautiful play, very indifferently acted.

August 21*st.*—Dulwich Gallery. Wrote criticism on the 'Hunchback.'

August 23*rd.*—To Crayford. Bourne absent—left note and followed him. Saw again Wilson's splendid transparent-like picture—bathers and tower reflected in the stream, &c. A pleasant day; returned in chaise to town.

August 28*th.*—Finished writing out the MS. of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Finished arrangement of 'Lear.' O'Hanlon called.

August 30*th.*—Rowed for some time on the water. Rainy and stormy.

August 31*st.*—To London. Went to Bedlam. Kept waiting

half an hour. Nerves not able to bear it; came away. Bought dressing-box for Lotty. Clock for kitchen.

September 3rd.—Brewster sent a wig for Lear.

September 4th.—Mr. Chalk churched my dearest Catherine, and named my dearest infant, William Charles.* May God protect and bless him! Read Juvenal, 'Hudibras,' Nardini's 'Roma Antica.'

September 7th.—Looked through 'Hamlet.' Read some of Barry Cornwall's poems.

September 12th.—Lord Grimston and friend to canvass. Promised not to vote against him, but refused to vote for him. Mr. Alston and friends called. Vote declined.

September 18th.—Read Harris's 'Hermes.' Much pleased with it.

September 20th.—Theatre. Settled plays, &c. Gave in 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Called on H. Smith. Met Cooper, Harley.

September 22nd.—Drury Lane opens. Quod felix faustumque mihi sit.

September 23rd.—Went to church in the afternoon. Packed up property box. Arranged and settled papers for my departure.

September 24th.—To town. Theatre at two.

——— *25th.*—Newspapers. Read of Walter Scott's death on Friday last. Whatever his defects, a very great man, whose loss brings sorrow with it. χαῖρε, μεγάλη ψυχή! † Walked with Mr. Cooper to my chambers, 61, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Signed agreement, 2*l.* 5*s.* per week. Came home by Reeves' coach outside. Ordered rick to be cut. Walked over garden.

September 28th.—Rehearsed 'Pizarro.' News of robbery of geese at Elstree. Dined on sausage, brown bread, and soda-water. Lay down on bed. Acted middlingly. Very much cut in the arms.

September 30th.—Read Colberg.‡ Discovered that my room has echoes.

October 1st.—Breakfasted at Garrick Club. Colberg. Acted partially well. Mr. Bunn gave out.

October 2nd.—Newspapers, middling, middling. They persecute me. Why should I regard them? Acted indifferently—Wallace, O'Hanlon, Talfourd came to my room.

October 3rd.—Left chambers. Came to Elstree by *Crown Prince.* Moored my boat in deep water to secure it from the ruffians of the neighbourhood.

October 4th.—Listened to Mr. P——'s play. Looked at him attentively as he read, considering what is genius; what, vice; what, virtue?

October 9th.—Read Mr. Oakley the whole afternoon. Played it a little better than before.

October 10th.—Read over 'Rolla.' Slept. Acted, not well—not

* Afterwards in the Ceylon Civil Service. Died November 26th, 1871, at Puttalam, Ceylon, and was buried at Kandy.—Ed.

† Farewell! great spirit!—Ed. Trans.

‡ In Serle's play, called, 'The House of Colberg.'—Ed.

collected—not taking time, and very stiff. Why do I not break myself of this horrid habit?

October 13*th.*—Dined at Garrick. Saw Fladgate, Calcraft, Finch, &c. Saw Miss A. Smithson, who made offers for Paris. Answered Pocock, declining a "Scott" character. 'Rob Roy.' Acted tolerably well and well received. The procession a most stupid business; carried through by the feeling of the audience.

October 15*th.*— 'Macbeth.'—Acted, how? took pains and tried to be earnest, but the audience was dull. Was it not my fault? I am inclined to think, partially, yes. But it was a *pageant* * audience. I roused them at last.

October 17*th.*—Came by *Crown Prince* to Elstree. Meditated on the nature and end of life. On the beauty and vivifying qualities of the physical world. Who dares say it is not undesigned or unsustained; looked over the fences, &c., of the fields, and gave directions about farm, &c. Read some of Wycherley's plays—coarse and obscene.

November 26*th.*—Read Iago in bed. Rehearsed Iago. Met Kean. Lay down on bed. Acted, not satisfactorily, nervous. Called by the audience. Bourne, Braham, and others came to congratulate me.†

November 27*th.*—Looked at Iago. Played well. Chaise to Elstree.

November 28*th.*—Pleasant and grateful day of relaxation.

November 29*th.*—Acted Iago better than first night. Called for by audience.

November 30*th.*— Rehearsed Hotspur. Wrote to Marianne Skerrett. Letter from Horace Twiss. 'William Tell.' Acted my best.

December 1*st.*—Acted Hotspur. Hissed by a *Wolf*,‡ as I suspect, in my first speech. Played with much spirit at the end. Supped with Wallace at Piazza.

December 2*nd.*—Dined with Harley, 6 o'clock, Bannister, Cartwright, C. Mathews, Hill, Laporte, &c.

December 3*rd.*—Went to see carriage at Houlditch's. Garrick Club. Theatre. Rehearsed, not well. Went home. Read Iago. Not well. Played *well* and *ill*. With more self-possession, but less finish and ease. Home to Elstree.

October 21*st.*—Read Mr. Oakley.

* A procession of the dramatic characters in Scott's novels, was introduced upon the stage in honour of the great author, recently deceased, and is alluded to on 13th October, above.—Ed.

† On this occasion Kean and Macready acted together for the first time. They had been announced to alternate the parts of Othello and Iago, but did not in fact do so. Kean played Othello only, and Macready played Iago only during their joint performances.—Ed.

‡ The "Wolves" was the name given to a club, or supposed club, composed of Kean's supporters and admirers, as already mentioned in the 'Reminiscences.'—Ed.

November 1*st*.—Rehearsed 'School for Scandal.' Joseph Surface and Kitely. Acted pretty well. Came home to tea. Introduced to Captain Marryatt.

November 6*th*.—Heard that I had been announced two days for Iago. Angry: foolishly so.

November 10*th*.—Lost much time and thought in useless, vain, and bad imaginations referring to people indifferent to me, not turning my eyes to the good I possess, but lashing myself into a state of irritation which, if it were wise or just to despise anything in humanity, should awaken my contempt. Let me be wiser, O God!

November 12*th*.—Saw two acts of Kean's 'Hamlet.' Imperfect, spiritless, uncharacteristic recitation.

November 15*th*.—Read Iago. Bought toys for children. Dined at Garrick Club. Kitely. Acted very well.

November 22*nd*.—Rehearsed Iago. Very nervous, in extremely low spirits. Came home. Thought over Iago, a very unhappy state of mind. Little beyond my home to comfort me—but much there.

November 24*th*.—Went to town by *Billing's*. Rehearsed Iago in saloon.

December 10*th*.—Iago. Acted well when Kean did not interfere with me. Called for by the audience.

December 11*th*.—Acted, or rather repeated, the common-places of poor Don Trueban,* for whom I felt great sorrow

December 12*th*.— Wrote to the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution declining to lecture.

December 15*th*.—'Men of Pleasure.' Acted very tamely.

——— 19*th*.—Rolla. Acted tolerably, considering I had no previous thought upon it.

December 23*rd*.—Talfourd, Serle, Fred. Reynolds, &c., at Elstree. Went to St. Alban's in carriage. Spent a pleasant holiday, but omitted prayers in the evening—wrong.

December 24*th*.—Talfourd and I went up by coach. Party went in carriage to town.

December 27*th*.—New cow bought. (Cost £13.)

——— 28*th*.—Read over Iago. Acted very well. Kean quite strong on his legs and in his voice. Called for by the audience and much applauded. L. D. Returned to Elstree in carriage.

December 31*st*.—'Jane Shore.' Acted indifferently from want of previous study.

[The total receipts of the year 1832 passing through Messrs. Ransom and Co.'s books appear to have been £1,680 1*s*. 9*d*.; and the expenditure, £1,423 3*s*. 5*d*.]

* A contemporary criticism states that "The Drury Lane management gave a specimen of their short-sighted judgment by an attempt to revive that senseless production of Don Trueban, called 'Men of Pleasure.' Its production was an insult to the audience, and the piece was condemned at once." Macready's part was Lord Bellenden.—Ed.

1833.

Elstree, January 1st.—With God's merciful help I trust to make my conduct and use of time during this year more acceptable in His sight than that of my previous life has been; and I enter upon it with prayers for His blessings on my children, my wife, friends, and myself. Amen.

January 2nd.—My performance this evening of Macbeth, afforded me a striking evidence of the necessity there is for thinking over my characters previous to playing, and establishing by practice, if necessary, the particular modes of each scene and important passage. I acted with much energy, but could not (as I sometimes can, when holding the audience in wrapt attention) listen to my own voice, and feel the truth of its tones. It was crude and uncertain, though spirited and earnest; but much thought is yet required to give an even energy and finished style to all the great scenes of the play, except, perhaps, the last, which is among the best things I am capable of. Knowles is ravished with his own acting, and the supposed success it has met with. I wish I was with mine.

January 3rd.—Went home to breakfast. Spent an idle but, in all other respects, a happy day. A well-spent day is pleasing while it lasts, and pleasant to remember when for ever gone; a day of mere pleasure is agreeable in its passage, but regret attends its close in the reflection that time which God has given for employment has been squandered or lost in idleness. Compunction is injurious, if unproductive of improvement. Let my revision of this day enable me to be more resolute in my resistance of future temptations, and teach me, for my own and my children's good, the necessity of blending activity with enjoyment. In my absence from home I am sometimes inclined to question the prudence of living so far from town; but when on reaching home I taste the fresh air of the country, look over its extent of prospect, feel in a manner the free range of thought and sense through the expanse of earth and sky surrounding me, I confess to myself, in the delightful sensations I experience, that such enjoyment is worth some sacrifice.

January 4th.—My acting to-night was coarse and crude—no identification of myself with the scene, and, what increased my chagrin on the subject, some persons in the pit gave frequent vent to indulgent and misplaced admiration. The consciousness of unmerited applause makes it quite painful and even humiliating to me. I thought this day of taking the Bath and Bristol theatres: it will probably go no further.

January 5th.—I have made a proposal to take the Bath and Bristol theatres for a short season during Lent. I hope my vanity, or sanguine desire of gain, has not misled me in my anticipations

and dependences. I wish to procure an independence for my dear children, and I think this speculation likely to be productive of good in itself, and to offer me a certainty of remoter benefit.

I have had some doubts as to the sum in which I should subscribe to Mrs. Jackson's print: but I have decided upon the larger, which is still much less than I wish to give. I know that I expose myself to the charge of imprudence and extravagance, but am I to endeavour to feed the widow and the orphan literally with the crumbs that fall from my table? I cannot so interpret the text of that Teacher, Whose name be blessed by all who have hearts to feel the love He taught.

London, January 8th.—Paid some visits of ceremony—unmeaning hollow practices, irksome and embarrassing in act and productive of no good result. I allude entirely to the G——s, who are incomprehensible to me: if they like me, why do they not cultivate my society; if they are indifferent, why not relinquish my acquaintance? "What art thou, thou idol, ceremony?" Why is it that my spirits, rather depressed before, rose when I saw an expression of discontent on the face of Mrs.—— at the retired life she led? Is it an evil feeling? I think not—or that principle of our nature that makes all human happiness comparative.

January 9th.—In attending the book-club last night, I was furnished with another instance of that silly and unamiable ambition so common in men, particularly little men, of directing and legislating for others. Observation of the errors of others is wise or uncharitable according to its result—either as it affords us a practical lesson or a subject to descant upon. This morning I rose betimes, and rode outside to Elstree. I felt pleasure in this little instance of economy both in time and money. A beautiful morning, and, though misty afterwards, giving me the opportunity of a delightful walk with my wife and sister. In the afternoon I read much of Frederick II's life: an evidence of selfish vanity abusing great abilities, and brutal subserviency in the men who tolerated his dominion over them.

January 11th.—Little to comment on to-day beyond my own loss of it. Rose late, and omitted dinner, in order to have my powers more at command during my performance, which was certainly better for my abstinence. I find the good effect of that natural manly tone of dialogue, with which I must endeavour to improve the colloquial ground-work of my acting. This evening I left at the theatre for the managers a tragedy by a Mr. Heraud, a dramatic poet, in his own confident opinion, secure of success; perhaps misled by the injudicious recommendation of Mr. Southey, which led him to experiment in tragic composition. Such advice leads me to a reluctant doubt of the Laureate's sincerity, for it is scarcely possible in this case to suppose defect of judgment. Can that be called good-nature which shrinks from inflicting a slight *pique* to the *amour-propre* of a friend, with intent to cure his mind of a dangerous and still strengthening delusion? it is selfishness

worldliness—anything I think but justice or kindness, yet how universally practised!

Elstree, January 12th.—My thoughts wandering on idle, vain, unprofitable subjects; and only occasionally resting on the important consideration of economy in my expenditure for the sake of my dear children. Resumed my consideration of Othello, to which my mind must be given up. Visited by a lady (who mistook me for a relation of Mr. Macready), a writer of seven tragedies and various farces: this is one of the many who waste life and paper in their hopeless mockery of employment. Happy to return home; began with great delight Lardner's volume on mechanics.

January 14th.—This day I had marked down as one of active employment; began the morning with late rising and lost what was left of it between indolent indecision, perplexity at the little progress made in accumulating surplus, and considerations of means to economise more effectually in our general expenses. I look at my own age, the uncertainty of my professional income, my dear children, and I come to the resolution, that, for my own continued happiness, it is essential money should be put by to insure a provision for them. May the blessings of God confirm my good intentions and prosper my endeavours.

January 15th.—Finished Lord Dover's 'Life of Frederick II.'—a book of extracts from the various amusing memoirs of that king's contemporaries—a compilation, whose only merit is that of bringing together scattered anecdotes of that ill-named, heartless man, offering no glimpses of rational elucidation of such points of character as have perplexed inquirers, and never attempting to penetrate beyond the surfaces of such men and things as the narration brings under his notice. Such treatment of a character so fertile in lessons of political and moral science to the keen observer or the contemplative philosopher, exhibits the author as a mere gossip without any pretensions to the title of historian.

London, January 22nd.—Not altogether so dissatisfied with the labour of to-day, though I might have done my duty better by rising earlier. My walk to London was real enjoyment from the beauty of the day: my thoughts, too, were not idle, for I went through several scenes of 'Othello.' Taking into consideration the employment of my time in the study of that character, the benefit of the air and exercise, and the money saved in my walk, I cannot set down the three hours and a half it cost me as misused or laid out to waste.

I acted to night with spirit and in a manly tone, better, perhaps, than ordinarily in the part, Rob Roy. A curious evidence of egotism, and importunate demand of attention to business of no concern to me was afforded me to night in Mr. Heraud's letter. The universe is but an atom before the vastness of one's self!

January 23rd.—Although I cannot boast a victory over my lazy habits in the morning, the day has not been an idle one: indeed too active in reference to its principal object—principal as respects

my means of life, of educating and providing for my children—viz., my performance, which I may here observe was, "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," a lack of energy, of heartedness, with more than enough of muscular exertion, and all attempts at effect in expression overclouded by the perpetual scowl that contracted and darkened my countenance: a bad performance. Again I reproach myself with exhibiting that *odiosum et inutilem morositatem* against which I am so anxious to guard myself: in the instances, both of a proposed election to the Garrick Club, and of the performers' incorrectness in 'William Tell.' Could I sober or improve the latter? Whom but myself could I affect by such moroseness? Why cannot I act upon my "own gained knowledge?" In the other case both person and thing were equally beneath me: why should not a person like Mr. F. belong to such a society? Why cannot I hold my peace and stay away? Such should be my course; I dread the effects of my own intolerant and impetuous temper. God be my friend, for I am too often an enemy to myself!

January 24th.—In turning over the leaves of Johnson's Dryden, I find this remark, "He is always angry at some past, or afraid of some future censure." Is not this a key to the causes of my own disquietudes? And should not I add to my happiness if I would think more of enjoying or employing—for, well done, it is synonymous—the present hour without reference to what is irremediable or apprehension of what is uncertain? I have done one act of duty, I hope, to-day, in sending money for G——'s board and clothes, with letters to him and Dr. Woodroff; it will be a "brand from the burning" if he turns out well. W. Birch walked out with me; I was much struck with the scene of the canal and the skaters in the Regent's Park: the kind of indian-ink landscape that the colourless view presented, and the gaiety extorted from the vigour of winter, amused my thoughts. Rather exceeded in my lonely dinner and wine, as much from the ill effects of the two days' previous abstinence as from anything else; this kept me gazing on a star and speculating on the purposes of our being when I should have been better at rest.

January 25th.—In discussing the propriety of Mr. ——'s admission to the Garrick Club this morning, I so far improved upon my late violence of language as to refrain from any exhibition of temper; a very negative praise. Quite made up my mind to leave the managers to their own course in the particular of their pledge to me on the alteration of Othello and Iago. Why did I feel excited, and stung into a kind of nervous alacrity by Kean's inability to act? Our interest in this profession came too frequently into collision to insure, without steady vigilance, that magnanimity which makes the peace of conscience.

Elstree, January 26th.—Rose betimes, and set out fresh from my bath with elastic spirits and happy thankfulness of heart to walk to Elstree. Checked in my course by the thaw and rain, I rode about five miles of the road. The fresh air of the country is an

enjoyment to me. Employed my day in examining Colonel D'Aguilar's translation of 'Fiesco,' settling my accounts, making up arrears of entries, &c. Felt the happiness of my home in seeing the health and comfort of my family around me. If men could but unlearn the lessons of vanity which are taught by dictation, example, and the influence of current events to their youth, how truly happy could they make themselves by industry and charity. But to be certain of our own good, we calculate our neighbours' possessions or expenses instead of inquiring of our own wants, and are only contented by that vain and envious standard of comparison. Is not health, an income beyond my necessities, a beloved family, a quick imagination, considerable acquirements, and the knowledge of the value of these blessings, enough to enforce content and inspire gratitude?

January 29th.—Am compelled to blame severely in myself that want of decision and independent resolution, which should give birth to action without respect to the occurrences of the hour. The lamps of the wise virgins were dressed against the coming of their Lord, while the fools began to prepare them when their light was needed. Read over scenes of 'Othello,' but did not discharge my duty by it. Arranged in my mind the alterations to be suggested in Colonel D'Aguilar's 'Fiesco'

Although often opposed to the critical opinions of Scott, I have pleasure in noting down the liberality and justice of his observations on Le Sage and, in nearly an equal degree, on Fielding. His description of the various effects produced on our minds by different portions of the novel of 'Gil Blas' as we advance from childhood through youth to manhood, shows him to be a close observer and a faithful reporter of his own emotions. Read Dryden's 'Cleomenes,' a play that has all the marks of a decaying intellect upon it. Images are forced most ungracefully upon the dialogue, and the portfolio of the author appears to have rendered up its last stock of common-places and incongruous similes. The frequency of coarse and vulgar expressions (perhaps meant as characteristic of Spartan conversation) excites the surprise of those who are acquainted with the usually happy selection of his words. The play possesses no one passage worthy of him.

January 30th.—Was awake at a very early hour by the sickness of my beloved child. With what anxious fondness one watches the change of every shade in the complexion of these precious gifts of Heaven! and how every day adds to the love with which we regard them! My hours of occupation were divided between a letter to Colonel D'Aguilar and reading some critical treatises by Dryden. S. and G. Bucknill arrived to dinner. They are gentlemanly and natural boys. Feel my mind fettered by the state of suspense in which it is held in regard to Othello. Must give my attention to the performance of it.

January 31st.—Had the delight of seeing my darling child smiling upon me with her usual health and spirits, when I awoke this

morning. My heart turns in gratitude to the Giver of these blessings for the comfort it enjoys in their continued health. To-day I had experience of the truth that much of the difficulty of every task lies in our own disinclination to labour, and in the magnifying effect of our own apprehension. I read over some part of Othello to-day, which loses its awful appearance as it is more confidently approached. I entered some memoranda from Dryden's critical and dedicating epistles in my common-place book.

February 1st.—"Minute change in principles leads to mighty change in effects." A deduction of Harris in his 'Hermes' bearing analogy to the immense, not to say infinite, distance caused between two lines by the slightest divergence from their parallel. Employed the morning left to me by Kean's illness in reading two chapters of Harris's 'Hermes,' and some pages of Dryden's 'Critical Essays.' Took a walk of two hours, during which I returned the call, or card, of Mrs. ——. From the slovenly appearance of neglect I do not wish to improve the acquaintance. Continued Dryden's 'Essay' after my walk, which amused me in the facts it affords me for a history of the variation of critical opinion. From Harris's work much matter for thought is to be obtained, and very close reasoning to be followed in the analysis of universal language.

February 2nd.—I finished Dryden's 'Defence of Dramatic Poetry,' which he has conducted more in the spirit of a disciple of a theory than as an indifferent lover of truth. Took some exercise on the water, which was too rough for pleasure when out of practice. Began Gray's works, in which I have particularly noted the conceited and egotistical delivery of common-place by Mason. Pleased with the earnest tone of Algarotti's letter on Gray's odes, though not more influenced by his opinions than by Dryden's.

Sunday, February 3rd.—Brought me several letters on business; the answers to some of them, attendance at church, and a walk round the reservoir occupied all of my morning that was not given to the newspapers and playing with my children. There is some uncertainty on the arrangements of the next fortnight, but my resolution is taken to do thebest I can under whatever disposition of things, and, trusting in Providence, to commit results to *its* will. Finished the remaining answers to my letters, and read over a few pages of Gibbon, which, with two or three chapters in the Greek Testament, has made up my study to day.

February 5th.—Was on the point of getting up at an early hour this morning, but lay to revolve and mention the outline of a plan which had occurred to me for taking the Drury Lane Theatre. I doubt the cohesiveness of the materials which it would be necessary to combine for the purpose. Enjoyed a most delightful walk through the beautiful country lying between this place and Mill Hill. Saw W—— there (while S. and G. Bucknill lunched at the inn), and talked over his affairs; found him as resolute in choosing his mode of extrication, although by others' means, as if he were the active person. Is this right? He has incurred a

penalty and refuses to undergo it. Is this pride or wisdom? It is his second offence against prudence attended with burdens of self-reproach, if he thinks at all. I think him wrong in incurring the necessity of humiliation, and still more so in shrinking from it. Were I so situated, I would stoically encounter privation, and the pain of wounded pride, to demonstrate by actions a lofty principle.

February 6th.—Read Harris's 'Hermes,' which continues to please and instruct me. A dedication by Dryden to the Earl of Orrery is a repetition, almost verbal, of his defence of rhyme in dramatic poetry from his essay on that subject. The prologue is smooth and smart; but the play of the 'Rival Ladies' is not worth the time and trouble of perusal. Byron's letter on *Pope* v. *Bowles* is an ample vindication of the poet's fame from an aspersion that few would read, and none who could judge would yield to. He makes a clear case of what was manifest before.

February 7th.—Had the pleasure of being in the garden before breakfast to overlook my servant's labours. After some short letters on business, I gave my attention to my professional studies, in which the greater part of the morning was spent. Employed three hours of a beautiful afternoon in exercise upon the water, where I more particularly enjoy the freshness, the quiet, and beauty of the country. Read Dryden's tragedy of the 'Indian Queen,' which, besides the merit of versification, frequently melodious and almost always easy, has nothing to recommend it. The language is as uncharacteristic as the persons are out of nature, or as the plot is impossible—improbable would be complimentary. Fielding has parodied some parts in his 'Tom Thumb.' It is a play of rhyming repartee and quixotic sentiment that wearies the reader in his search for those gems of thought and expression, which are sometimes to be found among the rubbish which Dryden has heaped together so hastily and inconsiderately.

February 8th.—It is a strange weakness, whether imputable to some physical cause or to an insuperable distrust of myself, I know not, that, on arriving in town to play a part often done before as Iago, I should feel a trepidation and sudden sinking of heart as I got sight of the bill announcing my performance. But it is so, and though my reason soon subdues the emotion, I got to the theatre with as much restlessness and more uncertainty than many untried and less favoured actors know. To night, however, it did not affect my energy or skill; perhaps I have not played Iago with more entire self-possession, more spirit, and in a more manly unembarrassed tone. I fear poor W——'s fate is sealed! He is far beyond my reach, even if I had not stretched out a hand to him before; his present prospects do not warrant a further subtraction from my earnings. His want of forethought and calculation has been deplorable. Franklin says, "if you want to know the value of money try to borrow it;" this should have taught poor W—— worldly wisdom. It is one of the first steps towards wisdom to

judge of others' actions, especially as they affect ourselves, as a third person. This would prevent much of that unjustifiable spleen and chafing of spirit with which we see our peculiar interest treated by them as secondary to their own.

February 12th.—How sensibly I feel the pleasures and comforts of my home as the day of my departure from it approaches. I have read little to-day. Made an effort to conform in my opinion to Dryden's on the surpassing excellence of Ben Jonson's comedy of the 'Silent Woman,' but was wearied in the second act. Read a few of Wordsworth's 'Sonnets on the Duddon,' abounding in pictures for thought to dwell upon and moral truths that tend to direct or confirm the mind. Walked out with my dear Catherine and met our little Christina singing lustily along the road. Received letters in the evening, the answers to which engrossed what remained of the day.

London, February 14th.—A very busy day after a very disturbed night. My spirits became depressed after taking leave and losing sight of my dear wife and children, but the active employment of to-day at chambers and abroad has dissipated the gloom which hung upon me. I found myself announced for "the ensuing week" in the bills, but Mr. Bunn said it "meant nothing." My divinings were just!—In writing to W—— I have adhered to my resolution of advancing nothing without security. I am right. His failings are not misfortunes, or I would distress myself, as I have done, to relieve him.

Exeter, February 16th.—My morning was cut into as many portions as I had boxes, bags, notes, messages, and hundreds of *et ceteras*. I gave too much to the porter at the coach: this is a very silly fault, and a wrong to any poor creature that may need one's charity. There was nothing remarkable in the three passengers with whom I started: the woman was very vulgar, which was not her fault: her husband, an outsider, was equally so and rather drunk, but redeemingly civil. I passed Edwarde's Place (Kensington), and marked the house where I left my dearest Catherine nine years ago; never shall I forget my feelings in quitting her. I looked with extreme interest too at the inn at Hounslow where we breakfasted and changed our clothes on the morning of our marriage. Few have more cause to bless that important day than I.

Sunday, February 17th.—I read Racine's two prefaces to his 'Britannicus,' one of which is a repetition of the substance of the other, purged of the pettish smartnesses which, in the jealous temper and sometimes in the very expressions of Dryden, he shoots out, porcupine like, around him. It would be better had Racine republished his critic's exceptions with his own 'Britannicus;' he would have been spared the necessity of insinuating that they were dunces, he would have proved them so. It is a beautiful play. I also read his prefaces to 'Berenice,' 'Bajazet,' and 'Mithridate.' I could see little of the beautiful country through which I passed to-

day for the mist. Arrived at my lodgings, I entered immediately on business.

February 18th.—G—— called as I was on the point of going out to seek him. I had been looking at the ivy leaves playing in the sunshine upon the city wall before my window, and thinking how easy was the lesson of content with health, when he produced himself as an instance. He showed me the Institution, and we walked upon the Castle walls together. What long recollections he brings to me; he was what I may term the first cordial admirer in my art that I had; and he has been as unchanging as the laurel leaf. I acted pretty well this evening, but in the dagger scene wanted that fresh natural manner so real and impressive on an audience. Thank God, was not angry or harsh.

February 19th.—G—— was waiting to intercept me, as I came down, and carried me off to breakfast. I had the sense to ask for my account to-day, which otherwise would have been *à maître d'hôtel* I suspect. What a silly shyness is that which seems to shrink from being thought prudent and careful! The essay I read yesterday on the drama and its professors will, I hope, sustain me in my desire of upholding in myself and for my dear children a respectable as well as honourable character. But an actor has more temptation than other men. I can scarcely enter a theatre without seeing beauty that too often cares not to conceal a flattering approval of one's talent, and that would not receive with avidity a reciprocal homage. What other condition in life brings you into personal contact with beauty under such dangerous circumstances? It is my fortune, not my merit, God knows, to have escaped unscathed in reputation.

February 20th.—Disturbed in my bed by the violence of the storm (which carried away slates, chimneys, and blew down more than twenty trees on the Castle Hill) I thought to pass my day within, and opened my Virgil at the Sibyl's prophetic fury, and read to the preparation for Misenus' obsequies. Began a letter of advice to my dear wife, which was interrupted by the entrance of G——, who, in our conversation, repeated to me his recommendation of preparing materials for my Memoir. It is worth thinking of. From the scene of devastation made by the storm on the Castle Hill, we returned to the Institution, where I spent some time in looking over the plates of Stuart's 'Antiquities of Athens,' with which I was much disappointed. On the contrary, the accuracy of Gell's 'Sketches of Pompeii' gave me much pleasure. After a short walk with G—— to the river, red and swollen, I went to dinner.

February 21st.—Read the first part of a paper on the Drudical religion in Scotland; was not previously aware that the 'rocking-stones' are artificially disposed, and that they are Druidical monuments. Rehearsed with civility; had occasion to observe how much country practice is likely to induce slovenly habits unless caution is constantly used. In my walk with G—— afterwards,

was struck with the commanding position of the Castle Hill; remarked the mound behind the jail to be either Danish or British. How easy it is to be happy is obvious from G——'s state of enjoyment: careless of any doctrine beyond that of duty to one's neighbour, he revels in the liberty of field and sky, indifferent to a religion, and thoughtless on a hereafter. I have thought on our conversation of last night: real chastity and the charity of Christ are to be found in no scheme of philosophy. My performance of Iago to-night was an example of what I wrote this morning. There was a want of sustained earnestness and spirit; there was no proper direction of the sight, and, in consequence, a scowl instead of clear expression, besides a want of abstraction in the soliloquies.

February 22nd.—Yesterday I omitted to rebuke myself for the petulance with which I rated the man who carries my clothes. If we examine our relations with mankind we have no right to show anger to any man; it is the right only of the tyrant over his slave, and there is first the right of tyranny in the abstract to be established. To be angry with any one is to assume a pretension to superiority that men are least disposed to allow. Why cannot I reflect before I commit myself in word or action? My morning has been passed in rehearsing, after which I called on G——. I was amused with the Othello last night speaking the word 'veritable' with the French accent as '*Most veriturble.*' I feel tired, and perhaps have no real cause for regret at the quantity of leisure time left to me in this vacation. Packing and a mind in an unsettled state have not allowed me to derive much benefit from books to-day. Vanity and a diseased imagination, the evil result of a neglected youth, are the sources of my errors and my follies. My engagement concluded with *éclat* to a well-filled house; I acted well, and am grateful for what I have gained. Went to tea and say adieu to G—— after the play.

Liverpool, Angel Inn, February 27th.—More attention to economy is necessary; more attention to my professional studies. Read the two first odes of Horace's Book of Epodes. One speaking the very throbs of friendship's heart, the other presenting picture after picture of the joys and charms of nature and a rural life: it is quite beautiful. Gave an attentive reading to the 'Merchant of London.'

Dublin, Sunday, March 3rd.—I am forty years of age! Need I add one word to the solemn reproof conveyed in these, when I reflect on what I am and what I have done? What has my life been?—a betrayal of a great trust, an abuse of great abilities! This morning, as I began to dress, I almost started when it occurred to me that it was my birthday.

March 5th.—Finished Schiller's 'Thirty Years' War,' which is little more, if more, than an extended gazette. It has, however, made me acquainted with the actions, and in some instances the characters of men, whose names were only known to me before,

Tilly, Mansfeldt, Elector Palatine, Maximilian, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Oxenstiern, Horn, Banner, Jorstensohn, Weimar, &c., &c. Noted two emendations in rehearsing Macbeth this morning. Acted Macbeth with spirit, earnestness, and self-possession: carried into effect the corrections I had thought of in the morning. Was obliged to appear before the audience after the play. To what end is thought or care, when next morning we read notices of our labours by the ignorant and incompetent?

March 6th.—Deliberated for some time on a very polite invitation to dinner this day from Sir Hussey Vivian: reflected that I must relinquish altogether, or imperfectly complete my letter of advice and consolation to my beloved wife; and also distress myself in the accumulation of business that must result from this indulgence of my inclination and curiosity. The proper study of mankind is man, and I like to contemplate him under his various phases. But I concluded, against the pressing entreaties of Calcraft, to remain at home. I neglected my calls today, but after a long walk wrote to my Catherine and afterwards gave a reading which was much wanted to the 'Merchant of London.' I was right in remaining to attend to my duties. Perceive that much improvement is to be obtained by attention at rehearsals; and in my profession, as in my observation of Catherine's progress, discern the meaning and admit the truth of the metaphysician who defines genius to be patience.

March 8th.—Passed a very agreeable evening in dining at the Artillery Mess with Colonel Michell. Met Colonel Hustler, Major Gordon, whom I had known before at Twiss's, Du Plat, Colonel Webber Smith, Horse Artillery, just returned from the siege of Antwerp, who gave an amusing account of the gallantry of a *vivandière* attached to the 25th Regiment. Du Plat spoke of Fitzgerald, long since dead, and others of James, now on duty here. Were I a man of the world, how easy to enjoy the world and retirement together!

March 9th.—I acted not equal to myself; I fancied the audience were restless and indisposed to listen, which made me nervous and hasty, and deprived me of my self-possession. As I advanced I improved, and ended with effecting a tolerable impression. In Puff I was earnest and animated: the farce went well. My chief paragraph was a "Forthcoming refutation of Malthus, by the Duc de Berri." On being drawn out after the play, I said: "It is a very poor requital of the kind approbation which I have always received in this city to assure you that as I invariably revisit it with pleasure, so I never leave it without regret. The tragic actor addresses himself to the feelings of his auditors, and as yours are never slow in responding to the tones of truth and nature, I may justly be proud when honoured with your approval. To merit it will be my earnest wish, and with a faithful recollection of how much I am your debtor, I respectfully take my leave." Supped with Calcraft, quite worn out.

March 10*th*.—With a violent effort I extracted myself from my bed, and without delay proceeded to the preparations for my journey. Again I refused the petition of a woman, whom I had before relieved, in consequence of the vile hypocritical cant she addressed to me, asking me "If I was a parent;" and in another note hoping "As it was the Sabbath, I should not refuse." Calcraft paid, but reverted to the subject of the command. I was resolute; for I felt, had I offered, he ought not to have received an abatement. After completing my arrangements, leaving cards for Mrs Hemans and Mr. Colles, I set off in a carriage with Mr. Calcraft and Miss Huddart to Kingstown; as we passed, the horse of an outside car ran away, and rushed against another hack car, overturning horse, carriage, and passenger: much fright, but fortunately little injury. The Bay of Dublin was, as usual, beautiful; it was high tide, and a London steamer crossed and entered the harbour close to Howth. The mountains and the sea so immediately within view of the city add greatly to its beauty and salubrity. We dined at the Royal Hotel. How disenchanting in the female character is a manifestation of relish for the pleasures of the table! On board the *Thetis* I took leave of Calcraft, and was indebted to the kindness of Captain Townley for a state cabin, which I found most convenient. We had N.E. and E. winds blowing fresh through the night with hail and rain. The evening was clear, and the scene with the passing vessels interesting. I turned in early.

Manchester, *March* 11*th*.—After a tossing, wakeful night, the only solace to which was the thoughts of my Catherine, I made a tolerably comfortable toilette and breakfast, and enjoyed the prospect of a calm sea weltering in the sunshine, the Welsh line of coast, from the snow-clad heights of Penmanmawr to the opening of the Clwyd, the peak of Moel Famma, the mouth of the Dee, and the Lancashire shore with the beacons on it, and the vessels of various kinds moving within our view. We entered by the middle channel. I found Townley to be a friend of Knowles. We landed after ten o'clock, and with some trouble got our luggage to the railway station, whence, after waiting half an hour, we rushed along to Manchester. At my lodgings I found a very loquacious landlady, who oppressed my exhausted spirits with the history of her family. I tried to play, but effort must have been too perceptible throughout the performance. The company is very indifferent, "two of the eleven" in a state of intoxication.

March 12*th*.—There is little time for thought, when morning and evening are consumed in the theatre Nothing particular occurred at the rehearsal. In the afternoon I wrote letters of business, and devised plans, which afterthought induced me to pause upon. I did think of returning home next week: subsequent reflection shows me that I may both save and earn money by remaining absent. I acted 'The Stranger' tolerably well, but was too much in appearance on the stage; not direct nor careless enough in

action and carriage. On returning home I sat down to read over Othello; the idea of which, even here, gave me a sensation of nervousness. I am inclined to reproach myself for my precipitation in declining the reduced terms offered me at Bath and Newcastle. Perhaps, however, I was not wrong.

March 13*th.*—Have given up the entire day to the rehearsal, consideration, and preparation of 'Othello.' The Iago of Cooper was a very bad performance, neither distinctness of outline nor truth of colour. Of my own Othello I am inclined to speak in qualified terms. There was not exactly a lack of spirit in the early scenes, but a want of freshness and freedom in its flow must have been manifest. I was nervous, and under that oppression effort will show itself. The audience, as cold as the snow that was falling at the beginning, waxed warmer and warmer, and actually kindled into enthusiasm at the burst in the third act, which was good; but the part still requires much study. The address to the Senate, the arrival at Cyprus, the second scene of the fourth act, and the last act, demand all my care and energy. The house was very thin, and I am yet irresolute as to my further course.

March 14*th.*—I lay late this morning, having slept little in the night, and feeling much fatigued. Rehearsed Pierre ('Venice Preserved') better than I expect to act it. I perceive how very much of the effect of acting depends on earnestness and spirit. Quite overcome by drowsiness, the effect of last night's wakefulness or this day's dinner, which was very moderate. I slept half an hour. Acted correctly, but rawly; to do justice to myself in Pierre I ought to give the part a thorough revival and practice. Was made very happy in my mind by a letter from my dear wife. Wrote to her, chiefly on domestic arrangements.

March 15*th.*—At rehearsal this morning could not give much attention for the cold that depressed me. My thoughts are sickly as well as my body. Would I could relieve them! The afternoon of a dinner *maigre* was necessarily given to a perusal of 'Werner.' My acting of the character I scarcely ought to notice, so dependent are its efforts on the other parts, that their inefficiency or incorrectness neutralises his best efforts. I quite suffered during the play. My mind, too, in consequence of my bodily ailment, is not under my control: I am longing for home, yet cannot in prudence purchase my own enjoyment at such a sacrifice of money.

March 16*th.*—I have despatched a large sum to my bankers today, for which I thank God. In the play I acted Iago pretty well, but was certainly disconcerted, if not annoyed, by the share of applause bestowed on Mr. Cooper. What little beings does selfishness make us! In the farce I was mangled by the shameful idleness of the actors.

March 18*th.*—Before I rose, read odes in Horace. That beautiful one to Mæcenas on the happiness of competency found ready assent, and infused much delight in my mind. The poetry and philosophy are equally charming. Might not the line "converso in pretium

Deo" be well applied to the churchmen of the present day? Some passages in Milton, which I read, served as a comment on, or rather a confirmation of the truth and wisdom of the Roman lyrist. Opening at random Racine's 'History of the Port Royal,' I found some shocking evidences of the villainy of the Jesuits, both as individuals and as an order. What a scourge has that precious blessing, religion, been made by the impious and blaspheming sophistry of man! Read in last week's debate the Bishop of London's vindication of the wealth of the clergy! Appeared before a wretched assemblage of devoted play-goers in the part of Virginius, which neither my health, spirits, nor interest could encourage me to act. I made some saving hits in passages, and tried experiments through it.

March 19th.—For my health's sake took a walk of about three miles up and down Oxford Road. Thought on many things: my father's inconsiderate speculation here, and consequent ruin—its effect on my destiny; the mystery of human nature; and the sweet musings of my darling children on seeing a little girl about the age and form of dear Nina, came like delight upon my spirit. Read many pages of Racine's 'History of Port Royal.' My acting in Tell to-night was bad, but had the excuse of bad health and audience. I wish I could offer any excuse for my ill-temper.

March 20th.—Acted Werner with unusual force, truth, and collectedness, finished off each burst of passion, and in consequence entered on the following emotion with clearness and earnestness. The house was miserable.

March 21st.—I have done nothing else to-day beyond rehearsing, taking a very short walk, and reading part of Oakley preparatory to my performance of it, which merits little commendation. It is a character, as being very easy, that I ought to play well; and merit censure for not doing it better than well.

March 22nd.—Read over Wolsey for to-morrow evening, and looked at my accounts, which, thank God, are more satisfactory than they have lately been. Read over again my Catherine's last letter, and let my thoughts loose on their ramble home. Read the part of Scroope, and acted it effectively, but not with the truth, reality, and taste that would satisfy my own judgment. Acted the scene of Joseph Surface middlingly. The house was much better for the bill, and I am glad to have rendered Miss Huddart such a service. The play excited so much interest that Mr. Cooper was recommended to take it to-morrow night, but he preferred playing 'Henry VIII.,' which I do not envy him.

March 25th.—Went to the theatre to see 'Victorine,' which increased the previous depression of my spirits. How very painful is the contemplation of a woman who has yielded up her virtue, and how miserable does the reflection on the brutal character of vice among the low thieves of a metropolis make the mind. It is hopeless depravity. What are we here for? I was perhaps additionally moved by sitting in the box I used when a boy, before

my prospects changed, seeing the very drop-scene that my father placed there twenty-five years ago. Much of the past came back upon me.

Carlisle, March 29th.—Woke before my appointed hour, but rose refreshed, and with a sensation of relief in quitting Manchester. My journey offered me little to remark upon: the sort of early loiterers in a manufacturing town made their wonted appearance about the coach, to make one question again the general influence of civilisation. Lancaster Castle, from its site, its present appropriation, and as having been the place of my poor father's confinement, arrested my attention, as did Garstang Castle from not having before noticed it, and Kendal Castle from its beautiful situation. A very heavy snow storm on Shap Fells made the wild country more desolate and dreary than usual; I love the heath and the free breeze of the hills. Passed by the theatre at Carlisle, which my father built, in seeking my letters: thought of many days, acts, and feelings for ever gone.

Edinburgh, March 30th.—A striking instance of the dangerous effects of precipitation showed itself to day. A month ago I could not reason down the annoyance of wounded pride arising from B——'s refusal to be my boy's godfather: this morning I took up his letter to answer it, and it seems to me most proper and affectionate. Pride and passion! where would ye have left me? Thank God I have replied to it as I ought. My day has been an idle one. I have read some pages of Tasso, the combats between Ottone, Argante, and Tancredi; some part of Terence's 'Heautontimoroumenos,' the excellent scene of Chremes rebuking Clitipho, and Syrus sending him away; two essays of Bacon on Custom and Nature; and Shakespeare's exquisite scenes between Angelo and Isabel. I walked upon the Calton Hill, after posting my letters.

I read Racine's letters to some over zealous Jansenists, and his discourse on the admission of the younger Corneille, the Abbé Colbert, and Berquet to the Academy. Finished yesterday his history of the 'Monastery of Port Royal,' so amusing from the credulity, simplicity, and earnestness of the writer; the insight into the Roman Catholic religion through its various forms; its effect in confining the powers of the mind exemplified in Racine's servile adulation, or rather idolatry of Louis; the anatomical view it affords of the means, principles, and purposes of the Jesuits; and also for the various individual characters, both interesting and entertaining, that it makes to pass before us. In his two letters against Jansenist defenders of Port Royal it is not clearly seen whether his temporary hostility was aroused by their censure of dramatic poetry or acted on in deference to the implacability of Louis: his praises of that bad man are almost disgusting.

Particularly noted the superior effect, as well as the diminution of labour in the marked discrimination, with which I acted Virginius this evening, though unprepared, and at first careless of my performance. This resulted from thinking on the too artificial

style of the young gentleman who played Othello last night, and contrasting his and Kean's methods, though they are patches from one piece, with my own. I see how much of my conception I lose by precipitancy; it does not extract one spark of fire the less, but tempers energy so "as to give it smoothness." I hope I may now exclaim, εὕρηκα! To notice one among many instances of natural and powerful effect, I may record the embracing and rebuking Virginia and committing her to Icilius just before hurrying away to the field, which I never did so well.

April 3rd.—Wrote to dearest Catherine. Received letter from her; and one from Mr. Farren asking me to play Puff for his benefit! Acted well. I perceive by my observation of last night that the great defect of my style is hurry and want of clear discrimination—I mean discrimination, not in one's own mind, but made palpable to and impressed on an audience. Let me not lose sight of this!

April 4th.—Called on Allan, and saw his Orphan on the easel, his sketches of the rooms, &c., at Abbotsford, and the study of his picture of Rizzio's Murder. He is a very interesting man; he promises to come and see me on his arrival in London. Called on Mrs. Spence, and chatted. Received two petitions, but I unlearn my own precepts of generosity here. Answered Mr. Farren's letter, declining to act Puff. Played 'The Stranger' pretty well, but had particular evidence of the comparatively phlegmatic temper of this audience in the applause to the burst in act fourth. Supped with Mr. Pritchard, and met a party, with whom I was amused.

London, Elstree, April 9th.—Had the comfort of reaching my chambers, stiff and wearied: disappointed in not finding Catherine and my baby there; dressed myself, and sat out to catch the *Crown Prince* coach, which I missed, and came to the parting of the roads by a Hemel Hempstead one. Walked with a quiet light step towards Elstree, and reached my dear home about half-past ten. What can I record beyond this? As Francesca says: "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti?" I found my darling boy much better than I could have expected, my dearest Nina in full health, and all well! I looked round the house, and about the ground, satisfying myself with reviewing what was pleasing for not being new. I only looked over my accounts, talking in idle gossip the rest of this happy day away. I can only thank God, as I humbly and fervently do, for so dear and precious a gift as the home with which He has blest me, and for the feeling to appreciate and enjoy it.

April 10th.—Immediately on coming down, which I did at a late hour, I lunched and set off in the carriage to town with Catherine and my boy. Called at the theatre. Endeavoured at my chambers to prepare myself for night, but found a difficulty in settling and concentrating my thoughts. Endeavoured to act Macbeth well, but found myself strange to the stage, the size of the theatre, and

the effect of my own voice. My earnestness must have been a redeeming quality in my acting, as the applause was frequent; as I advanced I think I improved, and my death was very warmly applauded. I was called for at the fall of the curtain, and obliged to go forward. I returned to chambers, where Catherine was waiting to accompany me in the carriage to Elstree with dear Willie, who was much better.

April 16*th.*—Very unwell indeed: did not leave my room. Time utterly lost to me, mind and body. And this night Covent Garden Theatre was closed in consequence of the number of performers unable to attend their duty from illness, a circumstance without precedent in my recollection. Read, although with some difficulty, and not with my mind in a sufficiently clear state to apprehend quickly, the review of Hare's translation of Niebuhr's 'History of Rome.' Much interested in it. He offers petulant authors a lesson in the silence he preserved to every attack made to his theories.

April 17*th.*—Received news of Drury Lane Theatre being closed until Saturday next in consequence of the many absentees from indisposition among the performers. I could not help occasionally feeling this illness, the anxiety of my wife and sister, the care to preserve quiet, and all the efforts to soothe the pain and allay the irritation of a sick-bed, as a rehearsal of the eventful scene that must one day be acted when I must feel, in addition to my bodily sufferings, that I must leave the dear friends of my heart—the blessed children of my love.

April 19*th.*—The Haymarket Theatre is closed until Wednesday next on account of the illness of the performers.

April 21*st.*—To day, thank God, I tasted the pure air again! I humbly offer up my thanks to Almighty God for his numberless mercies and bounties, and am particularly called upon now to acknowledge gratefully my restoration from the severe sickness with which I have been afflicted. I feel that my system has been overworked, and brought into a most excitable state of predisposition to illness. I quite enjoyed the free inspiration of the atmosphere and the warm sunshine. The flowers and trees had unusual interest for me. I read the newspapers, in which I find much to employ reflection, but little to improve my estimation of mankind. The prominent facts in the world's history that delight a thinking man are very few indeed.

April 23*rd*, *Shakespeare's Birthday.*—On this day I was to have met the Garrick Club at dinner in honour of Shakespeare's birthday, and intended to have felt their dispositions towards erecting some memorial to Mrs. Siddons; instead of which I am walking with the help of a stick through my garden and field, endeavouring to regain the health and strength of which I feel the want so much. The day is very pleasant, and the garden looks very cheerful to me. I walked to tire myself, and then came in to write some letters. Have been obliged to put off to next year the new gravelling our walks, for which I am not sorry.

April 24th.—Obliged to return to my bed, after an ineffectual effort to dress myself. Very weak and unwell, and in great apprehension of a more serious turn of my disorder: my pulse at fifty-eight, and my nervous system in a state of painful irritation. Could neither address myself to write, read, or talk, nor suffer any one to read to me. Felt better towards night, but very far from comfortable. Turned over the leaves of Crebillon's plays, and of Corneille's; became acquainted with the fact of Foote having taken his 'Liar' from that poet's 'Le Menteur;' looked also through the pages of 'Le Festin de Pierre,' by Corneille, which seems to me the best of any of the pieces dramatised on the story of 'Don Juan.' Turned over some leaves of Voltaire.

April 25th.—Saw by newspapers that Mr. Bunn is made lessee of Drury Lane Theatre; but I must "abide the change of time." Looked at a small volume entitled 'An account of Caspar Hauser, a youth kept in a dungeon till seventeen years old!' I disbelieved the whole story—at least it is not like truth.

Sunday, April 28th.—Answered several notes, and then walked round the garden with my wife and little girl and sister. This is an enjoyment to me. I thank God for the general appearance of improving health through my whole family. Read some letters of Junius, with the bold sharp style of which I am amused. Read prayers with my family at night for the first time these many weeks. I thank God for the power to do so.

Sunday, May 5th.—Knowles sent me his play of 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua.' The weather is really delicious: it is a luxury to breathe the air, to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, and listen to the music of the birds, watching the graceful motion of the gently-waving boughs. As a contrast I read the newspaper: the parliamentary debates, the actions and speeches of Lord Althorp, Hobhouse, Peel, Spring Rice, &c. Went to morning service.

London, May 6th.—I came to town with my family, principally that Mr. Earle might see Catherine and Nina. My morning was occupied in executing commissions for home, until I parted from my darlings to see Mr. Bunn at the theatre. My conversations with him was not satisfactory; my benefit will probably be sacrificed, and I cannot see my way into next season. My conversation with Cooper and Reynolds on the subject of Covent Garden being managed by myself leave me still in doubt. I remained in town to see the German opera of 'Fidelio,' which, though short, is to an English auditor rather heavy. The general acting also disappointed me; it was opera acting, the same unnatural gesticulation and redundant holding up of arms and beating of breast. Madame Schroeder Devrient is a splendid exception to the commonplace of the rest: it was as tender, animated, passionate, and enthusiastic as acting in an opera could be; she quite abandoned herself to her feelings—she was admirable. Next to her came the chorus.

May 7th.—Went to Drury Lane to see Malibran—what an artiste! Whether it be that excellence gains an advantage in competition

by producing the last effect, and thereby leaving its impression strongest, I do not know; but perhaps it is to this cause I should attribute the superiority, as it seemed, of Malibran to-night over what appeared to me perfection in Schroeder yesterday. It perplexes me to decide between these two gifted creatures. Schroeder Devrient absolutely thrilled me, made me start, and, some time after, the agitation into which she threw me had not subsided. Malibran delighted me; I think I may say there was greater variety of excellence in her performance, and I fancy, though loth to let it escape me lest it should not be strictly just, that there is rather more finish in Malibran.

May 8th.—Harley called by appointment to talk over the state of the profession. Cooper came to excuse himself, on account of a new farce, from his Elstree engagement. We had much conversation on the subject of the theatre; the opinion seemed to be that it would be much better for the profession that Covent Garden should be opened by others than by the Drury Lane manager; it was agreed to wait the event of Mr. Bunn's negotiation.

Elstree, May 24th.—I was in earnest beginning business, after my walk round the garden and playing with my children, when Sir John Marshall arrived to interrupt me. We came to a perfect understanding on the subject of the lease—went over the premises and to the reservoir; he lunched, gave us a very warm invitation from Lady M. and self. Related anecdotes of Thurtell's* brother, and the early occupants of Mr. King's house, fate of the daughters, &c. Left us about three o'clock; Birch and self went down to the water and rowed till nearly five, when Messrs. Dow and Spence arrived and came to us. In conversing with them after dinner I allowed myself most imprudently to criticise the knowledge and impartiality of the public press. Why cannot I be silent on what, if my opinions are promulgated, I only aggravate? This impotent display of contempt or anger is most unwise. Never betray hostility until you have the power to crush, and then use it only to prove a better nature than that of your paltry antagonist.

May 25th.—Came early to town; got my clothes from Wilkins, and found a note from Miss Ellen Tree expressing her regret at not being allowed to act for me. Saw Bunn at the theatre, where I took places for Lady Marshall. Packed up my trunk and wrote to Sir J. M. with orders. On my way to Richmond with Harley, Birch, and Spence, met Jones, who promised to do M. Perez for my night. Passed several pedestrian mourners on the road and some carriages. Among them Mr. Ducrow's. Rushed into the room where Kean's remains lay, poor creature! Lee hoped that Mr. Harley approved what he had done. In the drawing-room shook hands with young Kean, Stanfield, Knowles, Clint. Introduced to Mr. Forster. After some delay, furnishing mourners, &c., we were summoned; Braham and self first, as supporters; we

* Elstree was the scene of the murder of Mr. Weare by Thurtell and others in 1823.—Ed.

crossed the Green and paced the crowding streets amid the loud remarks and repetition of names by the multitude. Kean's coffin placed before our pew led me into very sad ruminations: contrasting his moments of burning energy with the mass of cold corruption fronting me. The church was crowded by curious and gay visitors, and was distressingly hot; his son and Mr. Lee were much affected. The anthem was beautiful, but long. The procession returned to the house in its original order; I could make little observation on anything around me, being under such a *surveillance*. Braham invited me to dine with him at the Star and Garter, but I was obliged to decline. I shook hands very warmly with young Kean, who thanked me; and, with Harley, went in search of the carriage, which met us on the Green and very rapidly took us to town.

Birmingham, *May 26th*.—I kissed my darling babes in the nursery and, taking leave of Letitia, also my wife, I went to the *Plough* to wait for the *Crown Prince* coach. My travelling companions, on getting into the coach, did not offer me the prospect of a very pleasant day; but the perusal of the translation of Goethe's 'Faust' employed and amused my mind the greater part of the journey. A literal translation must leave much of the spirit behind, and in following, as I suppose, many of the inversions of the original, adds to its obscurity. In the simple passages of Margaret's description of her little sister's life and death in the last scene, her wish to have her own infant in her grave beside her, for "no other creature would be near her," I was much affected. On approaching Birmingham I saw the terrible *affiches* of Mr. Ducrow, which, with other ill-boding circumstances, prepared me for a bad week. On arriving I inquired for my old admiring friend, and could not at first catch the low muttering tones, in which the servant told me she was dead! I was quite shocked. I had known her since I could remember anything. Death has been very busy this year. Mr. Cooper called and sat a short time.

May 27th.—I attended rehearsal, and the whole fate of the engagement was visible to me: a wretched company, and a mere wandering manager, who ventures because he has nothing to lose. It is quite unfortunate that I came; but it must be endured, and it is always wise to make the best even of the worst. Wrote to Bunn and Palmer, for I am in a terrible dilemma, my trunks not having arrived; in consequence of which we must change the play from 'Macbeth' to-morrow. I acted in parts pretty well, and seemed to carry the audience—they were not a heavy load to bear in any way—with the interest of the play. The house was very bad, but I have no right to complain of Birmingham. I noted several things in my acting, which will lead to the correction, I think, of a faulty principle.

May 28th.—I acted Hamlet, although with much to censure, yet with a spirit and feeling of words and situations that I think I have never done before. The first act was the best, still, at the exit of the Ghost in both scenes, and afterwards, polish and self-

possession is requisite. In the second act almost general revision. Third act, the soliloquy wants a more entire abandonment to thought, more abstraction. Ophelia's scene wants finish, as does the advice to the players. The play scene was very good, and most of the closet scene, but in parts my voice is apt to rise, and I become rather too vehement. Latter part wants smoothness. End of the play was good. Energy! Energy! Energy!

May 31st.—A letter from Bunn, in which he now mentions his uncertainty of getting Taglioni for my benefit, which before he taught me to rely on as sure! Wrote to him, but corrected my letter, and sent one solely on business. Went to rehearsal; made a trifling present to the little boy who, in Albert last night, so disconcerted and enraged me. I deserved a severer penalty. Walked with Mr. Cooper, discoursing on the chances of next season.

London, June 4th.—At five o'clock left Birmingham in the *Red Rover*, with a guard dressed for the part in a red coat and red hat. Much of the way I slept, and was averse to produce my book of 'Rule a Wife,' on account of the fellow-passenger of my journey. On arriving I found by a note from Bunn that Vestris declined Estifania, and I had a play to seek. After a few moments' talk the 'School for Scandal' was decided on, myself as Charles. Some time elapsed before I had read the part, and saw my unfitness for it; and I then had my name taken down, and retained my former part of Joseph. This is not such a bill as the Tragedian of the Theatre should put out, and I feel it a sort of suicide; but look at the company, look at the time, and then, what is to be decided on for Monday?

Elstree, June 8th.—Went to the theatre, saw Mr. Bunn, heard of Mrs. Orger's good-natured acquiescence, and of the misunderstanding that had existed on Taglioni's engagement, M. Laporte never having arranged with her for my night. Returned to Elstree, looked into Jefferson, whose character improves upon me with my increased knowledge of it. It is very pleasant to see in one's own mind prejudices dissolve before the approach of truth. I look on Jefferson, instead of an ambitious and factious demagogue, as a clear-sighted, single-hearted philanthropist and legislator: my opinion once was far different. He had his failings and the prejudices of climate and education, but he was an uncommon man.

London, June 10th.—Our hay began to be cut under the hottest sun of the season; and I left it with Catherine and Letitia, to attend my benefit* in town. Found several affairs connected with it demanding my attention. Arranged what was necessary for the night both at chambers and at the theatre. Mr. Dow called. The Duchess of St. Alban's sent two guineas for two tickets, which I did not think worth while otherwise to notice than by sending the messenger to the box-office. The day was overpoweringly hot. I

* The play was, 'The School for Scandal,' followed by 'The Maid of Cashmere:' Taglioni, Malibran, Madame Schroeder Devrient, and Madame Vestris appeared for Macready's benefit.—Ed.

had some fuss about my dress, hat, &c. Acted as well as I could. Miss Phillips looked all that the author could have imagined of the beauty and modesty of Maria. What is Taglioni? A realisation of some young poet's dream, whose amorous fancy offered to his slumbers beside some stream or fountain the nymph whose divine being consecrated the natural beauty of the scene. She presents to me an idea of the soul of the Peri tenanting a woman's form. She looks wholly *la Bayadère*, and her graceful pensiveness is only equalled by Flaxman's Pandora.

June 11*th*.—My indisposition, a feeling of inability to rise this morning, was at least equal to my reluctance to go to bed. The wind was high, even to tempest, occasionally; the hay cut yesterday looked very well, but the rain has come to place all our hopes in jeopardy. Walked in the fields and garden. Is not this better than to have been one of the rout whose carriages and servants filled Portland place last night?

June 12*th*.—Knowles called, asking me to join the Covent Garden performers in petition for a third theatre. I see that my present position demands from me vigilance, constant attention, and indefatigable industry. *Untiring energy* is the material I ought to bring into play. *I will.* Pasta and Talma are both evidences of what patient application can do.

June 17*th*.—My performance of Wolsey was, on the whole, the best I had ever given of the part: there is care, and concentration of feeling and energy upon some of the striking points particularly needed; but in the general portraiture there was more freedom, a more natural and yet more earnest delivery, a less stern and ascetic demeanour and appearance than I ever before gave to it; above all I was in possession of myself, and paused with meaning, and therefore with confidence. The applause was great at my entrance and final exit. I gave my usual gratuities to the servants. Talfourd came to my room, highly pleased with the performance, and after going to the Temple, returned to sup with me.

June 28*th*.—My first visit to day was to the British Gallery, where I had the pleasure of looking at some of the masterpieces of Sir Joshua; his own portrait in spectacles (equal to many in my opinion), the marvellous expression of the Ugolino, Dido, Iphigenia, Infant Samuel, Fortune-Teller, Dr. Johnson, Rodney, Keppel, Dyer, Nelly O'Brian, Lord Lifford, and several other pictures gave me great pleasure. My judgment would point out few of Lawrence's besides the heads of young Napoleon and himself, Lady Blessington, and Kemble. West I cannot like. To great painters he stands among the mediocre; Mentor and Telemachus pleased me as much as any of his pictures.

June 29*th*.—At the Exhibition this morning. Much to please me. Wilkie's Confessional, Collins's Stray Kitten, Landseer's Jack in Office, Mulready's First Voyage, all good. Etty, Callcott, Turner, and others have beautiful specimens of the high state of English art. Pleased with the Water Colour Exhibition, the most

equal collection among the London galleries. Suffolk Street shows great improvement, and gives promise of much more. The panorama of Antwerp interested me as the representation of a siege: but Niagara is a failure. There is no distance, vastness, effect of colour—nothing. I almost felt indignant at the artist's presumption. It confirms my opinion of the impossibility to paint or describe this sublimest phenomenon of nature.

July 2nd.—I read Coleridge's 'Christabel,' which, though rich in the dress of poetical language, and stirring the heart with the thrill of expectation, yet leaves little impression on the mind.

July 7th.—In the newspaper was much struck with the grand appropriation of Lord Grey's expression of "standing by his order." which Mr. Brotherton made in the debate on the Factory Bill, declaring himself to have been employed in the factories till sixteen, pitying the children, and resolving to "stand by his order."

Elstree, July 12th.—After looking at the workmen about the house and in the field, resumed my study of Lear, the difficulty of which does not yet diminish before my attempts; studied in practice parts of Hamlet and Antony in the drawing-room. I ought to have begun this as the season closed, while my mind was active; in thinking upon different characters, from disuse and relaxation, labour becomes harder and the faculties duller. To stop is to lose ground: most men in this world have to pull against a stream; at some period of their lives all. I must work hard. In an interval of study I was playing with my little Willie, and the sight of him gave a spur to my work.

July 13th.—Finished the corrections of the 'Bridal,' and trust it with my hopes to its destiny. Studied Lear, and practised on Hamlet and Othello for three hours, after which walked down with dear Catherine to the water and took exercise for two hours, whilst she read Cowper's Garden to me. I do not think the scientific part of the subject, or indeed any science, adapted for poetry: accuracy ties down the wings of imagination. His moral strain is beautifully sweet, and the indignant chastisement he inflicts on hypocrisy and false taste as severe as it is just.

London, July 17th.—Went to Drury Lane to see Paganini. His power over his instrument is surprising; the tones he draws from it might be thought those of the sweetest flageolet and hautboy, and sometimes of the human voice; the expression he gives to a common air is quite charming. His playing 'Patrick's Day' was the sweetest piece of instrumental music I ever heard; but he is a quack.

Elstree, July 24th.—Finished the perusal of 'Sardanapalus,' which, for the fourth time, I think, I have examined on its capabilities for undergoing adaptation. It might have been an acting play, but it is too monotonous, passionless, and devoid of action. I fear, to satisfy an English audience. My whole evening has been spent in revolving the possibility of turning it to a representable form,

and of considering the effect of his other plays. I reluctantly conclude upon abandoning the hope of them. We purchased a new cow to day, a very interesting event in our farmyard.

July 25th.—After walking about the premises, I turned over the leaves of Massinger's Plays, in the faint hope of finding some convertible material, "but I find none, sir." Must make more use of my time, as my classical reading is fading from me.

July 27th.—Looked over my memoranda in hopes of finding material for a paper in the 'Keepsake.' See nothing that will answer the purpose, and must abandon it, as it is a distraction to my thoughts, which should be intently fixed on more important affairs.

July 28th.—I have begun more seriously this month to apply to the study of my profession, impelled by the necessity which the present state of the drama creates. I do not feel that I have the talent to recall attention to an art from which amusement cannot be drawn but by an exertion of the intellect. The age is too indolent in part, and in part too highly cultivated. But while I see the desperate condition to which, at this late period of my life, my profession is reduced, I am not thereby inclined to let my spirits sink under the disheartening prospect. To do my best is still my duty to myself and to my children, and I will do it. I will contend while there is ground to stand on, even with neglect, the bitterest antagonist; and I will try to merit honours if I cannot obtain them. I have resumed my classics, to keep myself prepared for the education of my boy.

July 29th.—Dined with Talfourd, where Catherine and Letty met me. We spent a very cheerful day. In the evening Leigh Hunt came in, whom I was curious to see, and gratified in meeting. Our conversation was chiefly theatrical: we seemed to part mutually good friends. I returned with Catherine and Letty in the carriage to Elstree.

July 30th.—Was fortunate enough to rise in good time this morning; and after my customary walk in the garden, and reading the *Examiner*, in which are some good extracts on female education, I sat down to Herodotus, and then turned my voluntary studies to Homer on my darling boy's account, and ended with beginning Cicero, 'De Oratore.' In these pursuits, and in the pleasures of the country I think I could satisfy my desire of happiness. Practised and read professionally for two hours and a half Lear and Hamlet. In these labours I must not relax, but I am obliged to goad myself to the task.

August 3rd.—Read a little Homer, and pursued my study of Cicero, who tells us how very rare in his day were even tolerable actors; it seems that the scarcity has been of all time.

August 10th.—After dinner I took up the life of Newton (who attributes his triumph to "industry and patience"), but fell asleep, as I believe, from the effects of my dinner. I seem to eat moderately, and drink the weakest wine and water, and yet I suffer thus

from my stomach. I believe I must at last weigh my food. Looked at 'Antony and Cleopatra' for arrangement.

August 11*th*.—Began Thucydides.

August 12*th*.—After tea went over the words of Lear, Catherine holding the book, whereby I discovered how much I have yet to think of in the part, and how much to practise of that already thought upon, to arrive at any moderate degree of confidence: remained thinking on the part afterwards. Must give more attention still, and with it all I fear I never can produce a finished performance.

London, August 15*th*.—Arranged my stage clothes, and packed up what was ready for my tour. Saw J. Palmer, and gave orders for beard and Lear's dress. Dined with Jerdan and Captain Williams, whom I invited on Wednesday next to Elstree. Went with them to the Victoria Theatre—a very pretty *salle*, and well appointed. At the Victoria Theatre I saw Mr. Keeley and Miss Garrick. Why did I not speak to them? It was not pride, but a false shame, which is always taken for it, and does the exhibitor equal injury.

Elstree, August 17*th*.—Made my first essay in archery this year with Catherine and Lydia;* lunched in the field, where the labourers were carrying the hay: the day was very charming. Mrs. Chalk called. After walking down to the reservoir I turned into the little field, when Tip gave chase to a gentleman's dog and drove it into the village, for which I flogged him severely. Letitia returned. I read a little of Lear, but am obliged to set the mark of reprehension on my loss of this valuable day. Let me hope better of the future.

August 19*th*.—After my customary walk I applied myself to a continuation of my work on 'Antony and Cleopatra.' I subsequently took up Lear into the drawing-room, and read and practised a little, but I begin to lose the hope by which I held when the event was at a greater distance. There is, however, one course to pursue, which may preserve my peace of mind when fortune has shook her wings over me, which is, to do my best and most. I did not make much progress to-day.

London to Bristol, August 24*th*.—Left London in the *Emerald* coach with a very affected, stupid woman, picked up at Kensington, and two more variously steeped in affectation, but equally dull, were taken up on the road. One made violent advances to me, which I received with complacent indifference. Slept most of the way. Vainly sought amusement from my fellow-passengers, and thought over part of Lear. My mind seldom permits a journey to seem tedious to me. Either recollection or association from history or fable, besides the dreamy fancies of my own discursive thought, give interest to familiar and even commonplace scenery. We had a little rain at Melksham Spa. First heard of water being made

* Miss Lydia Bucknill, now Mrs. Larden.—Ed.

combustible by solution of resinous matter. Query, is it so? The canal at Devizes has twenty-nine locks in a mile and a half. It is nearly twenty years since, with a heart palpitating between hope and fear, I first entered Bath. What changes since! What revolutions in the world around me and the world within me! Is life worth possessing? I, who have so many blessings in it, cannot decide the question at once. On reaching Bristol was most civilly received by Mr. Niblett. Read newspaper and went to bed.

August 26th.—Could not help wishing for the quiet of a country life as I passed a very neat villa here, that I might dedicate my remaining years to the culture of my own mind and the careful education of my children.

Swansea, August 27th.—I went to my first rehearsal of Lear, with which I was much dissatisfied. I am not yet at ease in the character; I have much labour yet to bestow upon it before I can hope to make it such a representation as I am ambitious of. Spent five hours in rehearsing, and left the theatre jaded and worn out. Lay down after dinner, and with pain in my limbs, and "between sleep and wake," made myself perfect in the last scene of 'Lear.' A poor player called Dunn, whom I remember in a dirty old coat as D. Dashall at Wexford, calling *rouleaux*, "roorloors," sent in a petition to me to buy some fishing-flies from him. Acted particularly well William Tell with collectedness, energy, and truth; the audience felt it: I spoke in my own manly voice, and took time to discriminate. I was much pleased.

August 29th.—Endeavoured to make the most of the day by beginning to pack up my clothes before rehearsal of 'Lear;' I found myself very deficient, undecided, uncollected—in short unprepared for the attempt. After retirement took a walk of two miles more to return Mr. Thomas', the portreeve's, call: the way along the hills above Swansea afforded beautiful views of the bay. Acted Lear. How? I scarcely know. Certainly not well, not so well as I rehearsed it; crude, fictitious voice, no point—in short a failure! To succeed in it I must strain every nerve of thought, or triumph is hopeless. Woulds called and paid me; not a very profitable engagement, but I am seldom discontented. Letter from dearest Catherine; thank God, she is better. Packed up the remainder of my things. Paid servants of the theatre.

Gloucester, August 30th.—As I walked along the street to the coach-office this morning a little before four I perceived clearly my want of directness, reality, and truth in Lear. Will not give it up. My failure last night, like Peter's overthrow at Narva, may be a step to final success. My coach passengers were not interesting, and I slept to Cardiff. I was recognised there and accosted, on getting into the coach, by Mr. Bird, who told me of the preparations for the Eistedfodd next year. I saw Mr. Parry there, on an Eistedfodd mission. Read Voltaire's 'Nanine,' with which I was much pleased; the action is well carried on, and the senti-

ments are simply and strikingly expressed. Thought a little on Lear. Began Voltaire's 'Oreste,' of which I read something more than an act. A Frenchwoman in the coach (whose husband, an Englishman, breakfasted on cold veal, with a sauce of white sugar, oil, vinegar, and mustard) obliged me to go to sleep to escape conversation with her. At Chepstow, where it began to rain, we had a mother and daughter in exchange for the French and English from Swansea. The other old woman talked of the florid Gothic style of architecture preceding the Roman, and was a *savante* in her own opinion. On reaching Gloucester I altered my route to Birmingham and Leeds, avoided error, and booked my trunk for London.

To Birmingham, Leeds, and Knaresborough. September 1*st*.—Began my day early in the Leeds mail, after a very comfortable night (only disturbed by two fancied gun-shots, dreaming I was at home, a sort of nightmare), and applied myself to the consideration of Lear, to which I gave much of my thought during the day. The waiter's wife and child were insides to Sutton, and to them, as to a poor woman with a child, I showed what civility I could. An odd person was in the breakfast-room at Derby, so officious in his civilities that I ascribed them to his love of chattering, and as a means of indulging it. I saw very distinctly Repton Church, where my dear mother was christened, and at Sheffield I passed the church that contains all that remains of her on earth. I hope to visit Repton, for every trace of her is interesting to me. Read the 'Orphelin de la Chine' of Voltaire, and was much pleased with a great deal of it.

Harrogate, September 2*nd*.—Walked to Harrogate, thinking of Lear, and saw Benn at the Granby; he gave me no assistance in furthering my wish to dispose of the property, but promised his rent. Went along the beautiful wood on the river's side to the Dropping Well, which is both beautiful and curious; bought some specimens of petrifaction; continued my walk along the opposite bank (and the walk is so varied and pleasing it needs no object beyond itself) to the cave where Eugene Aram and Houseman deposited the bones of Dan Clarke. It had been a hermitage, but nearly choked up with earth. It is now cleared away, and exhibits in its regular floors and steps its original purpose. Called on Mr. Powell, absent, and enjoyed the lovely and extensive view through the dingle and over the distant country from the Castle grounds; called again on Mr. Powell (again was gratified with the splendid view from the Castle), and deputed him to advertise and try to find a purchaser for the Granby. Mr. Gill called, and I gave him my name to oppose the public-house licence opposite the Granby. Read the newspaper and 'Eugene Aram.' Have been more interested this evening with the very ingenious and staggering defence of Eugene Aram than by all the external beauty of the woods and waters, the overhanging cliffs and distant hills, the bright green slopes and shadowy outlines that have held me in rapturous gaze

this morning. I am even now almost inclined to doubt his guilt; my difficulty is in reconciling the cold-blooded meanness of the transaction with his clearly discriminating perception of right and wrong, his habits, his wants, and his pursuits. I would rather have hung Houseman and Terry. But perhaps this, like many anomalies in the physical world, is placed before us to teach us the impotency of our own reasoning. God and his works are inscrutable.

Elstree, September 4th.—Rose at a very early hour from a good night's rest to begin my day's journey onward to Elstree. The companions of my route were not remarkable, and my own thoughts, with my book, were agreeable and useful resources to me. I was amused at Warwick with the preparations for the races, and the persons crowding to it. At Leamington saw Captain Kater and his son, whom I persuaded to go to Warwick Castle, which he had not yet seen or intended to see. At intervals of sleep or conversation read various essays of Bacon; they made me think, and, as they always do, gratified me extremely. That on Envy led me to question and condemn myself for the occasional "discontentment" in which I sometimes indulge, which I can find no reason to call by any other name than envy. It is as unjust to my condition in life as it is mean and debasing in itself. I never suffer it to have a place in my mind when perceived, and I pray to God I may be able to eradicate it. Reached home, and had the comfort of finding my family well, for which I truly thank God. Listened to all the news, and noted down my accounts.

Brighton, September 9th.—After a little writing went to rehearsal, where I received my luggage and settled the business of the week. Discovered that I had been announced by mistake for the previous Monday, and that the play of 'Macbeth' had been acted with an apology for a substitute, owing to an error of Mr. Vining. Rehearsed tolerably well, and afterwards took a warm bath. Received an invitation to Worthing from Mr. Stanley, the manager, which I answered doubtfully. After dinner, I lay down from fatigue, and endeavoured, ineffectually, to recover my spirits, while Catherine, Nina, and Wallace went out to drive about the cliff. Acted Macbeth to a very fair house, but indifferently; there was a want of self-possession in the performance that caused an exuberance of physical effort, which never can have a proper effect when perceptible to an audience. There was precipitation and stress throughout, which often cost me the applause I ought to have gained: my best attempt was the "To-morrow and to-morrow." Was very much fatigued, and went beaten to bed.

September 10th.—Acted Werner for the most part very well; although the characters were imperfect and ill-acted, the play was received with interest and enthusiasm. I was master of myself, and felt what I was doing, and how to do it. Mr. Stanley came from Worthing, and settled an engagement with me for Saturday next. He brought me a very kind message from Dr. Wooll,

inviting me to his house. Came home in a fly, and thought much upon Sir R. Dudley's objection to my acting, that "I was too lavish of physical efforts." He was right.

September 12*th.*—At rehearsal I again took the same precaution as yesterday, and hoped to have given a fresh and earnest representation of Hamlet this evening. Returning from the theatre I called at the agency office to show all the sense I could of the attention I had received there. On the parade met Liston, looking pretty well, but older and much graver — the flexibility of that humorous visage seems to stiffen under the chill of age. Wrote a letter of acknowledgment to Dr. Wooll. Lay down while Catherine, &c., took their daily drive. Procured her a private box at the theatre; was anxious to play well, but felt myself ineffective, and was told by her of my hurry and want of deliberate method. In comparing my performances with my rehearsals, when I frequently speak and act with an abandonment and a reality that surprises me, I feel the great advantage which Kean, Miss O'Neill, and Mrs. Siddons enjoyed in passing their earliest years upon the stage, and thereby obtaining a power of identification only to be so acquired.

Worthing, September 14*th.*—After settling all my accounts, and waiting some time for Wallace, we set off for Worthing. Most journeys are interesting to me, if merely from the change of object; on this road there is the western end of Brighton, the church of Shoreham, the Duke of Norfolk's suspension bridge, and "the sea, the sea," to keep attention awake. The last time I travelled on this road my feelings and my situation were as wretched as man's could well be. How grateful ought I not to be for the blessed contrast which this day affords! We reached a very pleasant hotel at Worthing on the beach, and from rehearsal, which offered me a doubtful prospect, I called on Dr. Wooll—poor Dr. Wooll! "Heu! quantum mutatus!" I dressed as well as I could without a dresser, and acted as well as I could, earnestly wishing to please my poor old master. Much I did well; in the betrothment of Virginia the thought of my own beloved wife and child flashed across me, and I spoke from my soul—the tears came from my heart. Mr. Stanley called at the hotel and settled with me.

September 15*th.*—I saw in the *Globe* an announcement of my name for Prospero in the 'Tempest' in the opening night of Drury Lane Theatre. I felt very indignant at such an opening part, which Mr. Bunn knows very well I except to. I settled my bill, and set off on a very pleasant road towards London through Horsham, Dorking, and Leatherhead. At Kingston we lunched, and turned off through Twickenham, Isleworth, and Ealing, crossed the Uxbridge and Harrow Roads, and reached Elstree by the Bushy Road.

Elstree, September 15*th.*—Was vexed at the loss of my bloodhound bitch Luath, but amused with Letty's Irish hound Bill: deaf, and answers occasionally to the name of Luath. Went over the garden

and considered Mr. Bunn's letter, which I thought rude and imperious; returned the part of Prospero, as yet not being engaged in the theatre.

September 17*th*.—News was brought me in my dressing-room of Luath's return, having been brought back by the men-servants.

London, September 18*th*.—Went to Mr. Bunn's appointment at Drury Lane: he was absent, and after some delay I crossed to Covent Garden. He "could not understand" me, nor "I him." He was ready to agree to everything in my "Algerine" engagement, as he called it, but when we came to the stipulation for "collateral security," he demurred, and reference to the motive becoming necessary, I was obliged to ask Dunn (who was present) to withdraw. I then observed upon the debt of £200 due to me on my Dublin engagement, and that we did not meet on equal footing. He talked and evaded; said "my father had also been unfortunate," and much that had no relation to the case; and ultimately I altered my security to a stipulation that "upon infringement I should be free to leave the theatre," and so agreed on the engagement.

Elstree, September 19*th*.—Walked in the garden and yard, and spent the whole of the day in altering and writing out copies of my engagement, an accompanying letter making part of the agreement, with a letter to Mr. Bunn, intended only to put on record, *litera scripta*, the position in which we stand towards each other. Mr. Tomlins called, and offered me £35 for my largest rick, and left me, requesting I would not part with it for a pound more. I read Serle's *petit* drama in the evening, and was very much pleased with its humour, character, and pathos; the keeping of the piece is excellent. Before I went to bed I read Prospero, and as long as my eyes could keep open to it in bed too. I am indolent, and my mind is in an unsettled state. I have no good augury in my feelings of the engagement I have made.

London, September 25*th*.—Went to rehearsal of the 'Tempest,' and to my astonishment, no less than that of the acting-manager and prompter to see me, found there was none. This is an omen to draw prediction from.

October 5*th*.—To-day being the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, I went to town by *Billings*, and executing some domestic commissions previously, attended the rehearsal of the 'Tempest' at half-past eleven. There was nothing to notice but its tedium, and the offer made me of a night's performance at Richmond, which I declined on the double reason of interference with my attention to business and anticipation of a longer and more lucrative engagement. Received two letters about new plays. Dined on a chop at the Garrick Club. Was obliged to force the locks of my trunks for my dress of Prospero; acted the part unequally, but maintained myself in the only great passage retained in the characterless, stupid old proser of common-place which the acted piece calls Prospero. The house was good, and the play went off well.

October 10*th*.—At theatre received an anonymous note on the subject of Lear, which came like a friendly breath upon my dying enthusiasm; a very kind note also from Gaspey, with extract from the *Observer*'s critique on Prospero, and his own remarks on Macbeth. Acted Prospero but indifferently; there is little to sustain one's spirits, and mine could not bear up against the weight of the part (Dryden's Davenant!) and the oppression of my cold. Came back not well, and read the part of Oakley before I went to bed, and, in order to get the start of the study on my mind, read Biron, 'Love's Labours Lost,' again in bed. I wish to play what I have to do in an artist-like manner; but I feel I shall never receive the recompense which, comparatively, my attention and care might claim.

October 11*th*.—Read Ford in bed, which I am very anxious to act well. In reflecting on Lear I begin to apprehend that I cannot make an effective character of it. I am oppressed with the magnitude of the thoughts he has to utter, and shrink before the pictures of the character which my imagination presents to me. Did not intend to go to rehearsal, but reflecting it was for a novice, I thought it my duty to go. I saw Miss Phillips and talked to her (perhaps more kindly than wisely) on the subject of the business cast to her. My own concerns are enough for me: at the Garrick Club, where I dined, I also allowed my opinions to be suspected, if not known, which I might as well have kept to myself. Nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth—why do we not take the hint?

October 12*th*.—Went to the rehearsal of Oakley. Many jests in the green-room; one of Fawcett falling through a trap on a man, and thrashing him for it.

October 14*th*.—At the Garrick Club, where I dined, saw some rather favourable criticisms on Oakley, which gratified me in making me feel that I was not now so much the object of personal dislike. Lay down in my bed to read Pierre. Colonel Birch called, and I got up for him. I was truly glad to see him: he took away the case of razors I had intended for Calcraft. My acting of Pierre did not satisfy me, though I felt it to be better than my former efforts in the part. Mrs. —— more than realised my anticipations: it was the worst kind of rant that pervaded her performance. Wrote a note of excuse to Talfourd for next Sunday's dinner, in consequence of being announced every night this week.

October 16*th*, 17*th*.—Acted part of Posthumus with freedom, energy, and truth, but there must have been observable an absence of all finish. To-night there was a delay of nearly half an hour and consequent clamour at Covent Garden, the singers having been unable to go through their songs. The play of 'Antony and Cleopatra' was called for to-morrow as a new play, but I induced Mr. Cooper to alter it to Saturday. On coming home I read part of Antony. The more I see of the management

of Mr. Bunn the more I find cause to blame the proprietor who gave the theatre to him!

October 22nd.—Acted Hotspur, I scarcely knew how. I could and should have done it well if I had had rehearsal to prove myself, and a few days to think upon it. Received a severe blow on the eye and cheek in falling, which I apprehend will be a large black eye. Cooper thinks I am so furious and so strong!

October 24th.—Took especial pains in acting Werner; made due pause, so as to discriminate clearly, and subdued all tendency to exaggeration. Satisfied myself.

October 28th.—Arrived in town; found myself late for the rehearsal, which was called at ten. Went to the theatre, and under the sensation of wearied body and mind, proceeded with the play. In the wardrobe found no dress for me, and lost my temper. Read a little of Leontes. Oppressed with weariness. Acted very ill, being literally imperfect. This disgusting management!

October 29th.—Dined at the Garrick Club; found very pleasant mention of my Leontes in the papers, and held a cheerful conversation with some whom once I thought my enemies. I read through Hotspur, but failed in giving the effect of the previous evening to it: it was not collected nor artist-like, an absence of finish and point throughout. Is this my fault, or to be attributed to the hurried state of mind in which the manager keeps me? If it be the last, I ought to combat and overcome its evil influence.

November 1st.—Dined at the Garrick Club, where I saw Fladgate, Lindley, &c., who praised my Werner much, and likened my appearance at last to Ugolino. Slept from fatigue in waiting for two servants who did not come. Acted Macbeth passably.

Sunday, November 3rd.—Met the party at breakfast in good spirits and with feelings of pleasure and a sense of gratefulness for the blessings and comforts afforded to me in this world by the bounty of Almighty God. Went to morning church, thought of the comforts dispensed to me in this world. To the Giver of all I offer up my praise, thanks, and blessings. What is man, that He should be mindful of him? Let me deserve, or try to deserve at least, some of the good which I so largely enjoy!

November 8th.—Began my day with the rehearsal of Iago, in which I had to encounter and try to fortify myself against the prospect of an imperfect Roderigo, the gentleman only having received the part the morning before or late the previous evening. This is most shameful. Dined at the Garrick Club, where I saw Fladgate and Harley; returning met Knowles and Mr. Weekes, an actor whom I did not at all recollect. Wrote to Catherine and had a visit from Ellen, and one from Dow, who sat long, too long for the necessary self-possession and nerve of Iago. I must be resolute when I have important characters on my mind, and must refuse to expend either spirits, thought, or voice in idle conversation.

November 9th.—Rehearsed 'Jane Shore' without Dumont or

Ratcliffe, in order to regenerate the drama. Dined at Garrick Club, saw the papers, which gave me certainly not less commendation than I merited in Iago, if indeed they did not give me more; but I was knocked up. Sent Colonel Birch orders, and wrote to dear Catherine. Forster called, whom I have real pleasure in seeing. I acted Lord Hastings well—really well; I almost satisfied myself; a little more truth in part of the last scene would have made it a very commendable performance. I looked at a dress for Hamlet, and read part of it when I reached home. Received a note from Mrs. Fouche about a suit of chain-armour.

November 10*th*.—After thinking over part of Hamlet in bed I rose rather late, and busied myself for some time in indispensable duties connected with my theatrical toilet. Noted down my accounts and began the reading of Hamlet, which I persisted in, though often obliged to sit down from pain in my back, until six o'clock. Answered Mrs. Fouche's letter about the Polish armour. Dined at the Garrick Club, and looked at all the papers except the *Age*, which I expected would abuse me. Came home after coffee to resume my reading of Hamlet, about which I am most anxious, and anticipate disappointment.

November 15*th*.—Read what I could of Hamlet, for all my day was occupied in watching over and trying to administer to the wants of my beloved Catherine. I began Hamlet very languidly; my spirits were low, and my mind not in the part. I felt the absence of what the French justly term inspiration; but in the middle of the second act I rallied, and asserted myself through the remainder of the play, acting the advice to players and some passages better than on Monday.

November 16*th*.—Went to the theatre about my dress for Antony, which I persisted, after evasion and delay, in seeing. Was disgusted with the ignorant impertinence of Mr. ——, informing me that "because he studied his parts at so short a notice, I might also do the same." Called at hairdresser's, and at the Garrick Club, where I saw the papers, and railed (query, wisely?) at the state of things. Read Plutarch's Life of Antony, and then gave a careful reading to the part itself, which is long, and I fear not effective.

London, November 18*th*.—Came to town by *Billings*. Henry Smith, Dr. Lardner, and Wallace called, but I felt myself very unequal to conversation, very hoarse and much fatigued. Acted Werner as well as I could against my illness. Made several strong effects by management and taking time—the great secret. My indisposition was so manifest, that Mr. Cooper sent over for Mr. Bunn, counselling him not to keep me in the bills for the morrow. Mr. Bunn seemed not to think me ill or hoarse, but offered to "shut the theatre if I wished." I peremptorily declined, and said I was ready to act if able; he decided, it seems, on closing to-morrow. Settled dresses for Antony, of which nothing was allowed to be new but a cloak.

November 19th.—Went to rehearsal of Antony, which was in a very backward state, and mounted with very inappropriate scenery, though beautifully painted by Stanfield. Earle called to see me, said I ought to lie by for several days, and forbade me to play on the morrow. I reported his words to Cooper, and left the rehearsal at quarter before five. Wallace called, and Cooper sent a note from Bunn requiring, "for the satisfaction of the public," Earle's certificate. On Henry's return from Savory and Moore's I sent him to H. Earle; he kept me in a state of some anxiety, not returning till nearly ten, with a certificate ordering me not to play for "several days;" which I instantly sent, "to Mr. Bunn's satisfaction."

November 20th.—Read Antony through the whole evening, and discovering many things to improve and bring out the effect of the part, though unable from a pain at my heart, impeding my respiration, to practise it. I found that I had just got an insight into the general effect, but had no power of furnishing a correct picture or of making any strong hits.

London, November 21st.—Went to rehearsal, certainly with amended health, but still rather hoarse, not quite free from the pain at the heart, and generally depressed and weak. I remained at the theatre until four o'clock, and protested to Messrs. Willmott and Cooper against the hurried manner in which I was thrust before the public. Mr. Bunn came for a short time and spoke to me about Lear, to which I returned a vague answer, and about "a great go" on which he wished to speak with Stanfield and myself.

November 22nd.—Cooper went with me to see some very beautiful gold coins, among which were several of Antony. At Garrick Club saw Fladgate, and spoke to him on the subject of a bust to Mrs. Siddons. Read the newspapers, which were, I thought, very liberal in their strictures on Antony. Acted Antony better to-night than last night, but it is a hasty, unprepared, unfinished performance. Mr. Cooper's report of Mr. Bunn's reply to my proposal was that he asked, "Is Mr. Macready disposed to give up half his salary for that fortnight?"

November 23rd.—H. Earle's answer, desiring me to rest from acting, was brought.

Elstree, Sunday, November 24th.—Began a letter to Cooper, which I found too long. Read prayers to my family. Wrote a letter to Cooper tendering, through him, the resignation of my engagement, and offering a premium for it.

November 25th.—It occurred to me last night in going to bed, and again this morning, that I had omitted the notice of an important fact in my letter to Mr. Cooper, which I accordingly held back and re-wrote. My dear Catherine is something better to-day, but does not enable me to dismiss my anxiety on her account. I walked round the garden and through the yard, enjoying the free breath of Heaven over herb and tree. This letter to Cooper, involving much, occupied my thoughts for most of the morning; in

case either of acceptance or refusal it places me better than I am, at least I think so—hope so.

November 27th.—After a night in which I was called up very frequently by my darling Nina's illness, I was awoke in the morning by letters from Messrs. Bunn and Cooper: Mr. Cooper's informing me that Mr. Bunn would reply to my proposal; and Mr. Bunn taking up a very friendly tone, saying nothing in extenuation of his annoyance to me, but promising that in future my wishes should be consulted, at the same time refusing to relinquish my engagement. On getting up I applied myself to answer him, which I did—not very satisfactory to myself, but mildly, and in a temper rather inclining to smooth asperities.

November 28th.—Read some passages in the Roman history (to me as fascinating, or perhaps much more so, than the best romance) embracing the war of the pirates, that of Mithridates with Lucullus, and its conclusion by Pompey, who seems to have been far from an unexceptionable character. Mr. Rogers called and saw dear Nina. I returned to my diary and history. I also looked over Otway's works, but saw nothing in them that tempted me to sit down and read.

November 29th.—Looked over the 'City Madam,' and could not find cause for Gifford's reprehension of Sir J. B. Burgess's alteration of the play; his language is not equal to the racy vigour of a Massinger, but his alteration of the play, reducing it to probability, is, I think, judicious, though timid, and sometimes feeble.

November 30th.—I sat down to look through and mark available passages in the 'City Madam' for a revision of 'Riches,' which I propose to cut into three acts. I purposed walking out with the dogs to Mr. Fowler's; but the thought of saving our servants' labour induced me to dine with the children, and forego my exercise. After dinner I continued to think of Luke, until I fell asleep.

December 1st.—The news which letters conveyed to me this morning from the papers, was the death of my old master Dr. Wooll. I really regret him, he was kind, most hospitable, ready to enjoy, and delighted to look upon enjoyment; in short of a most benevolent disposition: this made the weaknesses of his character, his vanity and French-abbé-like manner, less unamiable. He had little or no pretensions to profound learning but he was a thoroughly good-natured, kind-hearted man.

London, December 2nd.— At the theatre I began Antony very feebly, but rallied, and acted parts of it better than I had yet done. I learned from Cooper that 'Sardanapalus' was to be done with a grand scene—the proposal I made in the beginning of the season to Reynolds! This I take it is the "great go!"

December 3rd.—Walked with Harley to Garrick Club; saw Raymond, &c.; they said Sheil was suspected to be the traitor spoken of by Hill.* Called on Mr. Lough; liked his simplicity and

* Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, M.P. for Hull, in a speech to his constituents made at this time, stated that an Irish member who spoke violently

enthusiasm much, but do not admire his last work of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; liked his family. Read the first act of 'Virginius,' which I ought to have attended to before.

December 4th.—Dear Letitia's birthday. May God bless her and send her many happy ones! At rehearsal I gave much trouble in putting the play on the stage, as it was originally got up by me. I fear I incurred much remark and ill-will. I am sorry for it. At Garrick Club, where I dined, I chatted with Collins on the drama, and with Bartley on the subject of my late correspondence with Mr. Bunn—he saw my first letter, and thought it a most temperate and straightforward one. I sent Smith orders in answer to his note and went to bed, so very tired and weak was I. Looked at the part of Sardanapalus, which Mr. Cooper had given me with "Mr. Bunn's best compliments." Acted Virginius, not to my satisfaction; was tame and inefficient in the early part, but warmed with the progress of the play, and was myself in the two last acts.

Elstree, December 5th.—Read through the part of Sardanapalus, which I think (but had better not say) is injudiciously cut. Dined at Garrick Club, and looked at some of the magazines. A criticism in the *New Monthly*, finding fault with a passage in my Jaques, pleased me much from its truth and good taste. Came home, and read 'King John,' after looking over the parts of Shakespeare for one to excite attention in. I fear it is not to be done but by slow degrees, and "while the grass grows," &c. Looked at parts of 'Coriolanus.'

London, December 6th.—Only rose to attend the rehearsal of 'King John,' to which, if I wish to act well, I must give much of to-morrow; for I am not master in execution of my own wishes and conceptions of the part, which I ought to act grandly. At the Garrick Club, where I dined and saw papers, I took advertisement of servants and sent for one on coming home; she did not come. I looked after my John's dress, and received a letter of thanks for Virginius. Brewster called; ordered wig for Coriolanus: if the public choose to be pleased, I will spare no pains nor expense to please them. Sheil is in a predicament; I would counsel him to fight, but that I do not like to incur the possible consequences of reflection. Acted leisurely, without inspiration or perspiration; still, I seemed to produce an effect upon the audience, but I was not identified with Werner. "Je n'étais pas le personnage." Lost my

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against the Coercion Bill had in private advised the Government not to relax any of its provisions, and asked, "Who is the traitor?" On the 5th of February, 1834, Mr. O'Connell called the attention of the House of Commons to the subject, and on behalf of the Irish members asked for an explanation. Lord Althorp, then leading the House of Commons, declined to assure Mr. Sheil that he was not the member intended; a duel seemed impending, and they were both put in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Sheil was afterwards cleared of the suspicions raised against him by a Select Committee appointed to report upon the matter.—Ed.

temper (oh fool!) about an interference with my order for King John's dress.

Elstree, December 7th.—Rose at a very early hour with perfect pleasure to return home by the *Crown Prince* coach; endeavoured on my way to keep my thoughts on King John, but they ludicrously mixed themselves with other subjects, and lulled me into invincible slumbers. Arriving on a very rainy and tempestuous day, I found my darling Nina better, but very thin, and dearest Willie better, but fretful, and not quite well. After breakfast I read, with a desire of improvement, 'King John,' and remained in the drawing-room (coming down only twice for short periods) until past four o'clock. I then took up 'Sardanapalus,' which I read, comparing it with the original, and marking my book by it—I do not think, with whatever adjuncts, that it can do; it seems to me very undramatically prepared, and most injudiciously have the selections of its poetry been made. After dinner (what with a yule-log and good port wine, I enjoyed my fireside) I returned to my tiresome task of collating 'Sardanapalus.'

London, December 9th.—Came to town by *Billings*, and went to rehearsal, at which there was no Hubert: an unusual and not very pleasant occurrence. From the theatre went to dine and see the papers at the Garrick Club. Returning to chambers, wrote notes, and was a good deal disturbed by loss of temper as well as time (a loss attributable only to my own folly) on the subject of my armour for King John. I went to the theatre, thinking first of my dress, and secondly of King John. I am ashamed, grieved, and distressed to acknowledge the truth: I acted disgracefully, worse than I have done for years; I shall shrink from looking into a newspaper to-morrow, for I deserve all that can be said in censure of me. I did what I feared I should do, sacrificed my character to my dress! Wallace and Talfourd came into my room, and I felt what they thought of my performance; it has made me very unhappy.

December 10th.—I feared to look into the papers, but found them, on going to meet Fladgate by appointment at the Garrick Club, very indulgent indeed. The *Herald* remarked, in objection, upon my dress, so that I suffered as I ought, but not in the degree I merited. Went with Fladgate to call on Chantrey, who received us very kindly, and with whom we had a most interesting conversation. Our purpose was to ascertain his price for a bust of Mrs. Siddons, to be placed in Westminster Abbey by the Garrick Club. He told us two hundred guineas, but that the price should be no obstacle; he spoke most pleasingly and liberally. Fladgate was delighted with him. On leaving him to inquire, at his request, of Deville if he had a cast of Mrs. Siddons, we arranged our plan of operations, viz., to learn all, ask the practicability of the plan, and then at a "house-dinner" engage members of the Club to support it. We went to Deville's, saw the casts of Siddons, Miss O'Neill, &c. I was very much gratified with Chantrey's conversation. He

observed that to satisfy relations or friends it was desirable that the likeness of a bust should be as exact as possible, but that in the case of a person of genius we must have something to engage the attention and respect of those who could never be able to judge of a likeness. His remarks on the necessity of supplying the want of colours by shadows pleased me much: that if he copied exactly a face, as it actually was, it would neither have effect nor resemblance; but that he was obliged to vary, always with due caution and care, the exact surface, giving prominence where shadows might be needful to give the corresponding effect to colour.

December 13*th.*—I acted Hotspur in a way that showed me my ability to play it much better, and indeed very well. I took more time over the opening speech, but found as I proceeded the want of study, and how very little pains would make it good. I also found in the progress of the scene the vast benefit derived from keeping vehemence and effort out of passion. It is everything for nature. The reading the letter was not bad, chiefly on that account. At home I looked through the leaves of Victor Hugo's play.

December 14*th.*—Awoke late, and got up in great haste to dress for rehearsal. Was there in time; saw the play, 'Coriolanus,' in so disgraceful a state, that it was useless to bestow a word upon the *mise en scène:* had not even the power to try myself in the feeling of the part. After rehearsal went to pay in some money at Ransom's, and called at the Garrick Club.

Elstree, December 15*th.*—Dow called while I was looking through Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar,' with an eye to its *mise en scène.* On his departure I walked round the garden and then read the 'Coriolanus' of Plutarch. After dinner read the part of Coriolanus, and afterwards answered a tax-collector's charge of £2 8s. for armorial bearings.

December 16*th.*—Called at Brewster's, and was disappointed in my wig. Walked to Garrick Club, where I saw newspapers, Winston, and took down a servant's advertisement. Came home, and sent notes after servants and wrote to H. Smith about to-morrow. Dozed through the afternoon.

London.—H. Earle called to see Nina; a note from H. Smith with directions for his money to-morrow. Acted languidly and ineffectively most of the two first acts of 'Coriolanus,' but in the third act I assumed the character, and in the last blazed out; the audience were much excited. Wallace came into my room, and said it was splendid.

December 17*th.*—Awoke in the night by my dear child's illness, which begins to make me very uneasy. May God Almighty restore her to her former health and spirits! In bed I read four acts of 'Sardanapalus,' and immediately on rising went to Ransom's, where I got £999, proceeding with it to H. Smith's, where I met Lord H——, a gentlemanly, farmer-looking person, and paid in £999 10s., insuring his life at £57 for an annuity of £135. After-

wards read at the Garrick Club some favourable notices, especially that of the *Chronicle*, on my last night's performance. Read through the character of Luke, and looked through the play previous to arrangement, which I began this evening. Two Cambridge men, Macaulay's friends, importuned me for leave to go behind Covent Garden scenes. I wrote to say that I had no power. Dearest Nina seems better to-night. Tried to reconcile a disagreement between my own and my banker's account which perplexes me. Read the last act of 'Sardanapalus,' which does not improve upon me. Read part of 'Julius Cæsar.'

December 18*th*.—Again passed a very disturbed night, and in the morning lay late in bed ruminating on the character of Luke and the general effect of the play. I am in doubt whether I should be justified before an English audience in substituting the truth of Massinger for the trashy, uncharacteristic rant of Sir J. Burges. Intended my first business to be a call on Forster, whose arrival here anticipated me; after some conversation walked out with him to call on Mason, and came round by the Garrick Club, where I dined and looked at papers. At the theatre I found a note from Kenneth, overtures from Bath. I acted William Tell tolerably well. Forster called for me in a coach with Talfourd and Procter. I met at his lodgings Blanchard, a pleasing man, Abbott, Knowles and others. A pleasant but too indulging evening; toasts and commendations flying about. A great deal of heart, and when that is uppermost the head is generally subjected. Procter is to send his play.

December 19*th*.—Forster called to bring my cloak, which I had left last night, and my pocket-handkerchief, which Knowles in jest had taken from me unperceived. Read through 'Coriolanus,' which I am very anxious to make a part of, but fear the uninteresting nature of the story and the recollection of Kemble are objections too strong to overcome. Made calculations on the various proposals from Dublin, in reference also to my future country excursions and my general income, which occupied me some time, and wrote thereon a long letter to Calcraft.

December 20*th*.— Called at the theatre and spoke to Mr. Cooper about Colonel D'Aguilar's 'Fiesco,' and my own absence. Spoke to Kenneth about Bath and Newcastle. Dined at the Garrick and read the article on Sheil. I look upon him as lost for want of discretion in involving himself, and want of firmness to extricate himself. Wrote invitations to Stanfield and Abbott. Wallace called. Note of excuse from Stanfield. Acted Coriolanus not so well as on Monday; the scene with Volumnia much better, but gave too much voice to some speeches in the last scene, chiefly through that pleasant actor, Aufidius, purposely disconcerting me.

December 21*st*.—Had a long conversation with Mr. Meadows on the subject of the theatres; spoke to him about a dinner to Dowton, which I requested him to speak to the actors about; told him that I should be glad to see him at Elstree. Read over the two first

acts of 'Sardanapalus' in the carriage, which does not improve upon me. Must employ the few days of leisure before me in getting ahead of business, and digesting some plan towards the re-establishment of my profession. How much might be done if opportunity were only in my power!

Elstree, Sunday, December 22nd.—Went to morning service and gave Mr. Chalk £20 to be distributed in coals among the poor. I do not perceive why, with the sentiment I entertain of this, as a religious and moral duty, I should mix myself with persons who have nothing else in common with me. "My order" is an extensive one, that of humanity; and "Homo sum" is my motto—a truly Christian sentiment uttered by a heathen poet.

December 23rd.—A disturbed night, in which I tried to think over part of 'Riches,' made me again a late riser. A note, accepting my invitation, came from Dr. Spurgin. On coming down I sent an order to town for the newspapers of this week. Made myself perfect in the first act of 'Sardanapalus,' not a little task. Wrote to a Mr. Home and Mr. Abrahall about MSS. they wish to send: also a note to Mr. Harris (St. Alban's) about the charge for my armorial bearings. Spent about an hour in the garden under a pelting rain opening the drains; even with the unpleasant weather, I felt gratification in employing myself again in the garden. Read through attentively an adaptation of Goethe's play of 'Egmont;' unacquainted as I am with the language, and knowing by translation but a very few of Goethe's works, it would be impertinent to hint an opinion on them: all I may say is that I do not feel the power of those I have read. Wrote a note upon the piece to the translator, Mr. Thomas Arnold. Continued my revision and reduction of 'Riches,' which I find a longer task than I expected. The rain has poured without intermission through the day, and prevented me from taking the exercise I had intended; but my tasks have engaged and my children amused me.

December 25th.—Wrote an answer to Serle on his application respecting the theatrical monopoly, suggesting, as some security to actors, authors, and the public, a price, graduated according to the quality of the dramatic exhibitions, to be sent upon the licence granted. Wallace came in while I was speaking on it to Dow, and opened a furious invective against the plan, contending for universal and unrestricted licence to act the drama in every street.

December 31st.—Serle called, and I had a very long conference with him, as adjourned from yesterday. I could not on re-consideration be a party to throwing open the drama indiscriminately, so ruinous did it appear to me to the general interests of the profession. We at last concurred in the expediency of confining the right of acting the classic drama to the four large theatres of Westminster, restricting its performance elsewhere to a great distance, not including therein the Garrick and Pavilion. I agreed to see Arnold on the subject and Morris; and if the former

entered into our views, to endeavour to move the actors to join in a petition to Parliament.

And now having reached this point of time, the verge of another year, which warns me how rapidly I am nearing the brink of eternity, I turn my thoughts to my God, the Giver of all the good I enjoy, either in external things or in the feelings with which I appreciate them. I bless and praise His sacred name for the undeserved mercies He has showered upon me, and I close this year's record with my humble and fervent prayers for the continuance of His mercy and many blessings on my dear wife and children and myself, beseeching Him to instil wisdom, virtue, and love into our hearts, and make us merit as well as enjoy His divine blessings.

[The following literary criticisms on Racine, Voltaire, and Horace are written in at the end of the Diary for 1833:]

'*Bajazet.*'—The continual uncertainty of the events in this tragedy, alternately exciting the hopes and fears of the audience, and the skill with which the catastrophe is kept concealed until its sudden development, impart an interest to it that rivets the attention and stimulates the curiosity in every scene. There are some very beautiful passages, particularly in Atalide's interview with Bajazet: her character is as delicately drawn as that of Roxane forcibly and truly. The furious love, the jealousy, and conflicting emotions of rage and fondness in this powerful character are depicted with a variety, fidelity, and pathetic effect scarcely inferior to the sufferings and passion of Dido. There are hints in this tragedy for a skilful dramatist to improve on greatly.

The scene in which Roxane forces the secret of Atalide's love from her tortured heart is apt to recall, perhaps merely from the relation of the persons to each other, the experiment made by Mithridate on Monime; where success so triumphantly sanctions the use of means, I believe it is of little importance to detect partial resemblances. Both scenes are excellent, but that of Mithridate excels. The sketch of Acomat is perhaps an exception to the simplicity and natural passion distinguishing the other characters. His sense of his own importance borders on the ludicrous, and his resolution to die reminds us of Dryden's inflated commonplaces:

> "Mourons, mon cher Osmin, comme un visir; et toi,
> Comme le favori d'un homme tel que moi."

His policy and craft in one scene with Roxane are adroitly displayed, and perhaps to a French ear the mode of expression objected to may not have the same degree of pompous timidity conveyed by it to minds disciplined in a severe school of thought and diction.

'*Mithridate*.'—Except in the catastrophe, which in 'Bajazet' is quite a surprise, and the cause of further distress, this tragedy is superior to the foregoing. It derives, no doubt, an interest from its very name, which raises our minds to the expectation of a grand and terrible succession of scenes involving the sufferings of the defeated monarch, the jealous lover, and the injured father. The poet, in the narrow circle to which his stage confines him, has given admirable representations of the rival brothers, skilfully contrasted, of the timid Monime whom love alone can lift above her natural gentleness, and of the stern and lofty Mithridate, who stands before us as a worthy foe to Roman supremacy. The development of his plan of conquest to his sons seems only fit to be uttered from a throne, nor less deserving of remark is the fiendish spite of the traitor Pharnace, leaving the sting of his revenge in the disclosure of his brother's passion as he is dragged away. "Il aime aussi la reine, et même en est aimé!" The dissimulation of Mithridate, so prominent a feature in his character, is sustained throughout, though never obtruded nor resorted to for trifling purposes, so that he descends to artifice without lowering the dignity of his demeanour. Our pity is excited by the naked view he gives of his inward torments in the soliloquy:

> "Je ne le croirai point! Vain espoir, qui me flatte!
> Tu ne le crois que trop, malheureux Mithridate!"

And even the respect he loses in our minds by the mean sophistry of his own defence (which would be as well omitted, "S'il n'est digne de moi, le piége est digne d'eux"), is soon regained by the picture he draws of himself, despoiled of his glories, and depressed by his load of years:

> "Jusqu'ici la fortune et la victoire mêmes
> Cachaient mes cheveux blancs sous trente diadèmes:
> Mais ce temps-là n'est plus; je regnais et je fuis;
> Mes ans se sont accrus; mes honneurs sont détruits."

Nothing can be more tragic, should I not say more perfect, than the terrible conclusion of this scene. It excels the famous interview of Philip, Carlos, and Isabella in 'Alfieri,' inasmuch as the tyrant's hatred of his son in the Italian play leaves us no power of sympathy with him, whilst we cherish pity, respect, and even hope amid our fears of the fury of Mithridate. We see the faces of the tortured monarch and the deluded, startled maid as we read: "Vous l'aimez! Nous nous aimions .... Seigneur, vous changez de visage!"

No one will deny the dramatic power of Racine after the perusal of that act. I should quote it as a masterpiece of tragic composition. The remainder of the play does not maintain an equal pitch; the scenes which follow are merely declamatory, which, although spirited, passionate, and often poetical, do not bring the

actors in form and gesture and in speaking looks palpably before us. We follow the argument with more or less pleasure as the verse is smooth and strong, or languid and harsh, but we read it ourselves as we would a course of reasoning on any scientific question. In such scenes as those of the third act, we are auditors and spectators even while we hold the book in our hands—at least our imaginations are possessed with the view of the action before us.

The events which terminate the play are not raised, by the form in which they are made known to us, above a recital: the death of Mithridate is not without dignity, but can hardly be thought pathetic. The scenes in the fourth act, between Xipharès and Monime, Monime and Mithridate, would be productive of effect in an early period of the play, but in their actual position they affect no more than a well-told tale would do immediately after the sight of some appalling reality. The following verse is one of general application, a sure test of its merit:

> "Vaine erreur des amants, qui, pleins de leurs désirs,
> Voudraient que tout cédât au soin de leurs plaisirs!"

It is in this tragedy the anecdote is told of the actor, always habited in the same garb, after he had declaimed

> "Enfin après un an d'absence tu me revois, Arbate,"

being answered from the *parterre* by

> "Avec la même perruque et avec la même cravate!"

Voltaire.—My opinion of Voltaire as a dramatic poet has been much raised by the works I have lately read. There is much simplicity, much passion, much interest, and truth of very general application in his 'Nanine;' his characters are well discriminated. La Baronne and Nanine are in admirable relief, and the Count is a noble of nature. How often have I felt the truth of the observation,

> "C'est un danger, c'est peut-être un grand tort
> D'avoir une âme au-dessus de son sort!"

and again,

> "Ce monde-ci n'est qu'une loterie
> De biens, de rangs, de dignités, de droits
> Brigués sans titres, et répandus sans choix.
> Mais la coutume? Eh bien! elle est cruelle;
> Et la Nature eut ses droits avant elle."

'*Oreste.*'—There is great merit in this play; the interest that hangs over the character of Oreste, and the mixed qualities of Clytemnestre are the chief sources of the pleasure drawn from it. Iphise is pleasing, if not insipid, and Electra is a vixen, though with grand situations and some grand thoughts. Her agony of parting with the fancied ashes of Oreste is very real, and her invocation of the Furies is truly sublime. The ascribing all the misery of the sufferers to destiny is pushed outrageously far; it reminds

one of Candide, and testifies the suspicion of impiety in the part. Is this the language of rational beings?

> "A quel prix, dieux puissants, avons-nous reçu l'être?
> N'importe: est-ce à l'esclave à condamner son maître?"

Horace.—Horace can very rarely be read without pleasure or benefit, for it is a service rendered to the mind if either a new truth be implanted in it or if one, already having place there, be strengthened. What gratification there is in finding the subject of a long course of reasoning that may have occupied our minds condensed in one pithy and polished sentence! In the art of life few better preceptors can be found than the penetrating, kindly-hearted Horace. His metaphors, too, are pictures—see his description of the power of wealth and the consequences of its accumulation. (Ode XVI. Lib. 3.) How well contrasted, too, is the "Magnas inter opes inops," and the exclamation, "Importuna tamen pauperies abest"! How well he estimates the blessing of content and the miserable insatiability of him who wishes for wealth? What is wealth to him that still wants it and never enjoys it?

> "Multa petentibus
> Desunt multa. Bene est, cui deus obtulit
> Parca, quod satis est, manu."

In Milton's 'Paradise Regained,' I find a passage in contempt of wealth, which seems rather more declamatory, and, though true in fact, offered in a less convincing form than in Horace's Ode:

> "Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
> The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
> To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
> Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise."

1834.

Elstree, January 4th.—Rose very late after a night through which I scarcely slept; but occupied myself with thinking on my present condition in the theatrical profession, and attending to my darling child as she turned in her bed. The necessity of rising still in my profession, and of gaining suffrages to my reputation presented itself so strongly to my mind, that I determined, contrary to my original intention, to offer such benefit as my advice could yield towards the play of 'Sardanapalus,' and to do my best to make the play successful, which, notwithstanding, I have no hope of effecting.

January 6th.—After dinner we received the twelfth-cake from London which, as a household superstition, I had ordered. In the evening I read four acts of Serle's play of the 'Spanish Maid,' which I think a pretty, pleasing comedy or play, but do not

regard the part of the Duke as beyond that of—if, indeed, equal to—Sir William Dorrillons: still I think the play too good to be rejected.

London, January 7th.—Rehearsed part of 'Sardanapalus,' which was stopped by a conversation on some suggestions of mine. Mr. —— is a person as capable of directing the *mise en scène* of a play as a man devoid of information, industry, genius, or talent may be supposed to be. He could not understand the object of what I pointed out as necessary, but wished me to correct the various errors, grammatical, as well as dramatical, that fell in my way, which I declined doing, and at length Mr. Bunn ordered the MS. to be sent to my chambers to be cut.

January 9th.—Went to Talfourd's (from whom I had received a note of invitation to supper in the morning) to meet Charles Lamb; met there Price, Forster, Mr. and Mrs. Field (I fancy a Gibraltar judge) Charles Lamb, Moxon the publisher. I noted one odd saying of Lamb's, that "the last breath he drew in he wished might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun."

January 10th.—At rehearsal ('Sardanapalus') I heard of the great expectations formed of the new play read yesterday, and in the regret I acknowledge to have felt at the intelligence, I afford an evidence of the selfishness which must accompany an actor's professional career. If he is idle, he feels he is, or fears to be lost sight of, and his income suffers in the exaltation of those who "push him from his stool"—"The present eye praises the present object." I say this without any spleen, merely wishing it were otherwise, which perhaps ere long it may be.

January 11th.—At Dr. Spurgin's met a party of seventeen, and spent a very pleasant day: the only name I caught was Mr. —— the author; he is agreeable, but too conscious of being somebody, and I write this observation reluctantly, because he seemed desirous of being pleased with me. Why is it that in society I so often have the pleasure of receiving marked attention and particular courtesy, and that my acquaintance is so little sought—so little, as to make me think myself either disagreeable in manner or dull in conversation? Mr. —— followed me and requested my acquaintance.

Canterbury, January 15th.—After rehearsal, walked up to the Cathedral to learn my way there, and was taken by Mr. Dowton to the Philosophical Institution, where he had been giving a short course of lectures on Phrenology. The building is very neat; the Museum a very pretty beginning, and its purpose most pleasing to those who wish well to human nature. Came to my hotel (the Lion) and wrote to Catherine: acted Macbeth in a very inferior manner; there was scarcely even reality, and very often positive affectation. A total absence of that directness of look, voice, and attitude, that tells to the actor far more truly than the thunders of an audience that he is possessed with his part and must bear his hearers with him. It is certain (I do not write it in extenuation

of my own faults) that some of the actors were so attired, and others so inaccurate, that my morning's resolution was blown to Heaven, or worse. When the murderers came on, one was dressed up in an old tattered cloak wrapt around him, no bad garb for Edgar as Mad Tom. I could not look at the audience, and was obliged to slur the scene, at any rate my nerves quite failed me. I feel ashamed of the professional relationship between us, I cannot subdue it; and money is bought dearly by the pain I suffer under operations of this sort.

January 16th.—Acted Iago very indifferently; indeed the habit of scowling or looking from under my brows, especially when an audience is close upon me, as in a small theatre, is a direct prevention to good acting. I wanted reality and directness, indeed, a revision of the execution of the character, and strict attention to my general style.

London, February 6th.—Called on Chantrey and, after a long and very pleasant conversation, left him to proceed on his recommendation to endeavour to influence individually the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to remit the fees for a monument to Mrs. Siddons. He questioned us on our views of the description of monument, in which we were disposed to defer to his judgment. He observed that such a record of a great and interesting person should afford posterity the means of knowing and feeling something of the character of the individuals through a portrait which would impart some sentiment in its elevated expression, and that could only be done by a high relief, a bust, or a statue. As to any allegorical device he was *toto cælo* opposed to it. He referred to his communication with the committee for Wilberforce's monument, who had voted £500 for that purpose, quite forgetting the fees, nearly half that sum, to the Dean and Chapter. Chantrey read his letters to Gally Knight, in which he recommended, upon the hospital, college, or whatever the subscription should be appropriated to, a slab inscribed with Wilberforce's name and claims to the honour of giving a title to such an institution, but deprecating any paltry record in Westminster Abbey, where it would teach no lesson and attract no attention; or, if any monument were placed there, he advised a statue, concealing his deformity, but bearing in its expression indications of those great qualities which had distinguished him. If desirable, let there be a bas-relief upon his pedestal representing his giving freedom to the negros. He denounced allegory without reservation; take the wings from Victory and what is she? In young Bacon's monument of Sir John Moore, he told us, a stout fellow representing Valour was lowering the feet of the dead hero, and a winged Victory letting down by a wreath under the arms the body into the grave: *i.e.*, Valour and Victory burying Sir John Moore. When Valour is represented digging a grave, put him on a soldier's jacket, and he becomes a pioneer. His account of his employment by the Committee of Taste showed what such committees are, yet Sir George Beaumont

was on this referred to, but had honesty enough eventually to confess himself in error. Chantrey never would send in a sketch, or submit to their criticism. He would not allegorise, and therefore he was vulgar and unpoetical. I asked him if he did not value highly, in comparison with himself, his statue of Washington? he said he did, and I observed to him how strongly the simple dignity of the figure, and the happy union of the military and civil characters had impressed themselves on my memory. He said that he had been most anxious about it, and as the order had been transmitted to him through Mr. West he thought it only a due compliment to him, as an American and President of our Academy, to consult him upon it. In consequence, he called on him and requested that he would sketch a design for the statue. West promised that he would. Six years elapsed, during which Chantrey had often urged and as often been answered by the old man, that "he was thinking of it—that it was a difficult subject." At last, having heard that he was ill, Chantrey went, determined to press him upon the subject. He found him so much weakened, that he evidently had not a fortnight to live, and yet the old man was indulging in dreamy hopes and intentions of completing pictures on a scale far beyond anything he had ever yet attempted. Chantrey pressed him on the design for Washington's statue. "Why, sir, I am thinking of it; I have thought a great deal about it, but it is very difficult." Chantrey clearly perceiving this to be the last opportunity he should ever have of learning his views, requested some intimation of the idea that had presented itself to him. "Why, sir," said West, "I intended representing him with one hand laying down the sword, and with the other taking up the ploughshare." "This satisfied me," said Chantrey, "as to my hopes of assistance from him; and six days after I left him I hear of his death."

The impossibility of distinguishing which hand was in the act of laying down and which of taking up was directly apparent; but Chantrey gave an instance of it, which I do not wish to forget. Horne Tooke, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, told him that when his book, the 'Diversions of Purley,' was coming out, Cipriani offered to make the design for a frontispiece, and Bartolozzi to engrave it; Horne Tooke, accepting the offers, mentioned the subject he wished—Mercury putting off his winged sandals. The piece was completed and sent to Horne Tooke, who could not distinguish the precise action of the figure, who, instead of taking off, seemed to him to be putting his sandals on.

I questioned him on the applicability of sculpture to subjects of such extent as precluded the power of taking in the whole at a *coup d'œil*, in reference to Lough's group of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. He at once pronounced against it, or against more than one figure except where combination is necessary to explain and strengthen the sentiment of part. He instanced the Niobe, and our conversation rambling to the Laocoon, an exception to the

general rule against action in statues laid down by Chantrey, he called on us to note that the attitude of the Laocoon, though one of active and agonizing pain, was still one of ease, and sitting down he threw himself into the attitude of a man yawning, which exactly corresponded with the figure of the Laocoon before us.

Went to Mr. Warren's—met two or three pretty agreeable women. Mr. Holt,* Bencher, Mr. Malins,† Perry,‡ Smith, who had just published a tragedy, Dr. Spurgin and others, not omitting a very interesting man, Mr. Walpole,§ who came in after dinner. Mr. Holt introduced a discussion of Homer and Greek during dinner, which drew a common line of Homer from me, and gained me very undeserved credit for my general knowledge of the poet. A long discussion on religion, in which I was opposed by all the remaining party, kept me there till half-past one, as I did not choose to leave my character behind me. I walked home with Mr. Walpole, whom I liked much.

February 7th.—Called on Wallace‖ to learn his feeling on Sheil's affair. He was in the House on Wednesday night, and told me that Sheil behaved well; that he had seen him on the previous day, dissuaded him from allowing O'Connell to interfere, and gained his assurance that he would stand forward and vindicate himself; at the same time Wallace turned him from his first intention of speaking on the address. All this good counsel was neutralized by Sheil's want of firmness and judgment to resist the offer of O'Connell's interference, and Wallace's plan was abandoned for the less direct one of O'Connell's leading. Nothing could be more frank than the testimony Wallace bore to the unaffected cheerfulness with which Sheil consented to place himself in his hands, and go to any necessary extremities. I was greatly relieved by this, and in hearing Wallace's confident expectation that he would come triumphantly out of the inquiry. At Warren's, yesterday, he was spoken of more respectfully than I had anticipated, but my own anxiety for him blinded me to his actual position. Wallace said that the two men who showed the most generous and friendly spirit to Sheil were Sir H. Hardinge and Sir Robert Peel.

February 8th.—Thought over the most likely among my plays to be attractive in the country; wrote to Calcraft and Clarke, applying to both of them in behalf of Mrs. Fosbrooke. Read Mr. Pemberton's criticism on my performance of King John, which is certainly, in reference to that particular representation, if not generally, too

* Francis Ludlow Holt, of the Northern circuit, and Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—Ed.

† Afterwards M.P. for Wallingford and now a Vice-Chancellor.—Ed.

‡ Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and for some time Principal Secretary to Lord Lyndhurst, when Chancellor.—Ed.

§ The Right Honourable Spencer Walpole, M.P. for Cambridge University.—Ed.

‖ Mr. Wallace was a well-known contributor to the London press. He wrote part of the History of England in Lardner's 'Cyclopædia.'—Ed.

eulogistic; his exception to the early part of the first scene with Hubert, as being expressive of physical terror, was very just. Planted four trees on the lawn, which I fear will not long outlive their settlement. Read the preface to Nicolas's 'Chronology of History,' which opened my eyes to some important principles of that science. Walked round the garden playing with my dear children. Mrs. Chalk and her mother called, and sat some time. Mrs. Chalk applied to us respecting the clothing fund, to which we of course assented.

February 13th.—On going to my study I looked over the towns that seemed likely to afford me employment in the summer, and thought over some plans for profit which do not promise much; one was the Birmingham Theatre, but the recollection of this being the oratorio year, and the opening of the new Town Hall, obliges me to lay aside any further thought on the subject. In looking at the *Edinburgh Review* the name of S—— arrested me, and I was led into an inquisition on the cause of my dislike to that man. It is very much owing to his pertness and petulance, something to the quality which is the theme of praise in the review, his skill in debate, which argues subtlety and disingenuousness, such as I have more than once noted in him. It also occurred to me to ask how far it may be referable to that envious impatience of others' progress in life when we feel ourselves stationary? I would not deny the existence of such an unbecoming motive, but I should deprive myself by such confidence of the powers of eradicating what I utterly condemn. Read Review (Edin.) of Miss Aikin's 'Memoirs of Charles I.' We may be mistaken in our ideas of that man's belief of his prerogative's extent; we can have no doubt of his barbarity, injustice, and treachery. What horrid blasphemy is the form of prayer on his martyrdom! Read two party reviews against the Tories, which were too manifestly Whiggish to interest one who would despise any distinctions but those of right and wrong.

February 14th.—My valentine was Mr. Bartley, whose letter communicated to me the reluctance of the actors to join in giving a dinner and testimonial to poor old Dowton. For myself this resolution takes much care from me, and renders to me time which I want. So be it. Answered Mr. Bartley's note in a civil and regretful strain, and really I felt regret at the loss of an occasion to gladden the declining years of a meritorious actor by an acknowledgment from his profession of his worth and talent, and at the obligation pressed upon me of thinking less kindly of the members of my unfortunate profession. I took up Miss Austen's novel of 'Emma,' which engrossed my attention the whole evening.

February 15th.—Finished Miss Austen's 'Emma,' which amused me very much, impressing me with a high opinion of her powers of drawing and sustaining character, though not satisfying me always with the end and aim of her labours. She is successful in painting

the ridiculous to the life, and while she makes demands on our patience for the almost intolerable absurdities and tediousness of her well-meaning gossips, she does not recompense us for what we suffer from her conceited and arrogant nuisances by making their vices their punishments. We are not much better, but perhaps a little more prudent for her writings. She does not probe the vices, but lays bare the weaknesses of character; the blemish on the skin, and not the corruption at the heart, is what she examines. Mrs. Brunton's books have a far higher aim: they try to make us better, and it is an addition to previous faults if they do not. The necessity, the comfort, and the elevating influence of piety is continually inculcated throughout her works—which never appears in Miss Austen's.

February 24th.—A letter arrived from Kenney, stating his having heard of my wish to belong to the Athenæum, and that if it were so, he thought it might be accomplished, requesting me at the same time to keep his communication a secret. I answered it, thankfully accepting his good offices if they could procure me admission without a ballot.* The whole of the afternoon was occupied without intermission in replacing my books in the study. After dinner I began Pope's preface to his 'Homer,' but desisted from it to read Fox's speech on the law of libel, which is clear reasoning and, I think, demonstrative in its effect.

February 26th.—A note also from Kenney, explanatory of the mode of getting me into the Athenæum, by naming me as a candidate for a yearly nomination. I answered it.

Dublin, March 3rd.—Æt. 40. Went to the theatre and, owing to an irregularity in the clocks, was pressed for time in dressing, which quite threw me from my centre. Between the first and second scenes ('Virginius') a ludicrous accident tended to increase my nervousness, but in the second act I laid my fangs upon the audience, and in the third bore them along with me to the end. I acted most of the play with real force and truth. The audience called for me, and seemed pleased in applauding me.

March 13th.—Went to the theatre, and toiled through 'Hamlet' to an audience which I felt, or thought I felt, I amused, but too poor to afford the quantity of applause necessary to sustain one through such a character. I did much well, and heard several half-suppressed attestations of the pleasure I imparted, but I was quite knocked up. When I have a part like Hamlet to play my whole day is absorbed by it. I cannot give my thoughts to any other subject, and am obliged to content myself with thinking I am earning my daily bread.

March 18th.—I acted Werner languidly. A circumstance in the

* The name appears in the Candidate's Book of the Athenæum Club, under date of February 28th, 1834: "No. 1029. W. C. Macready. Proposed by James Kenney, seconded by Charles Mayne Young." Macready was elected by the Committee on June 21st, 1838, when forty members, to be so elected, were added to the club by a vote of the Annual Meeting held in May of that year.—Ed.

play amused me a good deal, and at my own expense. I was inconvenienced and rather annoyed by Ulric looking on the ground, or anywhere but in my face, as he should have done; my displeasure however vanished on seeing the tears fast trickling down his cheek, and, forgiving his inaccuracy on the score of his sensibility, I continued the scene with augmented energy and feeling, and left it with a very favourable impression of the young man's judgment and warm-heartedness. In the course of the play he accosted me, begging my pardon for his apparent inattention to me, and explaining the cause, viz., that he had painted his face so high on the cheek, that the colour had got into his eyes, and kept them running during the whole act. What an unfortunate disclosure!

Manchester, March 22nd.—Rehearsed 'Coriolanus' and the last act of 'The Critic.' When dressed I scarcely knew how I should get through the work before me, and thought of the peculiarity of this profession, which obliges the sickly frame to dilate itself with heroic energy and the man of sorrows to affect an immoderate buoyancy of spirits, whilst perhaps his heart is breaking. I was most attentive to the necessity of subduing my voice, and letting the passion rather than the lungs awaken the audience. In consequence I acted well. It is there I fail, when I allow my tongue and action to anticipate my thought. I cannot bear this too strongly in mind. Puff I managed with tolerable vivacity and earnestness, and the audience were evidently disposed to be pleased with me. Clarke paid me £91 odd for the week, which made me think most gratefully of the good I receive.

Harrogate, March 23rd.—On walking across the common at Harrogate to my house, the Granby, I thought how exultingly I had first entered it, and how blindly and unresistingly I had been led into the purchase of it.

London, April 10th.—Read 'Sardanapalus' through. Went to the theatre, and rehearsed it. Came to my chambers very much fatigued, and ordered a mutton-chop there. After dining I lay down in bed for an hour. Very reluctantly I rose to go to the theatre, feeling my spirits and strength much exhausted. The play began—and I acted much better than, from my over-laboured spirits and strength, I could have expected. I was self-possessed, and often very real; the audience were quite prepared to applaud whatever could be interpreted as deserving notice, and my spirits rose to meet their indulgence. In the fifth act I cut a small artery in my thumb against Mr. Cooper's dress, which bedabbled my whole dress as well as Mr. Cooper's and Ellen Tree's, flowing profusely at times, and then spurting out like a spring of water. Was called for by the audience, but was ignorant that no one had been sent on, or I would not have gone forward; in the erroneous belief that Mr. King had been on, whom I heard desired to "give out," I led Ellen Tree forward amid much applause. Returned in the carriage to Elstree. Went to bed quite exhausted.

April 11*th.*—Took a chaise to town, for I felt quite unequal to walk to Edgware; on the road went over 'Sardanapalus.' On arriving at my chambers, which I did in very good time, I found a letter without signature; the seal was the head of Byron, and in the envelope was a folded sheet with merely the words "Werner, Nov. 1830. Byron, Ravenna, 1822," and "Sardanapalus, April 10th, 1834." Encircling the name of Byron, &c., was a lock of grey hair fastened by a gold thread, which I am sure was Byron's, and which I have no doubt was sent to me by his sister, Mrs. Leigh: it surprised and pleased me. I went to the Garrick Club to read the newspapers, which were all very favourable to me, and to dine—saw Collier, Taylor, Bartley and several others. I fear I carried the effort at modesty, which the pride of success puts on, upon my deportment, but it was against my will if it was so. On my way there Kenney called to me, congratulated me on Werner, and acquainted me with the circumstances of the introduction of my name at the Athenæum—that if not elected this year I should be next, or if driven to a ballot (to which I would not consent to go) I should be sure of success. Came here very much tired—tried to read 'Sardanapalus.' Went to the theatre, and acted very feebly—every one seemed unstrung and languid from the effects of the preceding evening.

April 12*th.*—Forster came in, bringing for Catherine extracts, cut out by him, from all the papers, on 'Sardanapalus.' When he had left me, I read over 'Sardanapalus,' and went to the theatre. I acted with considerable spirit, and much more effectively than last night—still I think the play will not be attractive.

Sunday, April 13*th.*—Went to afternoon service—was struck with the second lesson, the second chapter of the General Epistle of James. How clergymen can read that chapter from the pulpit and pay the homage they do to wealth and power, and call themselves ministers of Christ's religion, they best know: to me their conduct is a reason for their unpopularity. Walked round the garden, which is always a pleasure to me. Played with my darling children while dressing for dinner. Read prayers to the family, and felt truly grateful to God for His great and many blessings.

April 16*th.*—I looked into Crabbe's life. Lay down for about half-an-hour and read part of 'Sardanapalus.' I acted, I know not how; I went prepared and anxious to play well, but I cannot work myself into reality in this part—I have not freedom enough to satisfy myself. Miss Tree and self nearly singed in the last scene.

April 17*th.*—Read 'Sardanapalus.' Acted it with much more spirit in the four first acts than heretofore, but did not satisfy myself in many things in Act 5—my manner was too constrained. I wanted reality. Mr. Bunn asked me if I would act Joseph Surface on the King's command. I declined; I am out of the character, and it is tempting further solicitation voluntarily to commit myself to it again. The King cares for neither the play,

nor the actors, nor their art, and I see no reason why I should inconvenience myself for him.

April 23rd.—Shakespeare's birthday. Acted 'Sardanapalus. After the play, dressed, and went to the Garrick Club, where I took coffee, and was looking at the *Quarterly Review* on the 'Modern French Drama,' when I was joined by Talfourd, Forster, White, and others. I found our private supper, which was to have consisted of eight or ten, swelled into a greater number, and many of the guests strangers to me. Talfourd was placed in the Chair, and in the course of the evening made some very good speeches. My health was the third toast from the Chair, and toasting, as applied to me, such a compliment may well be called, for I curl and shrink under the operation as much as if I underwent literally the process of being brought to the stake. Under the fervency of Talfourd's panegryic I might employ Shakespeare's words, "Beneath this fire do I shrink up." I met Mr. Hayward, to whom I was introduced, and who gave me his card, promising to send me his translation of 'Faust.' It was to me a very pleasant evening. Reached home quarter-past three.

April 24th.—Looked into the 'Foscari' of Byron. I am of opinion that it is not dramatic—the slow, almost imperceptible progress of the action, and the strain required from our belief to sympathise with the love of home in Jacopo, will prevent, I think, its success in representation. I was interested by the coincidence of two men's fortunes depending on a casualty to which they voluntarily submitted the course of their destinies. Robert Bruce hung the determination of his future course upon the strength of a spider's web; and Francesco Sforza threw the future chances of his life with his mattock upon an oak: when asked to enlist, "Let me throw my mattock upon that oak," he said, "if it remains there I will." It remained, and he enlisted, from a peasant, becoming soldier, general, prince.

May 2nd.—Hurried out to my appointment at Canning's statue with Fladgate at twelve; met him there and called with him on Dr. Ireland, the Dean of Westminster, on the subject of the fees for Mrs. Siddons' monument; found him a very gentlemanly and pleasant person; he promised to send me an account of the expense, which should be as low as he could make it. On leaving him, we went over Westminster Abbey, and I saw the sorry affair they have placed to Kemble. What a contrast to that living piece of marble that keeps for ever alive the person and personal character of Horner by Chantrey.

May 3rd.—Some doubts which rose in my mind on the propriety of trying Lear were overruled by the seeming necessity of making some effort, and also of not leaving a character now not performed for three or four seasons, to the chance of an actor like ——. This weighed strongly with me. Acted Sardanapalus as if a millstone were about my neck—I could not divest myself of the weary sensations I felt. Read an anonymous letter about my

shabby dress—well deserved. Came home; headache and fatigue. Sat down to proceed with Lear, of which I marked a great deal.

May 4th.—I settled my accounts, and set at once to work on the cutting, and then marking fairly the copy of Lear, a task to which I assigned about two hours which had cost me seven or eight: I have finished it and I humbly hope for a blessing on my work. Made it in a parcel for Cooper and sent it to him. Dressed and went out to dine with Hayward.

May 5th.—I awoke very early this morning with the heat of the atmosphere, and my own excited system; was kept awake by a sort of horror that possessed me on thinking that *tapis* was a Latin word, and that I had used it as a French one. It is ludicrous to remember how much I suffered from this fancy, and how my silly pride attempted to set me at ease. I could not sleep, so read over some observations I had written for Catherine on Burke's 'Sublime,' and some of the thirteenth book of the 'Iliad.' Went to Colnaghi's, looked at costume. Fixed on Lear's dress.

May 6th.—Thought on Lear as I waited for the coach and came pleasantly on the outside to Elstree, where I found the trees in full leaf, as if magic had been at work on our little domain; my beloved family all well. Walked round the garden with a feeling of its quiet and comfort that will not bear translation. After breakfast resumed my promenade, and afterwards noted down some memoranda and decided on Lear's dress, &c. Looked through prints for a head, but found none affording more information than I already possessed.

May 7th.—Went to the theatre. Desperate as to my prospect of getting through the play, but by acting with collectedness and presence of mind, and imposing earnestness through the performance, I made a much better Macbeth than I could have calculated upon. I was more than ordinarily fortunate in the soliloquy upon the commission of the murder, and upon the death of the queen, also with the murderers. My reception of the news of Birnam Wood was correct, but my last scene was marred by my antagonist. Altogether I got through well enough to have satisfied myself, and so well that I do not conceive I have any excuse left for the ill-temper I manifested towards two persons, Mr. —— and Mrs. ——, whom I ought not to have noticed except in a kindly spirit. I hope to amend this foolish, undeniable fault.

May 8th.—Forster called and accompanied me to Oxford Street; at Tavener's I selected the materials for my dress, and at Major's chose the fur, ordered belt and fillet at Gass's, bought gloves at Everingham's. Went to Garrick Club, where I dined.

May 10th.—Wrote a French note (which tasked my memory) to Grisi, inquiring her charge for a song, and went to rehearsal of 'Lear.' Returning to chambers, wrote another French note to Paganini on the same subject as to Grisi. Wrote a note on benefit matters to Madame Vestris, who, unluckily, is on the continent. Acted Sardanapalus pretty well to a miserable house—two persons

in the second gallery at the opening! From the frequent and almost uninterrupted repetition of this play I feel myself relapsing into my old habitual sin of striving for effect by dint of muscular exertion, and not restraining my body, while my face and voice alone are allowed to act. It is of the utmost importance to be on my guard against this vicious habit. Came home under a beautiful starlight night which reminded me of the sweet nights I have travelled in Italy. Came home in an hour and a half, and found Letitia sitting up for me.

Elstree, Sunday, May 18th.—Read prayers to the family, and afterwards read over the latter part of Lear, which requires both more practice and thought than I shall have time to give. I must husband what is left to me, and trust to the goodness which has hitherto befriended me to strengthen and assist me in this important trial.

London, May 20th.—Messrs. Twinings, the most gentlemanly merchants in London, sent to me for tickets, as did Mr. Gass, receiving the order for the alteration of the zone for Lear. Went to the theatre about my dress, which was, as usual, deferred. Called at Garrick Club, where I looked at newspapers and dined; listened to some edifying conversation on dishes and dinners; and lounged away much time in the library and drawing-room, looking over Trusler's Hogarth, opening some books and turning over the leaves of some periodicals. Got into conversation with Mr. Barham, who came out with me and walked to Drury Lane.

May 22nd.—Letter from Mr. Powell about the Granby, and an invitation, which is very complimentarily worded, but which I do not quite understand, from the Literary Fund Society.

May 23rd.—Benefit. 'King Lear' first time, and 'Lord of the Manor.' Rose in good time with the impression that the day was one of serious results to me. Sent tickets to the *Literary Gazette*, *Athenæum*, and *Sunday Times;* I justified myself in my experiment in the reflection that, otherwise, I should leave unbroken ground to an adventurer, who might work it to my disadvantage. Rehearsed, I should say, exceedingly well, giving great promise for the night. Miss Kenneth wishing to see the play, and Cooper's confidence in its going well, were all the indications of approval I could pick out from the company. Arranged my dresses, and kept a strong check upon myself, not permitting anything like an ebullition of discontent or violence. Returned to my chambers; settled all that was necessary for the night; dined and went to bed at ten minutes past two, giving orders not to be disturbed. I could not sleep for the state of my mind and the heat. I thought over some of the play.

Went to the theatre; dressed; became excessively nervous; took wine; went on the stage—as nervous as the first night I acted in London, without the overbearing ardour that could free me from the thraldom of my fears. My performance in the two first acts was so unlike my rehearsal that, although I goaded

myself to resistance by suggestions of my own reputation, of my wife and children's claims upon me, still I sunk under the idea that it was a failure. In the third act the audience struck me as being interested and attentive, and in the fourth and fifth they broke out into loud applause; the last scene went tamely, but I was called for by my friends, and went on, was much applauded, and said that "Gratified as I was by their approbation, I hoped, when relieved from the nervousness of a first appearance, to offer them a representation more worthy their applause."

This is the last of the great characters of Shakespeare that I have left unattempted, and the tone which the press takes up on it will materially influence my after life. I can put no reliance on the partial feelings of friends—I do not feel that I have yet succeeded, but it is consoling to me to believe that I have not failed. Persons think that we carry the applause of the audience to our pillows, and that the sound still rings as a delightful lullaby in our ears. I have no such pleasure. I wish the night over that I may make up my mind to the impression diffused through the public mind.

May 26th.—Rehearsed Lear at Covent Garden. I acted really well, and felt that my audience were under my sway. I threw away nothing; took time and yet gave force to all that I had to do; above all, my tears were not those of a woman or a driveller, they really stained a "man's cheeks."* In the storm, as indeed throughout, I greatly improved upon the preceding night. I was frantic with passion, and brought up expectation to the dreadful issue of such a conflict. I lost the great effect of "Every inch a king," but will be more careful in future. The scene with Cordelia and the death were both better than the first night. Dow came into my room, and thought me greatly improved throughout.

May 30th.—Called at the Literary Fund office, and saw Mr. Snow, the secretary, who explained, in answer to my inquiries, that nothing but a compliment was intended by the invitation to me, and that they would not even drink my health if it was objectionable to me. I accepted the invitation.

June 6th.—Returned to the subject of to-morrow's dinner, and endeavoured to collect the substance of what I ought to say in answer to the proposal of my health, which I think, as a person before the public, I ought not to shrink from, although I feel myself so uncertain upon the mode in which I may acquit myself. I could not satisfy myself with sentence after sentence, nor was it until three o'clock that I wrote down, without hiatus, what I thought might do, and then went to rest, jaded and spirit-tired.

June 7th.—Again returned to this annoying and perplexing speech, which would have been most amusing to a looker-on—but which, like the frog in the fable, I could truly say was "death to me." My whole day was the speech, not always the whole speech but certainly nothing but the speech. Returned to my chambers and my eternal and infernal speech at which I laboured, but so

unsuccessfully that as I was leaving the room to go out, I found on trial every word gone from my mind; an effort at recollection called back to me its substance, and I went along, conning it over, uncertain whether or no to request my health to be omitted. I saw Theodore Hook in the reception-room, and Jerdan, by whom I was presented—a mere matter of form—to the Duke of Somerset; Lord Mulgrave, who chatted a little, as did Villiers, who seemed very ill. Lucien Bonaparte and Tricoupi the Greek minister were also there, and Holman the blind traveller. At dinner I was placed next to Murray, opposite to Captain Marryat, Theodore Hook, to my great surprise, Dick, and near me, Gleig, Lockhart, and Christie who reintroduced himself to me. I spent rather a pleasant day, only overshadowed by anticipations of my speech, which like many good and evil anticipations of our life, never came. The Duke left the chair—I followed. "Parturiunt montes, nascitur *nihil*."

June 21*st*.—Dined with Talfourd, where I met Hayward, Whitmore, Baines, Price, Forster and several others of legal note; a very pleasant afternoon.

July 3*rd*.—Came up to town by *Billing's* and, being alone in the coach, used the opportunity of fastening in my mind the fugitive thoughts which I wished to give utterance to this day. After arriving at my chambers, Mrs. Macready* called, and I arranged with her definitely the Bristol engagement, promising to send her books of 'Sardanapalus' and 'Lear.'

Paid Freeman and Healey, and still repeated and repeated what I had to say. Between my speech, the heat, want of exercise and luncheon, I was quite oppressed, and lay down in the hopes that a little sleep would tranquillise my nerves, which were much and painfully excited.

To the very last moment I persisted in thinking over and repeating my speech, and went at last to the dinner at the Garrick Club. Saw Fladgate in the drawing-room, who agreed to bring forward the business of Mrs. Siddons' monument, and I engaged that Talfourd should press it forward. Introduced to Messrs. Thackeray, Graves, Bredel, Maynard, Maitland, Brown, Murphy, Palmer; besides met Talfourd, Price, Forster, J. Smith, White, Simpson, Blood, Willett, and three or four more gentlemen whose names I cannot remember. There was venison, &c., and excellent wines. Talfourd proposed my health with a speech as eloquent as it was kind, which says all for it that truth and admiration can wish to say. I answered it as well as I could, with self-possession, but under strong nervous excitement. We had some very good songs from James Smith and Blood, and the evening was very pleasant; Talfourd left us on business, with a promise to return. Shortly after Thackeray and one or two others dropped away, and I intimated to Fladgate the necessity of proceeding with our

* His father's widow.—Ed.

purpose lest our audience should become too diminished. He accordingly broached the subject, which he very shortly transferred to me, and I had to lay before the party my views as to the desire of myself and others, that the club exclusively should have the honour of erecting a monument to that great actress; alluded to the generosity of her character in encouraging merit in obscurity; relating an anecdote of Kean's appearance before her, and of her kind predictions, which I hinted at, of my own success. I mentioned what Fladgate and myself had done in the interviews we had had with Chantrey and the Dean of Westminster, and concluded by hoping that they would not think I wished to dictate to them, but that they would concur with me in thinking that it would confer honour on our Society to carry this object into effect. It was very cordially received, resolutions were passed, and upwards of £50 was voted instantly. Talfourd returned, and was informed of it; he rose to return thanks for his health being drunk, and spoke on the subject of the monument, again adverted to the occasion of the meeting, and pronounced a most brilliant panegyric upon me. The day passed off most happily, and at twelve, or nearly so, we went into the drawing-room, where I introduced myself to Simpson, and where Bredel introduced himself to me. We talked on the merit of Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Miss O'Neill, and Kean very agreeably until one o'clock, when I went to my chambers, leaving the few behind to broiled bones and iced champagne. In bed I read short memoirs of Vauban and William III., and went to sleep in great dread of to-morrow's headache.

Elstree, July 13th.—Was only just in time for Billing's coach.

On my study-table stood Mr. Lough's Horses of Duncan in plaster, with a note from him requesting my acceptance of them. I was pleased with the gift itself, and the estimation in which the giver appeared to hold me. A letter also from Lieutenant Maréchaux, 30th Regt., giving me information of the state of the regiment with respect to purchase, which he wished to have communicated to Edward, who now stands first for purchase of the majority, Poyntz, his senior, having withdrawn his name.

July 15th.—Read several articles in Leigh Hunt's Journal, but none that struck me very much; the brief memoir of Henriette de Bourbon, Madame de Montpensier, was the most interesting; particularly her quarrel with her lover, Lauzun. Wrote to Edward, inclosing him Maréchaux's letter, and acknowledging his last remittance. Walked in the garden and wrote in arrears. Began the alteration of the second act of 'The Maid's Tragedy.'

July 16th.—Letter from Bunn, inquiring if I would sign an agreement for next season. Came to town by Bryant, reading four acts of Captain T——'s tragedy on the way: he has talent, and the style of his dialogue is dramatic, but he wants power and invention. Found note from Mrs. Tucker about Miss Allison, which I directly inclosed to Calcraft and another in a complimentary vein, accompanying a play called 'Orfred from Canterbury.' Wrote to

J. Birch to say I would dine with him, and inclosed J. Twiss's order for £20 to Ransom's. Answered Bunn's letter to the effect that the old account should be cleared before another was opened, adding that I should not be able to open with him.

Called again, as per promise, on Price returning, and found he had quite forgotten all about Mrs. Siddons' monument; I therefore at his request wrote a letter from the members to the committee, which he took charge of. He gave me some very nice sealing-wax, which I carried to my chambers. Went on to Nattali's, where I bought an Herodotus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pope's Homer, Winkelman, Fielding, Vanbrugh, Thompson, Bos, amounting to £9 1*s*.

July 17*th*.—For many a day I have not felt equal inconvenience and oppressiveness from the heat as I did in getting up this morning, which is perhaps attributed to my *dîner gras* of yesterday. I wrote notes to Richardson, appointing, in answer to the request of his card, 3 o'clock to see him about the Granby; to Nattali, with corrected cheque; to Dunn, with extract of Bunn's note and request of the balance; and to Bunn, denying his assertion that any understanding existed between us, and desiring to know whether he wished me to suspend my engagements not concluded or no. Calcraft called and undertook to see and call upon Miss Allison. He mentioned to me Sir W. de Bathe's offer to him, viz., of being his security for Covent Garden Theatre and lending him £5000. This is very generous.

Went to the National Gallery and looked again at the Correggio —also the study of Ugolino's head and the Horneck. Called at Nichol's about Captain T——'s play, and agreed to send it immediately—saw the portrait of Shakespeare, said to have been painted by Burbage. I think it not unlikely.

Elstree, *July* 18*th*.—After a short walk in the garden with the dear children, who, I thank most heartily Almighty God, are much better, I began to arrange the books I had left out of place last night; this occupied some time. I then returned to the alteration of the concluding scene of the second act of 'The Maid's Tragedy,' which I found a much longer task than I had anticipated. Dined early upon a vegetable dinner, which enabled me to return almost immediately to my employment. The rain that poured down through the greater part of the day was most gratefully welcomed; but during the violent thunderstorm in the afternoon our kitchen was inundated with the water pouring down through the roof and breaking in through the floor. After finishing the alteration of the second act, which I think is a very considerable improvement, I returned to the task of marking and arranging the *mise en scène* of the tragedy, which I completed to within a page or two.

In the afternoon I received a parcel containing a note from Mr. Bunn wishing me to open the theatre and perform Manfred, postponing for that purpose my Dublin engagement. I do not like the thought of this, as I see no chance for the success of

'Manfred'—it is, as I observed, not a monodrame, but a monologue; splendid as the poetry is, it is not at all dramatic. This morning in arranging my books I missed the first volume of 'Tom Jones,' and to-night Letitia found it in Ball's cupboard: this is a liberty which scarcely ought to be passed by—it is very bad.

July 19th.—Received a letter from Sheil inclosing franks, and the expression of his regret at not having seen me, and one from Knowles asking me to act Alfred for his benefit on Monday, 28th, at the Victoria Theatre. Came downstairs, and answered Mr. Bunn's letter, exposing the impracticability of my studying Manfred before my visit to Dublin; wrote to Messrs. Powell requesting their opinion upon the rent of the Granby to Messrs. Richardson and Clunn; inclosed my letter to Maréchaux in the frank, and sent them all in a parcel to be posted and delivered in London. After breakfast sat down to answer Knowles; I confess, though, it is a great inconvenience, and I feel it rather a descent to play at the Victoria, yet I am gratified in receiving this application from him; it is the best rebuke I can give to his avoidance of me, his coldness to me, and his omission to do me the common justice of contradicting the paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, as also the behaviour of his wife and daughter to me. I answered him in the kindest tone, assenting to his wish.

Finished completely the arrangement of 'The Maid's Tragedy,' which I think is improved. Began to put 'Sardanapalus' in acting form. While waiting for Calcraft took up Fielding's 'Amelia,' and was pleased with much of the story, but more with the happy maxims and excellent counsel with which it abounds.

July 21st.—My dear daughter Catherine Frances Birch born.*

July 22nd.—Took an early vegetable dinner, and afterwards read to the end of 'Amelia;' it cannot of course be mentioned with 'Tom Jones,' and there are passages of prosiness, puerility of expression, and occasional coarseness, but there is humour, wit, pathos, character, and the justest, most philosophic views of our internal polity. Heard dear Nina her lesson; gave up the greater part of my day to the dull, weary, uninteresting, unimproving task of preparing, by interleaving and marking, a prompt copy of 'Sardanapalus.' Went up occasionally and sat with my dearest Catherine, for whose comfortable state of health again and again I thank Almighty God.

July 23rd.—Letters from Kenneth proposing Worcester to me

* Died, and was buried at sea, on her voyage home from Madeira, 24th of March, 1869. She was the author of some very tender and beautiful poems published under the titles of 'Leaves from the Olive Mount' (1860), 'Cowl and Cap' (1865), and 'Devotional Lays' (1868). Enjoying a large share of imaginative capacity, she was a person of warm and enthusiastic affection, which was amply returned by those who knew her, and she inherited much of her father's artistic temperament. Her devoted ministrations among the poor during the time of Macready's residence at Cheltenham will be long remembered there.—Ed.

for August, and from Wallace with congratulations on the dear addition to our numbers. Answered Kenneth immediately in the negative, and then, to do something in the interval before breakfast, walked down to the reservoir with the dogs, where they got a good washing; afterwards went round the garden; the morning was very warm and beautiful after the late rains.

Received a very kind letter of congratulation from Forster, which I answered in its own spirit. After dinner I worked at 'Sardanapalus' until four o'clock, when I heard dear Nina her lesson.

Returned to 'Sardanapalus,' which I at length finished, and with great satisfaction in closing it, at a quarter past 12 o'clock.

July 24th.—Found letters from John Birch, congratulating me, and from Calcraft, informing me that his brother-in-law, but married on Sunday last, had died in thirteen hours of cholera, and that he had his funeral expenses to defray, requesting the loan of £25. Read the newspaper, and think Lord Brougham cannot long continue chancellor. Visited dear Catherine. Began my professional study and, as an introduction and to get my throat in order, read and rehearsed small portions of various characters—among the rest began Melantius. Letter from Powell and Son, Knaresborough, upon letting the Granby. After reading in the drawing-room for something more than two hours, I came down to a vegetable dinner, and afterwards wrote to Calcraft, inclosing him a cheque for £25, and sent him by the *Crown Prince* the marked copy of 'Sardanapalus,' requesting him to get it bound for me. Mr. Pope called, and reported very well, thank God, of Catherine and the baby.

Went twice with care over the play of 'Lear' to discover where I could lighten the language of the subordinate parts; was able to effect little further reduction. Began to prepare the book for interleaving, &c.

July 25th.—Coming down, I heard dear Nina her lesson, in which, though with many attempts to control myself, I grew impatient, and spoke with temper. This is, without qualification, wrong; it is the business of parents to endure the levity and inattention of these dear creatures, and be contented to assure themselves that a patient repetition of the often forgotten or unheeded precept insures for it a permanent place in the memory at last. Children should be lured to knowledge, until its acquisition, like that of meaner gain, creates a passion for its increase. I hope to be more circumspect. Read through Major Cross's play of 'The Cid'—a translation I believe from Lope de Vega—if so, I have no great opinion of the dramatic literature of Spain; the original, I doubt not, contains poetry, high sentiment, and some passion, but is utterly deficient in construction and situation—the climax of action. Gave the rest of my day to the wearying, slow, and unimproving task of preparing my acting copy of 'King Lear,' even to the last hour of the evening.

Sunday, July 27th.—Went to afternoon service, where I was made impatient of the unprofitable stuff that is served out to hungry minds from the pulpit—citing the Book of Revelation, and declaring that the commandments were "written on tables of stone by the *finger* of the Almighty." Letitia made a very good observation on this, viz., that churchmen who used such language were not justified in abusing the Roman Catholic artists for introducing as a person the Incomprehensible Spirit of Life and Virtue, since their conception of His attributes was equally limited.

July 29th.—Went to Cartwright, who was glad to see me, and whose reputation alone supported my trembling confidence that he would not pull the teeth out of my head. I engaged to revisit his terrible room on this day fortnight, and after another operation to dine with him. He has some beautiful specimens of art, and interesting curiosities. I forced him to take £5, but he made me promise not to repeat the infliction.

July 30th.—Before I rose I read the first part of 'Philip Van Artevelde,' which I had begun last night, and laid down a little before those kind of southern rains came pouring out of the heavens like thunder on the deep rush of the wind—it was indeed *densissimus imber*. This dramatic poem, 'Van Artevelde,' pleased me very much: profound thought displayed in the happiest adornings of fancy, and excellent ideas of discriminated character, if the persons are not sufficiently individualised by their language. The description of Ukenheim and his dead children affected me very much—I am greatly pleased with what I have read.

July 31st.—At about half-past five I took up the second volume of 'Philip Van Artevelde,' in which I had made little progress last night, and read until past seven; I was and am possessed with the book—I think there is affectation in the unrequired coinages of words which distinguishes the poem, and occasional obscurity, but there is so much truth, philosophy, poetry, and beauty, combined with passion and descriptive power of no ordinary character, that I was obliged to force myself to lay the book down. On coming down I heard dear Nina her lesson, and gave her some toys, which quite charmed her. Resumed my slowly-advancing work upon the prompt-book of 'King Lear,' and am more reconciled to expending my time on these or any other of Shakespeare's works than on all the Sardanapaluses that ever were written. In the course of the morning some ideas on the part of Melantius entered my head, which led me to think further on it, and to encourage a more sanguine expectation on the success of the character than I had ventured to entertain. Sainton arrived, and after resting and repairing himself, accompanied me to the drawing-room, where I beguiled the tediousness of the operation of sitting for a portrait with the remainder of the volume of 'Van Artevelde,' which I think the work of a master-spirit, whose politics I fear are strictly Tory. Looked over a book on fly-fishing by S. Oliver, a contributor to *Blackwood*. Walked in the garden once and weeded;

visited Catherine frequently. Dow arrived a little after five, and we spent rather a cheerful evening.

August 1st.—My mind is earnest in the cultivation of my art, and I have accordingly a pleasure in rising early to prosecute my study of it. Perseverance is invincible by any difficulty: the constant revolving of characters in the mind shows us their various phases, and enables us to choose the most luminous. Patience, *alias* indefatigability of mind, I take to be genius, as Montesquieu defines it.

At breakfast was obliged to put in practice a recommendation from Fox's 'Monthly Repository,' viz., to let children cry till they learn the fruitlessness and inconvenience of it: Willie indulged himself in the joy of grief this morning until the absence of all sympathy brought him to good behaviour.

Resumed my work at the book of 'Lear;' and looked at the critique on 'The Hunchback' and my letter to Mudford from Italy. Read and practised Lear, Melantius, Milton. Wrote letters to Kenneth, declining Manby's offer, but keeping open the negotiation to Wallace; to H. Smith, inquiring after his health; to Nichol, the publisher, recommending him to proceed with Captain T——'s play; to Miss Flower, thanking her for her present to Nina of Howitt's Poems, &c.; and to Forster with the samples of my deficiency in the power of composition.

August 3rd.—My vanity or avidity for notice or praise, which I see is a weakness, or more probably a folly, entailing uneasy hopes and doubtings, and perhaps occasionally mortification, received a check this morning which I hope will prove a wholesome one. In the expectation (for so it must have been, though I never whispered it to myself) of reading encomiums on my acting and friendly conduct to Knowles, I sent for the *Spectator* and the *Athenæum*; they arrived this morning, with not one word of the Victoria Theatre, and in the *Examiner*, which gave a short article to Knowles, my name was not mentioned. I was really not at all displeased at this, for I thought it a very mild and good lesson.

Read two acts of Coleridge's translation of 'Wallenstein.' Was much struck with many of the thoughts, the language, and dramatic situation of what I read. Of the heroes who lent themselves to superstitious dependencies Sertorius seems to me to be the man of the greatest genius, and the most excusable in his use of such a paltry but powerful means of influencing his fellow-men.

Read preface to Winkelmann's 'History of Ancient Art,' which promises much in the work itself. Cicero's statement of Aratus writing a poem on Astronomy in total ignorance of the subject is very good.

August 4th.—In bed I finished the first part of 'Wallenstein.'

Began my morning study of 'King Lear.' I was interrupted by the arrival of a Mr Palmer (whom I had entirely forgotten), come

to take a plaster cast of my face; I lost as little time as I could help, and found the operation not so formidably uncomfortable as I had been led to expect. The *artists*, whom Catherine declares to be image-men, were dismissed with a good luncheon, and I was left to Shakespeare and Fletcher again. I pursued my practice and reading until dinner.

After dinner I sat in Catherine's room, and read the second part or Death of Wallenstein, which is of a gloomier interest, containing passages of equal grandeur and power, and is altogether more pathetic. It is upon this drama that Schiller's reputation should take its stand. Having finished it, and conversed some little while with Catherine, I walked in the garden with my sweet children, and there read the translator's preface to Winkelmann's 'History of Ancient Art.' He makes a strong case against his predecessors, but does not excite much prepossession in his own favour by his complaints of the deficiency of his subscribers. Entered some memoranda in this book, and then re-perused Winkelmann's own preface, reading aloud, in which I learn the necessity of being slow to advance a judgment on works of art, and feel his profound knowledge on this interesting subject. Began his life, which is as full of interest as instruction. What cannot man do who resolves on doing? The son of a cobbler—"Au sein de l'indigence nourrissait de grands projets et ne perdait jamais l'espérance de les exécuter;" again, —"Il ne vivait la plupart du temps que depain et d'eau; quoiqu'il manquât souvent de tout, on l'a toujours vu gai et content." His own account of himself, teaching the alphabet to 'enfans sales et teigneux,' indulging his aspirations and meditating on Homer, is beautiful: "Je me disais alors, comme je me dis encore: paix, mon cœur, tes forces surpassent encore tes ennuis." Looked into French translation of Schiller; find the idea of "In to-day already walks to-morrow" is all his own. Read over most of the part of Luke in 'Riches,' and cut the play a little more.

August 5th.—Went into the drawing-room to read. I studied, or rather practised, passages of 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'King Lear,' and read 'Melantius.' I was not satisfied with myself; and thus it often happens, in beginning the day with loss, I go on in a losing spirit, instead of rallying my energies to redeem by industry neglected opportunity. Heard dear Nina part of her lesson, which she said very well. Resumed the life of Winkelmann, which interested me much. How I envy him his fortitude, his unconquerable resolution, and his practical philosophy! It is not easy to get over his indifference to the religion he first professed, which is making light to others of what a wise man would, for the sake of others at least, hold in outward reverence. In this particular Pope, who was manifestly a Deist, is much to be commended that he adhered to the form of the religion in which he was born. Nothing but conviction can justify such a change; but Winkelmann would, as was said of him, have submitted, I believe, to circumcision for equal advantages. Abstract beauty was the object of his

worship. Let it be said for him that he was a good son and a good friend. His accident at the Palazzo Ludovici is well told, and he quite interests us in his patrons, Cardinals Passionei and Albani. His descriptions of his journeys and his residence at Porto d'Anzio are delightful.

August 6th.—Began my morning's study with Hamlet's soliloquy; then rehearsed and read the two first acts of 'King Lear,' and read part of the fourth act of 'Melantius.' I had not such reason to reproach myself with indolence or want of zeal to-day, which is a comfortable thought to me. I read for nearly four hours. After dinner, at which I ate a little meat, I sat with Catherine for some time, and read some pages in 'La Vie de Winkelmann,' which continues to preserve its interest for me. His observations on architecture, his principles of taste, and his warmth of feeling excite most favourable sentiments towards him. His mistake on the picture of Casanova, and the mirth in which he indulged on others' want of tact in descriminating between antique and modern, were good checks to his presumption—but *nemo mortalium omnibus*, &c. Walked in the garden. A beautiful rainbow arched over our house, and looked like a promise of sunshine upon it. I have superstitious feelings that are gladdened or overcast by certain "skiey influences," which look like omens to them, and which my spirit hails as such. I believe this alliance of our own fortunes with the remoter creations and glories of the Deity is more general than appears from our concealment of the whispers of our minds. Read some extracts from Spenser, in whom appears much pure beauty with much alloy. Cut still more three acts of 'Sardanapalus.'

August 7th.—Began my professional study with the soliloquy of Hamlet, which to give with grace, earnestness, and complete abstraction, I find one of the most difficult tasks I have to master. Resumed my perusal of the life of Winkelmann. I see he subtilises too much, and is not infallible in his judgments. His preference of Mengs to Guido in his comparison of their respective figures of Apollo, not to refer to his grand mistake of Casanova's picture, is sufficient proof; but there is much to be learnt from his enthusiasm and fine sense of the beautiful. One, among many excellent observations which he offers on the principles of art, may serve as a maxim to those who study mine: "Il doit éviter, autant qu'il soit possible, toutes les actions violentes, parce que les gestes outrés et les attitudes forcées font grimacer la beauté même." The work interests me more as I proceed in it, though I do not clearly comprehend nor set much value on his theory on Allegory. Read over aloud, in order to improve my pronunciation, what I had previously read more deliberately. Cut the remaining two acts of 'Sardanapalus' for Bristol. Went over the whole of 'Melantius,' to which I do not attach myself with the ardour that is in general an augury of success. At present there are not many passages of such nature and true feeling that suggest themselves in their

effect to the mind at once. They may rise to me—I must hope and search.

August 8th.—In the short interval before breakfast read in Ovid the fable of Aesacus' transformation into a cormorant; I certainly had no idea of the poetic power of Ovid till I took up his 'Metamorphoses.' Some lines in this fable are not inapplicable to myself:

> "Oderat hic urbes, nitidâque remotus ab aulâ
> Secretos montes, et inambitiosa colebat
> Rura: nec Iliacos cœtus, nisi rarus, adibat."*

There is much pathos, and great felicity of expression in this little poem.

Resumed my efforts at Hamlet's soliloquy, of which, hard as it is, I do not despair. Rehearsed and read the third act of 'Lear,' and studied part of Melantius. Read through the four first acts of 'King Lear,' in reference to my own character, and to the *mise en scène* of the play.

August 9th.—I resumed the eternal soliloquy of Hamlet. Rehearsed and read the fourth act of 'King Lear,' and part of Melantius. Came down and took up Ovid, where I had closed the book yesterday: read the fable of the omen of the Trojan War's duration, the sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, and the description of the dwelling of Fame at the "Triplicis confinia mundi," in which there is much poetry. If my recollection serves me truly, it seems to have suggested the idea of Milton's limbo, in the sort of confusion, though, indeed, in Ovid it is "the regular confusion." I was very much pleased with it.

After dinner finished the Life of Winkelmann. His melancholy death more than expiated his failings, which seem to have been those of manner rather than of disposition.

August 11th.—In musing on various things and forcing my thoughts on my profession, the account of Mrs. Siddons' nervousness on first appearing before Queen Charlotte recurred to me; and in the confidence she endeavoured to regain by the thought that she had often acted queens, I thought she gave an unconscious testimony to her identification of herself with the characters she represented.

August 15th.—Melantius, which grows harder as I grapple more closely with it, but this will grow easier. Read a letter from Angelo, the fencing-master, applying for my subscription. Poor fellow! he has wrung my wrists, and I have d—d him for an old rascal, little dreaming of our reversed situations. After dinner went into the garden and gave a bone to old Tip, which choked him: the poor old dog lay down and foamed. I did not know whether he was going mad or dying; I patted him and smoothed

* He hated towns, and from their courtly pomp
Flying afar, he sought sequestered hills
And quiet fields, nor oft did he frequent
The city's throngs.—Ed. Trans.

his throat, and called Phillips, hurrying away the children. Phillips very cleverly poked a rope down his throat, and the old dog stood up, looking very uncomfortable, but relieved from his misery.

August 18*th*—(*Abbott's benefit*).—Came to town by *Billing's*; endeavouring to think over 'Virginius' for the evening. Went to theatre, incommoded by the size of the house (the Opera House). In the second scene, as I stood at the wing, I saw Grisi in the opposite box; rallied and played very fairly. The house was much moved, and called for me. After a time I went on; I was greatly received. When I was dressed I asked Abbott to say to Grisi that I wished to be presented to her (she had expressed herself delighted with the play), and on her saying she should be delighted to make my acquaintance I went into her room, and sat with her some time. Saw Grisi's last scene of 'Anna Bolena,' which was very fine.

August 21*st*.—To chambers by Billing's coach, reading the 'Médecin Malgré Lui' and part of the 'Misanthrope' on the road. The humour of the first is palpable to the dullest, but there must be a charm in the language of the 'Misanthrope,' and an effect in the character of Alceste and Célimène too fine for a foreigner's apprehension to make this play interesting, as it is to French audiences. Like Pope's verse, Molière is of very general application, as comprehensive a praise as can well be given. Found Brewster at my chambers, who cut my hair, and took orders for my wigs. Our nursery-maid called; and Talfourd came in to ask some questions about his Scotch tour, which he had decided on. I engaged to dine with him, and furnished him with necessary information.

August 23*rd*.—Finished 'Le Misanthrope,' which I like much for its passion, character, and language, but its meagreness of plot makes it a national, not an universal, *chef d'œuvre*. Finished 'L'Amour Médecin' of Molière, a silly piece of extravagance.

August 24*th*.—Tip dies.

Richmond, *August* 25*th*. 'Virginius.' *August* 29*th*. 'Lear.'

[*September* 1*st* to 15*th*.—Engagement at Bristol.]

September 9*th*.—Acted very indifferently the part of Wiliam Tell, which I now thoroughly dislike. I was in low spirits, in pain, and disturbed in my best effects by the carelessness of the performers. How much it is to be lamented that there is no probation for players to pass!

Swansea, *September* 16*th*.—'Macbeth.'

September 17*th*.—As soon as I was up, and on my coming out to breakfast, I began to enter my expenses in my account-book; I also thought a great deal on my intended insurance, and reflecting that by insuring too much I might perhaps incapacitate myself from keeping up the policies I took out, I came to the conclusion that it would be better to invest the £1000 now held by Lord H—— in Rock shares for another £1000, and invest what I may make between the present and Christmas in Government Securities to go to the

annual payment of my policy for £3000 in the Eagle Insurance, which would make together a sum to bequeath of at least £5000.

Took a warm bath, and walked on the pier and along the sands, enjoying the beauty of the bay—really beautiful—and listening to the music of the waves gently breaking upon the shore, feeling within myself a relish of the air, the sea, the sky, of nature, and of life, that was most delicious. Came home, and before and after dinner read in Homer the pathetic death of Patroclus.

Swansea, September 18th.—'Werner.'

Gloucester, September 20th.—Bought a small volume of Gifford's 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad' to read on my journey. Looked at the newspaper, paid my bill, and came away. Read Gifford's life. With the direct simplicity of its narration I was pleased, and affected by the touching enumeration of his sufferings; his answer to Lord Grosvenor's inquiry—that he "had no friends, and no prospects of any kind," moved me very much. What a lesson is such a life, but what a lesson is every man's life if we would only use our own minds in their examination! Read the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad,' preferred the former: the subject was too much exhausted for a new satire, at least to equal in pungent effect the former one. They are, however, both extremely good, and must have fallen like a giant's arm upon the insect-like flutterings of the half-formed witlings whom they aimed to crush. But to imagine that Burns lived in comparative neglect while these apes were attracting notice by their absurdities!

Chesterfield, September 23rd.—'Virginius.'

October 1st.—Looked at newspapers and wrote to Bunn, taking copy of the same, asking my former terms, varied only by the division of the benefit and the erasure of about half a dozen characters from my list.

Leicester, October 3rd.—I walked into the Market Place, where I inquired at a hosier's shop the cost of my flesh-coloured pantaloons, and after some conversation agreed to send a pair as a pattern, from which an estimate should be forwarded to me at Liverpool. I may save a few pounds in my professional life, if it lasts many years longer, and make a fitter appearance—both desirable objects. Saw my baggage put in the Nottingham coach, and walked on to look at the Roman milestone, which is a most interesting relic. The coach took me up, and a most stewing, unpleasant journey I had to Nottingham, where I arrived, by the promise of 5s. to the driver, at half-past five. Went directly to the theatre through a crowded fair, and found my trunks there—dressed in good time, and, under the circumstances of my day, acted tolerably well the intolerable Virginius. In paying me after the play, although there was a very good house, Mrs. M—— made a mistake, a very palpable one of £1, which I did not allow to pass. Went to my lodgings, which I found comfortable enough, and was glad indeed to get into my bed. Surprised and delighted at the unexpected good house to which I had acted.

Nottingham, October 4th.—'Hamlet.'

Liverpool, October 6th.—I rehearsed Macbeth with particular care, and with a freedom of deportment and freshness of manner that gratified me in causing me to believe in the perception of my improvement. Miss Huddart was the Lady Macbeth.

Laid out my dress, giving parts of it to Marshall to mend, and after dinner went to bed, being anxious to play well; slept sound and went to the theatre much refreshed. Dressed in good time, was cool and self-possessed, and played with a truth, grace, and energy that I think should place this as the best representation I have yet given of Macbeth. The audience, proverbially the most insensible and apathetic of any, seemed to feel it, for they went with the stream that bore me on, and became so much excited that, after much applause, they became tumultuous for my reappearance—a very unusual practice here; and at Clarke's request I went on to make my bow before them.

October 7th.—Went to the theatre, where I dressed leisurely—a great tranquilliser of the nerves—and began the part of Werner with a feeling of indisposition to the task; thought on the necessity for exertion and pains in continuing my improvement, and performed the character in my very best manner, though a little checked and annoyed by the inattention of the performers. Had the sense to banish once or twice a tendency to ill-humour, for which I feel thankful. Dr. Lardner came into my room and chatted with for me some time.

October 8th.—Felt considerably tired from the exertion of last night, and was confirmed in my opinion of the necessity of intervals of rest in a week's labours. Gave Marshall my dress for Sardanapalus to alter, and went to rehearsal, where I took pains with my character, and hoped to satisfy myself as well at night. Went to the theatre, where I found a most wretched house; this was a sad surprise and damp to my hopes, as I regarded my engagement's success as depending on this night. It staggered me, but I did not permit it to hang upon my spirits, but went through the part of Sardanapalus with as much spirit as the wet blanket of Mr. W——, a miserable pretender to his art, would allow to burst forth; and, indeed, the performance was a very fair one. But the house! the house!—I was almost vexed. Dr. Lardner came into my room, and interested me with an account of the hospitable arrangements of Edinburgh, upon the meetings of the *savans* there. Returning home half fretful (which I had no right to be, for I have made a speculation which has failed whilst others have succeeded), I read the *Examiner* and, on going to bed, a scene from Racine's 'Iphigénie.'

October 9th.—Rose with sore and almost fretful feelings on the utter neglect I experience in this place, but a little reflection—looking to the bottom of the page—soon righted my mind, and with the quotation, "Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito," &c., I went cheerfully to the work of my toilet. The falling-off

in the week's revenue made me think of relinquishing the plan I had formed of spending Saturday and Sunday at some bathing-place in the neighbourhood, but my state of body seems to require some such restorative. Wrote a little and went to rehearsal, where I took pains, and pleased myself with the manner of going through Virginius. Applied to Clarke and Lewis to let me off from Tuesday, but I learn the danger of ever yielding a straw to these managers; they never will relinquish what they once obtain.

Laid out my clothes for the theatre, and went there. Languid, oppressed, and dispirited, I felt when dressed quite unequal to acting, and when I saw the miserable house before me, I sank lower still. I can bear up very well against indifference of this sort until my strength begins to decline under my labour, and then the body and mind act upon each other. I thought of the duty that was upon me to try and do my best, if only to reap the benefit of study from the night. I did my best, and acted very fairly the old drag, Virginius. Considering circumstances, I cannot help lamenting my visit, which has sold for a paltry sum what in two more years might have been a great chance.

October 10*th.*— Went to the rehearsal of Wolsey, and felt my cold very bad. Whilst at the theatre Clarke told me of the *Liverpool Mercury*, my systematic defamer, having turned round and spoken of me as the best actor of the day—this was wonderful. Received letter from Leicester about my flesh pantaloons. Came home and continued my writing; sent for the *Mercury*, which I read. At the theatre I found my cold very troublesome, being obliged to take a handkerchief on the stage; acted Sardanapalus but tamely to a very indifferent house.

October 13*th.*—Wolsey and William Tell. *October* 14*th.*—Werner.

[*October* 20*th to November* 17*th.*—Engagement at Dublin.]

October 31*st.*—Met at Colonel D'Aguilar's, Bulwer, whom I liked very much; Sir Hussey Vivian, whom I thought very amiable and agreeable; Major Forster and Mrs. Forster, whom I was struck with for her animation and smartness, whom I should like very much as any other man's wife, though not so well as my own. I passed a very pleasant day. Bulwer was quite what Sheil described him, very good-natured, and of course intelligent. I was amused by an anecdote he reported of Hume accosting Lord Hill at the fire of Westminster Hall, "My lord, my lord, there are but eight pioneers here, and the country pays for ten!" Sir H. Vivian spoke with great confidence on the probable collision of the two houses before two years had passed. I urged Bulwer to write a play; he told me he had written one, great part of which was lost, on the death of Cromwell. In the drawing-room I found Colonel Mitchell, with whom I got into a long conversation, and from whom I heard first of the basaltic columns in Auvergne. Saw Lady Vivian, but came not near her. Got into an amusing discussion with a very intelligent naïve young lady, Colonel D'Aguilar, and Mitchell, on moral philosophy, in which I was greatly entertained by the young lady's

pertinent observations and acuteness. Bulwer offered to set me down, and hoped to meet me in London.

November 10*th*.—Went to the theatre, where, on dressing, I was seized with a violent bowel complaint; obliged to send for brandy, which affected my head. I played, as might be expected, very unequally, a want of finish from a want of collectedness; but in the last scene ('Macbeth') I was very good, grand in my death—I felt it. My soul would have lived on from very force of will: death could not have been felt by a man so resolute to resist it.

November 12*th*.—Went to the theatre collected and at ease, but not with that certainty of preserving the *tout ensemble* that I am in the characters of Shakespeare ambitious of doing. I felt confident of being very fair, but not entirely Hamlet. My performance seemed to give great satisfaction, and there were a great many things that I did really well—scenes that I played well. Some of the first act was good, but wants improvement and finish. The second act was on the whole good, particularly the concluding soliloquy, from time and self-possession. The third act had much to praise, the soliloquy, scene with Ophelia, part of advice, part of closet scene; the rest was to me unsatisfactory. The grave-scene was not good till the entrance of Laertes; the death was very well, and the whole of the last scene. Calcraft came into my room, and seemed quite satisfied in thinking this will be one of my Dublin plays—it ought to be, for there is more thought in it than in all I do. Supped on oysters.

November 13*th*.—Went to the theatre to rehearse Lear, which I did very badly, and, what is worse, in a very bad temper; ridiculous as it is, I really believe the cause of it, at least principally, was the sight of my neat book in the dirty prompter's hands, suffering with every turning of the leaves. Read a note for tickets from Mr. Macnamara, and also from Lady C. Whiteford. Notes from James about freedom of the city and coat of arms, and from a young ass called M—— wishing to play Edgar for my night.

November 17*th*.—Dressed and went on the stage prepared to act my best, and resolute to do so, but such a Babel of a house was scarcely ever heard: from the beginning to the end of 'King Lear' and through the interlude of the screen-scene of 'School for Scandal' almost all was dumb show. Colonel D'Aguilar came round in despair. I had to go on to address them. I told them I had the greatest pleasure in playing before them when they chose to be an *audience*, and how ambitious I was to uphold myself in their opinion. It must have been the only entertainment of the evening. I made gratuities to the servants, shook hands with those actors I saw. Came home. Woulds call and supped, and we signed the agreement of partnership. *Quod felix sit.*

November 18*th*.—On board for England. To Liverpool.

——— 19*th*.—Got on shore about 9 o'clock, took a car up to the Angel Inn, where I breakfasted, and read the newspaper account of the discharge of the Ministry. The question that rises

to me on this is simply, how long will men permit such an impious and inequitable arrangement as the possession of power by any one man or set of men without the severest responsibility?

Dined and went to the theatre to see if there was anything decent there. The play was 'Brutus,' and a brute part of him that played it—Tarquinia—all very miserable. A Miss Lidesq, a dancer, and a Mr. Simpson, in an old man, were the sole exceptions to the general badness of the company. Hammond, who was a good actor, has spoiled himself by managing; let me not forget that!

Lincoln, November 20th.—'Virginius.'

November 21st.—'Stranger.'

——— 22*nd*.—Was stopped by letters, to my great surprise, from Bunn, and from Mrs. Macready. The first was an attempt by a proposal, which I did not understand, to restore the negotiation; the other was a *carte blanche* to act, in the case of auxiliaries, as I thought best for her interest. I replied to Bunn, that I was so far engaged I could make him no direct answer, and that I would wait and see him in town; kept copy.

At dinner I proceeded in the perusal of 'Eugene Aram,' which interests me extremely, although what I knew of the sterner, more terrible, and more vulgar reality—I allude to the vulgarity of the persons, and the sordid nature of the motive—contrasted with the insatiable thirst for knowledge in that extraordinary man.

November 23rd.—At 10 Mr. Robertson called, and having paid my bill and posted my letters, I got a sight of the gorgeous front of the cathedral and the Heaven's Gate as I passed down to the river. This canal-like stream, the Witham, embanked on both sides, offers no variety of prospect; the cattle in the water or grazing along its sides, a horseman on the bank, recall Cuyp and Wouverman to one's recollection, and afford us a guess at what Holland must be. We walked six miles, sometimes turning to look upon the regally-sited cathedral, which alone is worth a visit to this city, and constantly enjoying the freshness of the brisk cool air, the beauty of the morning, and our exhilarating exercise. On getting into the boat, which we did by a small one let out from a windlass, I reconnoitered the cabin, and finding it too close for me, got a seat to leeward, and proceeded with 'Eugene Aram:' I read till the light would serve me no longer, and, after paying 3*s*. for my passage, was conducted from the boat by Mr. Robertson to my inn at Boston. I found the *Globe*, which I read through, and having dined returned once more to 'Eugene Aram,' which I finished; it has afforded me great pleasure. I took it up in order to see if it contained theatrical effects; I soon lost sight of all ideas of the sort. I quarrel still with the title; I cannot but believe that it would have been better to have used the material of the story, and have left in its own deep mystery that unfathomable compound of good and ill, of baseness and exalted sentiments, which the painfully interesting and awful character of Aram presents to us. But the book is beautiful, full of splendid illustrations, the sweetest

thoughts, the tenderest feelings. The characters of Aram, Houseman, dear old Lester, and Madeline are exquisitely preserved—it cost me many tears.

Boston, November 24th.—Went to the theatre, and was struck during the time of dressing with the hollow sound of an occasional voice or step. My fears were realised by the most chilling aspect of a house I almost ever saw. Still I wished to use the night as exercise, and though I did not act exactly well, yet I guarded myself very much from lapsing into my frequent vices of manner. I was cross and peevish, which was very impertinent, and quite unprovoked.

November 25th.—Read several stanzas from Tasso's 'Gerusalemme,' and a section in Cicero's Offices on the style and character of a man's house, as applicable to to-day as when he wrote. I was much pleased with the passage immediately preceding it: "Rectum est autem, etiam in illis contentionibus, quæ cum inimicissimis fiunt, etiam si nobis indigna audiamus, tamen gravitatem retinere, iracundiam repellere. Quæ enim cum aliquâ perturbatione fiunt, nec constanter fieri possunt, nec iis, qui adsunt, probari."*

Louth, November 29th.—Read an ode and part of an epistle in Horace. Found on examining the current in which my thoughts set, that management would never answer for me. I have not that management of my mind that would enable me to dismiss one subject and substitute another. I should lose my profession by it; and already I am alarmed at its effects in the possession it takes of my thoughts.

Walked with Mr. Robertson to the post-office and to the theatre, which answers also the double purpose of a sessions-house—it is not the worst I have seen.

Went to the theatre, dressed in the magistrates' room, "quite convenient." When ready to go on the stage Mr. Robertson appeared with a face full of dismay: he began to apologise, and I guessed the remainder. "Bad house?" "Bad, sir, there's no one!" "What! nobody at all?" "Not a soul, sir, except the Warden's party in the boxes." "What, the d——l! not one person in the pit or gallery?" "Oh, yes, there are one or two." "Are there five?" "Oh, yes, five." "Then go on, we have no right to give ourselves airs. If the people do not choose to come and see us, go on at once!" Mr. Robertson was astonished at what he thought my philosophy, being accustomed, as he said, to be "blown up" by his *stars* when the houses were bad. I never acted Virginius better in all my life—good taste and earnestness. Smyth, who was contemporary with me at Rugby, and has a living in this neighbourhood, came in and sat with me and saw the play, with which he was greatly pleased.

* We should preserve our own composure and avoid anger, even in contests with our greatest enemies, and when we are subjected to the worst affronts. For what is done in disorder cannot be dignified, nor can it commend itself to the approbation of the by-standers.—Cicero, Offices, I. 137.—Ed. Trans.

December 1*st*.—Enjoyed my walk very much; wrote directions for my luggage. Dozed from fatigue after dinner; wrote a letter to Kenneth, made my toilet, and went to theatre. Felt that the house was not very good; but determined to make a study of the night, which I did, and certainly acted great part of Hamlet in a very true and impressive manner. I hit upon the exact feeling in the passage, which I have often thought on, "He was a man," &c. My intercourse with Horatio, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c., was earnest and real, *ad homines*. Indeed it was a good performance. Smyth came into my room after the play and talked of my speaking the closet scene at Rugby. He also told me of endeavouring to commit a poacher. He is a clergyman! Thought and calculated for Bath. Read in Racine's 'Esther.'

December 2*nd*.—'Stranger.'

Sheffield, December 9*th*.—'Virginius.'

December 10*th*.—Went to the theatre, where I acted William Tell only tolerably. Was a good deal distressed by the actors, imperfect and inattentive, and once or twice rather angry with them, but very kind to the poor little child who acted with me, though several times disconcerted by her; but this is from having children of my own—the dear ones!

My dresser is a Benedictine monk on leave from the convent in Ireland on account of derangement. His trade is a tailor.

December 11*th*.—Went to St. Paul's Church to look upon the spot where the remains of my beloved mother lie, and breathed a prayer over them for the peace and virtue of me and mine and for the welfare of my dear children, which again and again I implore God to grant. Acted Werner.

December 12*th*.—'William Tell.'

Brighton, December 18*th*.—Went to the theatre, where, in the play of 'Sardanapalus' not one person was perfect, and whenever I attempted effect I was foiled; still I did not play well, and want study. Heard the news of Mr. J. Webster taking fright at Ulric, and in consequence the play of 'Werner' cannot be done to-morrow—pleasant! Was told of Polhill having retired from Drury Lane on paying £2000; this I suppose is not the exact truth, or all of it, but there is some truth in it.

December 19*th*.—At the theatre I packed up my bag, and despatched that and my deal case to the coach office. Acted 'The Stranger' very well, with reality, collectedness, force, and feeling; kept my eyes, open and was careful throughout. Mr. Bew came in to pay me my small earnings, which nevertheless I take very thankfully. Paid the servants, but forgot one, so wrote a note to Mr. Strickland to ask it to pay it for me.

Elstree, December 30*th*.—Gathered my papers together preparatory to my departure, and settled my accounts with Letitia and self; bring the year's expenditure and receipt to a balance, for which I have great reason to be thankful to Almighty God. Arranged the business of to-morrow, and endeavoured to think of

something for the hiatus in the Bath season. Went out to examine the hay-rick, which I found most shamefully handled, and learnt that the good hay alone was taken; gave orders to make them take all or none. Looked at fences and walked round the garden. Came in and packed up my clothes, which occupied me a considerable time; finished the arrangement and cutting of the book of 'King Henry V,' into three acts. Prepared my account books for next year, and made my will, in order that no mistake might be made by acting on my former ones.

1835.

[The following extracts are copied into the beginning of the Diary for 1835:]

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.*

Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer. Ambiguæ si quando citabere testis
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro:
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.†

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.—*Wordsworth.*

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* The Lord of boundless revenues,
Salute him not as happy: no,
Call him the happy who can use
The bounty that the gods bestow;
Can bear the load of poverty,
And tremble not at death, but sin:
No recreant he when called to die
In cause of country or of kin.—*Conington.*
Horace, *Ad Lollium*, 4th Bk. Ode IX.

† Be a good soldier, and a guardian just,
An upright judge. If in a doubtful cause
As witness called, though Phalaris command
Falsehoods, and dictate perjury, his bull
At hand to torture, hold it infamous
Life to prefer to honour, and, for sake
Of living, sacrifice the ends of life.—Ed. Trans.
Juvenal, 8th Sat. v. 79.

Bath, January 1st.—With gratitude to Almighty God for His past bounties, and with prayers for continuance of His mercies to me and mine, I begin this year. That it may please Him to let me profit by the experience of those I have lived, and restrain my remaining years within the bounds of temperance and prudence, educating my children in His faith and love and fear, and bequeathing to them, through His mercy, the means of comfort and an honourable example. Amen.

January 5th.—Went to theatre and fell into ill-humour with the old and incapable hair-dresser: dismissed him, but sent for him again, not wishing to distress or offend him. He made a figure of me! I acted, as I thought, the first scene of 'Macbeth' well, but the audience were perfectly apathetic, and in the second became vulgarly unquiet. This unhinged me, and I did not recover myself the whole night. I am ready to ascribe the greater share of blame to myself, but the audience were like no other I ever saw; they did not notice me on my first entrance—on the bridge—and very indifferently afterwards. I acted very ill, but better than such an audience deserved, which is not saying much. The play was excellently done.

January 6th.—Occupied at the theatre from ten till quarter past three—saw old Mr. Taylor, who seemed very sanguine, good old man, about the success of the speculation. I certainly am not. On a rough calculation of my expectations from the prospect afforded by the present receipts, I think the chances are rather against a balance in favour than for it, and if in favour I think it must be very small, and not at all worth my time and trouble. *Dixi.*

January 7th.—'Werner.'

——— *8th.*—Acted Othello with a feeling of having no sympathy from my audience; thought myself deficient in earnestness and spirit, but do not regret having done it, as it was a useful rehearsal to me. I never saw the 'Senate' put so well upon the stage. I think I may play Othello well, but the prescriptive criticism of this country, in looking for particular points instead of contemplating one entire character, abates my confidence in myself. Mr. Woulds told me that he had heard from Mr. Field of general discontent at the prices being restored. The house to-night was wretched, but what could be expected at such a time?

January 9th.—Heard from Mr. Woulds the account of the first week's balance, which was very satisfactory. Read the newspaper, and to my astonishment and satisfaction saw Talfourd member for Reading!

January 10th.—'William Tell.' *January 12th.*—'Virginius.'

——— *13th.*—'Werner.'

——— *15th.*—Went into box-office, and was surprised and gratified to see so excellent a box-sheet, which I hope is an omen of future success. Coming to my lodgings I amused myself with my darling children, and after dinner sent a note to Mr. Woulds,

reminding him of some chairs required in the farce. Read my part, which I was anxious to play well.

Acted Henry V. more good-humouredly than I have ever done, and with very considerable spirit, and much self-possession. I was once out in a response, through anxiety about the general effect. After the play went into the private box where Catherine was sitting, and saw two acts of 'Married Life' with her. Was very much pleased to see so good a house.

January 16*th.*—The receipt of last night was so good, that it has very much raised my hopes as to the success of the season.

January 17*th.*—'Lear.'

——— 19*th.*—Saw Dowton at rehearsal, who complimented me on Lear, and gave me to understand that my assumption of age was good, which much pleased me. During the rehearsal, with which I took much pains, I laid by and put out my clothes: returned much fatigued, having been gratified with the sight of a very fair box-sheet. Went to the theatre, where, whilst I was dressing, Stanfield came in to see me. He gave me a sad account of Bunn, whom he had left, and hoped I should not return to London this season—also of the laceration of Wallack by the newspapers, which he seemed to think exceeding in severity. Was quite disposed to act Hotspur well on every account, and spoke the two first speeches better than I ever did before, but Worcester was imperfect and knocked me up; Lady Percy, the same; Sir R. Vernon, the same. I made the best of it I could, and the fight rallied the house. Dowton was the Falstaff. Was angry at the slovenly state of the play. Spoke to Mr. Woulds about noticing the behaviour of the defaulters, but, as usual, the same answers.

January 24*th.*—Lord Townley.

To *Bristol*, *January* 26*th.*—Went to the theatre, and acted Macbeth extremely well, with earnestness, care, and feeling: never before spoke the "To-morrow and to-morrow" with such truth.

Dowton (!) made a complaint that his name was in smaller letters than mine, and wrote the same to the prompter.

[*January* 30*th* to 6*th February.*—Continued engagement at Bristol and Bath.]

Manchester, *February* 13*th.*—Went to the theatre, and was pleased to see so good a house. I should have got much more by sharing—no matter: it is very well, thank God! Acted well Werner, and was very much applauded.

February 15*th.*—I made up the cast of next week's business at Bath, settled all, and wrote the heading of the bill, which I inclosed to Mr. Woulds. Received letters with receipts and balance up to Friday at Bath; from Mr. Fox, respecting the MS. play sent to me, in whose letter Catherine wrote a hasty greeting.

February 16*th.*—'Werner.' *February* 17*th.*—'Sardanapalus.'

——— 18*th.*—Arrived at Halifax. Went to rehearsal; poor Guildenstern had only one eye. From rehearsal, one of the actors,

Mr. Nantz, went with me to show me the Gibbet Hill, where the stone on which the criminals laid their heads is still visible, though deeply embedded in earth: from thence he accompanied me to a public-house, formerly the gaol, and now called the Jail Inn, where the blade of the axe, called the Maiden, was shown to me; it is very like the blade of a spade with two holes in it. Not so weighty as I should suppose its office would require.

To *Manchester*, *February* 19*th*.—Went to the theatre, acted Werner in my very best manner. The house, which was good, and would have been very fine but for the weather, evidently came to see the play. They gave their deepest attention and applause, which I strove to deserve from them; I was often very real. A letter from dear Catherine. Packed up some of my boxes. Took place to Birmingham. Sent papers to Smith and Forster.

February 20*th*.—I went to see Mr. David Holt's cotton-mill; the machinery for carding the wool, for spinning, winding, is most wonderful, but the sight of so many young people confined to such monotonous labour in such an atmosphere, and the reflection on the quantity of human life and intellect that is thus, like part of the machinery, worn away, was very painful.

To Whitworth's machinery manufactory. The methods of planing iron, making iron worms, and above all, the machine for making pins, were so many wonders to me, delighting as they surprised me. The two pieces of iron, of surfaces so exactly similar that they adhered on being placed together, and revolved upon a hair placed between them, was an interesting instance of a philosophical truth. We proceeded to Dyer's machinery for making the cards for cotton. Here was another wonder and delight. Called in at the "*Lloyd's*" of Manchester, a very handsome room with excellent accommodation. Heard the cheering news of Sir R. Peel's defeat in Abercromby's election (as Speaker). Went to the theatre, where I found letters from Letty in a frank from Forster inclosing a request from Mr. W——, formerly 30th Foot, to procure him any, the humblest situation in some theatre, so dreadfully was he reduced by his extravagance and thoughtlessness.

February 21*st*.—To Birmingham.

Bath, *February* 22*nd*.—Left Birmingham at quarter past seven, and passed a very uninteresting day; nothing in the passengers and the country through which we passed to awaken thought, except a glance or two at Malvern and the church at Bromsgrove, which seemed worth looking at. Went over the two parts of Ford and Gambia; took up the *Globe* at Gloucester, where I read the Tory and Reforming statements of the "gloom" and "ecstasies" into which the vote on the Speakership had thrown the country. It seems to me that the real ground on which this question is based is this—whatever it may originally have been, whether a question of party orprinciple, it was now made a test of political principle by the importance which the Tory advocates gave to it, and the clamour they raised in anticipating their certain triumph. Came on to Bristol. A Mr. John Smith, of the *Liverpool Mercury*, claimed

acquaintance with me; he was civil, but I never saw the man before. Was obliged to wait at Bristol for a coach, which brought me to Bath by ten o'clock. Found dear Catherine and children quite well. A letter from Letitia. Talked much. Tired; to bed.

February 23rd.—Gambia. Went to rehearsal, where I found the play in a very disgraceful state—was detained by it to a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Woulds wished to speak to me; they did speak an "infinite deal of nothing," which ended in his declaration of his intention, drawn out by his wife's cork-screwing demands upon his speech, to retain the management upon the original footing. I could not escape from them till four o'clock: I then passed through the lobby, where I saw the box-book—the front rows were not filled! Despairing and worn down in spirit, I came to my lodgings; dined; without time to rest returned to the theatre, where I acted Gambia in the 'Slave' really well—earnestly and really. The house was a few shillings over £50! Mr. and Mrs. Woulds again detained me; I recommended urging the season to a close with all possible speed. They still seemed to hesitate, but my mind is made up.

February 26th.—Hamlet. *February 28th.*—Rob Roy.

Bristol, March 2nd.—Acted Hamlet in my very best manner to a very good house, and in my own voice. Saw Mr. Lovell; talked with him about his play.

March 5th.—Rob Roy.

Bath, March 6th.—Oakley. *March 7th.*—Sardanapalus.

Bristol, March 9th.—Took a fly up to the M——'s, where I found an early dinner prepared. Before M——'s arrival, Mrs. M—— communicated to me a piece of information that surprised and grieved me: no other than that Mr. M—— had lately been in frequent conversation with one of Irving's followers, and had been brought to believe in his doctrine—declaring that this was the "True Church." How extraordinary and lamentable it is that this trick and trade of men, called doctrine, should so bewilder the understanding and occupy the minds of men, which ought to be concentrated on the endeavour to enlarge their comprehension to a due conception of the infinite love and power of the Creator, and upon the zealous labour of offering Him the most acceptable kind of adoration—which is by ascertaining and rigidly acting on the best system of morals. I dined and remained till five, when M—— brought me to the theatre in his carriage, and took leave of me. I acted very fairly the Stranger and Petruchio to a very fair house. Daniel came in to say farewell. The audience called for me, and would not be content. I had to go on in my travelling dress and take my leave of them. Made gratuities to the servants, and left with regret dear old Bristol.

Bath, March 10th.—Henry IV.

March 15th.—Forster told me of Talfourd having completed a tragedy called 'Ion.' What an extraordinary, what an indefatigable man!

Salisbury, March 16*th.*—Tried to act Macbeth, but, "confusion to my Lady!" it was too farcical, and would have been good as Dollalolla, but quite a travestie in the part she played.

My spirits have been much depressed; the heavy labour of my onward life, indispensable to secure my blessed children's independence, makes more uncertain the fulfilment of my desire to watch over and direct their education; but the consideration of the truth condensed in the precept,

> "To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man,"

has comforted and reassured me.

March 17*th.*—After rehearsal I walked to Brodie's shop, the bookseller, printer, banker, member of parliament, &c., of this city. I like to see such a choice. Bought guide and history of Salisbury, and experienced great attention from the gentlemen in the shop; read the papers there. Went to the next door to see a Gothic banquetting-hall, which had been many years built up, but was now restored to its original form and decoration; it was very interesting as the hall of a merchant, and shows the wealth of this city in earlier times.

March 18*th.*—Hamlet. *March* 19*th.*—Werner.

Salisbury to London, March 20*th.*—Called at Brodie's, where I bought a book of extracts from Dryden to read on my journey. The gentleman in the shop was, as before, extremely obliging, gave me the papers to read, and chatted. I parted with him after he had taken down at his request my address, that he might send me a newspaper. Returning to my lodgings, paid a very extortionate bill and made gratuities to the servants. Pope (the actor), I perceive, is dead—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The coach called for me, and looking occasionally at the beautiful spire of the cathedral, and at some rude fortifications on the road, my day was occupied with Dryden, most tranquilly and pleasingly. Few of his poems are completely unexceptionable, but what transcendent passages are to be found in almost all! The opening of the ode on Mrs. Anne Killigrew, many lines in it, and the close are of the highest order; on the death of Lady Abingdon; the death of Arcite; Cymon: indeed all his more finished works are full of power and beauty. He fails most where he seems to endeavour to compete with Shakespeare; what mere conceit is his passage on Death after Claudio's freezing guess at its horrors! He afforded me great amusement, and I hope some instruction. I did not quite agree in his criticism on Horace and Juvenal, but that is probably from my imperfect acquaintance with them. Reached London in good time.

Elstree, March 23*rd.*—My dear boy continuing unwell, and Catherine uneasy and trying experiments in medicine on him, I thought it better to send him at once to town. Horses were sent for, and the party set off.

I took up the novel of 'Pelham' again, which interested me less from its story than from the maxims and deductions which the reader is enabled to draw from it, among these, not among the least profitable, if well weighed and duly acted on, is that wise remark, "Common sense never quarrels with any one." Oh, that I had early received the benefit of such wise inculcations! Catherine, Letty, and children returned, bringing with them medicine, &c., and a Salisbury paper for me with a criticism of the most detracting character. I thought the incivility of the sender, the superintendent of Mr. Brodie's shop, quite inexcusable: I was annoyed by it and by the article. Ought I to look at newspapers? they irritate and pain me, as affecting in a degree my income. Should I not, with "my wing on the wind and my eye on the sun," go onward, right on, without looking for or heeding aught save what I feel affects my interest? I very soon dismissed it. Finished 'Pelham,' which I think a very useful book.

Bath, March 28th.—Wolsey.

Exeter, March 30th.—I begin to despair of obtaining that mastery over myself which I owe to myself, to my children, and to society. It is no excuse nor plea that I suffer so keenly as I do from regret and shame at my own intemperance. I feel the folly, the madness, the provoking extravagance of my behaviour, treating men like slaves, and assuming a power over them which is most unjustifiable and most dangerous, and yet contrition and stinging reflection seem to have no power in the punishment they inflict or of producing amendment. I do not wish to harbour one ungrateful thought, for though my public life is far, far from happy, yet my domestic happiness is more than an equipoise to its annoyances; yet I cannot think of my education, and the ills derived from the counsel and example afforded me, without heartfelt repinings. To God Almighty I lift my prayer, that I may be enabled to subdue this hateful and degrading vice of temper, so as to help my blessed children in the first best worldly endeavour of governing their own words.

April 1st.—Hamlet. *April 3rd.*—Werner.

Elstree, April 5th.—Saw in the newspaper the death of Dr. Maton, a loss to his country, and individually to me a great one from the confidence I had in his skill, and the gratitude with which I have ever remembered him. He saved my life, I firmly believe, in my very serious illness.

April 8th.—Received a letter from Mr. Smith, of Norwich, offering to share there after £15 a night, which I accepted.

April 10th.—[Visit to Bourne, at Crayford.]

—— *14th.*—Wrote an answer (copied) to Mr. Bunn, declining to perform in London this season, a resolution which I formed upon long deliberation and taking every view I could of my own situation.

Wrote to Beetham, inclosing my account with Bunn. Again I have cause of thankfulness for this useful and excellent habit of

registering my proceedings. Wrote to Geo. Robins, requesting him to arbitrate on Mr. Bunn's disputed payment. Worked in the garden, weeding, for about an hour and a half, "my faithful dog bearing me company." Read Vanbrugh's play of 'Æsop' and part of 'The Relapse.'

April 16*th*.—Received letter from Mr. Bunn, offering me £30 per week to act four nights in the week and half a clear benefit. Considered all the motives that my desire to form a right judgment could suggest, and thought it unadvisable to appear in London under the circumstances of the present season. I have endeavoured to see the path most likely to lead to good for my own and my dear family's sake; I hope in God that I have chosen it. I wrote to decline the offer.

Norwich, *April* 20*th*.—After dinner reposed, and strove to keep my mind fixed on Macbeth; I felt it was my business, and acted parts of it well—the soliloquy before the murder; part of the dagger and the murder scene; the banquet part of the scene of queen's death; and the last scene.

I felt the benefit of taking pains.

April 21*st*.—Read two Odes of Horace ('Tyrrhena regum progenies' and 'Exegi monumentum'), at breakfast. The first is an especial favourite: it is poetry of the best kind, the best feelings, and glimpses of pictures that wile the imagination to other scenes and climes. Part of it is an authority for my reflections of yesterday. "Quod adest, memento componere æquus." "Ille potens sui lætusque deget, cui licet in diem dixisse, Vixi," &c.

April 22*nd*.—Read at breakfast the beautiful ode of Horace 'Ad Lollium, Ode IX. Book 4. How much do I desire to obtain that "animus secundis temporibus dubiisque rectus!" The concluding stanzas I have prefixed to this diary: they really delight me. Walked for about an hour and a half and thought occasionally on Hamlet.

Read with the dictionary one or two stanzas of Tasso, and, with an earnest desire of acting Hamlet well, lay down on the bed after dinner striving to keep it in my mind. Went refreshed and rather confident to the theatre, but very much disappointed in my own performance. I might find an excuse for my inability to excite the audience in the difficulty of ascertaining where the audience was, but I allow no plea or reservation in the question of playing as I ought or not. I did not satisfy myself. My only consolation was that, though provoked once or twice, I manifested not the slightest appearance of anger. How is it that, with the pains and precaution I take, I should thus disappoint myself? Am I too fastidious and too careful? Were I less so what would become of me?

In the opening speeches to the king and queen I was better than usual—more direct, and with more meaning and true feeling. My soliloquy was, at least the latter part of it, flurried, not well discriminated, not well given in regard to action—it wants finish

and study. The scene with Horatio, &c., still requires study and earnestness; the interview with and address to the Ghost, re-arrangement, except the latter part, which I did well to-night. The last scene of the first act was amended to-night, but needs study, finish, clear discrimination.

Act second—scene with Polonius—more ease, abstraction, and point; with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, more ease and dignity and purpose; with the players, more point and discrimination. The soliloquy also requires a little finish.

Act third—soliloquy requires, and always will require, study and practice. I was pretty well to-night; with Ophelia, a little softening and practice; with the players, throughout, re-arrangement and study; the scene with Horatio, a little more melancholy and tenderness. The music, beginning *piano*, is very good, the play-scene is good, and the remainder of the act. The closet requires a little revision and correcting.

Act fourth—try over that scene often.

Act fifth—requires much earnestness and much study; it was, as a whole, the best part of the play to-night.

April 23rd.—I must not forget an anecdote Mr. Simpson told me of Madame Schroeder, which evinces clearly the love of their art with which the German actors are inspired. He asked her, after the play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' how she, who could so delineate the sublime character of Lady Macbeth, could condescend to represent one so inferior as Lady Capulet? "Condescend," she replied, "is it not Shakespeare I acted?"

April 25th.—Virginius.

London, May 1st.—From chambers took cab to St. James's Square. Dined at the Windham (the best club in London) with Lardner, and went with him to the Royal Institution. Was very much interested by the lecture on Halley's comet, and pleased with Lardner's delivery.

Elstree, May 5th.—On coming down read the *Spectator*, the direct meaning and reasoning tone of which newspaper pleased me. Spent sometime about the garden and house affairs, and had the satisfaction of dismissing an intention I had formed of expending some money on a piece of drawing-room furniture; resolved to dispense with it, and am pleased with my resolution. Thought on my affairs. Began the perusal, as an exercise for the improvement of my delivery and critical judgment, of Milton's great poem.

May 7th.—Read Talfourd's tragedy of 'Ion;' pleased with the opening scenes, and, as I proceeded, arrested and held by the interest of the story and the characters, as well as by the very beautiful thoughts, and the very noble ones, with which the play is interspersed. How delightful to read his dedication to his master and benefactor, Dr. Valpy, and the gentle outpourings of his affectionate heart towards his friends and associates! If one did not love, one would envy such a use of such abilities.

Continued the perusal of 'Van Artevelde,' in which I find so

much to please me. I know few scenes more dramatic than that between Artevelde and Van den Bosch—and nothing of its kind superior to Clara's description of Ukenheim.

May 8th.—Opened Herodotus, which I began with much care, reading the account of the hostilities between the Persians and the Greeks. I then read the story of Iphis and Anaxarete in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses;' was impatient of the silly nonsense which some commentator has appended to the poetry in the shape of notes—it is the conceit of stupidity. Continued my perusal of Milton, reading the notes, and going through the text with a loud voice.

After dinner resumed 'Philip Van Artevelde,' the first volume of which I finished. How much is there of deep thought in it! how much to awaken and stimulate thought in the reader! The song of Elena, the description of her mind, its growth, its singleness, and the intensity of her love, the effects of its disappointment, the description of the light and vain-hearted youth, and her remembrance of her native Italy, are all beautiful.

Bath, May 12th.—Ruminated on the sore subject of my expenses; and certainly were I not hampered with the lease of my house, I would leave it: as it is I do not well know what to do. A case of self-interest brought to my mind the counterpart of the case of a graduated property-tax, and feeling in my own person the injustice of such a scale, I am obliged to apply it where the argument makes for me. A graduated property-tax is an injustice. Fonblanque is right.

Worcester, May 13th.—Arrived about five, and after looking at my rooms proceeded to the theatre; could not gain admission, and had to wait about a quarter of an hour in a public-house for the arrival of the housekeeper. Unpacked and dressed; though the rain poured down the house was very good, and I acted Virginius very well, and without any anger at all. It was very decently done; only Dentatus had put a surplice over his street clothes, and put part of a sheep's fleece on his chin for a beard. Mr. Bennett paid me, and I came to the Star, where I read the paper.

May 14th.—At Pershore a Frenchman got into the coach, very good-natured and intelligent; he was taking specimens from his garden to contest some of the prizes at the horticultural meeting at Evesham. He settled in Worcestershire from its resemblance to Normandy; he mentioned that when an Englishman speaks French very well, so well as to deceive a Frenchman, his pronunciation approaches the Gascon dialect more closely than any other.

London, May 21st.—Called at Forster's chambers to arrange with him a visit to Mr. Maclise.

Accompanied Forster to Mr. Maclise's lodgings—found him a young, prepossessing, intelligent man, anxious to paint my picture. Saw his large one of Captain Rock, and several smaller of great merit. Agreed to sit to him.

May 22nd.—Went into Pall Mall to see the Titian's Venus, which is certainly a very good picture, whether copy or original. Walked into the gallery above, and saw some old things which I had seen with other and much more admiring eyes seventeen years ago. Passed on to Leicester Square to see David's pictures —was pleased with his Napoleon, his Andromache over Hector, and strongly impressed by his picture of the dead Marat; the details were too real and unredeemed to please, but it was a thing not to be forgotten.

To the Olympic to see Jenny Vertpré act in 'La Petite Fille' and 'Le Jeune et la Vieille.' Was quite delighted with her charming and finished personation.

May 23rd.—Note from H. Smith, acquainting me with a message from M. Cloup, the director of the French company, regretting he had not known of my visit that he might have offered me a box, and wishing to know if the speculation would answer at Bath; a note from Bunn, stating that he had called yesterday. Dined with Mr. Warren, where I met Mr. Brockedon, whose acquaintance I desired to make. Passed a very cheerful afternoon.

May 26th.—After some resolutions to go, and not to go, I put an end to all hesitation by dressing myself and setting out for town. I read part of second volume of 'Van Artevelde' on my way, which delights me very much, and teaches not a little. Copied out some memoranda of anecdotes, which I thought worth keeping: wrote a note inclosing cards of invitation to Fonblanque, which I sent with one to Lardner. Sent also notes to Bunn and Beetham, apprising them of my stay in town this week.

Went to Dr. Lardner's: met Mrs. Shelley, Miss Sheridan, Lord Adare, Colonel and Mrs. Stanhope, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Fonblanque and Miss Keene. I could not look at Mrs. Norton without looking long—her face is one to think of.

Saw the Sheils, Hayward, O'Hanlon (who told me that the French of my note to Vertpré was much better than the English), Martin, to whom I was introduced, Lady Seymour, and I think Mrs. Blackwood, Babbage. Mrs. Norton, on going away, returned to find me, and expressed her wish to see me at her house.

May 27th.—Made 'Van Artevelde' my breakfast companion. Talfourd objects to the second volume, and seems almost to feel his—Artevelde's—love for Elena a pollution of his own heart and a wrong to the memory of Adriana. I do not feel it so. We are human beings; the heart of man cannot endure a state of solitude and bereavement: it is not that alone which is lovable that induces us to love, the disposition to love is part of our being, we lean towards something with a natural yearning, and if we find it not we weaken, or grow hard in selfish purpose. To live alone a man must be either brutal or divine, as Bacon tells us; and what loneliness is like that of a desolated heart? I feel, in Artevelde's love for Elena, that it is a pillow on which he rests his heart, bruised and somewhat weakened by its affliction and desert state, and wearied with

the cares, from which hope slowly is detaching itself, that have no other solace. What a charming book it is! Forster called in, and wished me to write a review of Miss F. Kemble's book; but I cannot conceal the fact from myself that I cannot write now for the public. I have been left behind in the world's march. It is not vanity that makes me case myself in pride, but a consciousness of not having won a secure title to distinction, and the nervous and unquiet apprehension of its being questioned.

May 28th.—Called on Bunn in Prince's Place; talked long on other matters, and at length came to the point of our meeting, and agreed on next season's engagement: £30 unsubtracted; four nights per week; half a benefit; 'Bridal'* on usual terms; three weeks' vacation, last of Lent. Which I pray to God may be fortunate and prosperous.

May 30th.—Took cab to St. James's Square and called on Lardner at Windham Club; found Mr. Donovan with him, a chemist; accompanied them to a lamp shop in Regent Street, where I saw a curious French lamp, and heard of one by Donovan to burn naphtha. Went in the coach to call on Mrs. Norton; found Lord Castlereagh in the drawing-room, who stared, as I, intrenching myself in my democratic pride, did again. We waited some little time, when Mrs. Norton appeared dressed for a walk; she introduced us, and after a little chat, wherein we heard of the duel between Lord Seymour and Sir Colquhoun Grant, we ended our short visit, and took the way to Malibran, on whom we left cards.

Sunday, May 31st.—Arose most unwillingly. After several efforts dressed and went to Dr. Elwin, where I met at breakfast his family and brother, the artist. How much I have occasion to lament each day of my life not having paid attention to my mode of delivery in common conversation: my hesitation and want of clearness in the expression of my ideas is a serious blemish. He took me to the Unitarian Chapel, South Street, where Mr. Fox† preached. His prayer was fervent, and wide in its charitable application as the world itself; he ended with the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated well. His sermon, or lecture—for there was no text—was on the influence of those arts connected with the imagination upon religious feeling. The effect was conviction. The truth of his proposition was as manifest as those sublime and beautiful works of the Creator from which he borrowed his noble and illustrative imagery. To attempt to record the eloquent arguments, definitions, and descriptions would be idle; I have much of the subject-matter in my mind, but not arranged, nor in those words that burned, and kindled my enthusiasm as no speaker ever did before. It was everything that the exponent of a religious and a philosophic system of worship should be. He sent to express his wish to see me, and I was conducted to the vestry, where I

* The dramatic copyright of the 'Bridal' belonged to Macready.—Ed.

† Afterwards M.P. for Oldham.—Ed.

thanked him, and promised to let him know when I could dine with him to meet the author of 'Cosmo.'

Went to Forster's to dine. Met Stanfield, Bulwer, Fonblanque, Blanchard, Talfourd, Howard, Maclise, Cattermole, Procter, Leigh Hunt, T. Fonblanque, Price. Pleasant day.

Howard wanted me to go to Lady Blessington's, but was not dressed.

Elstree, June 5th.—Continued my perusal of 'The Provost of Bruges,' and deliberated much upon it when I finished it. The language is not up to that high pitch of imagination, sentiment, or passion which ever seems to approach the sublime, but it is seldom low, generally natural, oftentimes forcible, and not unfrequently tender and pathetic. I am inclined to attribute its chief merit to its situation, which still is a great merit.

June 9th.—Letter from Bulwer at some length, excusing himself from dining here on Sunday. One expression in his letter I disliked—the "honour of my acquaintance." My acquaintance can be no honour to such a man as Bulwer, and it almost seems like irony.

Read over Lord Byron's 'Foscari,' which does not seem to me to contain the power, or rather the variety and intensity of passion which many of his other plays do.

June 12th.—Began to read 'Marino Faliero,' but read it drowsily. I wish I could think it dramatic, at present I do not.

London, June 13th.—Called at Garrick Club. Planché proposed to me the half of the Adelphi Theatre. I could not give up my whole self to the employment of conducting it, and if I did not it would not answer.

June 17th.—(*Literary Fund Dinner.*) Thought upon what I ought to say at the dinner—and dressed for it—Dr. Lardner called for me, and we went. I saw Wyse, whom I liked much, Christie, French, Emerson Tennent. The whole proceedings of the day were dull and wearisome, with the exception of Wilkie's speech, in which he noticed the connection of literature and art; and the Turkish Attaché, who in acknowledgment of the compliment paid to him in drinking his health, rose and gulped down a bumper of wine, then sat down. Urquhart, his cicerone, spoke very well, but in a low tone of voice. Lord Teignmouth spoke pretty well, and Murchison fairly. On paying my subscription Mr. Snow told me that my name was in the list of toasts. This decided me. I feel unequal from the want of habit and the uncertainty of my position. I read in every newspaper of this week that my art is a very humble one—if indeed it be an art at all—and that its professors are entitled to little respect: and here, when in courtesy I am admitted as *Mr. Macready* among the esquires of the Royal Academy, the King's Printing Office, the Quarterly Review, &c., &c., I am to speak without the possibility of knowing what place is allowed me as an artist, or what degree of particular consideration may be extended to me as a man consistent in his private conduct.

June 18th.—Is it twenty years since, in Greenock, I waited with anxiety the particular return of the dead and wounded from the Battle of Waterloo—wishing to be certified of dear Edward's safety?

June 19th.—Went out, saw the Panorama of Thebes. Was struck with the advantage, in this refined age, that we possess in the exact images of those remote objects of which we read with so much interest; our imagination is enriched with precise ideas of things and places, on which our untravelled forefathers could have had but very vague and uncertain conjectures from description. Can almost believe that I have seen those mighty monuments, the eternal mountains that looked upon their erection, and still overlook their state of ruin—the teeming river, rich in the associations and visions of the past as in the real bounties of Nature at this very period. Saw Jerusalem, and was disgusted with the various spots assigned to the words and actions of our Saviour, tending more to shake belief than all the scoffs and invectives of scepticism. Called on Greaves and Bulwer, leaving cards with each. Passed on to the collection of Rubens' drawings, the property of Sir T. Lawrence, with which I was truly delighted. I did not think he had such power of pencil: they did not *want* what some critics say was Rubens' only quality of excellence, colour. Called on Sarti and ordered casts.

June 24th.—My thanks are due to Almighty God, and gratefully they are offered, for the large share of happiness with which it has been His bountiful will to bless me. That it has not been greater, though certainly very great in comparison to my fellow-men, has been the fault of my own indiscretion, misusing, and vexing with vain imaginations the real good in my power. I acknowledge and bless His goodness, and fervently pray that He will so strengthen and quicken my resolutions to improve my mind and labour in my calling for my dear children's welfare, that I may be enabled to educate them in His faith, fear, and love, and present in their amiable and virtuous lives some atoning plea for mercy to their parent's errors.

In thinking on what are our real enjoyments in life, I am disposed to come to the conclusion that no possession can very long be in itself a source of pleasure; action is the real gratification to man; and how wisely ordained that it should be so!

> "The food of hope
> Is meditated action; robbed of this,
> Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
> We perish also."
>
> Wordsworth's *Excursion.*

June 26th.—Letter from Mr. ——. The suggestion of a monument to Shakespeare's mother (query, why not Shakespeare's grandmother?); he is illiterate and, unfortunately, vain. I wish it were otherwise, as he professes to model himself upon me.

To York, July 4th.—Read a notice on the writings life and of La

Fontaine prefixed to his works—was very much pleased with it; thought it so abounding with well-expressed and instructive truths, as well as amusing anecdotes, that I resolved to give another reading to it. There is one passage which, however willing my vanity may be to echo, my judgment cannot assent to: "La gloire, pour ceux même qui en sont les plus dignes, et qui font tout pour l'obtenir, est une espèce de jeu de hasard, où ce qu'on appelle *le bonheur* n'est pas moins nécessaire que la science et l'adresse. Tacite observe même, qu'il y a des hommes auxquels il tient lieu de vertus." It would soothe my wounded self-love to think this, and to console myself for my own insignificance on the theatre of life with passages like this and that beautiful one with which the character of Van Artevelde opens; but it is a dangerous principle to admit, giving too much to chance. The accidents of birth and fortune are no doubt great, particularly in this country; but where there is life and death, well exercised talent will gain its true ascendancy. I feel the heavy weight of censure I lay upon myself in this admission, but I must make it.

London, July 5th.—Went to the Garrick Club, where I dined.

Forster asked me to accompany him to Talfourd's, to which I agreed. We spent the evening there. Talfourd took me into the other drawing-room, and talking over 'Ion,' expressed his firm resolve that no one should act the character but myself. I shall therefore address myself to it. Talfourd walked home part of the way with Forster and myself.

Elstree, July 7th.—Began again Brougham's 'Discourse on Natural Theology;' read two sections of it, with which I was really charmed. The sublime wideness of design throughout the universe he adduces in the simplest language, and applies the reasoning by which they were made known in the most logical and, in my mind, most convincing manner, to demonstrate the "Great First Cause." It is valuable for the religious feeling that is excited or rekindled within us by the wonderful wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, which he with the mere eloquence of truth puts forward.

July 8th.—Took a vegetable dinner, and looked through Potter's translation of Sophocles' 'Œdipus' to try Sheil's suggestion of my performance of Œdipus. It could not be presented, I think, to give pleasure.

July 9th.—Walked in garden. Read, accidentally, that beautiful passage, "O fortunati nimium" of Virgil, ending the second Georgic. What a succession of busy and beautiful images, what soothing ideas of tranquillity and enjoyment, what agreeable sentiments concealed beneath the conditions of life he brings under review! How much delight is added to existence in the power of following and clearly depicting to oneself the imaginings of the poets of our own and other languages! Did not feel well; apprehend my diet of vegetables and fruit has been too abruptly entered upon.

Read and practised, but languidly, for two hours and a half, reading Milton, Chatham's speeches, and rehearsing Hamlet. Letters from Bunn, agreeing to my terms, excepting three weeks additional. Answered him, relinquishing the three weeks. Again in the garden at the arbutus-tree, after dinner. Looked at the Encyclopædia, endeavouring to understand the differential and integral calculus, which I cannot. How strange it is that before I was ten, I think, I was learning algebra and was particularly quick in arithmetic, and now literally know nothing of it.

Sunday, July 19th.—Was much struck with the prayer of Plato, quoted in the notes to Milton.

Delighted with the morning thanksgiving and prayer of Adam and Eve, which is quite touching in its fervour and beauty. Went to afternoon church. Read the last book of the 'Excursion.' It is difficult for me to express the grateful and reverential feelings with which I think of its author. Milton elevates, thrills, awes, and delights me—but Wordsworth, "alluring to higher worlds" by their types on earth, kindles anew my expiring fervour, strengthens my hope, and reconciles me to myself. He comforts me; he makes me anxious to be virtuous, and strengthens my resolution to try to be so.

July 22nd.—I read a little more of Boswell, which is certainly, for this kind of casual reading, a most delightful book.

July 23rd—Began to interleave a prompt-book of 'Riches,' not to waste time. My books arrived from the binder's, and Mr. Lovell sent me 'The Provost of Bruges,' altered, with a note. Went out to walk in the garden, where I laboured efficiently for the garden and myself in above two hours of good exercise; the evening was beautiful. Coming in, read through most attentively 'The Provost of Bruges,' which, although the requisite pains have not been bestowed on the alterations, is in my mind very much improved.

Wrote to Mr. Lovell my opinions upon it, and inquired of him his wishes. Completed the interleaving of the play of 'Riches;' have not been idle to-day, thank God.

July 27th.—In Milton I read the encounter of Abdiel with Satan, and the shock of the angelic armies—how much to be regretted, that a play of words should intervene to check the tide of admiration on which we are borne along by this noble book! Began reading in earnest passages of 'Hamlet,' but could not give more than an hour to it; this I much regret, and must lay aside all other studies for that, on which with me so much depends. After dinner read through the play of 'The Bridal,' which I may place ready, as I do not see where I am to improve it.

Walked for exercise about two hours in the garden, enjoying the air and fragrance and foliage.

July 29th.—Took up 'Corinne,' and read, and read, until dinner and after dinner, that attractive book so rich in beautiful imaginations, so true in its pointed inferences. Had some time to give to the various workmen, but ever with 'Corinne' in my hand.

Was obliged in the afternoon to put my handkerchief over my head and fairly try to sleep off my heaviness. I lost this day from striving to make too much of it, and yet I ate no meat, and but sparingly of my vegetable dinner. Worked for upwards of two hours in the garden.

July 30th.—Calcraft arrived, and agreed to give me £210 for eight nights, which I accepted.

August 2nd.—Read 'Corinne' until the galloping of horses past the gate gave me assurance of the arrival of my guests. We dined—Forster, Maclise, and self—and adjourned to the summer-house at Forster's request, where we talked over the witches of 'Macbeth' and the subject for a picture. My own opinion and suggestion was in favour of figures, but no face except the portrait, and Forster seemed to coincide with me; but Mr. Maclise did not feel the power of exerting the imagination by giving passion to the figure and concealing the face. I think him wrong. At Forster's request read some of the scenes of 'Bertulphe.'

[*August 8th* to *19th.*—Engagement at Dublin.]

Dublin, August 9th.—Calcraft mentioned to me the behaviour of D'Aguilar in the case of Lady ——, which I think highly to his honour. When Lady Haddington refused to receive her, Colonel D'Aguilar requested his wife to call on her, and made a large party for her. She was met by Lady Blakeney, &c., &c., who all invited her, thinking it a hard case, after twenty-five years, to publish her disgrace to her own daughters, who were before unacquainted with it.

August 13th.—Went to the theatre, and acted Hamlet to an audience extremely difficult to provoke to applause. I thought that I must have lacked spirit and earnestness in the first act, at which I was vexed, and took all the pains I could with the remainder of the play; but I acted under a sense of effort and a supposition of deficient sympathy in the auditors. The best passages in my mind were the affected madness with Ophelia, and the closet scene. I must not give it up. I must also study my appearance as well as my acting in it.

August 16th.—To Christ Church, where I was taken to the organ-gallery—a most unenviable post of distinction—and was gratified with the Te Deum, Jubilate, and Anthem (Haydn) by the Dublin choir: the performance was admirable. The sermon by Archdeacon Mansel was very bad. Remembered the time when I first went into this church, a boy of ten years old, with my grandfather as common councilman, and the mayor, &c. Thought on the years that had passed—thirty-two—and the changes they had made. Mused upon the religion of the congregation before me brought here to listen to the music and to look at each other—and this is devotion! Looked at Strongbow's tomb, and the bent roof of the church.

August 17th.—We drove in the carriage, which called for us at the Assembly House, William Street, in consequence of a note sent to me by Mrs. Macready telling me I could take the oaths for

my *freedom*. Received great courtesy from the persons there, but was obliged to wait so long that it became necessary to go to the Phœnix Park first, and return to William Street. I accordingly agreed to return in an hour, and we drove through the Park to the Lodge. It is a very pretty place—how convenient it must be to be a Lord Lieutenant! I wrote my name, but my hand was so unsteady, it was scarcely legible, so I added my card to the written name. Came back to William Street, where I was ushered before the Lord Mayor, and, abjuring Popery and many absurd bugbears, took the oaths to become a *Freeman of the City of Dublin*; the Mayor, a young man, whom I suppose to be Morrisson, Junior, was very civil and accommodating.

Elstree, August 23rd.—Letters from Forster informing me that Mathews' pictures had been bought by Mr. Durrant for the Garrick Club; from Marianne Skerrett, mentioning the intention of Hetta and herself to travel with separate parties to Naples to endeavour to see their Uncle Matthias, whose health was very precarious. The *Examiner*, which I read, records his death. I knew him: he was of a kind and courteous disposition, of more acquirement than genius, and living latterly upon the reputation of having had a reputation from the 'Pursuits of Literature,' which his Italian translations and complimentary sonnets did not enhance nor support. Walked in the garden, and felt again the tranquil pleasure of being at home and with my dear family.

August 26th.—Wrote a prayer for my dear children, wishing them clearly to understand what they ask for, and of Whom they asked it, as far at least as the limits of their understanding would allow them; being desirous that their prayer should be a still recurring memorial of their duties and obligations, and a sort of code to refer to for their immediate conviction on their infringement of any of its injunctions. Listened again to their lessons, and again took some pains to enforce my plan of making their lessons convey positive and practical knowledge.

August 31st.—Made out the draught of my engagement with Mr. Bunn upon the terms agreed on between us, and the list of plays accompanying it, in order that I might not be taken by surprise.

September 2nd.—Finished the sixth book of Milton, and went over the third act of 'Macbeth.' My object is to increase the power and vigour of my performance, and to subdue all tendency to exaggeration of gesture, expression, and deportment; to make more simple, more chaste, and yet more forcible and real the passions and characters I have to portray. After dinner indulged in rioting and disciplining in sport my children (for thus I make them companions to myself, and teach them to know me as a friend, while I can gently check any disposition to wrong which may appear in them). Then sat down to read over attentively, and endeavour to reduce into an acting form and dimensions, Talfourd's sweet tragic poem of 'Ion,' which I accomplished, though it

occupied more time than I anticipated. I expect to find him refractory on some points; and where some of the most poetical passages are omitted, it is difficult to persuade an author that the effect of the whole is improved: but imagery and sentiment will not supply the place of action.

September 3rd.—Practised and considered Macbeth through the morning. Received a very kind letter from Marianne Skerrett, just about to sail from Portsmouth for Havre on her way to Italy.

Went again through 'Ion,' still cutting, "still destroying." Read 'Ion' to Catherine and Letitia, who were both affected by it; but it still needs reduction in some of the speeches.

Sunday, September 6th.—Went to afternoon service with Letitia. Read prayers to the family. Why, if religious observances be unimportant, should the attention to them give me, who disapprove of the unapostolic, unsatisfying mode in which they are ministered, such soothing and complacent feelings?

September 9th.—Practised part of Othello, to which I do not find I yet give that real pathos and terrible fury which belongs to the character.

Read over attentively the whole of Melantius. I do not much fancy it.

London, September 21st.—Bunn came, and the business of my plays and engagement was discussed. He said "'The Bridal' was a pet of mine." I told him, "No; that I wished to make it a means of remuneration without loading the theatre with additional salary, and I only regarded it as additional to my income." 'Ion,' he agreed, should be read by me to himself and others, and that he would then come to a judgment on its performance, without at present pledging himself to act it. 'Bertulphe' he had decided on not hearing read, and I agreed to write to the author and gain his consent to give it to him.

We read over the engagement, making the time of 'The Bridal' Christmas instead of the spring; signed and interchanged it, I speaking about room and flesh-stockings. On consideration gave him 'The Provost of Bruges,' reading him one passage in it.

Elstree, September 25th.—Studied Othello, which I find difficult—the management and economy of my time and force. How little do they know of this art who think it is easy!

London, September 30th.—(*Drury Lane.*) Left my dear home to begin this eventful season, in entering upon which I earnestly ask God's blessing upon my efforts, and that I may receive and deserve success by my care and industry; or, if it be the Almighty's will that I should be rebuked by ill-fortune, I humbly and heartily pray to Him for strength and wisdom to bear it well, and to turn it to good.

October 1st.—Went to the theatre, played ill (Macbeth), I must presume, because ineffectively; and yet I never tried so much to play well, and never, never was it of so much importance to me to play well. The audience called for me, a kindness on their part,

and I went on; but when Talfourd, Forster, and Walron came to my room, not one had a word of comfort or congratulation. What have I omitted to make this evening successful? I do not know, but the bitterness of my feelings is such, with the anticipation of the newspapers to-morrow, that if I had not ties which bind me down to this profession (and I could curse the hour that it was suggested to me), I would eat a crust, or eat nothing, rather than play in it. I scarcely recollect when my feelings have been so wrought up to a state of agonizing bitterness as to-night; I feel almost desperate.

October 2nd.—I cannot remember—it may be because the exact recollections of our sufferings cannot be preserved amid the multitudes of feelings that sweep over them; but I cannot call to mind more than one evening of my whole life which brought to me more acute distress than yesterday's. The stake of my future life was upon it, for speedy profit or perhaps poverty, and it is lost! I cannot charge myself with neglect; I really applied to my task, and bent my mind down to it: my mistake was in not demanding an opening character, and making that one in which I could feel myself independent of the humour of the audience (which I do not accuse) or of the strangeness of the theatre. I could not touch any refreshment; I threw myself on the sofa, and lay there in a state of mind that an enemy would have pitied. In a reckless, hopeless fever of thought I went to bed, and dropped asleep with my candle on my pillow; I awoke to see the danger, which was really very great. I slept again for a short time, and awoke to pass most of the remainder of the night in an agony of despondent fretfulness and sad anticipations. Arose very little better; my bath composed my spirits a little, and the *Times* newspaper, which though not highly laudatory, was not written in an unkind spirit, gave me back some portion of my wonted tranquillity. The other papers were very cold; I sent them with a letter to my dear Catherine.

October 5th.—Went to theatre, and in acting Macbeth felt that I carried my audience along with me. I was earnest, majestic, and impassioned. The applause was enthusiastic, and I was obliged to go on at the close of the play. I redeemed myself, and most grateful do I feel in saying, "Thank God." Talfourd came into my room, and said he had "never seen me finer, if indeed I had ever played it so well."

Wallace asked "Why the d—l didn't I play it so on Thursday?" Tried on dress for Hamlet.

October 7th.—Acted Hamlet, to judge by the continued interest and the uniform success of all the striking passages, better than I ever played it before. Forster and Wallace came into my room; the former thought it, as a whole, the best he had ever seen; Wallace told me afterwards that he would have been "satisfied with less effect."

October 10th.—Asked Bunn for a private box for Mrs. Spurgin,

to which he assented, and I procured the ticket. Settled also about my salary, that in receiving £10 for the first half-week I was to receive £35 for the last. Dunn and Jones were present.

October 12*th*.—Went to the theatre and acted Macbeth before Her Majesty and a full house. The audience did not come solely and purposely to see 'Macbeth,' and the labour to keep their attention fixed was extreme. Wallace came round and said I acted very well: I tried to do so, but am not confident of my success. Talfourd and Forster came to my room. Bunn told me he must do 'Othello' on Thursday. I said "I could not." He "must," I "would not." He sent me up a note to know which I would do, Othello or Iago, on Thursday. I returned for answer, Iago, and would not do Othello at all. He then sent Cooper* to me, to whom I said the same, and, in answer to his inquiry, said, "I would not do Othello under a week's notice." He left me without fixing anything. I was very much fatigued. Talfourd suggested the propriety of ascertaining the intentions of the management, and I waited for Cooper; while speaking to him Bunn came up and wished me to go into the room and talk it over. He was as civil as a dog, the dragooning attempt had failed, and, after some conversation, 'Othello' was fixed for Wednesday week, and 'The Provoked Husband' for Thursday next.

October 15*th*.—Went to theatre, and acted Lord Townley in a very mediocre manner, occasionally with spirit, but with an utter absence of finish and high deportment. Spoke to Cooper, on hearing of its intended repetition on Saturday, and told him that I could not do Othello on Wednesday if my time were thus taken from me.

October 16*th*.—Was introduced by Bunn to Mr. Joseph Parkes, whom I had long wished to know.

Went to theatre and acted Hamlet, not as I did the last time—I felt then the inspiration of the part; to-night I felt as if I had a load upon my shoulders. The actors said I played well. The audience called for me and made me go forward. Wallace, Forster, and H. Smith, who came into my room, all thought I played well—but I did not. I was not satisfied with myself—there was effort, and very little free flow of passion.

October 21*st*.—Went to the theatre, and felt very nervous and unsettled; reasoned with myself, and partially recovered my self-possession; but, in truth, was hurried out in the part of Othello, and was not perfectly possessed of it. The criticism I passed on Malibran's Fidelio will exactly suit my own Othello—it was "elaborate, but not abandoned." In the early scenes I was abroad, making effort, but not feeling my audience; in the jealous scenes I had attention, and certainly had no reason to be discontented by the degree of intelligence, skill, or effort shown by Iago,† but the

* Then stage manager at Drury Lane.—Ed.

† Vandenhoff was Iago; Cooper was Cassio; and Harley, Roderigo; Mrs. Yates was the Desdemona; and Miss E. Tree, the Emilia.—Ed.

audience seemed to wait for Kean's points, and this rather threw me off my balance. In the soliloquy after Iago's exit I in some degree asserted myself, and though not up to my own expectations in the "Farewell," &c., yet in the grand burst I carried the house with me. From that point, I should say, the performance averaged good, but was not in any, except that one outbreak, great.

October 29th.—Lay very late, thinking over the play of last night ('Othello'), and revolving in my mind the slow and comparatively unprofitable advance of my reputation; the danger it runs from the appearance of every new aspirant, and the reluctant admissions that are made to it. Walked in the garden and inhaled, with grateful and tranquil pleasure, the pure air of the country.

November 2nd.—Mr. Yates * wished to speak to me before I left the theatre; I went to his room after the play was finished. I soon perceived which way the conversation was pointing. It appeared from his showing that Mr. Bunn had no funds to carry on the concern if it failed, and that the proprietors, to meet the effect of the Covent Garden reduced prices, had agreed to let one-third of the rent stand over till Christmas if the actors would do the same with their salaries—and to me, in the first instance, the proposal was made.

He said that I was underpaid in proportion to the other salaries. I said I knew that, but did not murmur at it; I would think of his proposal, and see him on Wednesday.

November 5th.—Went to dine with F——. Hope, the Cattermoles, and Forster dined there; Hayward, N. P. Willis and bride, and some other unknowns came in the evening. The day was to me cheerful and pleasant, but I was an instance of the bad effect, which Bulwer judiciously observes in 'Pelham,' of holding an argument in mixed society. I liked my host and hostess very much, and the guests. I felt much amused and, indeed, gratified. Mrs. F—— sang some very sweet and touching songs, the words by her husband, the music by herself. It was strange that as I gazed on her, receiving and imparting pleasure, my imagination presented me her form in death—the hands actively pressing music from the instrument, stark and cold, and the lips rigid and pale, that now poured forth such touching sounds. Hayward introduced me to Willis, with whom I chatted of America. Note from Talfourd, who "assumes that 'Ion' is to be acted."

November 10th.—(*Sale of the Granby.*) Looked over 'The Souvenir' till Mr. Powell's arrival in the afternoon. He produced the papers, and, on ascertaining the time of the bank's closing, we went in a cab to the city, where I received from Willis and Co. £2000 on account of Mr. Benn. Returning to chambers, signed the different papers of surrender and mortgage, and received the title-deeds, &c. Holding a straw, the other end of which was held by Mr. Powell (according to the usage of the Forest of

* Acting manager at Drury Lane.—Ed.

Knaresborough), I made the declaration of surrender, went over the list of title-deeds, and, all being right, and having vainly invited Mr. Powell to Elstree and written him orders, he took leave.

Elstree, November 16th.—Intended to take a long walk, but recollecting that my fire-arms were in a very bad condition, I took them down, and found them quite wet in the barrels. Read in 'L'Allemagne' the chapter on Schiller's 'Robbers' and 'Don Carlos,' in which were some observations on Shakespeare that are most just, and show her, Madame de Staël, equally well acquainted with our great poet as with those of other countries. Tried my pistols, &c. Continued after dinner my perusal of 'Wallenstein,' which, for grand and natural thoughts and intimate development of character, may rank with the first specimens of dramatic poetry. Went over the last act of 'Bertulphe.'

November 21st.—Rising, I felt the peculiarity of my situation as regards my profession—quite interdicted from its exercise during the greater part, if not the entire of the season, and all the hopes of profit from new characters, upon the strength of which I made this engagement, utterly falsified. There seems a destiny which constantly prevents me from reaching that happy point of success which will give recompense to my labour. Like the Hebrew liberator, I see the promised land, but am not permitted to possess it. I do not on that account complain of my fate, or lose my energies in despondency. On the contrary, I resolve that I will not yield to this untoward pressure of circumstances. I will diligently persevere in my work of improvement, and endeavour to turn my leisure to rich account, "waiting the event of time,' and thankful for what I enjoy.

November 23rd.—Intending to read, I put my books out, but began to talk over my affairs and prospects: the probability of making a successful experiment of the drama at the Lyceum, under a new name, and a proprietary of performers, the best of each class, formed into a supervising committee, and receiving, over and above their salaries, shares in proportion to their rank of salary, and percentage proportionate to their respective advances of money. Talked over the plan (which seemed practicable and promising, if Farren could be bound down) the whole morning. The present desperate condition of the drama makes some step necessary, if it is to be a care and concern to me; but for my own fame, except inasmuch as my blessed children's welfare depends on it, I am comparatively indifferent—I want the means of educating them.

Walked into the fields, taking the two puppies with me. Returned to the subject of myself and my destiny. Calculated what the actual gain of this year would be, as a guide to my future measures; found that from £200 to £300 would be the extent of this year's profit, and that my income, by the sale of the Granby, is diminished by £132. If I am to educate my children, how am I to have the means with such a surplusage? how can I speculate

at my present period of life? There is no resource for me but America.

November 24th.—Read the first chapter of the 'History of the Jews,' which affords a curious specimen of the want of sincerity that *primâ facie* appears in the attempt of Milman to reconcile things out of Nature's course with probability. He is evidently incredulous or unconvinced—and yet he endeavours to make it thought that he subscribes to the detail of the miraculous, where miraculous agency is not needed, and where the Almighty can, as He ever does, work out His will by means, but not out of the order, of Nature.

November 27th.—Went from chambers to dine with Rev. William Fox, Bayswater. Met with him Mr. Home, author of 'Cosmo,' Miss Flower, who lives in the house with Mr. Fox, and a little girl, his daughter. I like Mr. Fox very much; he is an original and profound thinker, and most eloquent and ingenious in supporting the penetrating views he takes. Mr. Robert Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus,' came in after dinner; I was very much pleased to meet him. His face is full of intelligence. My time passed most agreeably. Mr. Fox's defence of the suggestion that Lady Macbeth should be a woman of delicate and fragile frame pleased me very much, though he opposed me, and of course triumphantly. I took Mr. Browning on, and requested to be allowed to improve my acquaintance with him. He expressed himself warmly, as gratified by the proposal; wished to send me his book; we exchanged cards and parted.

December 7th.—Read 'Paracelsus,' a work of great daring, starred with poetry of thought, feeling, and diction, but occasionally obscure: the writer can scarcely fail to be a leading spirit of his time.

Elstree, December 14th.—I was amused by the superstition of our servants. The cook observed that she turned the beds every day except Friday, then she only shook them; and Phillips hoped the pig would not be killed on Wednesday, as the fulling of the moon was not good for the bacon.

Sunday, December 20th.—Wrote a letter to Mr. Chalk, inclosing a cheque for £25 to be distributed in coals to the poor. Made up my accounts, and went with Mr. Ward to afternoon church. At the end of the service went with Mr. Chalk into the vestry and gave him the letter, for which he thanked me, observing that he wished the practice was more general, and that he had an argument the other day with a person on the comparative merits of "faith" and "good works."

December 21st.—Finished Milman's 'History of the Jews.' Read the 'False Friend' of Vanbrugh—a play in which I fancied there was a contradiction to Pope's assertion that "Man never wanted wit." I could not discover it.

December 22nd.—How unworthy do I appear to myself when I reflect on the powers with which I was endowed, and attempt to make out the account of good that I have turned them to! The

bulk of mankind, I incline to think, fly to a meditating and redeeming benevolence to silence the scruples of conscience and quiet the fears of a hereafter, where the awful questions of their deservings may be made. They avoid atonement in their proper selves, and repose upon the sacrifice which Christ made. Can this be enough? Reason scarce pauses to say No.

December 26th.—Read in Molière's 'Amphitryon,' which is amusing. How true is—

> "La faiblesse humaine est d'avoir
> Des curiosités d'apprendre
> Ce qu'on ne voudrait pas savoir."

December 28th.—Wrote note to Mr. Farren, making an appointment with him for Saturday next, from which I look for no further result than the certification of the inutility of occupying my mind further with abortive schemes of regenerating the stage. To be assured is one step towards effecting something, even if not all we wish.

Read in Voltaire's 'Dictionnaire Philosophique' the articles, 'Evangile,' in which the grounds for deciding on the authenticity of the form now used is questioned; 'Eucharistie,' in which the doctrine of Transubstantiation is effectively ridiculed; 'Evêque,' a good satire on *Messieurs les Evêques:* exaggeration—good criticism. Finished the second act of Molière's 'Amphitryon;' the anger, and gradual relenting, with the graceful reconciliation of Alcmène is very charming.

December 30th.—After an early dinner read the newspaper, one side of which was occupied by the American President's speech. I read it through, and think that it is to be lamented that European countries cannot learn the lesson of self-government from our wiser and happier brothers of the West.

December 31st.—Frederick Reynolds arrived a little after 4 o'clock. Busied myself with "house affairs." Our other guests were Miss Kenney, Forster, Cattermole, Browning, and Mr. Munro. Mr. Browning was very popular with the whole party; his simple and enthusiastic manner engaged attention and won opinions from all present; he looks and speaks more like a youthful poet than any man I ever saw.

We poured out a libation as a farewell to the old year and a welcome to the new. The year is gone, and with it much of happiness, of care, and fear; I am so much older, and lament to say not much better, not much wiser. Let me offer up prayer to God Almighty, Who thus far has protected me and mine, to continue His gracious blessings on the dear heads of my beloved family, and to grant me health, and energy to make them worthy disciples of Jesus Christ, and happy denizens of this our mortal state. Amen.

1836.

"Too much rest is rust;
There's ever cheer in changing;
We tine by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging."

Old Ballad.

"Qui sis, non unde natus sis, reputa." *

Elstree, January 5th.—Read first part of 'Conquest of Granada;' found very little in the mass of rubbish and conceit beyond the great lines of the "noble savage." The following I thought worth transcribing:

"Prayers are the alms of churchmen to the poor,
They send to Heaven's, but drive us from their door."

January 10th.—Lay for some time revolving in my mind my condition and my prospects, and debating on them as to the best course to pursue, for my dear children's sake, in my future life. The plan most advisable seemed, to do the best I can with my profession for the next five years, the term remaining of our lease, and then to try America—God willing.

London, January 11th.—Went up with *Billing's*, Letty accompanying me, on a most cheerless morning, the snow thick on the ground. Madame de Staël engaged, interested, delighted, and instructed me on my way; her criticism on the German actors and on Talma was of service to me. What would I not give, and what point of excellence might I not reach, if I had critics like her to my performances!

In reading Madame de Staël's lectures on the play by Klinger of 'Les Jumeaux'—the declaration of her own sentiments on the subject of the dramatic art—its exercise by distinguished actors—her description of the various merits of Ifland, Schroeder, Eckhoff, and Talma—my opinion of the end and exercise of this art is greatly raised, my general feeling for it heightened, and my views of the pains and method requisite for its study much improved. Most valuable suggestions on the death of Lear are made by her description of Schroeder's performance.

Elstree, January 14th.—Dined at luncheon, and walked round the garden, bringing out the dogs for a few minutes. Read Voltaire's account of the Battle of Fontenoy, which I have heard or read is quite fanciful. Read Horace's fifth Satire, second book, with

* Think on thyself, and not thine ancestry.—ED. TRANS.

much attention. Was struck with the truth, even beyond the author's meaning, of Cicero's observation: "Juris ignoratio potius litigiosa est quam scientia." *

Began to read over 'Macbeth.' Like Maclise over his pictures, I exclaim, "Why cannot I make it the very thing, the reality?" The storm is most violent. God help all the poor creatures obliged to bide its pelting!

The night was so very tempestuous that we could not sleep, nor was it until near the morning, when the torrents of rain succeeded to the fury of the wind, that we could get any rest.

January 15th.—Rose late, overworn and distressed by last night's watching. Continued the reading of 'Macbeth,' which employed me through all the morning that I had; took a very little dinner at luncheon time, and ran with Nina and Willie in the garden, where we also fed the dogs. Read with attention the Satire of Horace on his own pursuits, the dialogue between himself and Trebatius. Finished Molière's 'Amphitryon,' which is as broad as pantomime when the dialogue is comic—indeed Sosie and Mercure resemble two clowns in a harlequinade more than anything else; there is neat language occasionally, but it is not entitled, I think, to very high praise.

Bristol, January 17th.—Healey was with me betimes, and I dressed with much comfort, reaching the office, after paying him, as the coach was standing there. The morning was very raw and cold, and for the first stage or more I was making up for the deficiency of my night's sleep. Read a chapter in Locke on Partiality, afterwards continued 'L'Allemagne,' which never wearies me. On whatever subject the delightful authoress touches she utters opinions that engage your respect, even though you are opposed to her views; her enthusiasm is so genuine that, even if she delivers judgment not particularly profound, the sincerity of her convictions is impressed on you by the tone in which they are given. Her enthusiasm for music is beyond what I could have supposed a person capable of deriving pleasure from thought could have felt; the mere gratification of the sense, the pleasure of the sound, seems to transport her. I cannot understand this.

January 18th.—Mr. Denvil, who was my Macduff, with a pair of well-grown moustaches, told me of his having pitched Mr. Elliot, a pantomimist, from a height of eighteen feet, in which the pitched, Elliot, gloried to that degree that he even suffered pain from the surmise that some of the audience might suppose it was a "*dummy*" that was thrown! Now, what is ambition in the pleasure its success conveys? Was the Duke of Wellington more inwardly gratified after a victory than this man would be if three or four rounds of applause were to follow him into the black hole into which Mr. Denvil or any other person might pitch him? *Gloria mundi!*

Acted Hamlet. Oh, how unlike my London performances! The

* Ignorance of the law tends more to promote litigation than does the knowledge of it.—Ed. Trans.

best thing in the play was the grave-scene: I played it well; the rest was effort, and not good. Still worse, I was morose and ill-tempered. Fie! fie! shall I never outlive my folly and my vice? I fear not.

January 23rd.—Dow knocked at my bedroom door to my great astonishment, and told me that he had much to talk with me about. I dressed, and after reading a letter from dear Catherine, in which she mentions that Mr. Cooper has sent a note to me requesting me to get ready in 'Marino Faliero,' Dow took breakfast, and informed me that a friend of his, whose name he did not give nor I require, had, in various interviews with Mr. Robertson, mentioned my dissatisfaction at the treatment I had received in Drury Lane, and my disposition to leave the theatre if an alternative presented itself; that, in consequence, communication had taken place between them, and at last it was requisite to know on what terms I should be induced to remove to Covent Garden. We talked much on the subject.

January 24th.—Rose, after a very good night's rest, rather late, and immediately wrote to Mr. Cooper, to be sent from Elstree, with the part of Marino Faliero retained until some decisive arrangement was made with regard to 'The Bridal.' Read the note to Dow, and inclosed it in a hasty letter to Catherine, with directions to transmit it.

London, January 28th.—Mr. Cooper came to say that they had rehearsed 'The Bridal' that day, and that Mr. Bunn was ready, in compliance with my agreement, to act it on Tuesday next; that he himself thought it a shocking play; that Mr. ——, the pure-minded, highly cultivated critic, thought it monstrous; this I endured, and waived, by observing it was nothing to the purpose, the agreement was violated. I then asked who had been cast Aspatia?—Miss Tree. Who then is to do Evadne? I declare I pause as I write the name: Mrs. ——! To her, whom they would not permit to play the easy part of Emilia at my suggestion, as being so bad, they give a character that only Mrs. Siddons could realise! I said "That is enough; if you were to pay me one or two thousand pounds for it, I would not suffer it to be so acted; but I confine myself to the legal objection, and on the violated contract I demand compensation." Mr. Cooper said, "I am instructed to offer £33 6*s.* 8*d.*, and to withdraw the play." I observed that the same offer had been made by Mr. Yates, which I had treated with the same indignant contempt. "Well then," said Mr. Cooper, "I am now desired to ask you upon whose authority you went to Bristol." I now lost all temper. I answered, "Upon my own!" and that the question was a gross impertinence. Mr. Cooper proceeded to state that he thought it was not justifiable on former usage, and I replied it was. Dow entered, and he observed that I was ready to perform, if required, in London, and that my Bristol engagement was made dependent on and subject to that of Drury Lane.

Elstree, January 29th.—The mid-day post brought a letter from Cooper, wishing to know when I could be ready in 'The Provost of Bruges?' I answered that I had long since applied for subjects of study and had received no answer, that I had laid aside 'The Provost of Bruges,' and could not immediately state when I should be ready; in two or three days I might be able to do so. I added that, having found that my last week's salary had not been paid, I desired it might be immediately.

After dinner Dow arrived, having come through one continued storm of sleet and rain and snow from London; he came to inform me that he had no doubt whatever upon the agreement, but that to confirm his own opinion he had gone down to Westminster and submitted it to Talfourd, who quite concurred with him that Mr. Bunn was not justified upon that agreement in refusing to pay my part of my year's salary. Dow is certainly one of those men who would go through fire and water to serve me; he has made his way through the latter almost this evening, and is certainly entitled to my grateful remembrance.

January 30th.—Received a call for the rehearsal of 'The Provost of Bruges' on Monday next. Resolved not to attend the rehearsal unless my salary was duly paid. Read over the part of 'Bertulphe,' of which I do not entertain very sanguine hopes: it is too sketchy and skeleton-like; there is a want of substance and strength in the thoughts, which are thin and poor; its situation is all its actual power. If it be successful it will owe much to the acting.

London, February 1st.—On my arrival at chambers I found a note from Cooper, informing me that "I had violated my engagement in going to Bristol, and, in consequence, Mr. Bunn had stopped a week and a half of my salary; but that if I chose to give my best services to the theatre in a more harmonious way than of late, Mr. Bunn would be very happy to remit the stoppage." To which I immediately answered—receiving a note from good old Dow, with a play-bill containing an announcement of myself for Othello and Werner, that instantly decided me—that "My engagement, in the opinion of an eminent special pleader and a leading barrister, did not allow of Mr. Bunn's deduction; that if he did not intimate to me that my demands were paid, I should at once close the correspondence; that I should wait in town till 3 o'clock." Dow came in, I told him what I had done, and of my resolution to quit the theatre if not paid. He agreed in the propriety of the step, and would have gone further, but, as I told him, in Bacon's words, "A man who has a wife and children has given hostages to fortune."

Mr. Cooper called. He said it seemed the dispute was only about terms of speech; that he had signified Mr. Bunn's willingness to pay the money due, and that he supposed, of course, I should give my best services. I distinctly stated that it was merely a question of whether my salary, according to my engagement, was or was not paid, without any other consideration; if

paid I should go to the theatre, if not, I should end my engagement.

February 3rd.—Mr. C. Buller called and sat for some time; we talked of the theatre and the House of Commons. I promised to give him my best assistance in mastering a weakness in his voice; I like him very much. Lay down in bed, and thought to the best of my power on my night's character. I began Othello with resolution, which was confirmed by the kind reception of the audience; but I found myself a little disconcerted by the strangeness of the theatre during the apology to the senate, in which my back is turned to the audience. I recovered myself, and threw myself more into the character than I think I had previously done. I was called for by the audience, but this, if a compliment, was certainly much reduced in value by Mr.—— receiving the same for playing Iago like a great creeping, cunning cat. Grimalkin would be a better name for his part than the "honest fellow," the "bold Iago."

February 6th.—At my chambers I found Palmer, to whom I gave orders for my dress, which is to be of cotton velvet, and not to exceed in cost £5. Read through the part of Bertulphe.

February 7th.—My spirits and health are in a much better state than yesterday. Angry and vain thoughts have been passing over my mind, which occasionally my reason arrests and dissipates; but they too frequently recur, and interfere with my desire to establish that equanimity from which alone true magnanimity can spring. I am not what I would be—God! how far removed from the height of my desires! I would live a life of benevolence, blessing and blest. But still in my contracted sphere I have much to do and much to enjoy; and if I could only tranquillise my mind, subdue my impatience, and regard the actual effects of things, not fret myself with guessing or imputing intentions, I might reap as much of this life's happiness as most men. I will strive to do so. May the blessing of God be with me!

Sent a note to Mr. Lovell,* who returned me his MS. with a note and the payment for it. Wrote answers to Jerdan, Fanny Twiss, Fred Reynolds, and wrote to my dear Catherine. After this I went over the part of Othello, and took occasional exercise. As a sort of diversion to my thoughts previous to entering on Bertulphe, I read in Byron the 'Ode to Venice,' which contains some beautiful thoughts, powerful descriptions, and the grandest sentiments. The gradual coming in of Death is fearfully accurate, nor could the transition to another state be expressed better, more vaguely in the ultimate condition, or more certain in the immediate effect, than is done in the line,

——"and the earth,
That which it was the moment ere our birth."

Shall we never profit by the lesson, which all history teaches us,

* Author of 'The Provost of Bruges.'—Ed.

or are we doomed by the base appetites of our nature to eternal thraldom, physically and intellectually?

> "Ye men who pour your blood for kings as water,
> What have they given your children in return?
> A heritage of servitude and woes,
> A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
> All that your sires have left you, all that time
> Bequeaths of free, and history of sublime,
> Springs from a different theme."

Read many stanzas in fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' carried along from deep musings of great events to beautiful descriptions which made the earth and air pass before me, and rested among the ruins of Rome, where everything is again visible and distinct as I read. Thrasymene, Clitumnus, Terni, Cicero, Cæsar, Brutus, Horace; the columns and the arches; the Capitol and the Palatine; alternately occupy and employ my thoughts while reading this splendid poem.

February 9th.—Went over the part of Bertulphe, trying some parts, but feeling the scandalous conduct of Mr. Bunn in allowing so few rehearsals to a play which may be perhaps lost by his behaviour. I am quite uncertain of the play, and am certain of my own very crude and unpractised conception of my own character.

February 10th.—Went to rehearsal ('Provost of Bruges'), sparing myself as much as I could. In the wardrobe was told that Mr. Bunn would not find me pantaloons, and I was resolved to purchase none; was very angry, and therefore very blamable. Received a note from Sally Booth, requesting orders; but seeing Bunn in the theatre, I could not permit myself to ask for any. Wrote a note to Sally Booth and to Pemberton excusing myself from giving the admissions requested. Lay down after looking out what was needed for the evening, and thought carefully over the latter scenes of the play. Went to the theatre very tranquil in spirits, but was slightly disconcerted by the very culpable negligence of my dresser. Resolved to take no wine before I went on, and to trust to my spirits to bear me up until fatigue came on. Misjudged in doing so; my nervousness, from want of due preparation, was so great as to mar my efforts in the first scene, which, in spite of my best attempts at self-possession, was hurried and characterless. Gulped down a draught of wine, and growing more steady from scene to scene, increased in power and effect; but it was a hasty, unprepared performance, the power of which was mainly derived from the moment's inspiration. The applause was enthusiastic, and I was obliged, after long delay, to go before the audience. Dow, Cattermole, Forster, Browning, and Talfourd came into my room, and expressed themselves greatly pleased with my performance, but did not highly estimate the play.

February 16th.—Forster and Browning called, and talked over

the plot of a tragedy, which Browning had begun to think of: the subject, Narses. He said that I had *bit* him by my performance of Othello, and I told him I hoped I should make the blood come. It would indeed be some recompense for the miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts which I have endured in my profession, if by its exercise I had awakened a spirit of poetry whose influence would elevate, ennoble, and adorn our degraded drama. May it be!

Acted Bertulphe better than the two preceding nights. Looked through the leaves of the play, in a book wet from the press. The author has said all in his power to express his gratitude to me. I did more for Mr. —— and nearly as much for Miss ——. The first requited me by slight and avoidance; the latter by libel and serious injury.

Read Joanna Baillie's play of 'Basil,' which I think can scarcely be made pathetic enough for representation; there is a stiffness in her style, a want of appropriateness and peculiarity of expression distinguishing each person, that I cannot overcome in reading her plays: it is a sort of brocaded style, a thick kind of silk that has no fall or play—it is not the flexibility of nature.

London, February 19th.—Mr. C. Buller called, and sat for about an hour and a half, talking and reading. I hope I shall be able to improve him in his mode of speaking.

February 20th.—Note from Bunn, stating his inability to continue the performance of the 'Provost' if the terms were not moderated. Note to Cooper, and enclosed Bunn's letter to Mr. Lovell.

February 22nd.—Found a note from Mr. Lovell, and one to Bunn relinquishing half his stipulated payment; that to me is a *carte blanche*, but urging, at any pecuniary sacrifice, the continuance of the play's performance. Went out and, calling at the theatre, saw Bunn and, without showing Mr. Lovell's note, inquired what he would wish taken off the stipulated payment. He ended by proposing £10, to which I very gladly agreed. Returning to chambers, wrote to Mr. Lovell an account of what had passed with Bunn.

February 23rd.—C. Buller called, very much beyond his time, and excused himself by stating that he had been detained in cramming O'Connell for a speech on the Orange Society question. He stayed with me above an hour and a half, during which I gave him what ought to prove valuable instruction. Appointed to dine with and accompany him to the House on Thursday. Called on Bulwer, whom I found in very handsome chambers in the Albany. He told me, after talking about 'The Provost of Bruges,' and recalling our conversation in Dublin, that he had written a play: that he did not know whether I might think the part intended for me worthy of my powers, for that inevitably the weight of the action fell upon the woman; that the subject was La Vallière. He handed me a paper, in which I read that it was dedicated to myself. It almost affected me to tears. I could not read it. He wished me to read the play, give my opinion, and that

he would make any alterations I might suggest. I appointed to see him to-morrow.

February 24th.—Read very attentively over the play of 'La Vallière,' and made my notes upon what I thought it needed.

February 25th.—Called on Bulwer; we talked over the play, and I mentioned my objections, at the same time suggesting some remedies. He yielded to all readily except the fifth act; upon that he seemed inclined to do battle; but at length I understood him to yield. We talked over terms. He was not satisfied with Bunn's proposal, but added to that £200 down, and to be paid through the two following seasons £5 per night, after which the copyright to revert to him. This is rather a hard bargain; I do not think Bunn will concede so much.

March 3rd.—My birthday. Lifting up my heart in grateful prayer to God for a continuance of His mercies vouchsafed to me, I begin this day, the forty-third anniversary of my birth. Humbly and earnestly do I supplicate His goodness for the health and peace and virtue of my beloved family, and that He will be graciously pleased to sustain me in all righteous intentions, and to purify my mind from all low and debasing thoughts and inclinations, that by His gracious help I may live through what He allots to me of further life in peace of heart and increasing wisdom, educating my dear, dear family in His faith, fear, and pure love, and being myself a blessing in my affection and assistance to my dearest wife and also my dear family. Amen.

A very painful rheumatism, with which I awoke, became more distressing as I proceeded with my toilet. Particular moments in our lives, even in spite of ourselves, produce in us that uncertain guessing at the future, that balancing of the mind between hope and fear, which induces us to lean to any shadowing of the hereafter in anything of external nature that the disposition of the moment may convert into a presage of good or ill: we cannot help, under certain influences, the domination of superstition. I could not believe a man, strong as wisdom is to combat the absurdity, who would vouch that he never had yielded to such momentary weakness. A very unusual visitor, indeed one I never before saw, a white pigeon or dove, perched itself on the apple-tree opposite my window, and was seated there when I rose and during some time while I was dressing. I could not help receiving a soothing influence from its appearance as the first object to greet my sight on this day. Went to my beloved Catherine's bedroom, found her and her dear babe well, and received her gratulations with tearful eyes (I know not why), and I was touched by the little voices of my children wishing me "many happy returns" of the day.

Acted Virginius, not at all in my best style; had to contend against noises made behind the scene louder than our voices on the stage. Still I strove, and was partially effective; called for at the end, and was very enthusiastically received by the audience.

While preparing to go to the theatre I was struck with the

splendour of the sun, that, setting, burst from a mass of clouds that had dimmed his brightness through the day, and in the afternoon quite obscured it. It seemed a presaging type to me that my own life, chequered and darkened as it has been, should be serene and bright at its close.

March 6th.—To Bath.—(In the stage-coach.) Captain Bouchier, as I soon learned his name to be, talked much; among other subjects mentioned young Kean's success at Bath, told me that he knew him, and that his dresses cost him £300 per annum, that he was very pleasant, and related many amusing stories about the theatre. One of Macready, who is a good actor, but he can never play without applause. He went on one night to play, and no notice was taken of him, on which he said to the manager, "I cannot get on if they do not applaud me." Upon which the manager went round and told the audience that Mr. Macready could not act if they did not applaud him. When Macready reappeared, the applause was so incessant as to disconcert him, and he observed, "Why, now I cannot act, there is so much applause." I told him I rather discredited the story. "In short," I observed, "perhaps I ought to apologise to you for allowing you to tell it without first giving you my name—my name is Macready." He was very much confused, and I as courteous in apologising as I could be.

March 7th.—Werner. *8th.*—Virginius. *10th.*—'Provost of Bruges.'

March 12th.—Received letters from my beloved wife, from dear Letitia, and Mr. Bartley, communicating to me Mr. Bunn's intimation to the Drury Lane Company, through Mr. Cooper, of his inability to carry on the theatre beyond Lent unless the company consented to a reduction of their salaries! I am not included in this precious business by the terms of my engagement. It is right that I should well ponder the issues before I decide to become a party to any movement. Once I stood forward for the art, and the actors, Mr. B—— at their head, deserted me. 'Provost of Bruges.'

Bristol, March 14th.—Went to the theatre. There was a good house, good old Bristol! I acted Bertulphe particularly well to an audience who came to be delighted. Was loudly called for by the audience, and long and loudly cheered when I went forward. I told them how happy I was to receive their applause, and hoped next season to have another new play to submit to their judgment.

Exeter, March 16th.—Othello. *17th.*—Werner.

March 18th.—Went to the theatre, where I had the satisfaction to have a very numerous audience. As I dared not strip my rheumatic arm, I was obliged to act Virginius in my shirt sleeves. What would a French critic have said or done? The extreme carelessness of the actors very much distressed and disabled me. It was inexcusable; I tried to overcome it, but I could not lose myself, so perpetually was I recalled to the painful reality of the unfit

state of things about me. Between the third and fourth acts the manager came into my room to apologise for a delay of some minutes, while Mr. H. Hughes stripped the toga and decemviral insignia from Appius Claudius, a Mr. B——, and invested himself with them to finish the character, Mr. B—— having been so excessively drunk as to tumble from the *sella curulis* in the forum. Oh, Rome! if the man had been acting Cato, it might have been taken for a point of character. This is the profession which the vulgar envy, and the proud seem justified in despising! I come from each night's performance wearied and incapacitated in body, and sunk and languid in mind; compelled to be a party to the blunders, the ignorance, and wanton buffoonery which, as to-night, degrades the poor art I am labouring in, and from which I draw an income that scarcely promises me, with a moderate scale of expenditure, a comfortable provision for my old age and a bequest for my children.

March 19*th*.—A letter from Mr. Mude informed me that my terms at Plymouth were acceded to, which, much as I long to return home, I was very much pleased to learn. Seeing that there was a prospect of making something out of the week, I wrote to Mr. Woulds, offering to play at Bath on Saturday. I would not, on ordinary occasions, for trifling gains harass myself, but here is a prospect of adding to my invested money, and such an occasion is not idly to be neglected. Wrote to Mr. Mude. Buller called and sat for about an hour; he was very agreeable, seems very candid, and has, I think, a quick insight into character. Wrote me some franks.* At the theatre the manager came in with an elongated visage, to say that "the rascal" of a prompter had sent him a note that moment to the effect that he had "never been so insulted as he was that morning, and that he should, in consequence, not come to the theatre this evening." (This prompter had given away the prompt-book during rehearsal, for which the rehearsal was, of course, obliged to wait, and he was censured for doing so—this is the head and front of the offending against this vagabond.) These are players. Some willing hearts set to work to "double, double toil and trouble," and doubled accordingly their own parts with his. I sent my dresser, also a sort of actor, for my bag, and to call about a warm bath—I waited his return until it became necessary to think of time; I proceeded to do all I could—at last my mind misgave me that the arch-rebel had perhaps "drawn after him" some of Hay's power. I sent for my clothes, which were brought by a strange messenger, and the fatal truth came out that the dresser could not get by a public-house, had been sucked in by the malström, and had sunk its victim. I had recommended Mr. Hay to send after the other vagabond, but his answer was, "God bless you, sir! he's dead drunk by this time, that's it! He has written this letter *on the beer*—he's pot-valiant. He'll

* Charles Buller was then M.P. for Liskeard, and the privilege of parliamentary franking was still in existence.—Ed.

never be found to-night." Well, with the abdication of one and the desertion of the other we got through very tolerably; though never did the assumer of royalty justify the act of regicide more truly than the Earl of Flanders this evening.

March 21*st*.—William Tell. 22*nd*.—Macbeth. 23*rd*.—Werner.

March 24*th*.—Tried to act well to a very good house; was disconcerted at first by fancying that some persons in the stage box were uncivil, when I found they were warmly admiring. Still more thrown off my balance by a letter from Mr. Cooper, giving me notice of 'Richard III.' for Easter Monday. Oh, Mr. Bunn—I was distressed at first, and, as usual, angry, but soon reasoned myself into complacency, or at least resolution not to let it be any advantage to the man who thinks to annoy me, and perhaps to make me relinquish my engagement—it is but a night's uncomfortable feeling and then an end! It cannot kill my reputation, for my reputation does not rest upon the past; I will, however, do my best with it. Acted as well as I could to a very prepossessed audience, who would make me go forward at the end, which, after much delay, I did.

Plymouth, March 25*th*.—In the *Examiner* newspaper I see a paragraph stating that the King has appointed "Alfred Bunn, Esq.," one of his honourable gentlemen-at-arms! "Oh, thou world! thou art indeed a melancholy jest."

Elstree, March 29*th*.—Answered, by acceptance, the invitation of the Literary Fund Committee to be steward at their festival.

April 4*th*.—Letter from Talfourd, proposing to be here on Friday. Read over 'Ion,' in order to get a general idea of its arrangement.

April 8*th*.—On Talfourd's arrival, about 3 o'clock, we went over the play, he not offering an objection to all my omissions. After dinner we settled the terms of the announcement; Letitia returned from town. Talfourd and myself went together in his carriage to town. On our way, in speaking of the heartburnings and littlenesses practised in the theatrical profession, and observing that, though lawyers said that, in their vocation, they were exposed to equal annoyances, yet there was the restraint which the character of gentlemen laid on them; Talfourd surprised me by replying that he did not think there were any unworthy feelings displayed from rivalry or envy at the bar. I did not acquiesce in his opinion, but it served to convince me of the happier life they lead who do not stop in their life's journey to remove every impediment from their path and kick every bramble out of their way—how much more easily and more readily the traveller who steps over the dirt, goes out of the way of obstinate hindrances, and leaves the thorns through which he picks his path, attains the goal of his desires! Talfourd's easiness of disposition, his general indulgence for others' faults, and good-natured aversion to dispute, has proved, in the happiness that has resulted from such amiability, the best wisdom.

April 10*th*.—'The Iron Chest' seemed to be an alternative, if

'Ion' be out of the question, for my benefit, should I feel myself capable of studying the character in time, which is doubtful.

April 11th.—Read over the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, to see if I could adopt it for my benefit. Found I could not do justice to myself in it.

London, April 14th.—Mr. Kenneth called from Mr. Osbaldiston, to learn whether I would make an engagement at Covent Garden; after much disjointed chat I said that I had no wish to go to that theatre, but that for money I would, viz., for £20 per night for twenty nights. He is not likely to give it, and nothing but the want of money could induce me to ask it.

Took all the pains I could with Macbeth, but had not made due preparation; acted pretty well, but did not finish off some of my effects so well as I should have done with a little more preparation. The audience persisted in calling for me, and cheered me most enthusiastically.

Talfourd came in from the House, where he had been speaking on flogging in the army. He said that he was nervous and rapid, but listened to with great indulgence. Showed him a letter from Ellen Tree which I had just received, in which she mentioned her intention of being in town 22nd May, and her willingness to study Clemanthe for me. Neither Cooper nor Bunn were in the theatre, so that nothing could be settled.

April 15th.—Wrote to Ellen Tree in answer to her's received last night. Called at the theatre to speak about my night, and my dress for King John. Speaking to Mr. Cooper, I saw in the play-bill that I was announced for to-morrow night in 'William Tell' as the after-piece. I directly told Mr. Cooper that I would not do it; that it was utterly unjustifiable. He said it was, but I had better write a letter, disclaiming Mr. Bunn's right, and do it on that occasion. I refused. He then said, "What shall I do?" wanting me to play King Henry IV. (Second Part) as an after-piece on his night. He talked about my unkindness in not doing it for him, but I cut the conversation as short as I could. Palmer had left the wardrobe and I went on, calling at the Garrick Club, where I read the list of the celebrators of Shakespeare's birthday.

April 16th.—Rose, after revolving all modes of meeting and treating this business, with the purpose of endeavouring to obtain an engagement that there should be no recurrence of this half-price work, and so far to concede. Sent a note to Dow, after having seen the announcement in the bills, requesting him to call here, and a note to Cooper to the same effect. Dow called, and we talked over the affair; he was very averse to my appearing in 'William Tell' this evening, but, like myself, had a dread of giving offence to the public. Whilst he went on an embassy to Cooper to state my consent to perform the part this night, provided an engagement was given that nothing of the sort should recur during my engagement, and, in the event of Mr. Bunn refusing to give such pledge, that I should hold Cooper personally responsible for

anything he might say derogatory to my interests this evening (all of which he did in a very direct and spirited manner), I wrote out a copy of a handbill, to be delivered at the doors of the theatre, giving notice of my non-appearance. It was then agreed finally between us that I should stand on the guarantee (having been required to appear in two plays as after-pieces), and if it were refused, that I should not act.

A note came in a yielding tone, but declining to give the undertaking against recurrence of the matter, and I wrote shortly back that on no other condition would I consent to appear.

Spoke to Mr. Cooper about my benefit night, to which I required an answer, and asked him if he was authorized to send the note he did? He said No, for Mr. Bunn was not in the theatre, but that subsequently he, Bunn, had sanctioned it. This I believe to be an equivocation. He dared not have given the guarantee in Mr. Bunn's name unless Bunn had left him a discretionary power to that effect. There seemed to be a very general feeling of disgust at Mr. Bunn's behaviour among the people connected with the theatres.

Had not been able to read 'William Tell,' but took all the pains in my power with its performance, and rendered it very effectively, particularly when the lateness of the hour is taken into account. The audience did not move till the very last, and, after going to my room, I was obliged to return at the call of the remaining audience, who would not depart, and who cheered me most enthusiastically. Talfourd and Forster had come into my room, and stayed with me whilst I undressed.

So ended a day, and thus was passed over a threatening danger, which might have had an evil influence, with a different issue, on my whole future life. As it is, the events of to-day are more likely to make friends for me than enemies.

The thought of my children several times to-day served to retard and to impel me, as I grew into passion or sank into despondency.

Elstree, Sunday, April 17th.—Took Billing's coach to Elstree; slept a little of the way, and thought upon and read 'Ion' for the remainder. The fog was quite a November one; lights in all the open shops, and in many of the breakfast-rooms. I could not see to read in town. Found on my arrival all well, thank God. A note from Power accepting our invitation for Saturday next. Settled my accounts. Could not help feeling how much I had to be thankful for in the enjoyment of so much quiet, when I reflected on the tumult of care and apprehension into which a false step yesterday might have thrown me.

In going to afternoon church, called at the Chalk's to write an order for Tuesday, which they had sent to request.

London, April 18th.—Wrote to Mr. Cooper, sending him the prompt-book of 'Ion,' and the cast of the characters as I should advise: at the same time, to save any pain to his feelings, I wrote

a note to Mr. Brindal, asking him, as an indulgence to myself, to play the part of Crythes, which I had assigned to him.

Wrote a letter to Ellen Tree, apprising her of the night fixed for the performance of 'Ion,' and thanking her.

Returning to dinner, wrote notes to Farren, Harley, and Bartley, requiring them to meet here on Wednesday, to consider our condition, and its chances and means of amendment.

April 19th.—Went to rehearsal, when I arranged my dress, there being nothing in the theatre that could be worn. Notes of orders and promise of attendance to-morrow from Farren and from Kenneth, conveying to me Mr. Osbaldiston's refusal to accede to the terms I had mentioned. I feel no regret at it; for it is money purchased at a heavy cost of feeling to go into that theatre. Saw Bartley, who promised to call to-morrow. Went to the Garrick Club, where I saw the papers and dined. Wrote notes with orders to Dyer and Wallace, which, when I reached chambers, I sent by Harding. Note from Harley with promise of attendance to-morrow. Wrote to dear Catherine about house affairs. Rested for a short time. Paid account—the carpet and rug which were bought. Read part of 'King John'—laid out my clothes, and went to the theatre. An anonymous admirer wishes me to play Hotspur and Caius Gracchus. Acted King John in a way that assured me that I could play it excellently: it seemed to make an impression on the house, but I had not made it sure, finished, and perfectly individualised. Some fools set up a monstrous hubbub at the passage of defiance to the Pope, and Mr. Charles Dance told me afterwards in the green-room that the Catholics would "cut our throats." Is it a sin—or ought it not to be—to have the faculty of reason and the power of cultivating it by examination, and yet remain so low in the intellectual scale?

Mrs. —— was very ineffective in the effective part of Constance. What a character! But it is because every line is so effective that common minds cannot rise from one level, and have not the skill by contrast and variety to give relish and effect without great effort.

April 20th—Mr. Bartley came to his appointment, and we fell into a general conversation upon the condition of the theatres, and the means of restoring the art to a better state. He spoke of my situation as at the very head of my profession, and his readiness to go onward in any path that I might point out as likely to lead to success; he also corrected the statement of his letter to me in Bath about the advance of money, saying that he would not render himself liable to unknown responsibilities, but that as far as one, two, three, or even more hundred pounds would go, he would not hesitate. I told him that was all I could expect, and all that I myself intended to venture; that I believed I was a poorer man than any of the parties summoned, with heavier claims upon me; and that nothing could induce me to incur an uncertain responsibility. Messrs. Harley and Farren came, and I told them that I

had summoned them to learn their opinion and dispositions in the acknowledged depressed and oppressed state of our art, as to making some effort towards its re-establishment. It was difficult to confine Messrs. Harley and Farren to the question; they would ramble to their individual wrongs and insults. I brought them back, and requested their separate declarations of their resolutions to co-operate or no. I addressed myself first to Bartley, as the eldest present. He, with every appearance of frankness, gave his entire assent to any plan that wore a face of likelihood for the drama's regeneration, and that as far as £500 would go, he would venture. I replied, "That was all any one could ask." Harley seemed disposed to go further, but rested upon a similar declaration, giving in his hearty adhesion. Farren at last gave his full consent to go the full length that the others had agreed to, and, unless our union were previously dissolved by mutual consent, to hold himself bound to its resolutions if acted upon unanimously; but that if nothing effectual were accomplished by the end of July, he, as the rest of us, should then be free to pursue his own separate interest. This point settled, I asked if any one had any plan to propose? Bartley had; namely, to call a meeting and try and prevail on 300 persons to lend £100 each towards the purchase or erection of a theatre for the drama, without interest or free admission, but with the security of the building for the repayment of their principal. This I immediately objected to as visionary and impracticable.

After some discussion, we agreed to meet at 1 o'clock on Monday, and consider on the subject of a memorial to the Lord Chamberlain or to the King, exposing our grievances, and supported by the names and recommendations of all the literary and influential men we could procure to sign it. It was also agreed that, previous to its presentation, we should, as I counselled, meet the D. L. Committee and confer with them on an offer started by Bartley, namely, to risk with them the chances of full or partial rent and salaries. On this we parted.

Elstree, April 21*st.*—The man came to bottle the cider, and taking Phillips as his *aide de bouteilles*, began his work, which I from time to time looked in upon. Gave the dear children their dinners, and afterwards walked with them to Mrs. Howarth's, where I left a card; thence returning, we went with the dogs to the reservoir.

April 23*rd.*—Resumed that extraordinary poem of 'Paracelsus' after dinner, and, on coming from tea, began to prepare the projected memorial for a licence to exercise our calling, and disenthral ourselves from Bunn.

London, April 25*th.*—On my way to the theatre saw myself announced for Richard III. Friday next. Here was the climax of spite; I laughed out in the street at it. It actually amused me.

Rehearsed 'Stranger,' hastily and without care, which I ought not to have done. Harley came to his appointment; Bartley was

subpœnaed at a trial in Westminster; and Farren did not arrive until an hour after his time; he was at rehearsal. We adjourned to Saturday.

April 27th.—At Garrick Club, where I dined and saw the papers. Met Thackeray, who has spent all his fortune, and is now about to settle at Paris, I believe, as an artist. Returning to chambers, in Prince's Street, Drury Lane, I heard the exclamation, "Sir, you're robbed!" and saw a lad about nineteen rush by, pursued by a tradesman-looking person. I pursued my course a little faster to see the issue; the lad threw down a handkerchief which, as I approached, I thought looked like mine. I soon saw it was, and received it from a boy who picked it up. The pursuer brought back the thief, and asked me what I would do. After some hesitation I sacrificed my reluctance to punish the culprit to a sense of duty, and consented to go to Bow Street. An officer of the police told me that the magistrate would proceed in a summary way, and commit him as a rogue and a vagabond. I accordingly went over and waited some time in the justice-room with the prisoner and captor, and at last we were taken before a clerk, to whom we gave our depositions. The captor's name was Arthur, an upholsterer in Albany Street, Regent's Park. The magistrate came in, and instead of the "summary mode" promised, bound me over to prosecute at the sessions. I think it is a duty to society, constituted as it is, to do so, though I should forgive the poor wretch if I had the power.

Read over King Henry IV., went to the theatre, and acted the part in my very good style. I was satisfied with much that I did.

Met Dow, and we set out, he intending to accompany me to the theatre; as we passed along he stopped to read the play-bill, and exclaimed "What's that?—'The three first acts of Richard III.'" So it was announced in the play-bill. He observed, "You will not do it?" and recommended me to go and declare before a witness to Mr. Cooper that I would go on and ask the audience whether they would have the play in its mutilated state or complete? I parted with him at the stage door, and taking the prompter into Mr. Cooper's room, I said as much, not at all angrily, but rather amused. Mr. Cooper said he would communicate the message to Mr. Bunn.

Dined at the Garrick Club, where I saw newspapers and looked over 'Sketches by Boz.' Saw Duruset, Durrant, and Winston, who were surprised at the "three acts." Lay down in bed for an hour and a half. Acted Macbeth very fairly; I had to goad my mind into the character, for my thoughts wandered to the feverish state of things about me. Mrs. —— was the Lady Macbeth; she should take some of the blame for my occasional inefficiency; she was so bad, so monotonous, so devoid of all thought or feeling of character, so artificial, and yet, as it were, elaborating nothing. There was no misconception, because there was no conception, no attempt at assumption, it was Mrs. ——. I gave Mr. Ward a hard knock on

the head inadvertently, or rather through his own awkwardness, for which I was sorry; but had I laid it open he could not have displayed more agony. I was called for and obliged to go forward, and was very warmly received. Talfourd came to my room.

April 28th.—Went to the theatre and rehearsed in the saloon '*The three first acts of King Richard III.*,' every actor expressing his indignation at the proceedings.

Wrote a sort of protest on *the three acts* to Cooper, but on consideration felt that the thing was not worth it.

Tried in chambers to read—in vain; tried to compose myself by sleep, still I was depressed, and unable to think on my character to-morrow night; I tried, and could not. Wrote a letter, a short one, to Edward. Took tea, did what I could to compose and soothe my spirits—it would not be; my inability to prepare myself in the part of Richard, which I have not acted for more than four years, by to-morrow night, quite weighed me down; I tried the part, the consciousness of not having time to duly consider and practise it quite rendered unavailing all attempts. Passion and angry thoughts, angry to a degree of savageness and desperation, agitated me long and painfully.

If I were prepared in the character, I should laugh; I am tormented by painful doubts and misgivings. Sometimes I think of resigning my engagement, which is at least £250. I connot do it; let what may happen, I must trust in God, for God knows I have very few friends here. I am very unhappy.

April 29th.—Rose with uneasy thoughts and in a very disturbed state of mind, which I reasoned into more placidity as I proceeded with my toilet; but I had difficulty in controlling my mind, labouring under the alternate sensations of exasperation and depression. Wrote to Dow, that I had settled on doing the three acts to-night, although it was against my engagement. Called on Forster on my way to rehearsal, who told me of Kemble's expression of his indignation at Mr. Bunn's behaviour. At rehearsal I spoke to Cooper on the stage, to the effect that it was not worth my while to record any protest, but that I would not do such a thing again as act in a mutilated play, my engagement not warranting the fact. Went to Garrick Club; saw Bartley and Meadows; dined, and looked at papers. Spoke to Winston about the patents and licences under which the theatres are now conducted. He promised to send me copies, &c. Charles Kemble and Power were in the coffee-room, and speaking of this scandalous and insulting proceeding. On coming to chambers I wrote a letter to Lovell on the subject of Bunn's debt to him, but thinking that it might seem an underhand revenge, I threw the letter in the fire.

My spirits were so very much depressed, so overweighed by the situation in which I was placed, that I lay down to compose myself, and thought over the part of Richard as well as I could. Went to the theatre; was tetchy and unhappy, but pushed through the part in a sort of desperate way as well as I could. It is not

easy to describe the state of pent-up feeling of anger, shame, and desperate passion that I endured. As I came off the stage, ending the third act of 'Richard,' in passing by Bunn's door I opened it, and unfortunately he was there. I could not contain myself; I exclaimed, "You damned scoundrel! How dare you use me in this manner?" And going up to him as he sat on the other side of the table, I struck him as he rose a backhanded slap across the face. I did not hear what he said, but I dug my fist into him as effectively as I could; he caught hold of me, and got at one time the little finger of my left hand in his mouth, and bit it. I exclaimed, "You rascal! Would you bite?" He shouted out "Murder! Murder!" and after some little time several persons came into the room. I was then upon the sofa, the struggle having brought us right round the table. Willmott, the prompter, said to me, "Sir, you had better go to your room, you had better go to your room." I got up accordingly, and walked away, whilst he, I believe, for I did not distinctly hear him, was speaking in abuse of me. Dow came into my room, then Forster and young Longman. Wallace soon after, evidently deeply grieved at the occurrence. They talked and I dressed, and we left the theatre together. Wallace and Forster, on Dow leaving us, went home with me, and, taking tea, discussed the probable consequences of this most indiscreet, most imprudent, most blameable action. Forster was strongly for attempting to throw Mr. Bunn overboard, on the score of character; but Wallace manifestly felt, as I felt, that I had descended to his level by raising my hand against him, and that I was personally responsible for so doing. I feel that I am, and, serious and painful as it is, I will do my duty.

As I read the above lines I am still more struck with my own intemperate and unfortunate rashness. I would have gone through my engagement in forbearance and peace, still enduring wrong on wrong, as for six years I have been doing, but my passions mastered me, and I sought to wreak them.

No one can more severely condemn my precipitation than myself. No enemy can censure me more harshly, no friend lament more deeply my forgetfulness of all I ought to have thought upon. My character will suffer for descending so low, and the newspapers will make themselves profit of my folly. Words cannot express the contrition I feel, the shame I endure. In my own village I shall not know what I am thought of; my own family know what I have suffered, and will pity me; but I have committed a great error. God Almighty forgive me my forgetfulness of the principles I have laid down for myself, and grant that I may not suffer as I deserve from the reflections which I dread my friends will pass upon me.

April 30th.—Read for about an hour in bed last night, and though at first restless, and dreaming of being in the custody of an officer, my sleep was sweet and refreshing. In opening Johnson's 'Lives' in bed I began upon the narration of Savage's unfortunate

rencontre with Sinclair; the idea of murder presented itself so painfully and strongly to my mind that I turned directly for relief to another subject. My thoughts have been scorpions to me; the estimation I have lost in society, the uncertainty and shame with which, if I am again invited by those who respected me, I shall meet their looks, is a punishment which has anguish in it.

Henry Smith called; it was evident the disastrous report of last night had brought him. I asked him if there was anything in the paper? He said "Yes;" that he was surprised at the paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, and had come to ask if anything could be done. Wallace, Forster, and afterwards Dow came and consulted on what was best to be done; looked at the *Morning Chronicle*, and Wallace declining to be a party to any draught of a counter-statement, the others adjourned to Forster's chambers, and soon after returned, having come to the conclusion that it was better to let the thing pass. Wallace thought differently, and so did I, agreeing that it would be better a proper statement should appear in preference to an improper one. Forster, therefore, was to call on Collier, &c. Harley, Farren, and Bartley called, first speaking on this unhappy occurrence, and then passing on to the business of our meeting. Mathews called to see me.

Felt ashamed to walk through the streets, and took a coach; ashamed even to meet the look of the people in the street. Dined with Power.

Letters from Dunn, saying that Mr. Bunn was ill at Brompton; and from Mr. Fox, kindly offering to do anything to set the matter right with the public. Drove home in Dow's cab. Told dearest Catherine and Letty of the unfortunate rashness I had been guilty of. They were deeply distressed.

May 1st.—Called on Wallace, whose opinions of the necessity of going out if called were now unequivocally declared, and in which I, as before, most unreservedly concurred. Forster called, and gave me some account of the newspapers, bringing with him the *Observer* and *Examiner*, which had plain statements of my degrading act of intemperance. My shame has been endured with agony of heart, and wept with bitter tears. The fair fame of a life has been sullied by a moment's want of self-command. I cannot shelter myself from the glaring fact. But what have my sufferings not been? I can never, never, during my life, forgive myself.

Went to dine with Talfourd. Saw on the placard of the *Age*, "Great Fight. B—nn and M——y." It makes me sick to think of it. Felt occasionally uncomfortable at Talfourd's, but on the whole was more comfortable than I had anticipated. Met the Bullers; I thought C. Buller rather cold, and that he was desirous of avoiding a more intimate acquaintance—I have brought all such aversions on myself. I have no right to fortify myself in my pride against the feeling of regret at these consequences of my folly.

Met Kenyon, whom I liked, Chisholm, young Ramohun Roy, and many other agreeable men. I was much relieved by the conversation. Returning to chambers, tried to write, but was overcome by sleep.

May 2nd.—On my way to the Garrick Club saw a face in a carriage I thought I knew, and immediately, as I passed, Malibran put her head out of the window and waved her hand to me. She seemed bridally attired. How different her lot from mine! She with fame, affluence, idolatry on every side: I, poor, struggling to maintain a doubtful reputation, which my own rashness endangers, and looking, as my greatest good, to an independence which may be just large enough to educate my children liberally and raise them above want; even this is now very doubtful. What would there be in this world for me to live upon it if I had not my wife and children?

May 5th.—Dear Catherine had brought a letter from Kenneth with an offer of £200 for twelve nights from Mr. Osbaldiston, and an invitation from Calcraft. I wrote to Kenneth, wishing to see him.

Kenneth called; we talked on the matter, and he took down my modification of Mr. Osbaldiston's offer. I observed that I did not wish to trade upon, or raise my terms on, this unfortunate occurrence; but that I could not, under the circumstances of the season, take less than had been offered to other actors; that I did not wish him to say £240 for twelve nights, but would he say £200 for ten nights, or £120 for six? For 'Ion' I also stipulated.

May 6th.—Shall I ever know peace of heart again? The very thought of meeting such men as Young, so prudent, so discreet, and therefore so respected, of knowing that high-minded men like Colonel D'Aguilar read in the newspapers my wretched self-degradation, tortures and agonises me. I close my eyes with the hated idea, and it awakens me with the earliest morning. I know what misery is, that misery which cannot be escaped: it is "myself" that am the "Hell" that is consuming me.

Kenneth returned with the terms of Mr. Osbaldiston, which I accepted, viz., £200 for ten nights, and a benefit divided, after £20, beginning Wednesday, May 11th, and ending Saturday, June 11th. I gave my promise to act two nights in addition gratuitously. Kenneth then went for Mr. Osbaldiston, and, returning with him, we interchanged agreements, which I pray God may prosper.

May 7th.—Found at my chambers a note from Talfourd, with the books of 'Ion' for Covent Garden.

Walked out to call on Henry Smith; in the Covent Garden playbills my name was blazing in large red letters at the head of the announcement.

Went to the Garrick Club. Kemble came in as I was going out. I told the waiter to ask him to step into the strangers' room, which he did. I said that it had gratified me much to hear of the liberal way in which he had spoken of me before and subsequently to this

unfortunate affair; that I had commissioned my friend Talfourd to say as much to him, but, seeing him there, I chose to anticipate his intention, and to express myself the sense I entertained of his liberal manner of mentioning my name, having so long been in a state of hostility with him. He replied that he had never cherished any hostile feeling towards me, and that his language had always been in the same tone; that every one must feel indignant at the infamous conduct of this Bunn towards me, and that he had ever entertained the best feelings for me. I drew off my glove, and said that I had much pleasure in acknowledging the liberality of his conduct. He shook hands very cordially, saying that it had been always a matter of regret to him that our acquaintance had been interrupted, and I replied that I regretted this reconcilement had been forced from me by the generous and liberal behaviour which he had shown, and had not rather proceeded spontaneously from me. We then talked a little of the circumstance, he observing that he was glad Bunn had not challenged me, as my name would be so much more mixed up with him; and I added that I was not quite sure how far it would have been better or no, as I had made arrangements for receiving his message, to which he observed, "If you were challenged of course you must go out; every man must go out when challenged." We parted in the hall; my feelings were excited and won over on this occasion; but I cannot help pausing to remark how very much I yield to impulse, instead of guiding my course through life on a stern, undeviating principle of justice. I call charity only justice. I fear I am often weak on this account, and seem vacillating where I ought to be unmoving. I certainly feel no ill-will to Kemble; on the contrary, feel kindly disposed to him on account of his language, &c., at this juncture, which, it is manifest, he wished me to be acquainted with.

Elstree, Sunday, May 8th.—Walked round the garden, enjoying the beauty of the morning. Lost some time in talking over this eternal subject, which haunts and disqualifies me from giving myself to good employment. After my accounts I read over Werner. In the afternoon I went with Letty to church, which I had to nerve myself to do, but from which I felt much comfort. The first Psalm struck me as applicable to my own condition. Walked down to the reservoir with Catherine, Letitia, and the children, taking the dogs with us. Sat with the children after dinner, listening to their hymns, and hearing their prayers. God bless them! Felt overpowered with drowsiness; recovering, considered and wrote down what I thought it proper to say, if requisite to speak, to the audience on the night of my reappearance. Read prayers to the family. I pray Almighty God to forgive my transgressions, and extend His merciful protection to me for the sake of those so justly dear to me.

London, May 9th.—Came to town by *Billing's*, reading 'Ion' by the way; alighted at Cambridge Terrace, and called on Wallace,

who told me that the Sunday papers had not extended their comments on this wretched affair, which I was glad to hear. I submitted to him the address I thought of delivering on Wednesday, which he considered as too lofty, and as attacking Mr. Bunn. Knowing that I am not a proper and dispassionate judge of my own condition, I so far yielded to his observations as to leave the paper with him, which he is to return with his own views of the style of defence.

Called at Covent Garden Theatre. Saw Mr. Osbaldiston. Settled the night of 'Ion,' 26th instant. Spoke about orders, dressing-room, &c., in all of which Mr. O. seemed desirous of accommodating me. Was introduced to Mr. Fitzball (!) the Victor Hugo, as he terms himself, of England—the "Victor No-go" in Mr. Keeley's nomenclature.

May 10th.—I cannot retire to my bed to-night without registering the humble and fervent prayer of my heart to Almighty God that, forgiving my unwise, unchristian, and frenzied conduct, He will of His infinite mercy preserve me from the many ills which my conduct may have provoked, and restore me to the quiet approval of my own conscience, to the love and respect of my friends, and above all to his Heavenly care and protection, through the blessed Spirit of Jesus Christ. Amen.

May 11th.—A short but most kind letter from Ellen Tree; it quite affected me. A clerk brought a note from G. Barker as I was going out, informing me that Evans had inquired of him if he was not my solicitor, as he wished to serve a process on me, he (B.) offering him friendly assistance towards settling the matter, which he thought should not come before the public. I answered it, that I had placed myself in my counsel's hands, who had disposed of me, thanking him kindly for his offer.

Went to the theatre, and in dressing still felt my nerves were untrue to me; looked over the early part of the play, and just before I went on I screwed up to care for nothing, and went boldly and resolutely forward. On my entrance in Macbeth, the pit—indeed the house—rose, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, cheering in the most fervent and enthusiastic manner. It lasted so long that it rather overcame me; but I entered on my own task determined to do my best, and I think I never acted Macbeth more really or altogether better. The applause was tumultuous at the fall of the curtain, and the person who went on was driven back with cries of "No," and I went before them. When silence was gained I spoke an address as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Under ordinary circumstances I should receive the manifestation of your kindness with silent acknowledgment; but I cannot disguise from myself the fact that the circumstances which have led to my engagement at this theatre, after an absence of many years, are uppermost in your minds.

"Into those circumstances I will not enter further than by two general observations: first, that I was subjected in cold blood,

from motives which I will not characterise, to a series of studied and annoying and mortifying provocations, personal and professional. The second, that, suffering under these accumulated provocations, I was betrayed, in a moment of unguarded passion, into an intemperate and imprudent act, for which I feel, and shall never cease to feel, the deepest and most poignant self-reproach and regret.

"It is to you, ladies and gentlemen, and to myself, that I owe this declaration, and I make it with unaffected sincerity.

"To liberal and generous minds, I think, I need say no more.

"I cannot resist thanking you."

This seemed to affect many, and engage the sympathies of all. Talfourd, Dow, Smith, Forster, Wallace, Maclise, and the editors of the *Post* and *Herald*, who wished a report of the speech, came into my room, but I was too nervous to have pleasure from their presence. All were delighted, and I felt greatly relieved and truly grateful.

May 13th.—O'Hanlon sent a kind, congratulatory note for orders, which I sent him. Chilton called, which I thought kind. He told me that I could not set off my loss against Bunn, but that I must proceed by a cross-action, on which I resolved if attacked.

Went to the theatre and acted Virginius in a splendid manner, quite bearing the house along with me. My reception was most enthusiastic on my entrance, and when I appeared at last in obedience to the call of the audience.

May 14th.—Called at the offices of Messrs. White and Whitmore. Found there that the process had been served by Evans, Bunn's attorney, and that they, W. and W., had entered an appearance for me, so the battle is begun.

Wrote to Calcraft, inquiring of him what would be his evidence on 'The Bridal.' Mr. Gray called, and we talked over the matter of the cross-action, which he thought should be proceeded on immediately, I, of course, concurring; he seemed to think I might go for the whole of my engagement, and it seems to me only fair; but who can divine the scope of law?

Elstree, Sunday, May 15th.—Walked round the garden, where the sweetness and freshness of everything about me might have had a tranquillising power over any mind but one oppressed by a consciousness of error. Read and learned some of the scenes of 'Ion.' Went to afternoon church, and never thought of the eclipse* (I have the eclipse of my own character to think of) until Mr. Chalk mentioned it; we had thought the deep gloom was a forerunner of rain. Mr. Chalk had given out the afternoon service to begin at 4 o'clock, expecting the day to be quite darkened.

London, May 16th.—Trial of pickpocket at Clerkenwell. Sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

May 18th.—Rehearsed 'Stranger.' Talfourd and White came.

* An annular eclipse of the sun, this day; began 1 h. 51 m. P.M., middle 3 h. 19 m., ended 4 h. 39 m. P.M.—ED.

Talfourd read 'Ion' in the green-room, and was evidently happy in his employment. Who would not be?

I was called for by the audience, but would not go on without Miss H. Faucit, whom I led forward. Went afterwards to Mrs. Baker's, where I saw Palmer, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Marcet (not introduced), Talfourd, and White, with whom I adjourned to Garrick Club.

May 19th.—Rehearsed 'Ion,' which seems to me to come out in the acting—we shall see. Spoke about my name being put in the bills by Mr. Osbaldiston after Mr. Kemble's. This is to me of no importance, but I have no right to be placed out of my own rank before the public. They, as a body, know nothing of the art, and only take their opinions from what they are told, therefore I have no right to let them be told what is not true and against my interest.

A note from Heraud for tickets, which I answered, addressing him, "My dear Sir." When my note had gone I perceived his style to me was "My dear Macready." I therefore wrote another note to despatch in the morning, that he may not think me repulsive or proud.

May 20th.—Henry Earle called as I was dining, and he lunched with me. He told me that none who knew me would think worse of me for the late occurrence. It may be so, but it is their indulgence that leads them to such lenient judgment. I have forgotten the dues of a gentleman, it cannot be cloaked or denied. It is very true that I am not sought for by persons of rank, as they are termed, by persons of distinction, but heretofore I could repel this indifference with indifference. I feel my title to rank with any man as a gentleman unquestionable: how can I now answer the objections that may be made against me?

London, May 23rd.—Went to the theatre. The audience were so noisy that some scenes—the dagger soliloquy, that with the murderers, and Lady Macbeth—could not be heard; but where I could be heard I did not act badly, and the house was very warm in its testimonies of approbation. I was called for, and obliged to appear at the end of the play. Browning, Talfourd, and Forster came into my room and stayed some time.

I recollect the disgust with which I heard of a Mr. A——, a singer, fighting with a Mr. B——, thinking to myself how impossible it was that I could descend to lift my hand against any one. Is it then to be wondered at that I feel my degradation as I do?

May 26th.—Rehearsed 'Ion' with much care. Went to the theatre and acted the character as well as I have ever played any previous one, with more of inspiration, more complete abandonment, more infusion of myself into another being, than I have been able to attain in my performances for some time, particularly in the devotion of Ion to the destruction of Adrastus, the parting with Clemanthe, and the last scene. Was called for very enthu-

siastically by the audience, and cheered on my appearance most heartily. I said, "It would be affectation to conceal the peculiar pleasure in receiving their congratulatory compliment on this occasion. It was indeed most gratifying to me; and only checked by the painful consideration that this might be perhaps the last new play I ever might have the honour of producing before them. (Loud cries of 'No! No!') However that might be, the grateful recollection of their kindness would never leave me." Miss Ellen Tree, I heard, was afterwards called forward. Talfourd came into my room and heartily shook hands with me and thanked me. He said something about Mr. Wallack wishing him to go on the stage, as they were calling, but it would not be right. I said, "On no account in the world." He shortly left me, and, as I heard, was made to go forward to the front of his box, and receive the enthusiastic tribute of the house's grateful delight. How happy he must have been! Smith, Dow, Browning, Forster, Richardson, &c., I cannot remember all, came into my room. I dressed, having sent to Catherine to request her not to wait for me, but to go at once to Talfourd's, and, taking Knowles in the carriage, went there. I felt tranquilly happy. Happy in the splendid assemblage that had graced the occasion, happy in the triumphant issue of this doubtful experiment, and happy in the sensation of relief that attended the consciousness of its being achieved. I was also happy in having been an agent in the pleasing work of making others happy. At Talfourd's I met Wordsworth, who pinned me, Walter Savage Landor, to whom I was introduced, and whom I very much liked, Stanfield, Browning, Price, Miss Mitford—I cannot remember all. Forster came to me after supper, which was served in a very elegant style, and insisted that it was expected in the room that I should propose Talfourd's health, whose birthday it was. After some contest, and on the understanding that no further speeches should be made, and briefly alluding to the day being the birthday of the poet, as well as to the beautiful play that night presented, I proposed Talfourd's health. He returned thanks, and afterwards proposed my health with much of eulogy, to which I replied as I best could.

Subsequently Mrs. Talfourd's health was proposed by Douglas and was very pleasantly and humorously acknowledged by Talfourd, who in a very lively vein ascribed to her the influence which had given birth to much that had been honoured with the praise of the company—that, in fact, the whole merit of the production was her's, &c. It became then a succession of personal toasts, Miss E. Tree, Miss Mitford, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Price, Mr. Poole, Browning, and who else I do not know. I was very happily placed between Wordsworth and Landor, with Browning opposite and Mrs. Talfourd next but one—Talfourd within two. I talked much with my two illustrious neighbours. Wordsworth seemed pleased when I pointed out the passage in 'Ion,' of a "devious fancy," &c., as having been suggested by the lines *he* had once quoted to me from

a MS. tragedy of his; he smiled and said, "Yes, I noticed them," and then he went on—

> "Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
> The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
> 'Tis done; and in the after vacancy
> We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed."*

Landor, in talking of dramatic composition, said he had not the constructive faculty, that he could only set persons talking, all the rest was chance. He promised to send me his play of 'Count Julian,' and expressed himself desirous of improving his acquaintance with me. I spoke to Miss Mitford, observing in badinage that the present occasion should stimulate her to write a play; she quickly said, "Will you act it?" I was silent. Catherine, who sat near her and Harness, told me that he said "Aye, hold him to that."

We went home together; Catherine, Letitia, Miss Howarth, and myself in the carriage, talking of nothing but the evening's events—this happy evening. We reached home about two, and went to bed with the birds singing their morning song in our tired ears. Thank God!

May 28th.—On my way to London vainly strove to occupy my thoughts with the character of Cassius; deep and heavy sleep came on me—the effects of the past excitement and fatigue soon weighed me down. Found at my chambers notes and cards of congratulation on the success of 'Ion;' sent a card with message to Messrs. White and Whitmore. Called on Forster, who gave me the criticism of the newspapers for Catherine, of which that of the *Times* was the warmest, though all were enthusiastic. The *Chronicle* was most niggardly. Went to the theatre to rehearse Cassius, and found the call-man had made a mistake of two hours in my call. Saw Knowles, who was vehement in his praise. A note from Arthur Buller; fervent in his congratulations, and confessing his surprise at the result. At the Garrick Club, where I dined, I saw the other papers—an equal tone held throughout. Saw Bentley, Meadows, Dow, Fladgate, &c.

I acted the 'Stranger' but indifferently—still was called for by the audience, and led on Miss H. Faucit.

May 30th.—Arriving at chambers, I found a note from Browning. What can I say upon it? It was a tribute which remunerated me from the annoyances and cares of years: it was one of the very highest—may I not say the highest?—honour I have through life received.

Went to the theatre; the audience were rather noisy through the early scenes, but I was not disposed to yield to them. I do not think that my reception was quite so long as Kemble's, or I did not use sufficient generalship with it; but I acted Cassius in

* This fine passage has been already quoted in the 'Reminiscences,' p. 216. —Ed.

my very best style, and made the audience feel it. I was good; I was the character; I felt it. The audience were rapid and vehement in their applause; I was first and most loudly called for at the end of the play. Knowles got through Brutus far better than I anticipated: he came into my room, and said that I was wonderful. I was certainly pleased with my own performance this evening: it was fresh, characteristic, and majestic. Talfourd came into my room and, among other things, reported the enthusiastic praise of Lady Blessington and D'Orsay of my performance of 'Ion.' The praises of Knowles, the barrister, pleased me still more. He told Talfourd he had laughed at the idea of my performing 'Ion;' that he hated me ten years since; and that he could not have believed that such an improvement could have taken place in any one. To Forster also he observed how I must have studied. Went to Garrick Club, when Barham and Lincoln Stanhope came directly to chat with me. Supped with Talfourd, and an 'Ion' supper for Friday next was settled.

May 31*st*.—Went to rehearse Clemanthe's scenes of 'Ion,' and passed on to the Garrick Club, where I looked at the other newspapers; they contained nothing. Met Winston on my return, who told me that it had been given out that I had engaged for Covent Garden next season. Mr. Fitzball came up and walked with me to Great Queen Street. Asking my terms, I said I should not take less than £40 per week, on my late Drury Lane articles — and I would not say that I would take that. Called on Messrs. W. and W., gave them my case, and talked with them; it seems settled to let judgment go by default. Left a card at Mr. Norton's. Called on Miss Ellen Tree, and sat with her a short time.

June 2nd.—Forster called. Went with me to the Temple, where I met Talfourd, Whitmore, and Grey. The chances, &c., of the different measures were discussed. Talfourd said that Lord Denman had said the damages ought to be a farthing; but my nature is not sanguine. It was all but concluded on to let judgment go by default. I cannot of course be a judge in such a case.*

June 3rd.—Called at Covent Garden, where I saw Mr. Fitzball; spoke about Talfourd's box, which he promised to take care of. He also spoke to me again from Mr. Osbaldiston, on the subject of an engagement for next year, offering me from him, first, £35 per week, and then £40 per week, and half a clear benefit, with six weeks' vacation. I said I would think about it. Acted 'Ion' pretty well.

I went to supper at the Garrick Club, where—Douglas, in the

* The assessment of damages in Bunn *v.* Macready took place before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a Jury, at the Sheriff's Court, Red Lion Square, on 29th June, 1836. Mr. Thesiger (afterwards Lord Chelmsford) and Mr. Ogle were counsel for the Plaintiff; Serjeant Talfourd and Mr. Whitmore for the Defendant. No evidence was given for the Defendant. The damages were assessed at £150.—Ed.

chair, R. Price, vice—Planché, Dance, Jerdan, Forster, Palmer, Lucena, Barham, Dowling, and others, whom I ought not to have forgotten, received Talfourd and self at supper. It was a pleasant evening. Talfourd replied to the encomiums passed on him with great animation, alluding to his early love for the drama, his interest for Miss Mitford, and his friendship for me, whom he eulogized very warmly. I acknowledged the compliment paid afterwards to myself without embarrassment, and alluded to the pure and benevolent spirit that gave life to Talfourd's work, and to the faith I had in the truth that breathed throughout it. Talfourd was obliged to go down to the House, a message having come that O'Connell had just finished, and that Peel was on his legs—the amendment of Stanley on the Irish tithes. I begged to propose the healths of Jerdan and Forster, as uniform and earnest supporters of the cause of the drama. I alluded in my speech to the want of fidelity to the cause of the art in the actors themselves. Broke up about two o'clock.

June 6th.—Mr. Gray called to inquire how far the necessity of prompt payment upon the assessment of damages, in the event of letting judgment go by default, would inconvenience me in a pecuniary point of view, as that was a matter to be considered in arriving at a conclusion upon their proceedings. I told him if the expense was not likely to exceed £1000 the blow might as well, or better, fall at once, as hang over my head. Talfourd wrote to me, wishing to see me on a very particular subject. I surmised it to be the same as Mr. Gray's communication, and sent to say that Mr. Gray would see him.

Elstree, June 8th.—Mr. Osbaldiston talked with me about my engagement, and agreed to give me £40 per week and half a clear benefit for twenty-two weeks. We are to sign, &c., on Saturday.

London, June 9th.—Went with Lardner to call on Jenny Vertpré in Albemarle Street. I found her a very piquante, engaging little creature, but I think profoundly deep. She wished me to act a scene of 'Virginius' on the occasion of her benefit; luckily, though I should have been very happy to have served her, I shall be engaged in the country when her night takes place. I promised to send her a private box for 'Ion' on Saturday.

June 11th.—Sent my travelling pillow to the upholsterers to be covered. Note of invitation to Mrs. Buller, which I answered; and, having written to Catherine and packed up my sword-box, I went to the theatre, where I saw Mr. Osbaldiston, who would most gladly engage me for a succession of nights to continue the run of 'Ion.'

Went to Garrick Club dinner, where I met Buller, James Smith, Kenyon, Walker, Dowling, Murphy, Rushton, White, Douglas, Raymond, Talfourd, Jarvis, &c Part of the evening was pleasant. D—— was extremely drunk, and Murphy grew extremely political, which began to be disagreeable; he was very kind in his expressions to me.

June 12th.—The principal, indeed the entire, occupation of my day was packing for my journey and my next Birmingham engagement. Forster called and remained some time, whilst I continued my employment, talking about all sorts of things. He seems to think that Talfourd is quite in earnest about getting up 'Ion' as "private theatricals," and acting Ion himself. He alluded to it at supper last night, but I humoured what I supposed the joke. It begins to look serious, for private actors are very awful personages.

Went to the Bell and Crown, paid my fare, and started for Downham in the Lynn mail. I felt relieved by the removal of all compulsion to think, and idled or slept away the night, catching occasional glimpses of the long stretch of flat, rich country, and having one delightful glance at the beautiful lanthorn of Ely Cathedral.

Wisbeach, June 13th.—Was awoke in passing through the street of Downham. Left the mail and set out in a chaise over the flat fenny tract under the dike of a river, sleeping until I reached the last milestone from Wisbeach. It was 7 o'clock when I got to the inn, made myself a little more comfortable, breakfasted, and began to make up arrears of journal, in which I occupied myself till preparing for rehearsal. Mr. Robertson called, having hunted me out, and gave me very cheering hopes of our houses here, where he says a great excitement is produced. I am not used to produce "excitements," but my penny trumpet has a sound of awe among Liliputians—is it not so? Went to rehearsal, where I very nearly fell asleep as I stood upon the stage in the scene with Osric. I very nearly fell, so completely was I worn down. Dr. Southwood Smith called and left his card, and I found also a note from Mrs. Hill inviting me to supper after the play. Mr. Leach, the Mayor, also called, and was liberal in his proffers of attention. I answered Mrs. Hill's note, accepting her invitation, and gave Mr. Robertson a book of 'Ion.' I lay down after dinner to sleep on the sofa, and after an hour's sleep was obliged to bestir myself—oh, how reluctantly! Acted Hamlet with a load on every limb, sore feet, and my mind in a doze. I was dissatisfied with myself and every one about me. Went to supper with Mrs. Hill; met Dr. Southwood Smith, and his son and daughter: the latter I liked extremely; passed an agreeable evening.

June 14th.—Went to the theatre, and acted Virginius passably to a very good house. Dentatus had to play a fop in the farce, and he anticipated it in the tragedy, making the Roman Achilles a coxcomb.

June 15th.—Went to the theatre, and met the several checks to the abandonment of myself to Macbeth with tolerable evenness.

The thought of darling Catherine when a girl, as her face looked at me in this very play, arose and pleased my fancy for a short time. Mrs. Hill sent to invite me to supper; I could not go. I find it quite true, as Forster says, that the performance of a

character is my day. I can do nothing else of any moment when I have an important part to act. I cannot do it.

Lincoln, June 18th.—It seems difficult to assent to the fact that twenty-one years have passed away since the Battle of Waterloo was fought, my greatest interest in which event is derived from the remembrance of Edward's presence there, and the anxiety it occasioned me.

Made up some very heavy arrears of record, which occupied me long. Sauntered out to discover the theatre and see the cathedral; found the first very soon, and was directed to the cathedral, the towers of which rose directly before me. How much pleasure do objects of art afford, particularly when rich in associations, as these monastic temples are, whether general as to the usages of past times, or preserving any individual recollections! The front of this beautiful pile held me in delight for some time, and the very observation of its imperfectness is an amusement to the mind. Acted Virginius.

Birmingham, June 20th.—Found a letter from Clarke of Liverpool, which annoyed me. How often I am annoyed!

The last time I played at Manchester for nine nights I received £175; at Liverpool, thirds, and half for six nights. Mr Clarke now offers to insure me £150 for ten nights. I could scarcely write a civil answer, but at last I think I did, after four angry efforts. The manager called to represent to me that he was the messenger of very bad news; indeed he did not know that we could play to-night, that the bailiffs were in the theatre! He had desired Mr. Armistead to apprise me of the circumstances, &c. What was to be done? Phipson called. I said that I was bound by law, and could not say I would not play, but would willingly give him a release from my engagement, if he would ask me for it. He said he would see if an arrangement could be made.

June 21st.—Bought an umbrella and went to the theatre, when I rehearsed; and was glad to receive £29 11s., the half of last night's receipts.

June 22nd to June 29th.—[Engagement at Birmingham continued.]

Elstree, July 4th.—To-day is the anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence. I, as one of the great family of mankind that have profited by that event, thank God for it; how much has the great cause of liberty and improvement been advanced by it!

July 7th.—I turned back to the sad and undignified action which has cost me so many days of keen and, indeed, agonised suffering. I find a record of imprudence, want of self-government, moroseness, precipitation, imperiousness, and tetchiness that grieves and shames me. The fact of my ill-temper cannot be concealed, nor extenuated when admitted. I am wholly unjustified—religion, philosophy, policy, all cry out against me. I feel weary of self-complaint, from the little benefit I have

derived from it; if I wish or expect to pass through the remainder of my life with respectability and honour, I must overcome it. I will try to do so, and I implore the blessing of God upon my efforts.

July 8th.—After dinner read a part of 'Northanger Abbey,' which I do not much like. Heavy, and too long a strain of irony on one topic.

July 9th.—Lay down on the sofa, reading Miss Austen's 'Mansfield Park,' in hopes of being sufficiently relieved to go with the children on the water. The novel, I think, has the prevailing fault of the pleasant authoress's books; it deals too much in descriptions of the various states of mind into which her characters are thrown, and amplifies into a page a search for motives which a stroke of the pen might give with greater power and interest. Is Richardson her model? She is an excellent portrait-painter, she catches a manner to the life.

Sunday, July 10th.—Went with Letitia to afternoon church, when I read in the Greek Testament the second chapter, 1st Thessalonians, and sixth John. Is it not strange that John should mention what no other Evangelist alludes to—our Saviour's withdrawal of Himself from the multitude who wished to make Him King?

Finished 'Mansfield Park,' which hurries with a very inartificial and disagreeable rapidity to its conclusion, leaving some opportunities for most interesting and beautiful scenes, particularly the detailed expression of the "how and the when" Edward's love was turned from Miss Crawford to Fanny Price. The great merit of Miss Austen is in the finishing of her characters; the action and conduct of her stories I think frequently defective.

London, July 14th.—At Covent Garden Theatre met Mr. Osbaldiston, and, after urging him to engage Mr. Vandenhoff and Miss E. Tree, read my article of agreement to him, to which he assented, and also to my claim of flesh-coloured stockings, and to the announcement of my name as first. We talked long, and I was to send him the dates of Lent and Easter.

Elstree, July 19th.—Considered seriously the expediency, the propriety, of giving up my house, and reducing my whole establishment; it presses strongly upon me, but I will not be rash. God grant that I may be wise and just in my resolve! My blessed children, it is for you that I think, and that I will with a cheerful heart resign the luxuries and comforts of my present abode.

July 20th.—The whole of this day, the morning, afternoon, and evening, was passed in examining my accounts, calculating and discussing the subject of my last night's thought. I retired to rest still undecided, unable to ascertain precisely the amount of difference between a town and country residence.

July 21st.—At last came to the decision that the small difference between town and country would not overweigh the advantages of remaining here, which we accordingly resolved on doing.

London, July 25th.—Went to look at the exhibition of Michael Angelo's drawings; saw many of the studies of the great works I had seen at Rome and Florence. Raffaelle is called divine; Michael Angelo's name has no epithet prefixed: it would be difficult to find one to comprehend the character of his genius. Went to Cox and Co., saw there that Captain Poyntz had again returned himself for purchase, and that Major Tongue would very probably sell. This retards Edward's chance of promotion. I cannot but look on our army as the most unfair of all the unfair means of life which an aristocratic government affords; merit, without money or interest, has scarcely a chance. Look to Philip van Artevelde's first speech on the chances of mankind, and there is written the degree of hope with which courage, honour, and talent may trust themselves to the army for reward.

July 26th.—Met Calcraft at my chambers, who talked about Dublin, and walked with me to Covent Garden Theatre, where I discussed with Mr. Osbaldiston the various points of my engagements, to all of which he yielded, and returned me my copy to be transcribed and sent to him. Called at Garrick Club and waited half an hour for Calcraft by appointment, which he did not keep, and I went on my way to call on Mr. Lover. In my course I purchased at Richter's the 'Fridolin' and 'Romeo and Juliet' of Retzsch. Found Lover at home, and soon after Mrs. Lover and his two pretty children came in. He called with me on Briggs, the Academician, whose price Smith wished to know; I chatted some time with them, and after inviting Mr. and Mrs. Lover for the week after next, I passed on to my affairs. Called on Babbs and gave him orders. Met Mrs. Warren, and chatted very cordially with her.

July 27th.—At chambers I found Calcraft, and agreed with him to act the last five weeks of Lent in Dublin, four nights per week, for the sum of £580.

Elstree, July 28th.—Walked round the garden and began to apply myself to my professional study. Chiefly as a general exercise this morning I went over two of the soliloquies of Hamlet. Worked in the garden, clearing and pruning trees till dinner-time; after dinner was in the garden playing with the children. I then walked down with Catherine and Letitia to the reservoir, taking the dogs with us. Returned with sensations of extreme weariness, fell asleep several times.' Received a very nice note with a small case of poems from Miss Howarth. Read two acts of Mr. Heraud's play of 'The Conspiracy.'

July 29th.—Walked in the garden and came in to resume my professional studies, but was detained by a calculation of the receipts and expenditure for the last year, which presented me with a very unsatisfactory surplus for the future. This led me into further consideration of the probable expense of a house in the suburbs of London, and my morning was consumed in the examination of the various plans by which the regulation of my

expenses on a moderate scale could be best effected. A letter from Jeston, wishing me to write a sermon for him, to be preached in London. I could have done this once, but my abilities are weakened—my mind has lost much of the strength and activity of its youth. I was in the garden again after dinner; became very much depressed in thinking on my resignation of a country life. The sight of the fields and trees, the pure health of these open skies, the free expanse of the naked heavens, looking quiet, and cheerfulness, and hope to me, have at various seasons of melancholy and weariness restored energy and alacrity to my mind, and really exhilarated my spirits. I go into the feverish strife of the world, I give up all of pleasure that external things could impart to me in losing the enjoyment of the country, which has to me been truly "an appetite, a feeling, and a love."

London, August 1st.—Came up to town by *Billing's*, in company with Mr. and Miss Lane, Browning, Forster, and Mr. Ainsworth. Parted with my guests apparently well pleased with their excursion. On my way read very nearly the whole of Bulwer's play of 'Cromwell;' though containing some passages happy in thought and strong in expression, I do not think, either in respect to character, arrangement, or poetical beauty, that this play will quite reach the level of his existing reputation.

Cambridge, August 2nd.—Rose very early, and left town at six o'clock for Cambridge; took with me the *Literary Gazette;* had intended not to purchase a newspaper of the day, but to wait till my return for the account of last night's performance of 'Ion,' on which I could not subdue a certain amount of anxiety. The degree was manifest from the weakness of my purpose. The *Morning Herald* was offered at the coach windows, and I purchased it. The notice upon the tragedy seemed, with the wish to be kind, a gentle letting down of the whole affair. I spelled over the papers and, with the help of a little sleep, thus passed the time of my short journey. After establishing myself in rooms at the Bull Inn, I made my way to Mr. Denman's lodgings, where his mother received me, and gave me the convoy of a little girl to the theatre; here I found Mr. Denman, and was, after a loss of nearly two hours, severally introduced to his "co-mates and brothers" in folly, with whom I began the rehearsal. I was as civil as I could be, and prudently ordered my portmanteau from the inn; dined in my dressing-room, and had only time to array myself for the character of Virginius, when the play began. It went off better than I could have expected, and I was called for at the end, but shirked the coming, being anxious to betake myself early to bed. Although I had prepared myself against any start of passion, and felt myself "king of me," to quote the absurd expression of Dryden, yet as several blunders and inaccuracies fell out, I fell out with them. I must struggle, but fear it is a hopeless conflict. God help me! Mr. Denman begged me to accept a noted copy of Egerton's 'Theatrical Remembrancer,' which I could not refuse; he accom-

panied me to my inn, and wished to refund the fare to London which I had paid. I used very few words, but very kind and decisive ones, to convince him that I could not accept his intended civility. I inquired of him the occupations of his actors. The president of the club is a solicitor, which seems the aristocratic order of the club: I heard of no grade above it; an artist, an apothecary, stage-coachman, innkeeper, &c., make up the society, for which I took a journey, gave up my time and labour, and very much inconvenienced myself. Spoke to Mr. Denman on the unprofitableness of pursuing such a course, as likely to draw animadversions on himself, and interfere with his professed purpose of taking up a profession.

London, August 3rd.—Forster told me that Browning had fixed on Strafford for the subject of a tragedy; he could not have hit upon one that I could have more readily concurred in.

Elstree, August 5th.—Finished the perusal of 'Nina Sforza,' a play of very great merit, with which I was very much pleased, though it cannot be successful in representation. Person called to tune the piano. Read Heraud's other play of the 'Death of Nero;' an impossible subject, not treated in a manner to give hope of its success.

London, August 8th.—Sent Heraud's two tragedies, 'Conspiracy' and 'Fate of Nero,' to Mr. Osbaldiston with a note wishing to see him. Wrote a short letter to Wightwick of Plymouth, and inclosed a book of 'Ion,' second edition, to him, reclaiming that which I left with him. Was very tired and overcome by faint and drowsy feeling. Looked over stage clothes that require repairs. Went to Garrick Club.

Went to the Haymarket to see 'Ion;' it was tiresome and sleepy to a degree; over at 10 o'clock. Miss Tree's performance of Ion is a very pretty effort, and a very creditable woman's effort, but it is no more like a young man than a coat and waistcoat are. Vandenhoff was frequently very false and very tiresome; some things he did very well. The play was very drowsy, very unreal.

August 9th.—Sent Harding to the theatrical shoemaker; made up three plays in a parcel, with a note to Mr. Osbaldiston, and wrote a note to Mr. Dyer about the retention of my chambers for an additional quarter. Gave orders to the shoemaker, and thought a little on my affairs. I find the lesson of content is the happiest that can be taught, but is its existence compatible with that of ambition? I fear not. Saw the panorama of the Lago Maggiore, which called back the memory of sensations and feelings that made me melancholy in the conviction that they can never return; they were the delightful surprises of my youth. Saw also that of Lima, where I can almost fancy I have been; I have at least a clear idea of the kind of place it is.

Elstree, August 11th.—Walked round the garden before breakfast, my mind shaken as to the decision I had made to quit this place. If I intended or wished to continue on the stage for fifteen or

twenty years more, there could not be a moment's doubt on the propriety and policy of my course. I ought to go to London even, at a temporary pecuniary sacrifice, but as I hope to achieve my independence before that time, and give my energies to my children, I am perplexed in forming a decision. Wrote notes, after much deliberation and much discussion with my wife and sister, to Lardner and Wallace, to Sheil, Price, Bullers, and Warrens, inviting them to dine on Tuesday or Wednesday next; to Mr. Troughton, inquiring if he was the author to 'Nina Sforza.' Lay upon the grass and played with my children after dinner. A gentleman and lady called to see the house to-day, and seemed to think it might suit the friend for whom they looked over it. Wrote a letter of thanks to Dow for his two Yorkshire pigs. Heard the dear children their prayers, and showed them the 'Fridolin' of Retzsch. Marked for a country prompt-book 'The Provost of Bruges.'

August 12*th.* — Thought upon my prospects, and decided on letting this house only on the rent I pay for it; if unlet when starting for America, to let it at a loss. Read over with great attention Bulwer's play of 'Cromwell.' Received letters from him and Osbaldiston, who declines engaging Miss Huddart: he is a man of no forethought. Played with the children in the field. Marked nearly one half of a book of 'The Provost of Bruges.' Bulwer arrived with Forster; after dinner we discussed the subject of 'Cromwell.' Bulwer listened to the objections with great equanimity, and finally decided on delaying the publication, considering our respective suggestions as to the alteration of the plot, and recasting it. Catherine went early to bed. Bulwer decided on remaining the night.

August 13*th.*—Note from Mr. Troughton, claiming the authorship of 'Nina Sforza.' Bulwer and Forster left us after breakfast.

August 14*th.*—Received notes from Mrs. Buller, on the plea of ill-health, excusing C. Buller, and leaving Arthur's answer in doubt, upon our invitation for Wednesday; from Price, deferring his acceptance till a later period; and from the Ellises, accepting the Tuesday's invitation.

August 15*th.*—Looked through Coleridge's translation of 'Wallenstein' to see if it were possible to turn it to account in representation, but, though abounding with noble passages and beautiful scenes, it is spread over too much space to be contracted within reasonable dimensions.

August 17*th.*—After breakfast we arranged our Luton expedition, deciding, at their earnest request, on leaving Catherine and Letitia; and taking leave of the Ellises, we filled Mrs. Howarth's carriage and set out. I was indisposed to talk, but was amused with the company, the day, and the country. Visited the abbey of St. Alban's, and again admired its various specimens of architecture. Walked down to St. Michael's by a very pretty shaded path along

the river's brink (which constantly recalled to us some shady scene in Lombardy or the south of France) and met the carriage at the church. I went in quest of the key, and, returning, looked again on that *vera effigies* of Bacon, which while we look at, we become possessed with a sort of dreamy notion that the man is not altogether strange to us. We passed on to Luton through the long village of Harpenden, and, noticing the beauty of the porteress at the lodge, we proceeded to the shelter of some large trees, and there took our luncheon very merrily. Arrived at the house, we entered our names in the hall, in which are some beautiful cork models of the ruins at Rome, and went through the library and collection of pictures, with many of which I was extremely delighted.

Swansea, August 22nd.—Othello.

August 23rd.— Read, in the history of England, Cromwell's proceedings, in order to write to Bulwer about his play. Virginius.

August 24th.—Went to the rehearsal of 'The Provost of Bruges,' where I showed some ill-humour. The fact is I am angry with people for being very bad actors. It is very unreasonable in me, as they undoubtedly would be better if they only knew how—I must strive to get the better of this folly. After dinner pursued the history of Cromwell. It is only necessary to apply Hume's own principles and reasonings in one place to his sophisms in another to convict him of treason to truth—he could not be a good man, who strove to inculcate such false doctrines.

Went out to post my letters, and walked home in the "fair moonlight" by the quay; the scene was very sweet and mild. Read in Homer, Thetis with Jupiter. Continued Hume's History, and looked over 'Hamlet;' saw great scope for improvement.

August 28th.— Endeavoured to come to some decision with regard to the plot of Bulwer's play, but find it more difficult than I had supposed; on one point I am clear, that to make a play of Cromwell he must begin *de novo*, and be content to lose all he has already done; patchwork never is of value.

August 29th.—'Ion.' Began to read, with the hope of finding it adaptable, 'Marino Faliero.'

Tintern, August 30th.—Went to Tintern. Such visits do the mind positive good. Scenery like that which leads to this rare specimen of monastical architecture delights and entrances me; the inability to express our delight, the ever-changing effects of position or of light, make a confused and overflowing sort of pleasure in the mind that is exhilarating—I was going to say inebriating: it is very lovely, so sweet and rich, approaching to grandeur, but not reaching the sublime. The entrance to the abbey produces a complete change of emotion. I felt subdued, saddened, and softened by the surpassing beauty of the building, the bewildering and dazzling effect of the sort of tremulous light which glances in and up through the bay-windows of the building upon the columns and arches. The sight of this edifice was as

a talisman to evoke thoughts; speculative reflections on the tenants and founders of the pile; its actual connection with religion; fancies of the future; the use and end of life—what is it all worth?

Cheltenham, August 31st.—Came in coach to Cheltenham, which I reached comfortably and cheaply enough, and depositing my luggage at the Royal Hotel, went to the theatre. Whilst rehearsing 'Virginius,' the dresser who used to attend me at Bristol accosted me, and asked if he might wait upon me this evening. I, of course, said "Yes," and desired him to be at the theatre at five o'clock; asked him if he had settled here, he said "Yes;" that he did writing for attorneys, &c. Having finished the rehearsal, I went back to the Royal Hotel and dined.

Arranged to go in a fly to Tewkesbury after the play, and ordered my luggage to be taken to the theatre. My dresser was there, and he assisted the porter to bring the things up; in dressing I sent him out with my letters to post, and for some soap. While attending to me he mentioned that the theatre was a sad place, that Mr. Goldsmid had lost a handkerchief, whilst Mr. Goldsmid and himself were out of the room for one minute. I gave him my purse, and observed that my watch would be safe. He said, Oh, he would not go out of the room all night. The play went on, and I observed he was absent. To my surprise I found the small keys out of my purse on the table. I felt uncomfortable. He had got my watch, purse, ring, &c. I sent for him. Search was made everywhere. He was not to be found or heard of. I sent for Mr. Anderson, and begged him to send a policeman after him; a sort of bustle was made, a messenger sent to his lodgings —all in vain. It now came out that he was a very bad character, living with a common street-walker, and not earning his bread as he stated. He was gone. Policemen sent after him. No tidings. It quite sunk my spirits to lose these gifts and my money, which I valued least; still I rallied against it, and acted Virginius well, but I was quite moved when I came to miss my ring in dressing. Agreed to act Hamlet on Friday.

Bristol, September 3rd.—The inspector of police came to me about the things I had lost, and it seems the thief is in Bristol.

September 5th.—Thought upon my state of mind, correcting my angry passions, and tempering my mind to a cheerful and rational state. Looked over 'Bertulphe,' in which occupation I was interrupted by the visit of a police officer No. 9, who came to make inquiries respecting my stolen property. From him I learned that the thief had left Bristol; that he was a thief, known; that the property was in the city, and it was manifest that the police officer knew more about it than he chose to admit. He said that had Stevens entered in the police-book the letter he had received from Cheltenham, the thief would have been taken on Saturday morning. Thus is justice done! if I ever recover my property I must buy it back.

September 6th.—Employed my mind in thinking on Othello, and endeavouring to fix in my thoughts the manly and chivalrous character of the Moor. Read part of it as I sat at breakfast.

The policeman called again, and consumed some precious moments in dwelling on the duties of his office, but he recompensed my patience by telling me, if I made an appointment with the jeweller before the magistrate, I should have my ring again. I appointed a quarter before two, and went to the rehearsal of Othello, which I went through in a very superior style, most manly, fervid, and measured. Went to the police-office, and, after waiting some time, the purchaser of the ring arrived. We went, police with us, before the magistrates. The attention shown me was very particular; I was asked within the rails, and accommodated with a chair by the magistrates. The purchaser was called forward and gave his account (a lame one) of the thief's statement to him, and of his purchase. I stated the impossibility of my being at the sessions to prosecute (19th of October), and agreed to give the jeweller the price he gave for the ring, viz., 4*s*. I went out, saw the man, paid the money, and, telling the police that I would give a reward for the watch and seals, I very joyfully returned to my lodgings with the ring.

September 15th.—Read the sweet and tender parting of Hector and Andromache, and the departure of Hector and Paris to the field, in Homer. I remember, in Pope's translation, I received the impression that Hector chid Andromache for her sorrow, but in Homer it is to me all tenderness. Felt tired and lay down; slept longer than I wished. Read over Wolsey. Went to theatre and acted Cardinal Wolsey tolerably well, in parts very well. Looked at a little of the entertainment, and cannot wonder that people should prefer the repose, instruction, or amusement to be found around their own hearths to the ill-performed trash they too often listen to in our theatres.

September 16th.—Received a letter from Bulwer thanking me for my observation on Cromwell, and explaining his engagements with regard to 'La Vallière.' I answered him at once. Dined exceedingly moderately, on one mutton-chop, still felt very drowsy afterwards. Rested and read over 'Ion,' which I acted better than on either of the previous nights. Was rather disconcerted and very slightly dispirited on finding the house bad; but I resolved to use the occasion for study of my art and temper. In the first subject of my discipline I was not unsuccessful as regards 'Ion,' but my temper was overturned, destroyed, and lost by the apparent conspiracy of every one engaged in 'William Tell,' which was played as a second piece, to forget their duty. If not so very provoking, it would have been curious to see the general system of blunder, from the prompter to the carpenters. I quite lost all command of myself, and suffered torture in doing so.

September 17th.—Going to the theatre, found nothing prepared for the rehearsal, and would not proceed with it until some means

were used to possess the performers with a slight knowledge of what they were to do. We waited an hour for the property man and for the leader of the band; then one of the actors went away, who was also sent for. At last I rehearsed the part of Melantius, which is too monotonous in its character to be a great part. Here is £150 lost, paid for three of its scenes to Mr. S. Knowles, besides my own time.

Shrewsbury, September 26th.—Ion. *27th.*—Virginius.

September 28th.—William Tell. Went over with care the dagger soliloquy of Macbeth, which I think I can improve, and I feel I must (as this is the only profession by which I have a chance of earning my own independence and my children's education) give my mind diligently to it.

Went to rehearsal. How exceedingly distasteful to me is the character of William Tell! I cannot throw myself into it now.

Acted William Tell to an indifferent house but indifferently. How much I wish that all tyrants were like the Gesler of this evening, and then mankind would rise *en masse* and smother them. I never saw his fellow—Termagaunt and Herod were fools and innocents to him—and he enjoyed it. I envied him the relish he had for his own grimacings and intonations. Happy being!

In thinking upon the very little I do in life beyond attending to my profession, and to that I cannot give much attention out of the theatre, I was surprised to find that in these country engagements, where I have usually a daily rehearsal, the time that is consumed in the theatre, rehearsing and acting, is very rarely, if ever, less than eight hours! This does not leave much time or spirits for other labours.

September 29th.—Macbeth.

Worcester, October 1st.—Ion.

Elstree, October 2nd.—Anticipated the call of the servant, and was down to breakfast, and took my departure by the six o'clock coach; found Mr. Anfossi, the double-bass player, my companion; we talked over music meetings; Malibran, her predecessors in opera; Tramezzani, who went mad from his failure in Paris—something for very harsh critics to pause upon; and Ambrogetti, who has become a Trappist! I slept occasionally, and went over to myself the character of Werner, endeavouring to guard against monotony and tameness, and above all to set myself above impatience and ill-temper.

London (Covent Garden), October 3rd.—Macbeth. *5th.*—Werner.

October 6th.—Tried to read King John, but if one has not made oneself master of a character before the day of performance, it is not then to be done: all is chance, and raw, and wild—not artistic-like.

Acted King John in a style very much beneath myself—no identity, no absorbing feeling of character; the house was great, and at the close (my dying scene was the best) there were calls for Kemble and myself; we went on together. I do not fancy these duets.

October 10*th*.—An application for relief from Mr. Y——, an indifferent actor and not a good man. He strove to run his sword into my father on the stage at Manchester, and when my father asked him why he was so violent, he said, "Because you struck me, sir!" which, in the character of Cassio, my father had to do. I gave him what I ought not to have given him.

Went to theatre. Acted Macbeth as badly as I acted well on Monday last. The gallery was noisy, but that is no excuse for me; I could not feel myself in the part. I was labouring to play Macbeth: on Monday last I was Macbeth.

Elstree, *October* 15*th*.—Rose late, and canvassed with my counsel of the home department the best mode of arrangement in inviting Mr. Forrest to our home. Wrote a note of invitation to him.

London, *October* 17*th*.—Note from Notter, the box-office keeper, informing me of what I saw in the *Times*, viz., that the *Doncaster*, from the Mauritius, had been lost off the reef of Capé Agulhas, and every soul on board perished. Among the various articles washed on shore with the dead bodies was the lid of a box directed to W. Macready, Esq., Elstree, Herts. Something from John Twiss. What a fate for those lost, and for those who have lost them!

Heraud called, and I was delayed by a son of poor Conway, who called to ask me to make some inquiry after his father's property (I fear to no purpose), and also if I could assist him in his views of going on the stage, for which he was about to relinquish very good prospects—so infatuated was he. I read him a very long lecture, and tried to convince him of his folly. He left me, I fear, unpersuaded. Price told me he was in great alarm for the success of the 'Gladiator,' in which Mr. Forrest is to appear this evening. I told him that Bartley had said it would do.

Dow called, and brought me the news of the Drury Lane representation, viz., that Mr. Forrest had quite succeeded, and that the play had been as completely damned. His opinion was that he was a very good actor, but he did not think him a great one. I cannot of course have, as yet, any opinion; but this I know, that when I saw him nine years ago he had everything within himself to make a very great actor.

October 21*st*.—Went to rehearsal, where I was depressed by finding myself not possessed with the character of Othello, and annoyed by the carelessness of the people about the arrangement of the last scene. Oh, what a change has taken place in this theatre! I remember it offering accommodation to the actor in every particular, and now it is a dirty desert except before the curtain, which perhaps may be looked on as a reproof to my complaint.

October 25*th*.—At the theatre there was a violent disturbance from the overcrowded state of the pit; the audience demanded that the money should be returned: the play could not be heard. Charles Kemble went forward, addressed the audience, spoke to Mr. Wallack—but by merely temporising he effected nothing.

The first scene ended in dumb show. Mr. H. Wallack went forward in the next scene, but his speech was shuffling, evasive—anything but an answer to the downright demand of "Return the money!" The audience would not allow the play to proceed, and at last, after speaking to Mr. Vandenhoff, I went forward. I said, "Under the circumstances of peculiar inconvenience from which so many seemed to be suffering, I scarcely knew what to say, and that if I should say anything that might appear to give offence either to them or the management, I hoped I should stand excused; but as the only means of remedying the present inconvenience and relieving both those who were desirous of going and those who wished to remain, if the ladies or gentlemen who could not obtain room would require their money from the door-keeper, and tell him to charge it to my account, I should be most happy to be responsible for it." The whole house cheered very enthusiastically, and like the sea under the word of Neptune, the waves were instantly stilled.

Elstree, Sunday, October 30th.—Whilst I was dressing Messrs. Forrest, J. Price, and Jones arrived. We talked in the drawing-room, with Browning and Dow, till the arrival of Talfourd and Mr. T. R. Price and White. Introduced all to Forrest. Asked him to take Mrs. Macready down. Spent an agreeable and cheerful afternoon.

London, November 2nd.—Read Bulwer's play of the 'Duchess of La Vallière' in Mr. Osbaldiston's room. The actors and actresses were, or seemed to be, very much pleased with the play, but I cannot put much confidence in them.

November 3rd.—Called on Miss Martineau, who told me of many friends she had seen in the United States, and of her intended book upon the country. She liked Clay the best of the American statesmen. She is a very zealous Abolitionist, but, I think, has got some illusive notions on the actual state of opinion on that perplexing question. She spoke in the warmest terms of Mrs. Butler; her qualities of head and heart.

November 17th.—Went with Forster to Colnaghi's, and spoke to him about the costumes for Bragelone, which he promised to send me. Called at Gass's and paid £31 10s. for Miss E. Tree's present, ordered seals, and looked for, without choosing, some ornament to give to Talfourd, in remembrance of his advocacy of my cause.

November 18th.—Acted Brutus with more self-possession than on the first night, and learned some things in the performance. It is one of those characters that require peculiar care, which only repetition can give, but it never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see represented. I am pleased to hear that every paper noticed the Senate scene, which I induced Mr. Osbaldiston to have.

November 19th.—Browning came with Dow to bring me his tragedy of 'Strafford;' the fourth act was incomplete. I requested

him to write in the plot of what was deficient. Dow drove me to the Garrick Club, while Browning wrote out the story of the omitted parts. I found remaining of the party of eighteen who sat down to the dinner given to Mr. Forrest—himself, Talfourd (in the chair), Mr. Blood opposite, S. Price, C. Kemble, W. Jones, Zachary (!), Dance, Murphy, Raymond, and three others unknown. I greeted Forrest, and told him I was anxious to be among his hosts: Talfourd mentioned that my health had been drunk very cordially, but repeated it in my presence. I was drunk to, and briefly stated that "The attention was unexpected; that I came to pay, not to receive, a compliment; and could assure my highly-talented friend, if so, that no one extended the hands of welcome to him more fervently or sincerely than myself, in doing which I only endeavoured to repay a small part of the debt of gratitude which had been heaped on me by the kindness of his countrymen," &c. C. Kemble wished that we should take wine together, which we did. Browning and Dow soon summoned me, and I received the MS., started in a cab to Kilburn, where I found a chaise, *vice* fly, waiting for me. I bought a couple of cigars, and smoked to Edgware. Got comfortably to Elstree, and found, thank God, all in tolerable health.

November 26th.—Went to Talfourd's. Met Kenyon, whom I much like, White, Lane, and some agreeable men. Found on my return to chambers a note from a Mr. Milford, asking my autograph. Talfourd had mentioned his intention of making a book of the autographs of the distinguished persons from whom he had received letters on his 'Ion'—a most interesting collection, and what a treasure to the child who inherits it!

Elstree, November 27th.—Dr. Elliotson arrived. Saw and prescribed for Letitia; he took tea with us. I liked him very much. He talked of Dr. Gregory, the homœopathic system, of which he expressed the absurdity, and other subjects very agreeably. I gave him a cheque for twelve guineas, which I hope was right, thanked him, and he left us greatly relieved by his visit.

London, December 1st.—Acted Virginius as well as my temper and the state of the play would let me. Mr. Osbaldiston would not suffer the supernumeraries to be rehearsed on account of the expense, 15*s.*! Called for and went on with no pleasure. Dow came into my room and told me my orders were stopped! I had over-written myself.

December 2nd.—Lay very late—uneasy, unhappy; my spirits in the lowest depth: no cheering prospect before me; sickness at my home, neglect and labour here. Life is indeed "as tedious as a twice-told tale." What are we sent for here without the power of acting up to good intentions, of improving our minds, or of elevating our conditions? Such surely is my case. My days flow by, and are bearing me to my grave the same worthless, sinful, wretched being that I have ever been—perhaps even worse than I have ever been.

December 7th.—Went to rehearsal of 'La Vallière.' Mrs. Glover observed to me, hoping I should not be offended at the observation, that she had never seen such an improvement in any person as in myself lately. I told her I was extremely gratified to hear her say so, since every art needed study, and was progressive in its course towards perfection. Rehearsed Bragelone.

December 13th.—M —— of Drury Lane called, wishing to ask my advice upon his present state, which is that of an insolvent in danger of arrest, and with a reduced salary unable to support his family. I told him that his scheme of a benefit was quite visionary and impracticable; but that if he wished me to speak to Mr. Osbaldiston for him I would do so, and should he engage him I would lend him £40 (the amount for which he is embarrassed), to be repaid me at £1 per week. He expressed himself very grateful to me for this suggestion, and left.

Read some odes of Catullus, some notes of Lord Byron's, some pages of 'The Giaour.' Wrote to Edward and made up a copy of 'La Vallière' with the letter to him. Wrote to Catherine and to H. Smith. Read over the part of Bragelone and the early part of 'Othello.'

Elstree, December 23rd.—Mr. Pope called and pronounced Letitia much better. Went over Bragelone, after telling two stories to my children and hearing their prayers. Began to read a new book of instruction in arithmetic, by which I learnt the meaning of what, as a boy, I had repeatedly galloped through by dint of quickness, but without ever understanding what I was doing; and this is often the case with what is termed education. I was very much pleased with the book.

London, December 27th.—I lingered away my morning with Letitia and the children, and at the fixed hour set out with Catherine, Willie, and the footman in the old carriage. It is the last time we shall ever ride in it, and I feel all the regret of parting with an old friend and companion; how many happy hours have I passed in it!—at one time, when I had no home, it felt like a home to me. It has served me now thirteen years—to-morrow I part with it. It has so often been the witness of my sorrows and my joys, that I almost feel a superstitious grief at parting with it. I know how childish this is. But——

December 28th.—Called at Johnson and Allen's, where I saw our new carriage and gave orders for horses to it, desiring Mr. Johnson to call and be paid. Paid Mr. Johnson £100 for the carriage. Placed dearest Catherine and Willie in it, with my secret wishes that they might long enjoy it.

1837.

[Sentences at beginning of Diary :]

"The discretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression."

"Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory."

"A furious man cannot be justified, for the sway of his fury shall be his destruction."

"A patient man will bear for a time, and afterwards joy will spring up to him."

January 2nd.—Acted Lord Hastings very, very ill indeed, in the worst possible taste and style. I really am ashamed to think of it; the audience applauded, but I deserve some reprobation. I have no right to trifle with any, the least important, character; whatever is good enough to play is good enough to play well, and I could have acted this character very well if I had prepared myself as I should have done. Without study I can do nothing. I am worse than a common nightly drudge.

January 3rd.—Before I rose thought over some scenes of Bragelone; saw Mr. Brewster and arranged my coiffure with him. Griffiths called also about my dress. Went to theatre, found they had begun before the appointed time. Rehearsed Bragelone; suggested some improvements in the arrangements of the last scene. Tried on and settled my dress. Bulwer and Forster were there. Bulwer liked what I did; but authors are no judges of the performance of their own plays. The rehearsal was not over till past 4 o'clock.

January 4th.—Received, in a note from Forster, an invitation to supper from Lady Blessington. Acted Bragelone well, with earnestness and freshness; some passages were deficient in polish. Being called for, I did not choose to go on without Miss Faucit, whom I led forward. The applause was fervent, but there had been considerable impatience manifested through the play, which did not end until 11 o'clock! Dow, Fitzgerald, Browning, Talfourd and his son Frank, C. Buller, came into my room; they all seemed to think much of my performance. Bulwer came in when they had gone, and in the most energetic and ardent manner thanked me for my performance, and for making him cut out the first scene of the fifth act, which I had done. Mr. Standish took Forster and myself to Lady Blessington's; Count D'Orsay and herself received me most warmly. Bulwer drove me home; all his talk was 'La Vallière.'

January 7th.—Browning called, and we talked about 'La

Vallière,' &c.; he gave me an interesting lithographic print of Richard from some old tapestry. Took an omnibus to the city, called on Mr. Harris, went with his son to the bank, where I sold out £900 Three per Cent. Consols, and returned; went to H. Smith, with whom I had some conversation, and who entered me in the venture on a cargo of cinnamon to the amount of £500.

January 10th.—Bulwer took Forster and myself in his cab to the Albion, Aldersgate Street, where the Garrick Club gave their complimentary dinner to C. Kemble. I was beckoned soon to the cross-table, and taken there by Captain Williams and placed between Sir G. Warrender and Standish. Sir G. Warrender introduced me to the Chairman, Lord Francis Egerton. Captain W. had come to me twice or three times, to ask me to return thanks when "The stage and its professors" was drunk. I declined, but saw at last that I had no power of retreat. The toast was given by Mr. S. Price. I replied, first, to him—in reference to his allusion to the American stage—expressing the cordial feeling that all actors felt towards that country who had visited it, and of my own particular attachment to it; that the toast which had been given, in referring to what we possessed, made us more strongly feel what we had to deplore; that the sentiment of regret was universal among the members of the profession at the loss of our guest, and that no one was more sorry to lose his companionship than myself when I reflected how, in "many a well-fought field, we had kept together in our chivalry;" that I was only expressing the general feeling of the professors of the art in congratulating him upon and lamenting his retirement, and that I only uttered their wishes in my desire for every joy, every good, that the remainder of his life could give him.

January 18th.—Forster inquired of me if I were willing to undertake an edition of Shakespeare. I said that I should like the task, and had thought of it, but that I could not venture on the attempt whilst occupied with my profession. He said Moxon was the person who wished it, and that he would speak of it as a thing for my hours of retirement.

Met Miss Stephens. We talked very cordially, she asking me why I did not sometimes call as I passed, and observing that she had never been so happy as when she was on the stage. Ah, me! how much I wish I had her means of being free from it!

January 22nd.—A little before 5 o'clock I was awoke with a very torturing pain at my heart, which only just allowed me to draw my breath; I raised myself in bed, and strove to bear it, but after an ineffectual effort was forced to get up. I walked about, but the agony of the pain was intense. I went into the sitting-room, and after waiting a short time, finding the anguish of the part increase, and my strength diminishing in consequence, I rang the bell; old Freeman came up, and I requested him to call up the servant, light my fire, and send instantly for Healy. I returned to my bed, and from the continued suffering, thought that death

was not far distant; indeed that I might possibly die before Earle could reach me. I accused my negligent procrastination in not having sent for him yesterday, but submitted myself to the will of God, thinking over how very much I had to be thankful for in my wife and children, calculating what I had to leave them, and in whom to repose the trust of taking care of their property. The pain wearied down to a milder form when drawing a very low breath, and so continued till H. Earle came; he examined the whole region of the heart; applied the stethoscope and decided that the heart was tranquil, the membrane near it being affected by rheumatism. He prescribed, and said he did not think it likely that I could play to-morrow. I requested Catherine to write this to Mr. Osbaldiston, which she did. A mustard poultice gave me considerable relief; H. Earle called again about 2 o'clock, and spoke decisively upon the danger of any attempt to play to-morrow. Catherine wrote again on this point to Osbaldiston, mentioning my hope that I should be able to act Richard on Thursday. I humbly and devoutly thank God for all His mercies, and particularly for the amended state of feeling in which I retire to my bed, when this morning I did not know how soon I might quit life and all that makes it dear. I humbly and fervently pray for His blessing on my beloved wife and children.

January 23rd.—It is an extraordinary coincidence that some ill-fortune always seems to attend my announcement in 'King Richard III.' About three years since I was attacked with pleurisy at Nottingham, when coming up to perform it. Last year I broke out in folly on the same occasion; and now I lose a week's salary, the cost of my dress and expenses, much trouble, and not a little suffering. But God's will be done.

Elstree, January 24th.—A letter from Mr. B——, of Drury Lane Theatre, requesting my interest with Talfourd in an application to the Recorder and to the Secretary of State on the approaching trial of his wife for felony! She is to be tried next Monday; from long indulgence in habits of drunkenness she has been led to the perpetration of various felonious acts, and at last her husband allows her to go to trial in hope that confinement in the Penitentiary may reclaim and restore her to her family and friends.

Merciful Heaven!—to what does our weakness and guilt subject us! I recollect this creature—young and lovely and intelligent—and now! I was deeply afflicted by the application to me, thinking on the infirmities and liabilities of human nature. It is not mine as a disciple of Christ to condemn. I can only follow the dictates of compassion.

Dublin, February 14th.—Calcraft called to tell me that Mr. C——, the representative of Macduff last night, had been hissed so very much that it would be impossible to continue him in those characters for which he had cast him in my plays, and he wished to consult me on his course, premising that he had sent the prompter to apprise him of the impossibility of permitting him to

retain the character. He talked much as he always does, and alluded to his "friendship" for me, which of course passed unnoticed by me. I told him that nothing could be suggested until he ascertained the tone which Mr. C—— would take in the matter. He showed me a newspaper which, speaking of some part of my Macbeth, pronounced Mr C.—— an excellent Macduff, bringing to the character all the, &c., &c. Is not this enough to sicken an artist who labours to discover and present truth?

February 18th.—Went in a coach to the theatre; felt very weak indeed; the house was very bad. Lord Mulgrave came in about the second act. I played Werner with great care, with much force and taste. I did not quite realise my intentions in the second act, but when I am well and master of myself I will greatly increase its effect. Mr. Ole Bull, who had been *ravi*, wished to be introduced to me. Felt stronger after the play how very strange!

February 19th.—Read some chapters in 'Candide;' the reason and wit in them makes me deplore the coarseness and bestiality that deforms the work. Read aloud the 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso'——charming, delicious melodies; some passages in the last book of 'Paradise Lost' and some in last part of 'Paradise Regained;' also the conclusion of Thomson's 'Winter.' Took some exercise, and practised part of Brutus, second act. Read Milton's version of eight psalms, and his grand ode on the Nativity of our Saviour.

February 20th.—Went to the theatre. Was resolved to make some effort to act William Tell (which I detest) in a manly, natural, and impressive manner, carefully avoiding the tendency to falsetto tones, to weakness of character, or melodramatic action and deportment. I began remarkably well the address to the mountains, and the whole scene at Grütli was unexceptionable. The second act was good, but as the play advanced some abominable half-drunken ruffians were shouting "Hear" and "Bravo" at every striking effect, and almost quelled me, and certainly cast a gloom on the house, which was disconcerted and disturbed by their interruptions. I lost my patience, by which I got nothing. Lord and Lady Mulgrave were at the theatre again to-night.

February 22nd.—We acted 'Bertulphe' to a miserable house, not in a style satisfactory to me. I was utterly without support. It is impossible to "do battle" here; the sinews of war are like scorched flax. I was affected by the inefficiency round me, but I made the best rally I could; still, much cannot be said for it, it was scarcely a saving game.

February 24th.—Went to the rehearsal of 'Julius Cæsar,' which will be a very tedious affair indeed.

Returning to lodgings, I resumed the 'Hecyra,' and became so much interested in it, that I read until the twilight made me lay the small print aside. In the morning I had read some pages of Greek Grammar. Note of invitation from Colonel D'Aguilar for Friday next, which I answered in acceptance.

February 25th.—Walked a little way up the road, and, returning to my lodgings, read the passage in Homer of Neptune's and Juno's conversation on rescuing Æneas from Achilles. There is surely something very remarkable in the prophetic words of Neptune. What was the real history of Æneas? Finished the 'Hecyra' of Terence, with many parts of which, breathing the most exquisite tenderness and displaying the most refined feeling, as well as those sparkling with passion, humour, and character, I have been greatly delighted. Read the charming tale of '*A celui qui console*,' and the chapter of '*Poco-curante*' in Voltaire, and lay down to rest; slept till time to go to the theatre. Acted Bertulphe with effort and devoid of ease, miserably surrounded, not supported (still I must not seek excuses for myself), wanted *aplomb*, collectedness, natural flow of passion. At my lodgings read with great interest the conclusion of the debate on the Irish Municipal Bill, with Sheil's splendid speech. Let those who think little of the advantages of labour look at the result of that man's application. Like Demosthenes, he was hissed at the Catholic Association when in its infant state, and is now the most eloquent man in the Imperial Parliament. On one occasion that he was hissed he extorted the applause of his assailants by observing to them: "You may hiss, but you cannot sting!"

February 26th.—Read some pages in Greek Grammar, and some in Homer, the struggle round the body of Patroclus. The criticism is very descriptive that says Homer makes his men gods and his gods men, but it should be added, a very indifferent set of men. How judiciously has he made Menelaus "Μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής," for had he been otherwise, the force of his wrongs must have pressed him into the foremost place.

Read the two odes of Horace to Neobule and to Fons Bandusiæ, which is graphic; one sees the warm and transparent tints of Claude in it, and hears the silver sound of the leaping rill—it is charming. Read two fables of La Fontaine. After dinner indulged myself with several chapters of 'Tom Jones.' I can only believe, when I read Fielding, that persons speak in utter ignorance of his wit, humour, profound thought, satire, and truth of character when they set Scott above him, or even compare the two writers. Read over the part of Ion, and afterwards that of Brutus.

March 2nd.—Acted Hamlet in a very, very superior manner, to such a house as I have rarely, if ever, seen in Dublin before. There did not appear to be more than ten pounds in it. I was not well, but I was resolved to show in the first place that the performance did not merit such utter neglect; and in the second place I thought it best so far to profit by the occasion as to use the night for study. Much of the play I acted in my very best manner—the soliloquy of the second act and the whole of the fifth I never acted so well. It is very hard that this character, which is decidedly the most finished of any I represent, should be so neglected through the ignorance of those who have decried me in it.

March 3rd.—To-day I am forty-four years of age. Before I left my bed I gave my mind to long and earnest reflection on the occurrences of my past life—on the unhappiness which, in my portion of good and ill, had fallen to my lot, and of its cause. Most of it is to be traced to myself, to my own violent passions, to the want of self-direction and command under events which seemed at war with my interests or feelings. The necessity of renewing and increasing my efforts to subdue my will; to bring my irritable will under the strong curb of reason; to think less of myself in relation to others; to extirpate the envious and vindictive feelings which still lurk within my disposition; the indispensable necessity of thus regenerating my mind—if I am to hope for the mercy of Almighty God, if I am to afford an example which may teach and form my children, if I am to know the blessing of a tranquil state of being—appeared clearly and palpably to me.

Prayed to God to confirm me in my good resolves, and rose with a lighter heart than I have felt these many days.

Went to dine at Colonel D'Aguilar's, met Major Hankey, the principal amateur performer here, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan and her niece, Miss Clarke, Miss Hopkins, and Frank Sheridan.

The conversation was lively and diversified. Colonel D'Aguilar mentioned an anecdote of Sir Sidney Smith, as an instance of his great but harmless egotism. Having minutely narrated the circumstances of his escape from the Temple, and upon Colonel D'Aguilar's expression of his gratification at the great interest of the relation, he significantly put the question: "Did you ever hear me tell it in French?" "No," replied D'Aguilar. "Then I'll tell it you," which he did, fact for fact, only varying the language.

March 11th.—Agreed with Calcraft on the mode of settling the amount due: having remitted £82 and lost by illness £58, and having received £20, there is due £420. He engages to give me £120 cash, and bills within two months for the remaining £300, "Which," he says, "shall be paid."

Acted the tragedy scene of Puff in 'The Critic' very well for the last time that I ever will appear in that part—it is *infra dig.* During this engagement I have never once been before the curtain at the end of the play; this is curious, taken in connection with its general ill-success.

Elstree, March 18th.—Received a note from Forster, appointing Monday for the visit of himself and Browning about 'Strafford.' I answered him, assenting to his proposal. Walked out with the children through Aldenham Park and the wood. Read before dinner a few pages of 'Paracelsus,' which raises my wonder the more I read it. Sat with the children, narrating stories to them. Looked over two plays which it was not possible to read, hardly as I tried. They are utter trash, and it is really trying to one's patience to lose so much time over such worthless, hopeless stuff; I cannot longer afford the time. Read some scenes in 'Strafford,' which restore one to the world of sense and feeling once again.

March 19th.—In talking after breakfast, fell into the discussion of the propriety of removing or remaining in this house. The necessity of settling this important question induced me to investigate, in my best ability, the probable expenses of each course: whether to let this house at a low rent, so as to insure its occupation, and live in London, or to take a furnished house for the winter months and retain this as a summer residence?

I dare not risk my children's health by limiting their exercise in a close house in London after being habituated to the freedom and pure air of the garden and fields. If we went to town I must have a house with some ground about it, and being obliged to see some company, it could not be a very cheap one. I should be uncomfortable, uneasy, if I were obliged to shut up my children in town. Besides these scruples, the uncertainty of my destiny, viz., whether I may or may not be engaged in London the next or the following winter, whether in another year or two I may not (as is very probable) be forced to go to America, makes me hesitate in venturing on the expense of another lease.

I compute my present expenses attendant upon my mode of residence thus:

	£
Rent	111
Chambers	122
Journeys, self	42

If I should take a furnished house in town, let my land here, dispose of my animals, dispense with an outdoor servant, my expenses would stand thus:

	£
Rent	93
Extra expense	30
Carriage, goods	10
„ of self	5
House in town	105

If I should let this place at a low rent, and take a house on lease, independent of my responsibilities, I calculate my expenses at:

	£	s.
Rent, house in town	130	0
Residue of Elstree rent	42	15
Extras	30	0
Expense of removal and new furniture, divided into seven years	45	0
Change of air for children	50	0

If we sailed for America in three years, the expense of removal, &c., would, divided among our year of residence, exceed £100 per annum. I have therefore decided on what appears to me the safest and, under the circumstances, the cheapest plan, viz., to take a moderate house in town for the winter months, let our

land, &c., here, and endeavour to circumscribe our outgoings. If we can reduce our expenditure in this place, as I hope, we shall do well, and even if it does not exceed our present disbursement, I shall economise my time greatly, and be much more with my family.

The day flew by in talking over, calculating, and musing on this important and harassing subject. Read 'Strafford' in the evening, which I fear is too historical; it is the policy of the man, and its consequence upon him—not the heart, temper, feelings, that work on this policy, which Browning has portrayed—and how admirably! Read prayers to the family. Again took up calculations, and went through every item of last year's expenditure, classing the particulars, in order to see where the great waste might be—which employment kept me up till 1 o'clock.

London, March 28th.—'Othello.' Sent private box, with a hasty note, to Miss Martineau.

A youth called to know if I taught elocution, and on my information he went off very abruptly. Dow called, and did not remain very long. Used the little time left me by these ill-timed visitors in reading part of Othello—for which I was totally unprepared. Went to the theatre and resolved to do my best: my reception encouraged me, and I made the best I could of my raw and uncertain notion. I spoke the address to the Senate particularly well; thought of an improvement in its conclusion, and also another in cashiering Cassio. I made the best effort in my power under the circumstances, but it was a crude, unpolished performance; the audience persisted in calling for me, and I went on at last.

March 30th.—Brewster called so late to cut my hair and try King Richard's coiffure, that I was obliged to send an excuse for my want of punctuality to Mr. Osbaldiston.

I went to the theatre soon afterwards, and read to Mr. Osbaldiston the play of 'Strafford;' he caught at it with avidity, agreed to produce it without delay on his part, and to give the author £12 per night for twenty-five nights, and £10 per night for ten nights beyond. He also promised to offer Mr. Elton an engagement, to strengthen the play.

April 4th.—Browning called in with alterations, &c.; sat and talked whilst I dined. A young gentleman came in, who spoke with a foreign accent, and, on speaking to him in French, he replied in the same language, telling me he was a Greek—that he was an enthusiastic lover of the drama, and such an admirer of mine, that he called to request my autograph in his album. I introduced Browning to him as a great tragic poet, and he added his name. The youth told us that he was setting off for Athens directly. He was an interesting, lively person.

April 18th.—In thinking this morning upon my own advancement in public opinion, and its many disadvantages and impediments, the truth passed convincingly on my mind, that no labour is

thrown away; PATIENCE—that great virtue, that true philosophy, that alleviation of all toil and care—and industry are sure of their reward: it is the impatience of obscurity, the immature anxiety for reward and distinction, that makes empirics.

April 20th.—Thinking long on the necessity of continual study and practice to give finish to my representations. Shakespeare's characters are living, historical portraits of minds, the actions are merely results of the individual dispositions; in other authors it is by actions that some phase of mind is attempted to be made conspicuous.

April 21st.—Came to town by *Bryant*, reading Catullus, and an elegy of Tibullus. It is vexatious to be obliged to turn away from so many of the poems of the former writer, who expresses with blended heartiness and elegance thoughts and feelings with which all time will sympathise.

April 26th.—Sold our Alderney cow for £12.

Acted Macbeth in many parts extremely well to an audience who appeared collected purposely to see me in the part. Much of it I really did well; deportment, countenance, energy, and reality were all called for, and most enthusiastically received.

April 27th.—Gave the evening to the perusal and study of 'Strafford.'

April 28th.—Thought over some scenes of 'Strafford' before I rose, and went out very soon to the rehearsal of it. There is no chance in my opinion for the play but in the acting, which by possibility might carry it to the end without disapprobation; but that the curtain can fall without considerable opposition, I cannot venture to anticipate under the most advantageous circumstances.

In all the historical plays of Shakespeare, the great poet has only introduced such events as act on the individuals concerned, and of which they are themselves a part; the persons are all in direct relation to each other, and the facts are present to the audience. But in Browning's play we have a long scene of passion—upon what? A plan destroyed, by whom or for what we know not, and a parliament dissolved, which merely seems to inconvenience Strafford in his arrangements.

April 29th.—Brewster called with my wig for Strafford.

A year ago I was hurried into the intemperate and frenzied act of striking Mr. Bunn. My sufferings from compunction have been very great, not perhaps more than my folly has deserved; but I pray to God that I may never again so far forget what is due to His laws, to myself, and to society.

May 1st.—Called at the box-office about the boxes and places for which I had been applied to. Rehearsed Strafford. Was gratified with the extreme delight Browning testified at the rehearsal of my part, which he said was to him a full recompense for having written the play, inasmuch as he had seen his utmost hopes of character perfectly embodied.

Read Strafford in bed, and acted it as well as I could under the

nervous sensations that I experienced. Edward and Henry Bulwer, Fitzgerald, Talfourd, Forster, Dow, Browning (who brought his father to shake hands with me) and Jerdan came into my room.

Elstree, May 6th.—Was happy to walk in the garden once again, to feel the soft freshness of the air, and listen to the music of the birds around me. Looked at my accounts, and entered some arrears of record. Walked out with the dear children, Nina and Willie, round by Stanmore Common; was rather tired, which shows I am not very strong. The country and every object in it was pleasant to my sight and heart. Heard my dear babes their prayers and hymns. Wrote answers to the letters of Messrs. Bradshaw and Knight, the first wishing me to read a play of his called 'Cromwell' ("Use lenity, sweet chuck"), the other wanting me to revive 'The Tempest.'

May 7th.—A letter from Ransom acknowledging £118 7*s.* 3*d.*, the proceeds of my benefit.

London, May 18th.—Acted Posthumus in a most discreditable manner, undigested, unstudied. Oh, it was most culpable to hazard so my reputation! I was ashamed of myself; I trust I shall never so commit myself again. The audience applauded, but they knew not what they did; they called for me with Miss Faucit. I refused to go on, until I found it necessary to go in order to hand on the lady. They then called for Mr. Elton, and he went on.

May 20th.—Webster told me he had taken the Haymarket, and proposed an engagement to me, settling to call on me in the morning.

May 21st.—Mr. Webster and I talked over the engagement he had spoken of last night. I dissuaded him from it in the strongest manner, fearing its success, and more than half wishing not to go. I asked high terms, which he tried in vain to make me moderate.

Went to dine with Bulwer, with whom I met Fonblanque, Auldjo, Count D'Orsay, Fred Reynolds, Mill, and Trelawney, and some other persons. It was a very pleasant day. His house is fitted up in the best taste, and he is well learned in the *savoir vivre*. From thence I went to Mrs. Leicester Stanhope's, where I saw a crowd, and remained but a short time.

May 23rd.—Webster came into my room, and after a long conversation upon the bargain, it was concluded. For two months at the Haymarket Theatre, £20 per night, at three nights per week, the first fortnight; to return £10 per night the third week if 'The Bridal' be produced, for which I am to receive £12 per night additional; during its run to throw in an additional night per week, or, if it fails, to be liable to be called on for a fourth night, extra work at £10 per night. Acted Posthumus.

May 28th.—Left dear home in the carriage a little after six, and reached Lady Blessington's about a quarter before eight. Found there Fonblanque, Bulwer, Trelawney, Procter, Auldjo, Forster, Lord Canterbury, Fred Reynolds, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie,

Kenny, a young Manners Sutton, Count D'Orsay, and some unknown. I passed an agreeable day, had a long and interesting conversation in the drawing-room (what an elegant and splendid room it is!) with D'Orsay on pictures.

Elstree, June 1st.—Took out Catherine and the children in the carriage. Drove to Pinner Wood, and went through the ground, looking again at scenes where I spent some very happy hours, and where the quiet of its beauty enabled me to hear the voice within that warned me to subdue my restless passions, and strive to improve my mind and heart. I have striven, but, God knows, not as I should have done. Still His mercy has been over me, and humbly do I pray for its continuance, and that of His divine bounty.

June 3rd.—A person, calling himself Mr. Monteagle, of good property, wished to know what I should require for instructing him so completely as to bring him not exactly up to my own degree of talent, but very near it. I told him I would pay very willingly to be taught, if any one could teach. I civilly dismissed him, after enduring the bore for some time.

Acted Othello pretty well—unequally, but some parts, in the third act particularly, forcibly. Was called for at the end of the play and well received. Thus ended my Covent Garden engagement, which, thank God, has been profitable and agreeable to me. God be praised!

Elstree, June 5th.—Called on Miss Martineau—on the arrival of the carriage drove her home, talking the whole way. After dinner heard the dear children's prayers, and, with the exception of one walk round the garden, talked away the whole evening. The only subject on which I did not cordially agree with this fine-minded woman, and on which I do not clearly understand her, is her advocacy of the restoration of the rights of women. I do not see what she would have in point of political power, nor for what.

London, June 11th.—Received a list of Charles Kemble's wardrobe, to be sold on Thursday. Cast the tragedy of the 'Bridal.' Acted Ion at the Haymarket.

June 15th.—Called on Mrs. Reynolds, and went with her to look at a house, North Crescent, Alfred Place, which was very cheap, but also very nasty. Chatted with Frederick. Called on Bourne and went with him to look at houses in Tavistock Square and Gordon Square. Returned, lunched with him. Looked again at Gordon Square. Called on Jonathan Birch, and then went to the agents and took the house.

June 16th.—Acted Othello in some respects very well, but want much attention to it still. I was called for, and after long delay went forward. Forster came into my room with a gentleman, whom he introduced as Dickens, alias Boz—I was glad to see him.

June 17th.—Called on Mr. Robertson and spoke with him on the subject of his note to me on the subject of entering into the management of Covent Garden Theatre; premising that I would

not venture any part of my little property, nor make any venture beyond that of my own talent. He was to lay Mr. Osbaldiston's refusal to continue in the management before the proprietors, to sound them upon the reopening of the theatre, and give me notice of their views.

Called on Pearsall and Jordan about the house in Gordon Square; found they had a letter from Mr. A——, and after showing me another house they read it to me. It was very impertinent, talking of "a" Mr. Macready, &c. I told them I would not take a house from *him* if he would give it me cost free. Went to the Garrick Club, where I lunched, and then went into committee, where I was obliged to sit in the chair. Drove up to No. 8 Kent Terrace, where I saw the house and lady of the house, and agreed with her to take it, and take possession on Wednesday. Called on Bates, Welbeck Street, and concluded the bargain.

June 19th.—Went to rehearsal, having previously looked at the newspaper for the King's health.

Went to theatre; when half dressed, a person passed my door saying the King "was off." Upon inquiry I heard that notices of the event, his death, had been fixed up at the offices of the *Courier* and *Observer*, and it was said that it had been up at the Mansion House more than two hours since. The state of suspense in which I was kept to the very moment of the beginning of the play so agitated me that when I went on the stage I was weaker than I often am when I finish a character. I laboured through Richard, but it was labour, and most ineffectual. I was very bad, very bad.

June 21st.—Went in a cab to 8 Kent Terrace, where I met my dear Catherine.

June 22nd.—Called on Robertson, and learned from him that the proprietors, with whom he had spoken, were very favourable to the plan, as far as they could see into it, of my conducting the theatre. Stated to him my views that the necessary expenses of the proprietors should be the very first appropriated portion of the receipts; that an additional sum should be on the contingent footing of the performers' salaries, and that the remainder should be taken from the surplus, if any; urged the indispensable necessity of the renovation of the theatre wardrobe and scenery. Deputed Bartley to get a statement of the highest average weekly expenses of the theatre last season, its salary-list, &c. Learned that at the last year's rent the nightly expense was £154, under which the theatre could not be valued. This startled me, and made me pause.

June 23rd.—Went in a cab to chambers, where I busied myself in the melancholy labour of still further dismantling them. My long acquaintance with them—four or five years—has given me a sort of attachment to them; many sorrows and many joys have consecrated them to a kindly remembrance, and I part from them with regret, as I always do with what has become familiarised to me. Packed and arranged various matters. Disposed of the rickety

furniture which I had bought from Mr. Brougham, my predecessor, to a broker for £2 10s. I should have taken anything he offered in order to rid myself of the incumbrance of those things.

June 26th.—Acted Melantius in 'The Bridal,' which I had altered, with some scenes by Knowles, from Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Maid's Tragedy.' The play went with considerable applause. I did not please myself in the acting of Melantius, which was a crude unfinished performance. Being called for, I led on Miss Huddart. Wallace and Brydone, Browning, Forster, and Dickens came into my room.

June 27th.—Wrote a note of excuse to Procter, and, having entered yesterday's record, went out. On my way to Covent Garden met Kenney, with whom I had a few moments' chat before entering an omnibus, into which Mr. Balfe got, and claimed and established an acquaintance with me. Called at Everingham's, and thence to the Garrick Club, where I looked at the newspapers, and found them all in the highest tone of praise upon our play of last night, ascribing all the merit of the alteration to Mr. Knowles.

I called at Robertson's, with whom I found Bartley. We entered into conversation on very many particular points. Mr. Bartley suggested a fund wherewith to pay authors, to which I objected, deciding upon paying them on my own nightly plan, which he acknowledged better. Explained to Robertson my complete views as to the proprietors, viz., to take my chance of payment for my acting talent, with the chance of £7000 rent to them; out of a surplus of £1800 to take £300, and any surplus that might be over that sum.

June 28th.—Went to the Haymarket Theatre, where I saw Webster, who appeared in the highest hope about 'The Bridal.' I trust it may be fully realised. Heaven grant it! Amen. He proposed to publish the play in his edition.

June 29th.—Went to Covent Garden. In my interview with Robertson and Bartley, it was mentioned by R. that the proprietors seemed to object to the total outlay, and thought that I ought to incur part of the risk. To this I instantly observed, that I did not covet the office; that in risking my name, time, peace of mind, salary as performer, balance of loss and increased expenses, I did more than enough; and that I adhered to what I started with, viz., that I would not lay out one single shilling nor risk one farthing beyond a night's expenses. I gave my reasons for this, which were considered not only fair but liberal both by R. and B. They were both very sanguine as to the experiment, and I remained doubtful, but holding to what seemed to me duty, but only on the condition that I could make up a satisfactory company. Bartley demanded, on my question, £200 for his labour as acting-manager, to which I assented, adding £3 per week to that sum for additional labour, and reducing his actor's salary to £12. I left Robertson very anxious to place me in the theatre, but very indifferent about the result myself.

June 30th.—Thought to give an hour or less to the dear children's lessons, but found them so backward, and the system upon which they have been proceeding so loose and inefficacious, that I gave up my morning to them, and find that I must devote more of my personal attention to their improvement.

July 4th.—Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America: an anniversary in which my heart rejoices, as sympathising with the adjutors of the rights of man, wherever they are to be found.

Went to the theatre. I scarcely know how I acted Melantius, which is an evidence that I did not do it very well; I did not please myself in it.

Knowles came into my room. Expressed himself greatly pleased with the play; said that he had had the intention of writing to the newspapers to disclaim the credit they had given as to the adaptation of the play; that he had tried it, and could not manage it at all. He was however deterred from this step by the apprehension that it might seem putting himself unnecessarily forward. I told him, if I published it, that I should then state the exact amount of credit due to him for the scenes he had written.

Dow came into my room, Webster also. I went into his room, and discussed the purchase of the copyright of 'The Bridal;' he offered £30, and I told him he might have it for £20.

July 6th.—My whole day was occupied with what I supposed would have been an hour's employment, the revision and preparation for the press of my MS. of 'The Bridal.'* I had only completed three acts, when obliged to go to the theatre.

My health, thank God, has been much better to-day. At the theatre I received a note from Robertson, appointing a meeting to-morrow at ten, to mention to me a proposed deviation from my offer by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre; also a note from the Literary Fund. Acted Melantius pretty well; was called for and went on, not taking Miss Huddart with me. I did not see the necessity of making it a necessary consequence. Was very warmly received.

July 7th.—Wrote a note in answer to Mrs. Buller, accepting

* The acting-copy of 'The Bridal,' a tragedy in five acts, adapted for representation (with three original scenes, written by Sheridan Knowles, Esq.) from the 'Maid's Tragedy' of Beaumont and Fletcher, as performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, was published in Webster's 'Acting National Drama' by Chapman and Hall in 1837. It has a preface by Macready, in which he states that the adaptation was prepared six years previously, and that the suggestion of adapting the old play was due to the fine taste of Mr. Sheil. The play was presented to Drury Lane Theatre in 1831, accepted, but withdrawn from performance by Macready.

It was first performed during Macready's engagement at Dublin in 1834. Again agreed to be performed at Drury Lane in 1835, but the agreement was not fulfilled by the then lessee (Mr. Bunn). Produced at Haymarket by Mr. Webster, 26th June, 1837.—Ed.

invitation, and revised the last act of 'The Bridal' before I went out. Proceeded to Robertson. He laid before me the modification of what was termed my proposal, which amounted to the addition of £720, the cost, as they calculated, of their outlay in repairs, &c., to the ground-rent, &c., to be paid in nightly instalments out of the first receipts, and a retention of two private boxes. I gave no direct answer, but not seeing any strong cause of objection, talked over with Robertson and Bartley sundry measures to be pursued in the event of my undertaking the conduct of the theatre. Called on H. Smith, and consulted with him on the proposed plan; he thought it advisable to make the effort, observing that, as in everything, there was risk; there was not more here than in ordinary circumstances. Began to think about the preface to 'The Bridal.'

July 8th.—Went down to Covent Garden, and at Robertson's met Bartley; told him of my objections to the proprietors' plan, and of my emendations, which he thought very fair, and not likely to meet with opposition. Sent him to Willmott, the Drury Lane prompter, to sound him, and, if he found him well disposed, to open to him confidentially my wish to engage him. Whilst he was gone I made out the draft of a letter to Robertson, and upon the calculations I made gave in my amended proposal, which I think most fair. Bartley returning, related to me his conversation with Willmott, who expressed himself delighted on hearing that I had undertaken the conduct of the theatre, and then, having imparted to him as much as was necessary, he desired to call on me. In a little time he came, and at first seemed in high spirits at the prospects before him, which subsided as he gained time to reflect. I offered him £5, under the idea that he had £6; but he admitted that he had only £5, on which I counselled him to offer himself for £4—a very unpalatable proposition. He then made out that he had more than £5 by the length of time it was paid, and I made it £4 10s. for thirty-six weeks; still he demurred, and wished till Monday to consider of it. This I resisted, and he then stood out for an hour's deliberation. I yielded, and whilst he was absent, Bartley went in search of Miss Taylor, who was out of town. I wrote my letter to Robertson. Bartley returned, and afterwards Willmott, agreeing to terms which he had written down, asking for orders, which I refused, and an under-prompter, which I conceded. Bartley left me. I wrote to Vandenhoff, and to Miss Faucit. Read the papers; a delightful critique on 'Bridal' in *John Bull*.

July 9th.—Began the preface to the publication of 'The Bridal,' with which I was occupied the whole day, excepting when taken from my work by the visits of Mr. and Mrs. Lane and Mr. and Mrs. Procter. I find it impossible to satisfy myself with the work I have engaged myself upon. Disuse has quite unfitted me for composition, who at the best was never entitled to any praise for it. My situation suggests to me the prayer of the Cavalier soldier

before one of the battles in the great struggle, and I feel with it: "O Lord, Thou knowest I have much to do this day; if in my labour I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me, O God!"

July 11th.—Set to work early at the preface, and continued it till Bartley called; he had little additional communication to make. I mentioned to him the thought of writing to the Drury Lane Committee in order to discover whether the theatre would be let or no, which he approved. Received a very kind letter from Bourne, with a cheque of £12 for our cow.

Finished the preface, and called on Wallace with it, who approved of parts. I left it with him for revision. He dissented from the plan of writing to the Drury Lane Committee, and I in consequence abandoned the thought. Wrote to Miss Faucit, offering her £15 per week.

Went to dine with Mrs. Buller, where I met C. Buller. Thackeray came in the evening, Dickens, John Mill, Martineau, Hawes, Stanley, Miss Martineau, Miss Austin. Walked with Dickens to Garrick Club, where we met Forster. Took a cab home.

July 12th.—Letter from Mr. Vandenhoff, demanding £21 per week. Went to Covent Garden, where, after being introduced to Lowndes, I talked over the matter with Robertson and Bartley. Robertson told me that the proprietors assented to my emendations of the agreement. Bartley showed two very confiding and cordial letters from Mr. Meadows and Miss Taylor. I produced Vandenhoff's, and showed the impolicy, the imprudence, of attempting to do without him—they admitted it. I stated that, unless the subscription to the plan was unanimous, I would not go on with it; they assented to the reasonableness of my views. I instructed Bartley to get up a meeting of the actors, and obtain from them either a set of resolutions declaratory of their confidence in me, and their agreement to make a reasonable reduction of their claims, or the refusal to give it.

July 13th.—Mr. Pope came into the back parlour, where I was sleeping, and told me that my dearest Catherine was well—delivered of a fine little girl.*

I raise my heart to God Almighty in humble and fervent prayer and thanksgiving, acknowledging with grateful thanks His great bounties, and imploring His merciful protection for this my darling new-born babe, and all the rest of my precious family.

I looked at my watch, and found the time about half-past four. I was dreadfully fatigued. At breakfast Messrs. Bartley and Meadows called to explain their objection to the meeting. They settled to call on the different actors. I do not anticipate that it will ripen to anything, and am indifferent about it—preferring exemption from it.

Went with the children in the carriage to Elstree, calling on Wallace by the way. The country about Elstree, and its delicious

* Harriet Joanna, died 25th November, 1840.

quiet, made me think with regret of my prospect of seeing so little of it. Gathered flowers and fruit. Corrected proof-sheet of first act of 'The Bridal.'

July 14th.—Received an answer from Miss Faucit, expressing the best spirit as far as she was concerned. Went to Covent Garden, where I met Bartley and Robertson, and heard of the indecisive answers obtained from the singers; sent him to them, and Dowton to get some positive determination. Mr. Warde gave in his adhesion in the event of his freedom to engage.

Fladgate, T. Hill, and some others spoke to me about "having taken Covent Garden Theatre." I told them I had not taken it.

Mr. Webster wished to extend my engagement, and gave in his adhesion to Covent Garden Theatre.

July 15th.—Corrected the proof-sheet of 'The Bridal,' and afterwards went to Robertson's. Found Bartley and Robertson. After hearing of Giubilei, and Williams' assent, and Miss Romer's refusal, decided on sending Bartley to Vandenhoff at Birmingham to get his answer positively. Meadows came in, and agreed to go on Tuesday (if not required) to Swansea after Miss Shirreff.

Acted Melantius very fairly. Spoke after the play to Mr. Elton and to Mr. Strickland on the subject of Covent Garden; both seemed strongly inclined to me, and Strickland pledged himself if he could get his release from Braham.

July 16th.—Set to work at the correction of the sheets of 'Bridal.' Marked them and the preface.

Called on Wallace to speak about the alterations in the preface. Tried the working of the company by casting several plays. Dined with J. Reid. Walked home.

July 17th.—Went down to Covent Garden Theatre. Saw Mr. Meadows, who gave in the assent of Mr. Diddear to serve on reduced terms; sent for Willmott and spoke to him about other persons. Mr. Elton gave in his adhesion to Covent Garden. Received a note from Bartley, informing me that Vandenhoff was positively engaged with Mr. Wallace, and was to sail for the United States August 1st.

July 18th.—Set my dear children copies, being dissatisfied with the unmeaning words which were given them to write, when the occasion might afford matter for them to profit by. Met Bartley at Robertson's, and learned from him the result of his interview with Mr. Vandenhoff. He caught Mr. Vandenhoff on his arrival from Liverpool and told him of his errand; Mr. Vandenhoff informed him of his positive engagement at New York, but wished to be made acquainted with the particulars of his message. When told, he remained silent a very long while, and at length broke out into very ardent expressions of praise on what he termed my "noble conduct," adding that, had he been free, he would most gladly have gone with the plan. Mrs. Meadows brought news of Mr. Power's cordial adhesion to the plan, and received instructions to meet me to-

morrow prepared for his journey to Swansea. Told Bartley that I should decline proceeding on the former plan, having lost Mr. Vandenhoff and Miss Romer; but that, not to desert the cause of actors and proprietors, I would consent to pay £40 per night rent for 180 nights, paying myself a salary of £30 per week, and divide any surplus at the rate of three-fifths to the proprietors, two-fifths to myself, till the remainder of £8800 should be paid to them, He very much approved it, and wrote as much to Robinson.

July 19th.—Despatched Mr. Meadows to Miss Sherriff at Swansea, with instructions to him how far to go.

Acted Melantius not well. The occupation of my mind in other matters is already beginning to display its effect on my acting, and I must be most careful to guard against its encroachment on my labours for improvement; I was not good to-night. Spoke to Mrs. Humby, and secured for her £6 10*s.* per week.

July 20th.—Went out to take a hasty glance at the Exhibition, with which I was very much gratified. What a munificent patron I should have been had I been born with, or had I acquired, a large superfluity! Went on to Covent Garden, where Bartley was waiting for me.

July 20th.—Mr. F. Vining called, and, after a long conversation, consented to take £9 10*s.* we concluded on his engagement; in the meantime I settled with T. Mathews for £3, and afterwards called on Mrs. Glover, and agreed with her for £9 10*s.* Wrote to Kenney, offering him the office of Reader at £3 per week. Examined and calculated the expenses of the theatre, and went into its details, up to a late hour.

July 21st.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I discussed much business with Robertson and Bartley: actors, musical department, arrangement of lobbies, &c. Mr. Diddear called talking with him about business, I sent him away quite satisfied. Saw Mr. Marshall, painter to the theatre, leader of orchestra, and Robertson; they gave their hearty promise to do their best to meet the plan of the new arrangement.

Mr. Robertson acquainted me with an offer of a Mr. Downe, of the York Circuit, of £5000 for the first year, and £6000 for the second, adding that the Covent Garden proprietors would not listen to it. Spoke about bills, musical department, alteration of boxes, excluding women of the town from the two lowest tiers.

Acted Melantius pretty well. Received a crowd of letters from various persons, applying for engagements at Covent Garden.

July 22nd.—Letters from Wightwick about Mr. Phelps, and from Meadows, informing me of Miss Sherriff's assent to £18 per week. My mind is quite made up to enter upon the direction of Covent Garden Theatre, and I fervently and with humility invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon my efforts and labours. Sent a note to Miss Martineau, informing her of her box for Monday, inclosing her a book of the 'Bridal,' and mentioning our purpose of naming our little babe after her.

Went to Covent Garden Theatre, saw Messrs. Robertson and Bartley, and learned from the latter that Mr. Warde was very ill, but steady to his promise of coming to Covent Garden, if not in his own theatre. Told Robertson that I would take the theatre —read my letter to Mr. Osbaldiston, but would not seal it to him with the theatre seal. Saw and engaged Mrs. Clifford and Miss E. Phillips.

Sunday, July 23rd.—Rose rather early and considerably tired, to go post to Penn, where Liston lives. On my way I arranged in my own mind the business of 'Hamlet,' scenery, &c. Arriving at Penn, I drove up to Liston's house, and found that he had gone to church; I was glad of the opportunity, and, going in, was shown into a pew. The service was most respectably performed, the church very clean and neat.

I was pleased and interested, and happy in the opportunity of imploring the Divine blessing upon the enterprise I have in hand. After service I looked about the churchyard for Liston, whom I had observed very gravely attending to his duty in church, and when I approached him his surprise was extreme. I walked home with him, and saw Mrs. L. and another lady; talked for some time, lunched, and walked out with Liston to look at Taylor's house and see something of the country, which is pretty, but not comparable to the neighbourhood of Elstree. We talked of many things, chiefly theatrical, and I asked him to come to Covent Garden. He said that he never intended to act again. I did not urge him, but as we talked on, I told him we should not differ on terms, and that I should be happy to see him, and would make him as comfortable as I could. I got a frequent repetition of the promise from him that, if he acted anywhere, it should be with me, and I thought I perceived a disposition in him to yield, which I thought it better not to press. Met Taylors, declined their invitations to dinner, and left them on Liston's premises. Returned to 'Hamlet.' Reached home by half-past five.

July 24th.—Went into the theatre to take possession of it, invoking the blessing of Almighty God upon my undertaking. Talked with Marshall, who seemed to enter into all my plans respecting scenery, &c. Mr. Rodwell came to speak to me about his place as director of the music, which he had accepted on reduced terms; he left me perfectly satisfied.

July 25th.— Went to theatre, where I found Messrs. Robertson and Bartley. Mr. Marshall, the painter, was there, and we discussed the expense of the painting-room, concluding by requesting him to reconsider his estimate, and see me to-morrow. Mr. Buckstone called. Mr. Harris called and, in talking over the matter of the theatre, gave some very available hints. I sent Bartley to speak to Dowton, and offer him £10 per night, without any condition as to number of nights.

July 26th.— Applied myself to the construction of the actors' articles of agreement. Went to Covent Garden Theatre, saw Mr.

Bartley, spoke to Mr. Marshall, and received his estimate of the painting-room; went into the theatre, and talked over the matter of our engagement with Mr. Pritchard; after him came Mr. and Miss Land, with whom I finally concluded.

Went over a calculation of the week's expenses with Robertson, it still approaches £150 per night. Came home and lay down after dinner. Acted Melantius pretty well. A great number of notes and letters; among them was one from Miss Vandenhoff, very civil, one from Miss Kelly; one, an application, from Miss Betts, which I was very glad to receive.

July 27th.—Answered Messrs. Bennett, Montague, and Tilbury. Received a letter in very kind strain from Calcraft, lamenting my undertaking; his lamentation was a prophecy. Called on Wallace to ask his opinion of memorialising the Queen for her special patronage, and the liberty to assume the title of Her Majesty's Company of Performers. He thought if obtained it would be of great service, and assented to the proposal to get an introduction to Lord Durham, and ask his interest. I called on Miss Kelly, who wished me to hear some pupils of hers. Went on, in my day's cab, to Covent Garden Theatre, saw Mr. Bartley, and received many letters.

Mr. Webster called at the theatre. Mr. Land, Payne, Paulo. Letter of application from T. Cooke.

Mr. Elton called. He asked me if I had resolved on his engagement. I told him that, "Certainly, everything had been settled between us." He said "Oh, no; I did not understand that," &c., denying an engagement that was most explicitly and clearly formed. I struck his name out of my list, but another engagement, made in consequence of his, of £9 10*s.* per week, is thus uselessly saddled on me.

Called on Forster, and then went on to Lady Blessington's, saw her, and was just on the point of opening my message to her when Lord Durham was announced. I was introduced, and in a short time mentioned my desire to see him, and to ask his opinion on the Queen's acquiescence in my wish. He thought she would not and ought not to give a preference to one theatre, but that the title of Her Majesty's Servants he thought she ought to give, and would say a word or two to the official persons to induce her.

July 29th.—Walked to Oxford Street, took cab home. The cabman insisted on two shillings, which I resisted; and on his persisting, I made him drive me to the police office, where a deposit was made for the measurement of the ground. I walked home. Acted Melantius pretty well. Macaulay came into my room; quite glad to see him, but pained and rather shocked to hear him declare himself a Conservative.

July 30th.—Made out the articles of agreement for performers, and looked over the table of forfeits. Inclosed first in note to Robertson, second to Bartley. Wrote to Wightwick. Sat a short time with dear Catherine, who was not well. Settled my accounts

Willmott called, and told me of his determination to leave the English opera-house; spoke to him about ballet, &c.

Gave some time and thought to the arrangement of my company, after receiving a letter from Mr. Elton recanting what he had said, and wishing to withdraw his refusal to accept a reduced salary.

July 31st.—Saw Bartley and Robertson, and transacted business with both of them. Sent Bartley to Miss Betts, and commissioned him to write to Mr. Phelps. Mr. Dowton called, and I had a long and fruitless conversation with him, arguing the point of salary, he wishing me to give a certainty, and I declining; and so we parted. Letters at home from young Kean declining, and Kenney accepting. Mr. Elton came in, and, after disclaiming any desire to take advantage of me, surrendered himself entirely into my hands, I telling him that I would rate him at £10 10s.

August 1st.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I saw Messrs. Bartley and Willmott; with the latter I made arrangements about ballet, &c.

Went to the police office, where I found I was cast in costs of 3s., which I very cheerfully paid, though I can scarcely yet believe myself wrong. Returned to Covent Garden. Saw Mr. David Fisher, and heard him rehearse Othello's apology; gave him advice, and courteously parted with him. Saw Mr. Giubilei, who is under the apprehension that he is held by law to Drury Lane. Spoke to Bedford, who also wishes to come to Covent Garden Theatre. Went on to Bank, and received dividends. Returned home. Forster called, who had previously sent a splendid proof, beautifully framed, of Landseer's 'Bolton Abbey,' a very elegant and costly present.

August 3rd.—Went to rehearsal; the play over I proceeded to Covent Garden, where I saw Bartley, and heard his communications.

Saw Messrs. Land, Willmott, Marshall, Sloman, &c. Returning home I called at No. 8 York Terrace, and liked it so much that I decided on taking it for the winter, if I could have it at my own price.

August 5th.—Messrs. Rooke and Haines came by appointment, and discussed the curtailment and the casting of the opera. Rooke did not seem to like the idea of the suggested amputations. We came to the subject of price, and after some demur I sent the authors out of the room to arrange the matter; they returned, and Mr. Rooke was left to settle it with me. He asked me £20 per night for ten nights, £15 for ten more, and £5 ever after. I observed that this was too hard on me. I offered £10 per night for ten nights, £15 for ten nights, and £10 for fifteen nights, and to pay £100 down. (£100 to be secured.) This Mr. Rooke accepted, and we signed agreement. I paid him a cheque for £100 and took his receipt. Mrs. Glover came and held a parley, then signed her agreement. Messrs. Humby, Huddart, and Taylor did the same; Meadows, Webster, &c., also.

August 6th.—Looked over 'Beggar's Bush' with a view to alteration; abandoned it. Looked at 'Faithful Shepherdess;' gave it up.

August 7th.—Went to theatre, and joined Messrs. Bartley and Willmott. Learned that my purchase of Mr. Rooke's opera had produced a good effect among the musical people. Letters from Mr. Anderson accepting my offer.

Messrs. Payne, Smith, Bender, Collett, Worrall, Manvers, Stretton, &c., called and signed their articles.

Went over the box-lobby, &c., with Robertson and Bartley; suggested the construction of a private lobby to the first circle, and the removal of the statues from the closed saloon to the entrance hall, to which Robertson agreed.

August 9th.—Went with Robertson over pit-passages, also proposed that proprietors should allow me consideration for my new lobby, if found to succeed. Robertson agreed to it. Went with Robertson over terms of lease, which were all satisfactory. He introduced me to Mr. Gwilt, whom I liked.

August 10th.—Mr. Tilbury called, and after some little conference with Mr. Bartley signed his agreement.

August 11th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre.

Bartley came from the Chamberlain's office to say that an appointment would be made for me with the Lord Chamberlain on Wednesday. Spoke with Bradwell and Robertson about entrance-hall, lobby, and saloon, and decided on further improvements; agreed to Bradwell's estimate.

Acted Melantius for the last time at the Haymarket, in my very best manner. I was very much applauded, and "hotly called for" by the audience; when I went forward I was most cordially received. Thus ended my first Haymarket engagement, and devoutly and fervently do I return thanks to God Almighty for this among the many mercies His goodness has vouchsafed me.

August 12th.—Mr. Maddox called, and I signed with him, exchanging an agreement for the furnished house, 8 York Gate, for seven months, from September 21st.

My prize, Girl's Head by Gainsborough, came home.

August 13th.—The idea of an afterpiece founded on 'Zadig' occurred to me, but I soon came to the conviction that none of our playwrights could use the materials it affords.

August 14th.—Rose early to go by coach to Southampton; the coach was overfilled—three women, myself, and a squalling, fretful child. The day was so oppressive that the stew reminded me of some of our American journeys, or even of some days in the *vetturas* of Italy. I read with attention, in reference to performance, the 'Winter's Tale,' and, after having reflected on it, went through 'Measure for Measure,' so that my day was not entirely lost to me.

On my arrival in this very pretty town I wrote a note to Mr. Phelps, and after dining carried it with me to the theatre.

Saw the play of the 'Iron Chest;' what a thing it is! I was disgusted with the patches of sentiment and claptraps upon national privileges, humanity, and all the other virtues in which G. Colman was so rich—on paper.

I left my note for him. He called at the Dolphin, and I offered him either the salary he might take from Mr. Webster, or to give him now a salary, if he would name one, that I could meet. He preferred waiting for Mr. Webster, and we interchanged agreements to that effect. I liked his tone and manner.

August 16th.—Took Bartley in carriage to Hyde Park. Called on Lord Conyngham at Dudley House; saw some good pictures. Lord C. received me very courteously, and entered (or seemed to do so) into my views, promised to present my memorial to the Queen, and to say all he could for it. I left him much pleased.

Returned to Covent Garden Theatre. Occupied the whole morning. Wrote to Phillips. Signed articles with Diddear, Miss P. Horton, Wilson, Mrs. East. Wrote to Mr. Pritchard. Dickens called with Mr. Hullah, who has a comic opera nearly ready.

August 19th.—Sent Bartley to Lord Chamberlain's office to inquire form, &c., of memorial. Spoke to Marshall about scenes for plays. Saw sketch of new curtain, corrected it, and approved. Went with Bradwell over saloon and lobbies, hearing remarks and giving directions. Took a cab and called on Wallace, who had finished the memorial. We went over it, agreeing on one or two trifling verbal alterations, and I copied out the MS. Returning, saw Bartley; spoke to Miss Huddart about her business.

Wrote my memorial to the Queen, requesting her to let me call the Covent Garden players "Her Majesty's Company of Performers." Inclosed it in a note to the Lord Chamberlain and sent it.

My clothes were packed up. Went in a chaise to Elstree, reading *Examiner* by the way. I looked up at the beauty of the massive foliage of the trees, and the sky in mild glow of a rich sunset, and was surprised to think how little I looked at nature now. Is this good for me? I fear not.

Elstree, August 21st.—Looked through Byron's 'Deformed Transformed,' to see if it was available for representation—No. Gave up the greater part of the day to the perusal and arrangement of Byron's 'Two Foscari.' I think it looks more dramatic than I formerly conceived it. Wrote to Knowles, recommending as subjects the Sicilian Vespers, Agnes Bernauer, and the adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Honest Man's Fortune.'

Read the 'Two Foscari' to Catherine and Letitia, who were much affected by it.

August 22nd.—Went cautiously through Byron's 'Two Foscari,' which I cut and prepared for representation. Began the re-arrangement of Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure.' In the course of my work Jerrold and Forster arrived; after them a packet of books and letters from Bartley, and notes from the Lord Chamberlain's office, requiring my presence, but accepting Bartley as my

representative. I wrote to him to go. One of my letters is from Birmingham, addressed to W. Macready, Esq., at his residence in London. Talked with Jerrold after dinner on the piece he has in contemplation, one scene of which he read to me.

August 23rd.—Bartley came; he brought me letters, news, and a message from the Lord Chamberlain. In answer to my memorial, the Queen had expressed herself much interested in Covent Garden; stated that she had great respect for Mr. Macready and admiration for his talent: that the precise object of his request required consideration, but if it should be deemed impracticable to concede, that she trusted other means might be found of rendering assistance to his undertaking. Talked over various matters, and decided on several. After dinner arranged the first fortnight's business and cast the plays.

August 24th.—Talked with Bartley on business, and gave him several memoranda of things to do. Read over the pantomime, which seemed to be very droll. Bartley left us, and I took a walk in the garden for about half-an-hour, snatching this short enjoyment of the sweetness of the air. Finished the arrangement of the prompt-book of the 'Two Foscari.'

August 25th.—Much fatigued, and indisposed to rise; did not leave my bed until 10 o'clock, and was occupied the whole morning in examining and sorting my wardrobe for my intended long residence in London. Received a parcel from the undaunted Mr. ——, who will not be denied: he sends his thrice-rejected play as a present! Busied in packing-up; enjoyed for a short time the beauty of the day and the sight of my darling family; sent up a balloon, a very pretty toy, which delighted them very much: it was a sweet holiday. The thought of the length of time and the vicissitudes that may occur before I again re-greet this happy home and the dear country gave double zest to every delighted sensation that I derived from the air, the leaves, my family, and the freedom about me. Finished my packing-up, and spent the remainder of the day with my dear family.

London, August 26th.—Left my dear, my blessed home, its quiet and its joys, to enter on a task for which nature and taste have disqualified me.

Thought on business as I journeyed to London, occasionally interrupted by less useful suggestions. Proceeded to Covent Garden Theatre, reaching it a little before 11 o'clock. Received several letters. Saw Bartley and Willmott.

Saw and talked on business with Mr. Hammond. Signed with Mr. Pritchard. Spoke to Mr. Bottomley about coals. Settled many matters about the theatre with Bradwell—gallery, pit, boxes, and stage. Wrote answers to several letters.

Talked with Mr. Egerton Webbe about his burlesque opera, and settled to make an appointment with him to hear it tried over. Saw Calcraft and talked with him. Forster spoke with Serle about his projected melodrama.

London to Bristol, August 27th.—Rose early, and wrote to Bartle- whilst waiting for my breakfast; proceeded to coach-office an set off for Bristol. The first stage was given to musing on my pas life, the dream that it has been, the perfect realisation of all that philosophy or poetry says of this σκιᾶς ὄναρ*—life—and turned to speculation on the future; made up my mind to bear with equanimity the lot that Providence assigns me, and to do my best to improve it. Read over 'Macbeth,' interrupted occasionally by two of my fellow-passengers, one a Frenchman, and his opposite neighbour, a Colonel Hankey, who spoke French very fluently, and talked incessantly till his departure between Reading and Newbury. Read over more than once the Duke in 'Measure for Measure,' which I resolved to exert myself upon, as well as upon Foscari. Now and then joined in the conversation with the talkers. After we quited Marlborough, where the old woman, our fourth party, left us, I fell into conversation with Monsieur, but found my French very rusty; we talked on various subjects, and at last the theatre was mentioned by him, and shortly after my name. I told him that I was the person he was speaking of—his surprise and pleasure were extreme. His enthusiasm broke forth, and he told me that he had seen me in Paris, and of his delight and rapture at the performance of Virginius, and of the opinion of all Paris on my performance. Our conversation lasted very long; he requested me to write my name and that of Wordsworth, whom I mentioned to him as our great philosophic poet, in his memorandum book; he seemed quite delighted, and made me again lament that the destiny which made me a player had not made me a French one. After long silence, on resuming our conversation, he repeated to me some lines, which he wrote down for me when we reached the White Lion, Bristol:

A L'ILLUSTRE MACREDÉ.

Toi, dont le désespoir m'a glacé de terreur,
Quand la main frémissante immolait Virginie;
Fils de Shakespeare, adieu! c'est dans ton noble cœur
Que le ciel a jeté le feu de ton génie.

I showed him all the civilities in my power, and requested to see him in London.

Bristol, August 28th.—Acted Macbeth as I could without any support, and drawbacks in every character except Macduff. It was really moral torture. I scarcely ever experienced more in a theatre.

August 29th.—For an hour before I rose I worked at the words of the Duke in 'Measure for Measure,' which I find the most difficult of any part I have ever laboured at to fasten in my memory. Pursued this same task until I went to rehearsal, and there I continued it. Acted Virginius miserably; it was painful to myself, and could have been satisfactory to no one.

Sent for the *Morning Herald*, and read the account of Mr. Phelps'

* Dream of a shadow.—ED.

appearance, which seems to me a decided success. It depressed my spirits, though perhaps it should not do so. If he is greatly successful, I shall reap the profits; if moderately, he will strengthen my company. But an actor's fame and his dependent income is so precarious, that we start at every shadow of an actor. It is an unhappy life!

August 30th.—If I had a sufficient property to leave each of my children a moderate allowance on their start into life, and to give them educations, I would certainly never act again, nor ever concern myself about a theatre; certainly, I think, never enter one—at least for myself.

Wrote to Wallace for the preliminary address, which I cannot pretend to write or even sketch. Looked over some plays. Studied Duke. Revised and cut two acts of 'To Marry or Not,' which I think will act well.

August 31st.—Received a parcel with two MSS. and a letter from Bartley. I have great difficulty in proceeding tranquilly about what I have to do. I am for rushing at once into it. This is not the way to succeed, and I must cure myself of it. Went to rehearsal, and pleased myself with the manner in which I rehearsed Othello. Decided on 'Julius Cæsar' for my benefit; cast it and the play to the company.

Acted Othello, as I thought, very well at the beginning, but was destroyed by the actors as I proceeded.

September 1st.—Acted Werner very unequally; could have played it better than I ever in my life did; and did perform some parts in a perfect style, but was cut up by the dreadful inaccuracy of the actors in others.

September 6th.—Went to rehearsal, and took considerable pains, really using the occasion as a study, but soon became so fatigued that it was painful to me to stand up so long. I feel heavily the coming on of years. I shall be an old man (if I live) at an early age—certainly if I continue on the stage.

Went to the theatre, and endeavoured to philosophise on the folly of yielding to passion; schooling myself to try how much better I should be in every way if I could care nothing for those around me, but merely fixing attention on my own manner of doing things. I tried to do so—not with entire success, but I must hope to improve. Acted Hamlet in my very best possible style; was satisfied.

[*September 11th* to *22nd.*—Engagement at Birmingham.]

Birmingham, September 12th.—Acted Othello indifferently. I was made nervous at the outset, and, though I laboured, I could not hide the labour—it was a bad performance.

The great error of my performance of Othello was in the heavy, stately tone in which I pitched the part, instead of the free, bold, cheerful, chivalrous bearing of the warrior, the happy lover, and the high-born man.

September 21st.—Letters from Bartley, Forster, about horses,

Knowles, and Dow. Forster tells me that it appears cheapest and most advisable to drive a pair of horses to our own carriage. No. I really want a means of moving to and from the theatre; but till I see that I may afford it without taking one week's salary from one actor, I will not do it; if I were playing on my last year's engagement I would, but with this hazard on my hands—No.

London, September 30th.—When I am actor I must forget that I am manager.

Covent Garden Theatre opens. Before coming down I prayed from my heart to Almighty God, imploring His mercy upon me in the effort, which this day begins, and in what so much of good or evil to my beloved family is involved.

Repeated the address on my way, and entered the theatre with an invocation of God's blessing on me. Rehearsed the play,* and attended to the various claims on my notice; received many letters of acknowledgment for the freedom of the theatre. Took every occasion of repeating the address.

It consumed some time to arrange my dresses, &c., and when this was done I lay down in bed. Repeatedly went over my address, and also read over the first scene of Leontes. Dressed, and being called to the address, went, and found the overture only just begun. Much agitated; the thought of the Rubicon-like plunge I was about to make, and my home, came upon me and affected me for a moment.

When I went on the stage the enthusiasm of the audience was very great; I began my address with tolerable composure, but in the last part of it I stopped—it was a pause of about half a minute, but in agony of feeling longer than time can measure; I recovered myself, and tripped slightly again before the conclusion of the address.

Acted Leontes artist-like, but not, until the last act, very effectively. Was called on to give out, which I did.

October 2nd.—I acted the greater part of Hamlet in my best manner; and the play was put beautifully on the stage. The audience noticed with applause several of the improvements.

October 6th.—Went to the theatre, where I arrived at a little before ten, applied to business, reading, and answering letters. Rehearsed 'The Bridal,' and took much pains with Mr. Anderson. The Messrs. Dilke called, and went over the affair of the *Athenæum* criticism, speaking with great candour and good-nature, endeavouring to palliate the false statement of 'The Bridal,' "want of attraction," and coming to a very amicable, agreeable arrangement, as settled yesterday, respecting the interchange of orders for

* Covent Garden opened under Macready's management with 'A Winter's Tale' and 'A Roland for an Oliver.' Boxes, 5*s.*, second price, 2*s* 6*d.*; pit, 2*s.* 6*d.*, second price, 1*s.* 6*d.*; lower gallery, 1*s.* 6*d.*, second price, 1*s.*; upper gallery, 1*s.*, second price, 6*d.* Second price at the end of the third act of plays, and the second of operas. Stage director, Mr. Willmott; musical director, Mr. G. H. Rodwell; acting manager, Mr. Bartley.—Ed.

advertisements. Parted very good friends. Superintended the rehearsal of two acts of the 'Novice,' which occupied me till past four, took all pains with it. Had promised Miss Taylor a new wig, and sent for Brewster to measure her for it, which he did. Received a note from Faraday abjuring his claim to knighthood, thanking me for the card of admission, but returning it on account of the "Sir;" answered him, and sent him a corrected card. Sent note and cards of admission to Milman, his wife, and friend.*

October 10*th*.—Settled the cast of 'Othello,' with Mr. Bartley for the Duke, as an example to the other actors, and to show the public that there would be no impediments to the best possible disposition of the characters in a play. Attended a night rehearsal of 'The Novice,' in which all did their best.

October 11*th*.—Wrote to Bowes about the French dwarf for the pantomime; to Harvey himself (*il Nano*). First night of 'The Novice.'

October 12*th*.—Searched for plays and afterpieces. At 12 o'clock went out to call on Liston at Brompton; saw and sat with him some time. He said he should never act again, and I certainly think he never will. He seems to be breaking up. I left him with an expression, that he had *carte blanche* from me. Returning to the theatre, took the book of 'The Novice,' and went over the play with the actors, cutting their parts and arranging all for a rehearsal to-morrow.

October 16*th*.—Very much dissatisfied with my own performance of the part of Othello, very much indeed. I can scarcely tell why I was so heavy and cold, except that the fatigues of management are beginning to tell upon my acting. The Council of Forty was a scene of beautiful effect, one of the most real things I ever saw. Talfourd and Browning came into my room.

October 17*th*.—Signed the articles of Messrs. Bennett, Leffler, and Anderson.

October 19*th*.—Saw Bartley, and asked him his opinion of our prospect; he said that he began to be afraid of it. I told him, as I afterwards repeated to Mr. Robertson, that it was necessary the proprietors should be prepared to meet the approaching crisis, that I would pay to the amount of £1000, restore the salary I had received, and work it on for the actors and proprietors as long as I could without any remuneration. Acted Lord Townley.

October 21*st*.—Rehearsed Werner, and gave Robertson a cheque for £300 to meet the week's deficiencies. Saw Elton, and talked with him on business. Bartley brought me some casts for this and next week, which I looked at, but felt some effort must be made.

October 22*nd*.—Came down at 11 o'clock to meet Robertson, and settle my amount of loss, and give him in the full amount of what I could still permit him to count upon.

* Under Macready's managements free admissions were sent by him to persons distinguished in science, art, and literature.—Ed.

My banker's account stands:

	£	s.	d.
Paid in	3,682	1	1
Drawn	2,734	9	4
Balance at Ransom's	947	11	9

	£	s.	d.			
Already paid on account of Covent Garden	623	14	0			
Making myself liable for the remainder of £1000	376	6	0			
My salary to be returned	90	0	0			
In amount				466	6	0
Leaving in at Ransom's an available surplus of				481	5	9

October 23*rd*.—Called on Stanfield, taking Letitia and Catherine with me on their way to Shoolbred's. Asked Stanfield to paint me a diorama for the pantomime. He almost promised, and in the kindest manner. He is a fine creature. Went to theatre, where of course business awaited me. Signed engagement with Mr. Howe.

Business with Robertson and Bartley, who went down on a message to the Vice-Chamberlain's Office, and brought word that the Queen would come to the theatre in November. Agreed with Mr. Phelps.

October 24*th*.—C. Buller called, and stayed with me some time. He mentioned his disappointment in my Othello not being more tender, a criticism that I will not forget. Settled with Mr. Phelps to do Othello in November.

October 25*th*.—Called on Stanfield, whom I found what he is said to be, and must be thought to be, the very spirit of kindly feeling. He assented to my request, and promised to make all arrangements with me. I told him I could not thank him, both for the act itself, and its moral influence on the undertaking I have in hand. I went to the theatre, reading Iago by the way. Attended to business, saw Sloman and Bradwell, spoke about scenery of 'The Royal Oak,' and looked at the same. Spoke with Mr. Young about his pantomime, and saw some models of his tricks. Went through and cut and arranged the whole of the play of 'The Royal Oak.' Acted Melantius very fairly—some parts very well. Talfourd came into my room, Serle, &c. My council dissuaded me from playing Charles, about which I had some previous misgivings. I found I had too much in my head, and deferred it.

November 10*th*.—Bartley came to tell me that the Queen had sent to command me Friday night. I acted Hamlet pretty well.

November 12*th*.—Resolved on advertising no change of price on the occasion of the Queen's visit.

November 16*th*.—After some business at home, went to the

theatre, cutting 'Marino Faliero' by the way, to attend to more. Found plenty to employ me, and little or no assistance in getting through it. Occupied the whole day. Scene-room, wardrobe, armoury, property-room, inspecting scenes on stage with carpenter for Stanfield's diorama. Orders to Bridgman for refreshments to-morrow. Mr. Martins, Vice-Chamberlain, called to say that the farce commanded was the first act of 'Fra Diavolo,' and that "all was right" about the matter lately agitated.

Contriving with Sloman and Marshall the effect of the shadows in the waterfall, which at last we made out, or I believe I made out to them. Robertson called, and I gave him the order for the wine for to-morrow night. Went over the whole of 'Joan of Arc,' and cut it entirely, besides writing several notes. A hard day's work.

November 17th.—Went to the theatre, and rehearsed the play of 'Werner,' in the hope of making Mr. G. Bennett and some others a little more accurate. My morning was engrossed by the needful care and arrangements for the evening, preparing for the Queen's reception, the reception of our own visitors, &c., my dresses for the night, &c. Received a multitude of notes, applications for admission behind the scenes, which I was obliged to answer as I could.

Martins, the Vice-Chamberlain, was most careful in scrutinising all particulars as to the Queen's box, rooms, &c. I was quite worn out, and lay down, desiring no more notes to be given me till the next morning. There was a great tumult arising from the overcrowded state of the pit, a great number were lifted over the boxes in a fainting and exhausted state. Mr. Bartley had leave from the Queen to address the audience, which he did, tendering the price of admission to those who, not having room, might wish to return. When order was restored, the play proceeded. I acted, not to please myself; I could not recover my self-possession. The Queen sent to say she expected to see me as she retired. I dressed myself in full dress, and went with Bartley to wait on her as she retired. The ladies in waiting and the officers, &c., passed through the room, and at length the Queen—a very pretty little girl—came. Lord Conyngham told her who I was. She smiled and bowed, and said: "I am very much obliged to you." Pointed me out to the Duchess of Kent, and bowed repeatedly to me. I went home with Miss Martineau and Catherine, very, very tired.

Sunday, November 19th.—Looked over the play of 'Coriolanus;' having found that I cannot produce the play of 'Marino Faliero' before Christmas.

Went to Talfourd's—met Dickens, Forster, Ainsworth, Keating, Hill, &c. Told Dickens of darling Nina, when she was told that the Queen had spoken to me on Friday night, having asked me if I told her "to be kind to the poor." The dear child! Just reached home as Letitia was reading prayers to the servants.

November 28th.—Rehearsed Luke, and afterwards superintended 'Joan of Arc.' Settled all the dresses. Without any interval of repose for mind or body, began to dress for Luke, a character I have not read over, and which I have, comparing what I have done with what I could do, completely sacrificed to my managerial interests. Acted by chance; the character made some impression, and I was called for; but undressed immediately, in order to superintend the performance of 'Joan of Arc.' 'Joan of Arc' succeeded entirely.

December 2nd.—Went to theatre, where I sat for some time revolving the hopeless condition of the concern. I strove to calm my spirits, and devise the best means of meeting and winding up the losses that appear hanging over me. I could not rally, my heart had quite sunk within me.

Saw the new opera,* which, silly as the words are, and overweighted as it is with music, was quite successful. Received Talfourd's fourth edition of 'Ion,' with a preface exhorting people to support Covent Garden.

December 9th.—Went to the theatre; at the box office saw Robertson and Bartley, who both had very long faces, and seemed intent on some prophetic moans; but I only put on a more cheerful face when Robertson told me, despite the receipt of the week, which has not been bad, that he must draw upon me.

December 14th.—At the theatre, attended to business; watched part of the pantomime, and made some little alterations in the dialogue. Received the estimate of the gas alteration, which, though very expensive, I ordered, in justice, as I thought, to Stanfield and the work he is engaged on for me. Saw Stanfield, and told him I would have it, and accordingly ordered it.

December 16th.— Went to the theatre, where I attended to business, looking out for plays, &c., after Christmas. Had the account from Robertson, which I looked over, and found myself about £2,200 to make up, to bring in even balance; profit therefore is beyond all hope!

Sunday, December 17th.—Read over 'Macbeth,' in which I find myself much abroad. The cares of management are distracting me from ruminating upon my art. My spirits very low, and my mind occupied with pondering on the sacrifice I have made, and the false step I have taken in embarking my property on this desperate enterprise. Am I not punished enough? Read prayers to the family.

December 18th.—Mr. Martins, the Vice-Chamberlain, called to report to me the Queen's intention of visiting the theatre this evening. Sent for Bartley, Bradwell, &c., and gave directions for her reception. Sent letters to the papers informing them of the circumstance. Lay down in bed, and tried to think of 'Macbeth,' but it would not rest in my mind.

* 'Amélie, or the Love Test.'—Ed.

Acted Macbeth tolerably well, particularly the latter part of the play.

December 23rd.—Robertson drew on me for another £100. I am now at the verge of my managerial fate; whether I am to sink disastrously, or to spring aloft to better fortune, is on the event of little more than one hour. God will ordain my course for the best. Would I could prevent my ignorant heart from fretting and murmuring at the adverse circumstances that seem to gather round me! I trust I shall bear myself through the worst of them in a manly and dignified manner.

December 26th.—Went to the theatre, where all was in a state of anxious preparation for "the great work," the pantomime. Rehearsed Lord Hastings; watched the rehearsal of the pantomime,* which I could not leave, for had I gone to my own room, I could not have given my attention to my own character, my thoughts would have been with the success of the pantomime. Rehearsing on the stage, which was not over till ten minutes past five. Dickens, Cattermole, and Forster sat it through. Acted Lord Hastings pretty well, taking the circumstances into consideration. The pantomime succeeded completely, for which I feel most gratified.

1838.

[Sentences prefixed to diary:]

"Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labour."

"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts."—*Pope.*

London, January 1st.—On my entrance into another year I cannot avoid seeing how little of life is left me in this world, and that contemplation brings with it sorrow and self-reproach and vain repinings, time after time neglected and abused. Whirled

* 'Harlequin, and Peeping Tom of Coventry.' It was illustrated by a moving diorama, painted by Stanfield, of scenes from the north of Italy, the Alps, Germany, and France, including the Col du Bon Homme by moonlight, and concluding with the British Channel. In the play-bills Macready expressed his obligations to Stanfield, stating that "at a sacrifice, and in a manner the most liberal and kind, he had for a short period laid aside his easel, to present the manager with his last work in a department of art so conspicuously advanced by him, as a mark of the interest he feels in the success of the cause which this theatre labours to support."—Ed.

along as I now am in the current of harassing and irritating business, I have little opportunity for reflection, and am strongly impressed with the necessity of discontinuing, with the close of the present theatrical season, the extraordinary duties I have taken upon myself for my own mind's sake and for the sake of my blessed and beloved children, to whom I am anxious to devote my best energies of thought and labour. May God of His infinite mercy bless them and their dear mother with His choicest blessings, now and for evermore! Amen.

January 4th.—Went to the theatre, where I went on a first rehearsal of 'King Lear.' My opinion of the introduction of the Fool is that, like many such terrible contrasts in poetry and painting, in acting representation it will fail of effect; it will either weary and annoy or distract the spectator. I have no hope of it, and think that at the last we shall be obliged to dispense with it. Settled the scenery, which will be very striking.

January 5th.—Speaking to Willmott and Bartley about the part of the Fool in 'Lear,' and mentioning my apprehensions that, with Meadows, we should be obliged to omit the part, I described the sort of fragile, hectic, beautiful-faced boy that he should be, and stated my belief that it never could be acted. Bartley observed that a woman should play it. I caught at the idea, and instantly exclaimed, Miss P. Horton is the very person. I was delighted at the thought.

Bulwer called and talked with me about the play. I went over the last act with him. He told me of the works upon his hands: his industry is astonishing!

Consulted Robertson and Bartley about Stanfield; mentioned my purpose of sending him £250 and a present of plate, value £50.

January 9th.—Went to the theatre; wrote a letter to Stanfield, inclosing a cheque for £300.

January 10th.—Called at the Garrick Club to look at some costumes for 'Lear;' saw Thackeray, who promised to send me a book on the subject. Coming home, read Talfourd's tragedy of the 'Athenian Captive.' This was a great disappointment to me; no one could believe it to be by the author of 'Ion;' it has nothing of it but its faults of style exaggerated. How I am to tell Talfourd this, I scarcely know. I fear the effect of such a communication, but I will do "all in honour."

Letter from Stanfield, refusing to accept the £300 I sent him, returning me the cheque I had sent him, and asking for £150. This is one of the few noble instances of disinterested friendly conduct I have met with in my life. God bless him!

January 15th.—Went to the theatre, where I attended to business; was detained long by Mr. Gye, who wanted to argue with me that I ought to retain his light through the run of the pantomime, which he charged at £1 10*s.* per night, with no stipulation or statement as to the expense.

January 19th.—Sent Bartley to the Jerusalem Coffee-house to

see the newly-invented stoves, which I thought of placing through the theatre. Settled many of the dresses for 'King Lear' with Head. Thought on 'Macbeth' and rested. My poor dresser, Henry, was conveyed away ill; I apprehend having burst a blood-vessel. I sent him to Earle, who, being ill, sent him to another surgeon; he was prescribed for, and sent home.

January 20th.—Stanfield, Kenney, Wallace, Cattermole, Forster, Browning, and Robertson dined with us; we spent a cheerful afternoon. Before we went upstairs I expressed to Stanfield how deeply I was indebted for the noble act of friendship he had shown me, and that I had a slight tribute to offer him, on which the record of my gratitude was engraved, though not so deeply as on the more perishable substance of my heart. I gave him the salver, which was admired, and the inscription, as altered by Wallace, was read:—

TO CHARLES STANFIELD, ESQ., R.A.

In remembrance of the kindness and zeal with which he brought the magic of his pencil and the celebrity of his name to the aid of a discouraged and declining sister art, this humble tribute is presented by his grateful friend,

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

January 20th, 1833.

January 24th.—I gave up the whole morning to the rehearsal and superintendence of 'King Lear,' which, to a classic or Shakespearian eye, looks very striking, and, as I think, very harmoniously arranged. Sir H. J. Bridges called and wished me to settle with him the time of a visit to him in Radnorshire. Gave to Messrs. Phelps and Gaspey private boxes for the evening, and sent one to dear Miss Martineau. Arranged business with Marshall, Head, and Griffith; also with Jones, the tailor.

January 25th.—Went to the theatre. Occupied all the morning with my rehearsal of 'King Lear.' Lay down and tried to think of Lear. Was very nervous in the morning, but prepared for the play much more collected than I had been. I scarcely know how I acted the part. I did not satisfy myself. We shall see the papers to-morrow, which I suppose will set us right on the question. Was occasionally pretty good, but I was not what I wished to have been.

Bartley, Willmott, and Robertson came into my room, and wished me to do the play twice next week, but I am myself all abroad upon the nature of its success.

January 26th.—Was awake very early, oppressed and confused by a sense of ill coming on me, through the complete failure, as I conceived it, of last night's performance. The pain of suspense, until I read the papers, was never more severely felt by me. They at length arrived, and being far more favourable than my anticipation, my serenity in some degree returned, but my mind and body were both weighed down by fatigue.

Went to the theatre, where I found the rehearsal of the

'Wonder' in progress; went on with it. The impression created by 'King Lear' seemed to be wide and strong.

January 27th.—Acted Don Felix with spirit and self-possession, but had not had the time to present, as I had wished, a finished performance of the part. Was called for by the audience and very warmly received. Spoke with Mrs. Glover and Miss Faucit after the play.

Letters from Lady Blessington, introducing Lady C. B——, and from Bulwer with alterations.

February 1st.—Lady ——, Lord ——'s daughter, called, wishing to go on the stage; she read before me. I dissuaded her from the attempt. She gave me part of her history.

February 3rd.—Received a letter from Bulwer with the title of 'The Adventurer,'* but when I saw it written down I would not consent to it.

Read, and with great attention, the new play. Told a story to the children. Read again my part of Claude Melnotte. Jones, the tailor, called about my dress.

February 9th.—Acted King Lear pretty well; took pains, but was not equal to myself on Wednesday. Bulwer came into my room at the end of the second act. I sent him round to a private box, and he returned to me at the end of the play. Expressed himself in very warm terms upon what he styled my "gigantic" performance, talked about the play, with the arrangements for which he seemed well satisfied. In speaking of the Ballot question, he said he would never support ministers again if they did not leave it an open question. Was called for, and very cordially received by the audience.

February 15th.—Went to an early rehearsal of the new play.

Acted Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's play pretty well; the audience felt it very much, and were carried away by it; the play in the acting was completely successful. Was called for, and leading on Miss Faucit, was well received; gave out the play. Forster, Kenney, Bartley, &c., came into my room.

February 17th.—Read over part of the play, being anxious to play well, as I knew Bulwer would be there. Acted pretty well; was called for, led on Miss Faucit, and was very cordially received. Bulwer came into my room, and expressed himself much pleased; offered to give his name whenever I might wish it.

February 18th.—Settled with Marshall the scenery for 'Coriolanus,' which I think will be very striking. Wrote to Bulwer, suggesting his proposal of last night, the announcement of his name. Bulwer called, and, giving me full power to act on my own judgment, seemed not to wish his name to be published until further experiment of the play's success had been made—until Thursday. I resolved to wait the whole week.

February 20th.—Went to the theatre, where I spoke with

* Afterwards named 'The Lady of Lyons.'—Ed.

Marshall about the scenery of 'Coriolanus,' and rehearsed the play of 'Julius Cæsar.' Rintoul called to speak to me about the note I sent him on the *Spectator's* paragraph; he said that nothing unkind was intended.

February 21st.—Bulwer called; I was preparing to go on the stage, and mentioned his uncertainty about the policy of publishing his name. I told him of the improvement in the prospect of the house, and we agreed that we would wait and see the progress of the night. I acted well. I was loudly called for, and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—After the very kind reception with which you have honoured this play, I hope I may be permitted to say a few words in regard to some objections which have been urged, and from opinions I am disposed to respect, upon passages that are said to be political. I beg to assure you that, upon the strictest investigation, there are no political allusions that do not grow out of the piece, and are necessarily conducive to the working of the story. Had it been otherwise I am certain the author, whom I have the honour to know, would never have descended to such means to entrap your applause; the licenser would not have permitted it, nor, I believe, will you think that I should have had the bad taste to encourage it. If I may associate such a name with an existing author's, our divine Shakespeare is liable to similar imputations, and I trust I shall receive credit for the assertion of the principle upon which I conduct this theatre—that art and literature have no politics."

Saw Bulwer, who left with me *carte blanche* as to the time and mode of announcing his name.*

February 23rd.—Gave up the whole morning to the preparation of 'Coriolanus.' Wrote a note to Cox and Greenwood about Edward's conditional unattached majority.

February 28th.—Felt so very unwell, with weakness at my chest, cold throughout me, and a mind so wearied, that I longed to think of nothing; so beaten down, body and mind, I could not rise for the rehearsal of 'Coriolanus.' Looked at the newspapers. Griffiths called about the sandals and helmets of 'Coriolanus.' Sat down and read over, marking the interlude of Egerton Webbe. Altered the bill. Noted down the persons to be employed in 'Coriolanus.' Went to dine with Catherine to Horace Twiss; met Herries, Sir William Abdy, Sir George Rose, Fanny Twiss—with whom I passed the whole day.

March 1st.—Went to the theatre. Rehearsed three acts of 'Coriolanus.' Cattermole called about a dress, and private box.

A lady called, introduced by Mr. Dowling, as a candidate for the stage. I did my best to dissuade her. A violent love letter from some person who had seen me in Melnotte. Lay down in bed a

* The name of Edward Lytton Bulwer was first announced as that of the author of 'The Lady of Lyons' in the Covent Garden play-bill of Saturday, 24th February, 1838.—Ed.

little after four, quite over-spent and worn down by fatigue and illness. Acted Claude Melnotte tolerably well; was called for and well received.

March 2nd.—Went to the theatre, where I gave my best attention to the rehearsal of 'Coriolanus.' Received Brockedon, who called on me with a message and note from Eastlake; he, Mr. E., had been rated for sending back his admission card to me, and fancied that I had taken umbrage at it. I assured Brockedon that I had not, and received the notes and message from him as courteously as I could. Settled much important business with Willmott (Bartley came to tell me that the boxes were well taken for to-morrow, L. D.) with Head and Marshall.

Received notes, one of gratitude for pleasure received at the theatre from Mrs. Best. After dinner, and a little romp with my darling children, and a story to them, I answered Mr. Eastlake, Mrs. Best, and wrote a note to Egerton Webbe. I then continued steadily the arrangement of the dresses and properties of the different persons in 'Coriolanus,' which kept me up to a late hour.

March 3rd.—Acted Claude Melnotte very well. The Queen came in just after the beginning of the last act; was loudly called for and very warmly received. Lord Conyingham wished to see myself or some one. Sent Bartley to him. It was to say that the Queen would come to see the whole play on Tuesday, and wished Bulwer to know it.

March 5th.—Went to theatre to rehearse 'Coriolanus:' the number of supernumeraries so took up the morning that we could not advance beyond the second act of 'Coriolanus.' Received a very courteous note from Miss Rolls; attended to business with Marshall, Head, Griffiths, &c.

March 8th.—Bulwer came into my room and seemed very much delighted with the success of his play. He told me of a message he had received from the Queen, full of courteous expressions to him about the play, and wishing him to communicate to me how very much she was delighted with my acting. He told me that he had said little about myself in the preface, because he had said a good deal before, and he thought it would be injurious. I told him he had said so much before that he had left nothing to say, that he had bound me to his chariot-wheels. He added that he felt sure Talfourd's play would succeed. I did not encourage the notion, and thereupon he said, though he had no wish to write for the stage, yet if I needed him, I had only to point out how he could assist my views. Brought home my helmet to accustom myself to it.

March 12th.—The house was very indifferent; this was a blow. The reputation of this theatre for producing Shakespearian plays ought to have commanded more attention. I give up all hope! Lay down to rest. Acted parts of Coriolanus well; parts, not to satisfy myself. Jerdan, Dickens, Bulwer, Blanchard, Forster came into my room.

March 13th.—Went to the theatre, attended to business there. Saw Willmott, Robertson. Looked over E. Webbe's opera. Fox called and expressed himself delighted at the performance of last night.

E. Webbe came, and brought with him the scores of his opera, about which I shall set the people immediately.

March 14th.—Received a letter from Talfourd, informing me of his despatch of the play. Looked at the newspapers.

When I went into my study, revolved the various arguments for and against the plays, thought upon my benefit, decided upon Lord Byron's 'Foscari,' and to produce E. Webbe's opera after it. Read the voyages of Sindbad in the 'Arabian Nights,' with reference to the Easter piece. Read Mr. Young's Easter piece, and found a difficulty in coming to any decision upon it. Wilson called, and I wrote to Mr. Leigh with the tragedy of 'Cromwell,' and also wrote a note to E. Webbe. Z. Troughton called, whom I was glad to see: I told him I had not read his tragedy. Wrote to Talfourd in answer to his letter. Wilson called again, having found Mrs. Gore's play. Received a note from Mrs. Talfourd. Not well after dinner. I am indeed worn out; the want of air, exercise, and repose is working on my system. Received a very pleasing letter from dearest Edward, which affected me, but with happy emotion. Also a note, proposing an opera, from Haynes Bayley. Went to Miss Martineau's party. Met there Mr. Smith of Norwich, whom I liked, Robertson, of the *Westminster Review*, Chorley,* Misses Berry, friends and biographers of H. Walpole, Browning, Eastlake, Mrs. Read, Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Passed an agreeable evening, but was much fatigued.

March 15th.—Poole called to say that he wished to have written on Monday night to express his delight at the performance of 'Coriolanus,' which was the most perfect thing he had ever seen.

March 16th.—Read over 'Foscari' in bed, and looked at the papers. A letter from Talfourd with the cast of 'The Athenian Captive.'

Attended to business about the play of 'Foscari' with Marshall; the Easter piece with Serle.

Read part of Talfourd's play. Very low spirits in contemplating the state of things. A cheerful dinner-party, Jonathan Birch, John Morice, Misses Morice, Warrens, Lieutenant Wright, Kennedy, George Bucknill, Mason, Archdeacon Robinson, sister and nicce.

March 17th.—Spoke with Young about his Easter piece, and suggested £35 as his payment, to which he agreed.

A friend of Talfourd's called to ask me to read his version of Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' which I promised to do when the business of the theatre permitted me.

* 'Chorley's Diary' ('Memoirs,' 2 vols, London, 1873), vol. i. p. 276, 15th March, 1838, has: "Macready at a soirée at Miss Martineau's, the Misses Berry besetting him about the character of Pauline in 'The Lady of Lyons.'"—Ed.

Read through Talfourd's play, which, though not of a high character, is certainly improved. Blanchard called to speak with me about a play written by Miss Landon, to be submitted hereafter. Tried to think on the matter. Very much tired. Acted Claude Melnotte middlingly.

March 21*st*.—Went to the theatre, reading the 'Foscari' upon my way. Spoke to Marshall on business, and made the copy of my benefit advertisement. Wrote to Wallace with a box, and to Bulwer with a box for his mother, and a cheque for £210. A dinner-party of Bulwer, Sheil, A. Buller, Fonblanque, F. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Ellis, Dickens, Browning, Forster, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Kitchener, Henrietta Skerrett. We had a cheerful day.

March 22*nd*.—I rehearsed the play of the 'Foscari,' and afterwards listened to some music of the opera I had read two days since. I was much pleased with it. Spoke with Marshall on business, and settled with him the scenes of the 'Foscari.' Gave him a card to Etty, whom I wished him to consult on the apartments of the Ducal Palace at Venice. Spoke with Mr. Griesbach about his opera; settled the terms with him of £5 per night, and arranged the night of performance for the 7th proximo.

Received a letter from Bulwer returning me the cheque for £210, a letter which is a recompense for much ill-requited labour and unpitied suffering; it is an honour to him, and a subject of pride to myself.

Saw the newspapers. Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed 'The Two Foscari.' Went to the box-office about the places for my benefit; gave directions that no preference should be given to any parties, and that the prices of the private boxes should remain as on ordinary nights.

March 26*th*.—Mr. ——, of the — Regiment, called, on an introduction from Talfourd, and, after doing my utmost to dissuade him from such an act of folly as following the stage (the second visitor on the same errand I have had to-day), I promised to write to Knowles for him. Read over 'Coriolanus,' feeling myself quite unequal to its performance. Acted it feebly. Was called for and warmly received by the audience.

March 27*th*.—Kind note from Etty about the apartments of the Ducal Palace, and lamenting his inability to accept our invitation. Went to the theatre, where I spoke with Marshall on the scenes. Rehearsed Foscari.

Acted Claude Melnotte pretty well; was called for and warmly received by the audience. Some person, a lady I fancy, sent me a laurel chaplet; I do not see the exact meaning of the anonymous affair.

Faraday sent me a note with his pamphlet on Electricity.

March 28*th*.—Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, three Misses Fitzgerald, Bayley, Cattermole, O'Hanlon, Hayward, Dowling, Calcraft, Brockedon dined with us.

March 29th.—Entered some arrears of record, and went to the theatre, where I gave a quiet rehearsal to Foscari. Received a very kind message from Mr. Lowndes, protesting against my surrender of my benefit to the stock of the theatre, and manifesting an appreciation of my labours that was very gratifying to me.

March 30th.—Paid Mr. Maddox a quarter's rent for the house, £95 11s. Went to theatre. Rehearsed Foscari and the new opera. Spoke to Marshall on the subject of the scenery, and on other business.

April 5th.—Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed Foscari.

J. Short called, and chatted with me for a few minutes; he was in great spirits, and his presence gave me a momentary stimulus. It is delightful to call back our school days and school thoughts again in this accursed world of treachery, hypocrisy, and cant. Received a note from Miss Coutts, inclosing me a five-pound note for her box. Returned it with as courteous a note as the hurry of the moment would allow. Went over the part of Coriolanus lying on the sofa. Acted the part but indifferently.

April 7th.—Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed Foscari. Received a note from Beazley, inclosing me two guineas for two box tickets. I answered his note, returning the difference, and received a very polite answer from him. Another note from Miss Coutts, returning the £2 10*s.*, and requiring six more box or pit tickets, which were sent with my compliments.

Acted Foscari very well. Was very warmly received on my appearance; was called for at the end of the tragedy and received by the whole house standing up and waving handkerchiefs with great enthusiasm. Dickens, Forster, Procter, Browning, Talfourd, &c., came into my room. The operetta of 'Windsor Castle' was in active process of damnation as I left the theatre. Note from Mrs. C. Buller, wishing me to go to her on Wednesday.

April 10th.—We had a dinner-party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Loughs, Blanchard, Mrs. Reid, Miss Martineau, Messrs. T. Fonblanque, Savage, Forster, Ainsworth, Beazley, and Maclise. Note from Lady Nugent, which I answered; four of our visitors stayed unreasonably late.

April 11th.—Knowles came to breakfast, and read his play, with which I was much pleased. He at first wished to bring forward 'Procida,' but on my expressing myself satisfied with 'The City Maid,' he, with an expression of alacrity, agreed to set to work on that. Looked at the newspapers; went to the theatre, and directed the rehearsal of the Easter piece; attended also to much business connected with it.

Easter Monday, April 16th.—Went to the theatre, where I was engaged incessantly the whole day with the superintendence of the Easter piece. The labour was oppressive. Here am I sacrificing myself, and still I must ask, for what—for whom? At a quarter past four I lay down to rest until five o'clock. Notes from various

persons. Acted Macbeth in an odious style; was called for and well received by the audience. The afterpiece,* to which I carefully attended, was not over until nearly half-past twelve; reached home at one.

April 18*th*.—Spoke with Willmott and Marshall about the alteration of 'Sindbad;' directions were given about it. Talking with Serle, we entered into a discussion of the practicability of carrying on the theatre next year; Bartley and Robertson came in and participated in the conversation. Much as I lament to see the work I have done fall uselessly into nothing, I do not feel that I can with propriety continue in the direction of the theatre.

April 19*th*.—'Coriolanus.'

—— 20*th*.—Gave the evening to the study of Thoas,† a bitter drug. Account from the theatre most wretched, £55. So that this at least tells us the value of 'Coriolanus,' and even the 'Foscari.'

April 21*st*.—Saw the papers, and went to the theatre, where I was startled at learning that there was only just enough cash to meet the day's demands; and this included the remainder of my benefit. The prospect is fearful. I sent for Willmott, and immediately made arrangements to dismiss 'Sindbad' from the bills, and reduce every expense.

April 2*nd*.—Gave the whole day to learning the words of Thoas, which I find a more difficult task than any of the same kind I have ever in my life had to encounter; laboured at it, but it escaped me, after I had gained the power of repeating it. It is so overloaded, and so round about the subject. Macaulay called, and told me how highly Lord Denman had been speaking of me.

April 23*rd*.—Went to the theatre, where I released 'The Athenian Captive.' Forster and Dickens called at the theatre, and I submitted to them the proposed omission of two scenes, to which they, for Talfourd, agreed, and made further excisions. Business with Marshall, &c., about the play. Mr. Denmar sent me, as a present, a Glasgow edition of Horace from the late John Kemble's library.‡ O'Hanlon called about his fancy ball dress. Two or three persons called, one with a play on the subject of "imprisonment for debt," which he did not choose to leave, as the subject was at present popular! Cut 'The Athenian Captive,' and rested in my chair for half an hour. Acted Macbeth indifferently; was called for by the audience and kindly received.

April 24*th*.—In bed went over two scenes of 'Athenian Captive,'

* 'Sindbad, the Sailor, or the Valley of Diamonds.' The pieces performed in this week were: 'Macbeth,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'The Two Foscari,' 'Coriolanus,' 'The Hypocrite,' 'High Life Below Stairs,' and the opera of 'Amelie;' and this is a fair sample of the variety of performances given under Macready's management, himself playing in four of them.—Ed.

† In Talfourd's 'Athenian Captive.'—Ed.

‡ Bought by Anthony Trollope at the sale of Macready's library in 1873.—Ed.

and rose early to continue the study of it. Went to the theatre. Spoke to Robertson about the state of accounts, ordering all bills to be called in, and an estimate given me of my next Saturday's expenses. Suggested to him and Bartley the possibility of procuring Knowles's play for the company to act, on their own account, after my proposed retirement from the management; they thought it not practicable. Rehearsed 'The Athenian Captive.' Business in settling benefits, plays, &c. After I had dined, went with Bartley to the North London Hospital, where we saw Dr. Elliotson's exhibition of his epileptic patients under a course of animal magnetism. It is very extraordinary, and I cannot help thinking that they are partly under a morbid influence, and partly lend themselves to a delusion. Rested for about an hour; acted Claude Melnotte very fairly; was called for and well received by the audience.

April 25th.—Read in bed the part of Thoas; went to the theatre, where I settled with Marshall several matters respecting the scenery of 'The Athenian Captive;' Forster and Dickens came to the rehearsal and sat it all through. They told me that Talfourd had undergone the operation of amputation, as to his play, very manfully. Knowles told me that he would have four acts ready for me this week. Hullah came to speak about the operetta of Serle's. Baxter, the music copyist, came to say that the instrumentation of E. Webbe's opera was so defective that it *could* not be *played*: that notes were written which actually could not be played on instruments.

April 26th.—Letter from dearest Edward, giving an interesting account of his present state and expectations. Looked at the newspaper, in which I saw the debate upon Talfourd's Copyright Bill. Rehearsed 'The Athenian Captive,' in which I find no effect for my character. Arranged business with Head, Marshall, &c. Talfourd called. I told him that my part had no effect in it, that the play lay upon Mrs. Warner and Mr. Anderson. Willmott called with a note from Mr. Warner informing Bartley of Mrs. Warner's sudden indisposition (her labour having come unexpectedly upon her). Mrs. Clifford had Volumnia sent to her, and we talked over the business of the ensuing week, deciding on closing the theatre Saturday night.

Talfourd, Dickens, and Forster came and debated on what was to be done. Talfourd had come from Lord Lansdowne's dinner-party, went up with Forster, &c., to see Miss H. Faucit, and ask her to act the part. She entertained the subject, but could give no answer till the morrow. Wrote to Mrs. Warner, inclosing a cheque for £40, a month's salary, with offer of any accommodation to Mr. Warner.

April 28th.—Knowles called about nine o'clock, to say he would be here punctually at half-past ten to breakfast. He came, and I went round by his house, on my way to the theatre, and received from him the two first acts of 'The City Maid.' Rehearsed the

play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' with my part of Friar Lawrence. Settled with Marshall the scenery for 'Ion' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' and with Head, the dresses for the latter. Made out the bill for the week's business. Sent to inquire after Mrs. Warner. Returning home, I read and cut the farce of 'Love Extempore.' Read the two acts of 'The City Maid,' which I think admirably written.

April 29th.—Kenney called; I told him that I had cast his piece of 'Love Extempore,' and was satisfied that Harley would do the part in it well.

Went to dine with Dickens, at whose house I met Procter, Ainsworth, Bell, of the *True Sun*, and Forster. An agreeable day.

April 30th.—Read over Friar Lawrence. Acted it. I find the playing a part of this sort, with no direct character to sustain, no effort to make, no power of perceiving an impression made, to be a very disagreeable and unprofitable task. Having required many of the actors to do what they conceived beneath them, perhaps it was only a just sacrifice to their opinions to concede so far.

May 1st.—Rehearsed 'The Jealous Wife.' Read the farce of 'The Veiled Portrait' to the actors. Read the third act of Knowles's play. Read fourth act of 'King Lear.' Read three first acts of Claude Melnotte. Acted the part of Melnotte very well. Was called for and very warmly received.

May 3rd.—Went to the theatre, where, during the rehearsal, I saw Messrs. Lowndes and Faber, and talked with them about the re-letting of the theatre, advising them not to delay their advertisement beyond the 1st of June; to let me see the advertisements, which I might be able to improve for them; to retain Willmott, and make him a situation in the summer, the taking an inventory of the scenery and properties, &c. They agreed on the necessity of keeping up the character of the theatre, and seemed obliged by the interest I took in it. Rehearsed Mr. Oakley. Robertson and Bartley came into my room; the receipt was so bad that I was obliged to decide on closing the house on Thursday.

May 5th.—A M. Dumanoir, Entrepreneur du Théâtre des Variétés, called early to ask me if I would procure a licence for the French company, and engage the troupe from the Variétés. I showed him all possible civility, gave him the freedom of the theatre, but declined all speculation: I have had enough of it. Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed with care the play of 'As You Like It.' Acted Jacques pretty well, not so well as I could and ought to have done. Was called for, but did not go on. Saw the farce of 'High Life below Stairs,' with which I was much amused.

May 7th.—Went to the theatre, where I attended to the business before me, and, after arranging with Marshall, Willmott, &c., sat down to read and cut Knowles's play for the copyist. Forster gave the title of 'Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguises,' to Knowles's play.

May 9th.—Acted Melnotte pretty well. Was called for with

Miss Faucit, for whose benefit it was acted, and well received. Arranged conclusively the characters of 'Woman's Wit,' and sent them out.

Elstree, Sunday, May 13th.—On coming downstairs turned to my accounts, which still proceed, only increasing on the disbursing side. Yesterday I had to give a cheque to Robertson for £100 to meet the salaries.

Read Knowles's play of 'Woman's Wit.' Played with the children. After dinner told them each stories applicable to their several characters. Spent an idle evening of enjoyment. Read prayers to the family.

London, May 19th.—Rehearsed 'Woman's Wit.' Knowles was very much struck with the beauty of the scene for the opening of the play; he observed to me: "My dear Mac, for all the plays I have ever written there has never been done so much as is given in this one scene." He went on to say he would "set to work on 'Procida' without delay for me," &c.

Went to Fonblanque's with Forster. Saw Hayward, F. Reynolds, Savage, Dr. Quin, D'Orsay, Savage Landor, Bulwer, Lord Nugent, &c. Went home with Forster, who got tea for me.

May 21st.—Gave up the entire morning to the rehearsal of Knowles's play. Knowles was very much struck with the mode of putting the play upon the stage, drilling the actors, and teaching them their business; I was glad he was present, that he might know, in any event, his trust had not been misplaced. He told me the proprietors, if they knew their interests, ought to give me £4000 per annum to conduct their theatre—about the amount that I shall give to them!

May 23rd.—From six o'clock to eight I was boring at the concluding speech of the play, having closed my eyes with it last night, and could not get it into my head. Rehearsed the play of 'Woman's Wit,' and attended to all the various matters connected with it: scenes, dresses, &c. Read over my own part, and laboured at the concluding speech, writing it out repeatedly from memory, but unavailingly, to make a secure lodgment with it. Acted Walsingham in a very crude, nervous, unsatisfactory manner. Avoided a call by going before the curtain to give out the play; there was very great enthusiasm. Led on Knowles in obedience to the call of the audience.

May 26th.—Acted Walsingham a little better than the preceding evenings. Lydia Bucknill, who was in the theatre, went with me after the play to Elstree. Twice called for, and making bow to the audience. The night was very beautiful—the young moon looking like hope and promise—suggesting happiness to lighter hearts than mine; but to me there seems little prospect of content or comfort. Found dearest Catherine very unwell.

May 29th.—Had a long conversation with Bartley and Robertson on the conduct of next season; they, but more particularly Bartley,

seemed to be very anxious that I should be continued, with safety to myself, in the management. Bartley mentioned that the actors were to meet on Thursday, and that Serle had a plan to propose, but that this plan included an operatic company. I am nearly certain Serle's plan must be of a republican character, with which I said I would have nothing to do; as a director I must be a *despot*, or *serve*. Wrote to Babbage for a voucher for Herschel's dinner. Acted Walsingham middlingly.

May 31*st*.—After the interlude* was over, Warde, Harley, Meadows, and Stanfield came into my room to ask me to step into the green-room, where I found my company assembled. They all stood up as I entered, and I bowed to them, and Bartley addressed me in their names, deputed by them. I cannot remember his speech, but it was very well arranged and delivered, to the effect that they, "the company, had been deeply penetrated by the part I had taken in standing forward to champion the cause of the fallen drama, and been sensibly alive to the labours I had encountered, and the sacrifices I had made for the drama's sake; that they wished me to be apprised of their high appreciation of my noble conduct, of my uniform deportment towards them, and of the various acts that together had brought back to them a season equal in its effects to them to the best days of the drama within the memory of the oldest actor; that they were well aware I should be most pleased with any testimonial of their regard in proportion to its unostentatiousness, and therefore they had selected the simplest offering, as a mere tablet, on which to inscribe their names and record their gratitude to me; that though it possessed little value beyond that, yet that perhaps on some occasion it might find a place upon my sideboard, and that Mrs. Macready, and perhaps my children, might derive some little pleasure from the sight of it." The salver was produced and the inscription read. He was affected as he closed his speech, which I can only very imperfectly recollect. I am nearly as much at a loss to recollect the particulars of my reply; he said something about "the motives" of my undertaking—I forget in what manner. As nearly as I can remember, I said: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am utterly at a loss to reply to what has been so kindly communicated to me from you by our common friend, Mr. Bartley. I really do not know how to thank you. I am wholly unused to address extemporaneously any body of persons, and not always exact in the expression of my ideas in ordinary conversation. I thank you most truly. I can say little more than this, but whilst I assure you that I feel most gratefully your kindness in this instance, I must also be permitted to say that I regret it; I regret that, in your wish to testify your estimation of my conduct, you should have altered the high position on which we stood relatively to each other—it would have

* The performances of this evening were: 'Woman's Wit,' 'The Original,' and 'High Life Below Stairs.'—Ed.

been far more gratifying to me to have received the record of your kind appreciation on even perishable paper (which, however, never could have perished while I or any dear to me could have preserved it), and have held faith in the sincerity of its declaration. But as it is I can only again thank you, and assure you how truly I value this testimony of your regard. I truly and gratefully thank you. Mr. Bartley has alluded to the 'motives' which induced me to embark on this speculation or experiment. I may observe that less disinterested motives have been attributed to me by some persons who have been remarked in society for a most ungenerous hostility to our cause, and who, perhaps, are scarcely worthy of notice. These persons have laid down their opinion that I took the theatre 'only to fill my own pockets.' I am sure you give me credit—indeed you have proved so—for motives not altogether mercenary and selfish. And in contradiction of these persons' assertion, I need but refer to your several engagements and to my contract with the proprietors, by which I might long since have closed the theatre when all hope of reimbursing myself had departed, and when I could only continue the season by a continuance of loss. As a further evidence that my motives were not exclusively selfish, I had pledged myself, before the opening of the theatre, to Mr. Robertson and Mr. Bartley (and I am glad of the opportunity of mentioning it) to pay to the full the salaries of those performers who consented to their reduction, and who consented to share with me in part the risk I was venturing upon. I pledged myself, as those gentlemen know, to pay the full amount at which these salaries were previously rated before I touched one shilling of the profits, if any had arisen, upon the season. I may also refer to the principles on which the theatre has been conducted, to show that my motives were not altogether mercenary. They were in fact not so. Among my motives the primary one was the wish to elevate my art, and to establish an asylum for it and my brothers and sisters professing it, where they might be secure of equitable treatment, of friendly consideration, and, most of all, of that respect which man should show to man, or, which is most important, which man should show to woman. I cannot be so presumptuous as to suppose that I have been able to give universal satisfaction; in a large establishment like this the interests of individuals must often be merged in that of the community, but I may ask credit for intention. I have endeavoured to be just, and though perhaps sometimes I may have been betrayed into a manifestation of infirmity of temper, I have at least striven to make kindness go hand in hand with justice. Once more I must thank you; but let me indulge in one more observation, which is, that in no theatrical season I remember has there ever been less discord between a company and its manager, a circumstance of which we may all be justly proud, and in the honour of which we generally participate. In again repeating my thanks to you, I may mention that, in a letter addressed to me on

business at the beginning of the season by a gentleman I believe now present, the writer told me that I was regarded—yes, he intimated widely—as the actor's friend; it was the most gratifying character that could be applied to me. Let me believe that the testimonial now before me may be considered by me as an attestation of your assent to the justice, of the term, and let me intreat of you that my name may never be dissociated from the appellation. Thank you once more, truly and cordially!" I shook hands with those near me, and left the room. Stanfield, Knowles, Forster, Bartley, &c., came into my room; I was pleased to hear that Mrs. H. Phillips' and Power's, &c., names were inscribed on the salver.

June 5th.—Read the essay on Envy in Bacon—endeavouring to examine myself by it.

June 7th.—Spoke to Mr. Anderson upon his impatience under bad parts, and recommended him to take all that came without question or murmur, as his most certain way to estimation. He was very grateful, and thanked me for all I had done for him.

June 14th.—Mr. Webster sent up his card and came in. He proposed an engagement—asked me if I would take £20 per night. I said No; that I did not wish to act, and would take nothing under £25 per night for four nights per week for five weeks. He said, "Well, Mr. Macready, I will give it," and named the time—the middle of July. I told him I would not act Shakespeare's tragedies at the Haymarket, to which he agreed—Knowles's play was the object. Put him on the free list.

June 15th.—Read the newspapers and saw Knowles, who came with a letter from Lord John Russell implying the Queen's intention of visiting the theatre after the Coronation. Dressed and went to Freemason's Tavern to the dinner given to Sir J. F. Herschel.* Babbage had procured me a very good place. I saw Hawes, Vivian, with whom I resumed acquaintance, Lardner, Warren, Wilkie, Heywood. The room filled completely, and presented a brilliant spectacle in itself, and an interesting subject for contemplation in the thought of the quantity of mind shut up within these walls; there were with the Duke of Sussex Lords Lansdowne, Fitzwilliam, Cawdor, Oxmantown,† Adare, Northampton, Burlington, Sir J. Brisbane (a distinguished astronomer), Sir A. Adam, &c. Lady Herschel and Mrs. Somerville were up in the gallery. I could not avoid thinking of her feelings. Sir J. Herschel, in returning thanks for his health, proposed by the Duke of Sussex, made a long and, as far as I could catch portions of it, a very good speech. Sedgwick in a good speech, if it had not been so very long, proposed the Duke of Sussex. Lansdowne and others spoke. It was pleasant to see how rank sank before the eternal greatness of science.

* On the occasion of his return from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had spent some time in observing the stars of the southern hemisphere.—Ed.

† Afterwards Lord Rosse.—Ed.

June 21*st*.—Was very busy in arranging the expenses of the company for next season, when Robertson came to me with the report from Knowles and Captain Forbes to the effect that they thought my payment placed much too high, and their rent very much too low. I tore my papers, and assented to the rupture of the negotiation. So ended my scheme for the regeneration of the drama. Looked into Bartley's room as I passed, where he and Willmott were; told them of it, to their great consternation.

June 22*nd*.—Went to theatre, having in bed pondered on some scenes of Shylock. Found Bartley and Robertson together, and spent an hour or two in talking over the refusal of the proprietors to take my offer. Bartley asked if they would like £6000 and the two private boxes, making £800 more, £2000 being paid down in advance, and the resumption of their payments being made about Christmas at the rate of £240 per week, leaving me at liberty to close at any period.

Acted Claude Melnotte better than I have ever done; was called for, and received with very great cordiality. Notification of my election from the Athenæum Club.

June 26*th*.—Webster called and expressed the great pleasure he should have, in case of my relinquishment of Covent Garden, to make my engagement last to the end of his season with Knowles' and Bulwer's plays.

June 30*th*.—Forster called. Wrote out part of the closing speech for Bartley to deliver. Robertson brought me word that the proprietors agreed to the proposal I had given in, but wished something definite about surplus. I told him I would say nothing; that I did not intend to make a gift to them, but if the surplus should reach to a high sum, say £7000, I should consider it only fair that they, as having participated in the risk, should be considered in the remuneration; that I should send them £1000 on such account.

July 5*th*.—Acted Claude Melnotte very well, was called for, and led on Miss Faucit. Many bouquets were thrown on the stage.

The last night of my performance this season at Covent Garden.*

July 6*th*.—Went into Mrs. Macready's box to hear Bartley deliver the closing speech. He had said to me a little before that it had occurred to him the audience might call for me. I said if they did I would instantly run out of the theatre, so that he might with perfect safety say I was not in it. The cheering was so loud and long on his announcement of my continuing in the lesseeship, that I thought it time to decamp, and went out of the theatre.

July 7*th*.—Leave London for Paris.

Paris, July 12*th*.—Went to the Gymnase, a theatre in apparently a declining state, but which ought not to be, if only as affording scope to the development of the talents of Madame D'Orval, the

* The performances were 'Woman's Wit' and 'Fra Diavolo.'—Ed.

best actress in the domestic tragedy that I have seen since Miss O'Neill. I think, in her own line, quite as good, though not so lovely, as that charming actress. She acted in a piece called 'La Belle Sœur,' a married woman jealous of her sister; it was admirable—it was real in all its varieties.

London, July 23rd.—Went to the Haymarket to rehearse Kitely; acted it pretty well.

July 25th.—'Lord Townley' at Haymarket. Sir E. Bulwer came into my room, and I talked with him about a play for next season. He wants a subject, and will go to work.

August 3rd.—My mind was occupied for some time in endeavouring to compute my pecuniary loss by management. I find I managed to lose, as I first thought, judging from actual decrease of capital, and absence of profit by my labour, £2,500, or measuring my receipt by the previous year, £1,800. It is a painful subject for rumination, but repining never amended misfortune.

Acted Townley; was much pleased to mark the deep interest which a lady in the stage-box took in the last scene between Lord and Lady Townley. These are the sort of auditors that lend a temporary fascination to the exercise of our art.

August 4th.—Acted Thoas with vigour and effect; quite bore the play on my own strength. Was called for by the audience; went on leading Mrs. Warner, and was very cordially received. Talfourd came into my room in a state of high excitement and delight; was lavish in his acknowledgments, and surprised, as he expressed himself, at the effect I had produced.

August 20th.—Went to 13 Cumberland Terrace, and saw the house, which I liked very much. Mr. Elton called and spoke to me about his benefit. I mentioned 'The Bridal,' and told him that I must do things in my own way, and must be paid for acting; that I would not—as Dr. Johnson advised Mr. Thrale—give away barrels of beer. He assented.

August 22nd.—Continued my work on the book of 'The Tempest,' and agreed to take 13 Cumberland Terrace from 15th September to March 24th, at £7 10*s.* per week.

August 25th.—Talked much with Bradwell on the machinery, &c., of 'The Tempest,' and on the machinery of the theatre as useless.

August 28th.—Miss P. Horton, to whom I spoke about the flying of Ariel, and appointed the makers of the dress to call on her. Busied with 'The Tempest,' which much perplexed me on reconsidering it.

August 29th.—Went over the scenery looked out by Sloman with Willmott, and had conversation with Bradwell about the flying dress for Ariel.

August 30th.—Copied out the cues and business for 'Tempest' to send to T. Cooke; wrote to him and inclosed what I had done. Arranged with Marshall and Willmott the entire scenery of 'The Tempest.'

August 31st.—Went to the city with Bradwell and Brydone to see the newly-invented light, the liquid gas; was much pleased with it, and made an appointment with the person for to-morrow. Elton came over to my lodgings, where Forster had taken tea with me, and paid me £25. I wrote him a kind letter, inclosing a cheque for £30.

September 1st.—Went over the play of 'The Tempest' with Bradwell and Willmott. A Mr. Ashford called, on the part of the Liquid Gas Company; told me that he had been an old schoolfellow of mine at Edgell's preparatory school; I remembered his face, not seen for thirty-six years at least. The persons went round the theatre, and are to send their practical men next week. It will be a great reduction of expense, if it can be saved. Received a note of acknowledgment from Elton.

Eastbourne, September 2nd.—Rose early, and having breakfasted, &c., went down to Charing Cross and set out in the Brighton Coach. Used my journey, so far as to amuse and profit myself, by reading, first, the *Literary Gazette*, in which the proceedings of the Scientific Association are recorded. Read the greater part of Miss Martineau's book of 'Morals and Manners,' which very much pleased me. Between Brighton and Eastbourne I read over the part of Prospero. Found at Eastbourne my dear family all in good health, for which I truly and fervently thank God. Arranged my accounts. Read Oxenford's farce of 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson'—it is humorous, but very dangerous. Attended to Nina's and Willie's lessons in arithmetic. Attended to the business of the opening weeks of the theatre. Searched through lists of plays, cast plays, &c. Read and cut the farce of the 'Flitch of Bacon.' Wrote to Talfourd, requesting him to ask Professor Wilson to give a paper in *Blackwood* in furtherance of our enterprise. Went in the evening with Catherine, Letitia, and the children to Beachy Head. Happy to see them all so happy. Pleased with the expanse of prospect, and the pure fresh air that we inhaled. In the evening read the last three acts of Zouch Troughton's tragedy of 'Olaus,' which is very clever, decidedly superior to the many; but I do not think it reaches the point of excellence that insures success.

September 5th.—Left my dear Catherine and children; the two youngest were with us before I set out, and the three eldest roving and romping about the shingle, as wild as the tide that was tumbling in close to them.

My passengers were silent women, with nothing to remark; one, the youngest, was weeping as we set out, and affliction, or its signs, always engage respect, and something like sympathy. Resumed Miss Martineau's book of 'Morals and Manners;' was very much pleased with almost all I read. I dissent from the full participation of manly employments and immunities which she requires for women in *part*, but otherwise I think her a reasoner for truth and an excellent moralist.

Read over, for the sake of mastering the words, the character of Prospero; afterwards read that of the Duke in 'Measure for Measure.' On reaching London, drove to Covent Garden Theatre, where I found my desk covered over with letters and MSS.

Reached the theatre by eight o'clock.

Bradwell had the experimental attempt of the flying of Ariel, which seemed to answer. Miss P. Horton called, and took directions about her dress.

London, September 8th.—Rose early, and arranged my clothes and books to go home; was at Covent Garden Theatre before eight o'clock, and went to the painting-room, where I had some speech with Sloman on material wanted, and on the hours of the men, which are from half-past six to half-past five in summer, and seven to five in winter. Wrote to thank Miss Martineau for the book; to Bulwer about his subject for a play; shortly afterwards received a note from him; answered M. de Fresne's * kind letter, having read the enthusiastic observations of Talma on the dramatic art. Wrote to dear Catherine, inclosing her £15. Willmott came, and we cast the pieces or the first week; previously I had sent on the advertisement summoning the company to assemble. Transacted business with Brydone and Marshall. Bradwell proposed reading the operatic drama to Serle and Willmott, in order to save time.

Read to my listeners the adaptation of Kotzebue's 'Happy Family,' which they liked very much. Willmott thought that I ought to play the part of Hans Karlstein; I feel that it is yielding a great opportunity to another actor, but unless I am to act every night myself, and wish no one to be seen but myself—a selfish engrossment of opportunity that would recoil upon myself—I must give chances to those whom I employ; I must be sincerely high-minded, or I have no business in my place. There will be enough for me to do, and I must strive harder for my own superiority of place.

Came home by *Billing's*, reading *Literary Gazette* and part of Sir Owen Mortland. Ran up Brockley Hill for exercise, to remove the rheumatic pains in my left leg. Gave the whole evening, after a walk round the garden, to searching for a subject for Bulwer.

London, September 11th.—Went to the painting-room, spoke with Marshall on business, and then to Bradwell's room to inspect his model of the opening of 'The Tempest.' Mr. Vandenhoff called, and had some conversation with him; signed his articles with him. Business with Willmott, Robertson, and Brydone upon Sloman's expenses, &c.; Miss P. Horton and Bradwell; Serle, who brought Loder, and it was settled with him he was to compose the music for the operatic drama; Mr. Young, with the opening of the panto-

* M. de Fresne, a gentleman well known in official and literary society in Paris, and Secrétaire-General in the department of the Prefecture of the Seine, under the Restoration. He had an affectionate friendship for Macready, and frequently corresponded with him.—Ed.

mime. Haynes also went minutely into the subject of the alteration of his play; afterwards Forster called; then wrote a few lines to Catherine. Answered Mr. Bell. Looked over and cut finally the operatic drama. Read the opening of the pantomime. Forster and Cattermole dined with me at the theatre.

September 12*th*.—Made out a preface for the announcement of season. Went out to call on Wallace, and felt quite glad of the opportunity of taking a little exercise. Looked in at a print-shop and looked over a French publication of the Versailles Gallery; thought it might be serviceable as a reference for costume, but paused upon the price. Went on to Wallace. Talked over with him Haynes's play and the affairs of the season. Required his assistance in the matter of the opening-advertisement; left with him that which I had drawn out, and promised to send him the newspaper containing our previous bulletins. Returning, called on Kenney; spoke to him about Marguerite, with which he is proceeding at Covent Garden Theatre. Found Miss Horton practising her flight. Business with Brydone, Robertson, who gave me his accounts, &c., Bradwell, &c. Settled casts of plays with Willmott. Welsh called and paid me £100. Consented to Strickland's performance on our first Saturday, and to his and Miss Taylor's, names appearing in our announcement, without which I would not publish them.

September 17*th*.—Went to Covent Garden, where I immediately entered on the business that was waiting for me. Letters from Bulwer about subject; Horne, about an annuity to be subscribed for Leigh Hunt, to which my name was given for £5; from Wade about his play, &c. Much business was before me, and occupied me variously through the day; the price of work was settled; the ladies' rooms appointed and settled; the private boxes, lobbies, and whole part of the theatre inspected, and finally settled as to its cleaning, &c. The expenses of the men's wardrobe reduced, and alteration made as to the lighting; to reduce still more the expenses, question about the laundry work—still, still imposition! Scene room, wardrobe, carpenter's room; business with all; cast pieces and made out the bill for first night.

September 24*th*.—Began the day with packing up things for the theatre; looked over my children's sums, and read in 'Hamlet.' Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I attended the rehearsal of 'High Life,' and the play of 'Coriolanus.' Arranged and read my letters, giving several to Serle and Robertson to answer, answering others myself. Spoke with Marshall on business, and was fully occupied each moment of the day. Thought of what I would say if I were to be called on. Began to unpack my portmanteau, and to arrange my wardrobe, &c., in my room. Dressed myself and prepared for the play. After 'God save the Queen' there was a general call for myself. I went down from the box, and returned flurried, prepared to go on: the reception of the audience was most enthusiastic. I said that I was at a loss to thank them for the compliment. I hoped my exertions would prove the estimation

I set upon their kind opinion, that professions were of little avail, and therefore I would only assure them that unremitting zeal, good intentions, and good faith should be my rules of conduct in the establishment. I was to play Coriolanus, which is certainly beautiful. Bulwer came and sat it out with me; he talked of a subject on which he is thinking. A full house.*

* Notice had been given of the reopening of the theatre by the following announcement:—

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

MR. MACREADY begs most respectfully to announce that this theatre will be reopened

on Monday, September 24th, 1838.

In entering upon this second, and to him most serious, experiment, he will only say the same views with which he undertook the conduct of this establishment last season will be followed up, and his more specific pledges will continue to be strictly fulfilled.

No exertion will be spared in presenting the National Drama, whether as a branch of literature or as a department of art, with every advantage.

The revival of the standard plays of Shakespeare in the genuine text of the Poet will be persevered in with increased activity, and without regard to expense in attaining the utmost fidelity of historic illustration.

New pieces will be brought out in quick succession, with the same attention to decoration, especially pieces of such a character as to depend mainly upon extrinsic attractions; and the system of abstaining from all exaggerated and delusive announcements in the play-bills will be rigidly adhered to.

THE COMPANY OF THE SEASON CONSISTS OF

MESSRS.

ANDERSON,	FRASER,	ROBERTS,
AYLIFFE,	HARLEY,	SERLE,
BARTLEY,	HOWE,	STRICKLAND,
G. BENNETT,	LEFFLER,	C. J. SMITH,
BEDFORD,	LEE,	TILBURY,
BURNETT,	MACREADY,	VANDENHOFF,
BENDER,	MEADOWS,	F. VINING,
COLLETT,	T. MATHEWS,	WARDE,
DIDDEAR,	PHELPS,	WALDRON,
ELTON,	W. H. PAYNE,	YARNOLD, &c.

MESDAMES

W. CLIFFORD,	GARRICK,	SERLE,
CHARLES,	P. HORTON,	TAYLOR,
EAST,	HUMBY,	VANDENHOFF,
HELEN FAUCIT,	E. PHILLIPS,	WARNER,
FAIRBROTHER,	RAINFORTH,	WORTLEY, &c.
GRIFFITHS,		

Acting Manager, MR. SERLE. *Musical Director,* MR. T. COOKE.
Stage Director, MR. WILLMOTT.

September 27*th.*—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I tried to sit through 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson,' but could not; it was so flatly acted that I could sit no longer. Went into my room and read over the farce called "Jealousy.' The piece of Brown, Jones, &c., was finished among contending voices. It is the same as d—d.

September 28*th.*—Settled business with Serle and Willmott, deciding on not acting 'The Tempest' till Saturday fortnight. The newspapers let off our farce very gently indeed: used it much better than its representation deserved. Came home. After dinner went over Prospero with Catherine.

September 30*th.*—Catherine, this morning, before I rose, told me of the death of my dear and valued friend, Jane Hedley: it is most sad and mournful to think that I never shall see this loved friend again. In my youth her friendship and advice were a support and comfort to me. She is one of those whose interest seemed identified with my existence. The will of the Almighty Power that controls and directs us breaks up these fantasies, and leads us from our own imaginings to the conviction of the mere temporary abode which this world is—an inn upon the eternal course we have to run. God bless her spirit, my dear, dear friend! The desk on which I am writing was her gift, which now will be quite dear to me: a memorial of one of the kindest and most attached of friends. *Vale.*

October 1*st.*—Rose early, and, after looking over my dear children's lessons, turned over the leaves of 'Hamlet,' about which I felt very doubtful and uneasy. Bade good-bye to my children and Catherine with depression—that was a misgiving. Went to the theatre, where I was annoyed by finding my orders and intentions completely frustrated through the indolence and ignorance of the persons employed; the closet scene, which I had intended to be a beautiful effect, was necessarily left in its original state. Rehearsed the play very feebly and unsatisfactorily; in one or two places I proved to myself that I could act the character well if I could only throw myself heartily and naturally into it. Looked at my letters. Lay down in my bed, which I was obliged to make up with cloaks, &c.

Rose almost hopeless, nerved myself as I dressed, and acted Hamlet perhaps altogether as well as I have ever done; was very cordially received, and called on afterwards with much enthusiasm.

October 8*th.*—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; attended to business in the painting-room and stage, &c. Superintended the rehearsal of the three last acts of 'The Tempest.' Head came to me to go over again the dresses I had arranged on Saturday. Lay down, slept, and thought of 'Hamlet;' acted Hamlet in parts tolerably well. His advice to the players I never gave so well; was called for and well received by the audience. Settled again the clothes for 'The Tempest' with Head.

October 9th.—Attended the night rehearsal of 'The Tempest,' with the scenery of which I was detained till half-past two o'clock. Went to bed about half-past three, and read Prospero till past four.

October 10th.—Very much fatigued, in fact rather overworked. Went to the theatre, and attended to the rehearsal of the words of 'The Tempest;' distressed to find myself so imperfect in the words of Prospero. Spoke with Marshall about some very important alteration in the scenery of 'The Tempest,' and settled it with him and Bradwell.

October 11th.—Lay in bed to recover my exhausted frame from the wearing efforts of the late hard labour. Read Prospero, and repeated it to Catherine before I rose, being comfortably perfect in the words. Dined with the children, and after dinner read 'Othello.'

Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Looked at letters and parcels. Acted Othello very fairly, considering the quantity on my mind. Much annoyed by hearing some one hissing Mr. F—— in his song in the 'Cabinet.' An actor should not be a manager, one duty is quite enough.

October 12th.—The entire day, from eleven in the morning until past one at night, devoted to the rehearsal of 'The Tempest,' with the effect of which I am by no means satisfied.

October 13th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Attended to the business of the day. Rehearsed the play, and made some valuable alterations. Received letters, one informing me that the writer, a creditor of Mr. W——, would arrest him, and prevent his performance this evening if I did not "intercede" and settle the debt. Business. Read Prospero as well as I could; acted it as well as I could—but how could I act it well with the excitement and load of such a production on my mind? Was greatly received. Called for after the play, and received again with enthusiasm. Dickens and Forster went to our box. Gave largess to the carpenters.*

October 14th.—Could not recover myself from the excitement of last night. The scenes of the storm, the flights of Ariel, and the enthusiasm of the house were constantly recurring to me.

October 15th.—Went to the theatre, where I saw the newspapers, which renewed the excitement that I thought had subsided. I tried to tranquillise myself, but vainly. This is not a life to live for one who wishes to improve himself by living—it is a tempest itself.

October 16th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Vandenhoff

* The cast of the principal characters in 'The Tempest,' as brought out by Macready, was: Alonzo, Mr. Warde; Sebastian, Mr. Diddear; Prospero, Mr. Macready; Antonio, Mr. Phelps; Ferdinand, Mr. Anderson; Caliban, Mr. G. Bennett; Trinculo, Mr. Harley; Stephano, Mr. Bartley; Miranda, Miss Helen Faucit; Ariel, Miss P. Horton; Iris, Mrs. Serle; Juno, Miss Rainforth. The music was selected from the works of Purcell, Linley, and Dr. Arne. —Ed.

spoke to me, trying to get released from acting Colonel Neville* on Saturday. I did not give way. Attended to the rehearsal of 'Jealousy' and 'The Foresters' until nearly three o'clock. Engaged Mr. Blanchard for the pantomime. Mr. Young called with part of the opening of the pantomime. Serle and Willmott on business. Acted Prospero very roughly—was called for, and led on Miss P. Horton. Spoke to Willmott about inaccuracies; to Mr. W—— about his probable arrest, of which I had been apprised by Notter. Would not permit the sheriff's officer to enter the theatre, nor would I consent to Mr. W——'s request to let him through the private boxes.

October 17th.—My cold very bad; kept to my bed till time to dress for the theatre. Went twice over Ruthven. Marked and arranged it in my mind for Haynes's alteration. Acted Claude Melnotte pretty well, considering my cold. Called for and well received by the audience. Business after the play. Hastened home, and to bed.

October 18th.—Lay in bed, suffering from severe cold. Cut the play of 'The Foresters' and took it with me to the theatre; superintended the rehearsal till I could stay no longer. Saw Serle, Willmott, Brydone, &c., on business. Was obliged to lie down and think of Othello, to which my cold rendered me very unequal. Acted it pretty well, and was called for by the audience and warmly received. Went home and took a warm bath.

October 19th.—Put leeches on my throat, and whilst they were adhering read the romantic play translated by Mrs. Sloman, which promises very well. Rose, and went to the theatre, where I gave great attention to the rehearsal of 'The Foresters.' Saw throughout the play of 'The Foresters,' which was most excellently got up—not altogether acted to my satisfaction, but generally it went well, but *only well.*

October 20th.—Chest indisposed. Went to the theatre: attended to the rehearsal of 'Jealousy;' afterwards to business with Marshall about the pantomime. Consulted with Serle, Willmott, Robertson, Brydone. Tired, not well. Went over part of Prospero, and slept a little in my room. Acted it: how can I act at all? Called for by the audience; led on Miss P. Horton. Farce of 'Jealousy' went fairly. Four or five base wretches, at the most, tried to get up a row against it; I would not succumb to it, but sent on Mr. Vandenhoff, who gave it out very triumphantly.

October 22nd.—My throat very much irritated, myself fevered, not knowing what to do about playing to-night: sent a note to Dr. Elliotson for prescription. Looked at the papers. Mr. Pope called, strongly recommended me not to play. Wrote a note to Serle to provide a substitute in Vandenhoff or Elton. Humphries not having returned, could not send it, and feeling a little better resolved to play. Read 'Hamlet,' and slept. Rose and went to the theatre; my table covered with notes and papers; could not

* In a new piece called 'Jealousy.'—Ed.

open one, except the box account, which I found very nearly as good as last Monday. Acted as well as my weakness would let me; was called for, and loudly received.

October 24th.—Letter from Bulwer informing me that he had made out the rough sketch of a play, an historical comedy, on the subject of Richelieu. I answered him, delighted at the news.

November 5th.—Acted Macbeth pretty well; was called for and well received. Looked at some of the scenes of this play. The putting of this tragedy on the stage is perfectly beautiful; it is what every one should go to see—they will never see it again.

November 7th.—Went to the theatre, where business, as usual, awaited me. Looked at part of 'Royal Oak' on the stage. Held a council of Bradwell, Marshall, and Young on the scene effects of the pantomime; they assented to the things proposed, and are to bring sketches on Saturday.

November 8th.—I slept for weariness. Acted Prospero pretty well; was called for, and well received. Forster came into my room and proposed on the part of Dickens the dramatisation of 'Oliver Twist,' with Dickens' name. Nothing can be kinder than this generous intention of Dickens, but I fear it is not acceptable.

November 9th.—Looked to the newspapers, and read over the part of Ruthven, which I fear I cannot make sufficiently effective. Uneasy about it, and the difficulty in which the want of strong novelty places us. Forster sent me the volumes of 'Oliver Twist,' which I looked carefully through—occupied me more than the whole day.

November 10th.—Forster and Dickens called; and told them of the utter impracticability of 'Oliver Twist' for any dramatic purpose. Had a long consultation about the expediency of choosing 'Rizzio' or 'Marino Faliero.' Could not decide.

November 11th.—Read the death of Rizzio to Catherine and Letty: the effect was heaviness and tediousness. Wightwick, Browning, and G. Bucknill dined with us.

November 12th.—Went to the theatre, where the rehearsal of the 'Royal Oak' was going on. I could not attend to it, being occupied with the discussion and consideration of what was to be done in the case of the play of the death of Rizzio. Serle took it to read, and I wrote to Haynes, appointing him to call and talk of it to-morrow. Serle gave his opinion that it could not succeed, and that the author ought to re-write. Lay down, wearied, and slept; could not think. After, Bulwer called, and promised to send his play of 'Richelieu' up to Cumberland Terrace. Acted Macbeth but indifferently, not altogether well; was called for by the audience and well received; but must be careful. Found Bulwer's play at home; sat up till half-past two to read it.

November 14th.—Read the two acts of Jerrold's play, with which I was much pleased. Went to Covent Garden Theatre, and attended to the rehearsal of the 'Royal Oak;' gave much attention

to it. Spoke with Serle about Jerrold, and gave him an order for £50 upon his play. Spoke to Marshall about models for pantomime.

November 15*th*.—Read greater part of Bulwer's play of 'Richelieu,' which, though excellent in parts, is deficient in the important point of continuity of interest. I should also say that the character is not "*servatus ad imum*."

Acted Prospero very feebly and ineffectively. Was called for and well received. Serle, Robertson, and Brydone came into my room and remained long, speaking of what was to be done. Henrietta Skerrett was with Catherine—took her home. At home read some scenes in the latter part of 'Richelieu,' which are not effective. I fear the play will not do—cannot be made effective.

November 16*th*.—Mr. Moultrie, of Shrewsbury, called and gave me a very friendly invitation to his house in Worcestershire. Afterwards read 'Richelieu' to Catherine and Letitia, making short notes, and suggesting alterations as I went along. Went to theatre, where I opened notes; gave them for answers. Settled with Mr. Anderson for 'Ion,' for next Friday. Query — Will Talfourd be pleased or displeased? Signed the bills of the week.

November 17*th*.—Called on Bulwer, and talked over the play of 'Richelieu.' He combated my objections, and acceded to them, as his judgment swayed him; but when I developed the object of the whole plan of alterations he was in ecstasies. I never saw him so excited, several times exclaiming he was "enchanted" with the plan, and observed in high spirits, "What a fellow you are!" He was indeed delighted. I left him the play, and he promised to let me have it in a week! He is a wonderful man. Left him to go to the theatre, where I caught the new piece* in rehearsal, which I did not much like. Mr. Scharf† called, to whom I gave the freedom of the theatre, to encourage him as an artist.

November 18*th*.—Sir E. Bulwer called, and showed me two scenes, good ones, that he had already written. Settled the plot of the remainder.

November 20*th*.—Read 'Cinq Mars' in bed. Letters from Mrs. Jameson warmly complimenting me on my revival of 'The Tempest.'

November 21*st*.—Sent back 'Cinq Mars,' with a note of invitation to Bulwer. Read a short account of Richelieu in D'Israeli. Bulwer called, bringing with him the completed 'Richelieu.' Seemed glad to come here on Sunday.

November 22*nd*.—Thought over 'Richelieu'—do not yet see

* A farce, called 'Chaos is come again, or the Race Ball.'—Ed.

† Mr. George Scharf, whose early production, under the modest title of 'Recollections of the Scenic Effects of Covent Garden Theatre during the Season 1838–9,' gives an admirable notion of the scenery and stage grouping of the plays produced under Macready's management at Covent Garden Theatre.—Ed.

my way into it. Marked the first act for cutting, snatched a hasty dinner, and went to the theatre. Saw Serle on his business of 'William Tell'; sent a note to Mrs. Talfourd, with a private box for Friday night. Rooke called with the *libretto* of his opera. Robertson read and marked the second act of 'Richelieu.' Very much fatigued. Note of thanks from Chantrey. Brydone on business. Slept for about a quarter of an hour. Acted Prospero feebly. Called for and well received by the audience.

November 23rd.—Thought over 'Richelieu' before I rose. Read and marked the 3rd act. Went to theatre, reading 'Richelieu' by the way. Received note from Dr. Elliotson inviting me to an exhibition of phenomena in animal magnetism on Sunday next; he is infatuated on this subject. Business with Cooke and Serle; with Knowles, settling what was undetermined in 'William Tell'; with Marshall, settling the remaining scenes of 'William Tell'; with Brydone, signing the bills for the week.

November 24th.—Read and cut the 4th act of 'Richelieu.' Went to theatre, reading 'Richelieu,' and attended to the rehearsal of the 'Agreeable Surprise.'

November 26th.—Went to the theatre; business with Serle, with Willmott, &c. Marshall came in on business. Read over Iago; but this labour of management, this labour engrossing all one's time and thought—one's board and pillow—is incompatible with success and improvement in my art. I acted Iago ill.

November 27th.—Wrote to Bulwer in answer to his note, expressing to him how foremost in my consideration was his reputation; that his play would have been valuable from any other person, but that it would not serve his interest, whether in reference to his literary fame, his station, or his political position. Acted Prospero rather better than I have lately done, but was not called on. Bulwer came into my room, and in a very warm manner expressed himself most gratified with my note, and much obliged. He sat and talked about 'Richelieu,' and left me the note (a very valuable one) that he had written to me.

November 28th.—Rehearsal of 'William Tell;' spoke to Read about dresses, to Young about the pantomime, several scenes of which I read, disapproving of some reflecting on the Queen's partiality to foreigners and Lord Melbourne's stay at Windsor.

November 30th.—Acted Werner, not by any means to my own satisfaction. The incessant occupation of my mind in the management does not allow me to do justice to my acting. I was extremely displeased with myself, although the general opinion would have induced me to think differently; but I know when I act with truth, energy and finish. Was called for, and very warmly received.

December 6th.—Gave the whole morning to compressing and correcting the pantomime. Wrote to the editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, striking that paper off the free list.

December 8th.—Note from Bulwer with his play, which I

read; it is greatly improved, but still not quite to the point of success.

December 10th.—Wrote notes of invitation to Browning, Fox, Rintoul, Wallace, H. Smith, Blanchard, asking them to dine and hear Bulwer's play on Sunday.

December 14th.—Acted William Tell as well as I could, suffering from low spirits. Was called for and very well received by the audience. Henry Smith came into my room and sat for some time.

December 16th.—Attended to my accounts, and then gave the whole morning to the conclusion of the marking of 'Richelieu.' Henry Smith and Serle called first, then Browning, Fox, Blanchard, and Lane to hear the reading of the play. I told them that no one must speak during the process, gave pencils and paper to each, with which they were severally to write down their opinions. The play was listened to with the deepest interest, and the opinions, all of which were favourable, were given in. I then spoke to them individually, and endeavoured to gain their precise opinions more in detail. Mrs. Serle, Miss P. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cooke, Mr. Vining, and Mr. Sloman came afterwards to dinner; spent a cheerful evening: music afterwards. Wrote an account of the result to Bulwer.

December 18th.—Looked through the plays of Shakespeare to discover if any others could be available for revival. Decided that 'King Richard III.,' and afterwards perhaps 'King Henry V.,' were the only ones. Looked at Schlegel's remarks on Richard. Read through and considerably reduced the new drama to be read to-morrow.

Went to Covent Garden. Acted Prospero languidly. Was called for and well received. Looked through the whole list of plays to discover some that might be made serviceable; found very, very few, and those of very little promise. Remained after all were gone to see the effects of two of the scenes in the Diorama —was disappointed in them. They will not answer the expectation I had formed in proposing their execution, and they make me apprehensive of the effects of the pantomime.

December 19th.—Received a letter from Bulwer, one that is an honour to the writer. Went to the theatre, saw Miss Taylor, and read the new drama to the actors. Spoke to Marshall about the scenes of last night, and to Bradwell. Business with Brydone, Robertson, &c. Acted William Tell better than I have yet done; was called for and well received by the audience. Henry Smith called about my age, &c., for the Equitable Insurance.

December 20th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; on my way continued the perusal of Mrs. Butler's play, which is a work of uncommon power. Finished the reading of Mrs. Butler's play, which is one of the most powerful of the modern plays I have seen—most painful, almost shocking, but full of power, poetry, and pathos. She is one of the most remarkable women of the present day. A son born.*

* Henry Frederick Bulwer, died 12th of August, 1857.—Ed.

December 22nd.—Attended to the rehearsal of the pantomime and general business. H. Smith called: I sent him, through Head, the dresses he wanted for his charades. Spoke to Bradwell about the scene on Naval affairs, which is impracticable at this late stage of our proceedings. Acted Prospero languidly; was called for by the audience, and well received. After the play began to make out the pantomime bill. Asked Serle, Willmott, and Brydone to sup with me, which they did; after supper continued the bill, and saw the scenes of the Duomo and the Exchange.* Forster, Dickens, and Cattermole were at the theatre. Came home very late, and saw dearest Catherine.

December 23rd.—Looked through the unused plays of Shakespeare for *cementing* lines for the 'Richard III.' Revised the second proof of the pantomime.

December 24th.—Left dear Catherine and went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I found Forster, Dickens, and Browning, who, with Fonblanque, came to see what I would gladly have been excused from, the rehearsal of the pantomime. I remained attending to it from eleven o'clock, the hour of my arrival, to twenty minutes past eight. Towards the close it appeared in a state so utterly desperate, that I had the carpenters, &c., &c., into my room to give me information respecting my contemplated alteration of the play-bill. Discovering the cause of their difficulty, I made arrangements for easing them, and so far relieved the pantomime from so much cause of fear; but there is not in its execution, whatever may be its fortune, justice done to the lavish expenditure which has been made for it.

December 25th.—Returning home found a letter from Mr. Kenneth, as agent, offering me half the house for six nights, or £400 for a fortnight at Birmingham in Lent. A present of game from George Bucknill.

December 26th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, and rehearsed Hastings; then giving my attention to the pantomime until twenty minutes past five o'clock. Acted Lord Hastings indifferently—my mind was on the pantomime.† The pantomime completely failed. What will be the result I cannot guess—it will go near to ruin me. It is a terrible blow.

December 27th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; on my way looked through the often-searched Shakespeare for some play. Thought of 'King Henry V.,' with the choruses to be spoken by Vandenhoff. Attended to the pantomime, which I cut, and set the performers and the carpenters about. Serle, when I suggested 'Henry,' observed that the choruses would admit of illustration, a

* In the Pantomime, which had a diorama of events in the years 1837–8, including the interior of the Duomo at Milan during the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, and a view of the ruins of the Royal Exchange, destroyed by fire, 10th January, 1838.—Ed.

† The title was 'Harlequin and Fair Rosamond; or, Old Dame Nature and the Fairy Art.'—Ed.

hint which I instantly caught at, and determined upon doing it. Attended to the performance of the pantomime, which went off very smoothly. Afterwards arranged business for rehearsing it.

December 29th.—Spoke to Robertson about the state of our cash account: found that all was smooth, with the exception of the money advanced, £950.

December 30th.—Talked with Letitia over 'King Henry,' explaining to her how I would produce it. Resolved to defer it to Easter, and make it the last Shakespearian revival of my management. Wrote to Mr. Powell, thanking him for his dedication of an edition of Shakespeare's plays to me.

1839.

London, January 1st.—Paid to Robertson, to be returned to the lenders of the money, £950, the amount of loss up to this date.

January 5th.—Read Bulwer's play of 'Richelieu' to the actors, and was most agreeably surprised to find it excite them in a very extraordinary manner. The expression of delight was universal and enthusiastic.

Read a very strange note from some woman, threatening to destroy herself for love of me! The ugly never need despair after this. Answered it shortly. Acted Prospero indifferently. Stayed to see the pantomime with Letitia—much dissatisfied with it. Bulwer came into our box, and seemed much delighted with the news of his play's reception.

January 9th.—Brydone afterwards came and showed me the account. The pantomime has cost £1500!!!—just £1000 more than it should have cost, and more than it appears to have cost.

January 11th.—Acted Werner very unsatisfactorily. I am really deteriorating from the surrendering my time and thought to the management. It distresses me to think of it. Was called for and well received by the audience.

January 12th.—To Mrs. Warner, suggesting to her the part of François in 'Richelieu.' It seems however I had some years ago recommended her, as a woman, not to wear male attire at all, and she has scrupulously adhered to my advice, and now resolutely acted on it. I did not press the point, for I respected her grounds of objection.

Robertson brought me the cash account of the season, which makes us about £300 profit. The proprietors are the gainers.

January 16th.—Looked at the newspaper, and went to Covent Garden Theatre. Spoke to Marshall, and gave him prints for 'Richelieu.' Went to the Bank. Received my own, Edward's, and John Twiss's dividends, in all £49 4*s*. I could not help making the reflection as I looked at the numerous books of names, even beginning with one letter, what a cypher every individual was,

and how little in that mass of property and persons would every one seem to himself if he would but take into account the drop he is in the ocean of life that is boiling and surging about him.

Called at Mr. Knight's, the publisher, Ludgate Hill, to inquire about the 'Pictorial Shakspere.' Saw Mr. Knight, who was very courteous, promising me all the assistance he could render with regard to the scenery of 'King Henry the V.' He told me, on my inquiry, that the editor of the 'Pictorial Shakspere' had sent the numbers to me from himself. He was very courteous. Called at Clarke and Burton's, and requested them to send me some samples of claret; on Henry Smith, who paid me Lord H———'s half-yearly amount, £67 10*s.*, and spoke to me on the subject of investments. Went on to the Equitable Insurance Office, where I expressed my wish to insure my life for £3000. Answered the necessary questions, was treated very courteously, and came away to call again on Henry Smith. Returned to the theatre, where I attended to business. Spoke to Mr. Meadows about the room for the Fund, which I am disposed to let them have. Took the opportunity to expostulate with him about the stringent law in the Covent Garden Fund, preventing the present members of the company from entering the society, particularly that law which compels an actor to be in Covent Garden three years. He seemed to yield, and gave me to understand that they would be reconsidered.

January 20th.—Received from Forster a copy of the resolutions passed by the meeting of friends who subscribed the £1000 for Covent Garden Theatre. Most kind and flattering to me. Leader, M.P., in the chair—Gaskell, M.P., mover — Osborne seconder. Read in 'King Lear' and 'Anquetil.'

January 23rd.—Received a number of sketches by young Scharf, with a letter, wishing to dedicate the work to me.

February 1st.—(*Queen's visit.*) A very kind note from Count D'Orsay, enclosing one, most kind and complimentary, from the Comte de Vigny.

"J'ai tardé à te répondre, cher ami, dans l'espoir de pouvoir déranger mes affaires de manière à me rendre à ton invitation, mais je ne le pourrai pas, je le vois aujourd'hui. Il me faut aller dans le Berkshire, et je ne sais pas quel jour je reviendrai; mais il sera dans peu de temps. En revenant, je t'écrirai sur-le-champ, et je prendrai un matin ou une heure pour causer avec le grand tragédien, que j'ai admiré et applaudi (sans qu'il s'en soit douté) dans presque tous les grands rôles, et dernièrement dans la 'Tempête.' Il sera bien beau dans 'Richelieu,' et j'aurai beaucoup à lui dire de cet homme, dont j'ai été *l'ennemi intime* pendant tout le terme que j'ai écrit 'Cinq Mars.' Quand on attend une réponse à ma porte, je suis au supplice. J'avais bien des choses à te dire de mon amitié, mais j'irai achever ma phrase en t'embrassant,

"A toi mille fois,

"Alfred de Vigny."

Acted Claude Melnotte very fairly.

I had undressed, and was preparing to put on my court suit, when an equerry came from Her Majesty to desire me to go on,

as the audience were calling for me. I did not know what to do —told him, and showed him that I was quite undressed, but that I would do whatever Her Majesty desired. He left me, and I thought it better to put on my dress again, which I did, and receiving a second message from Her Majesty, went on as Melnotte before the audience, and met with a most enthusiastic reception, Her Majesty and the Lord Chamberlain joining in the applause. Dressed in full court dress, went up to see Miss Martineau, and then into Marianne Skerrett's box. She was delighted to see me, and introduced me to her two friends, colleagues in office! The *coulisses* were crowded. I saw, just to grasp hands as I passed, Fladgate, R. Price, Warren, Harris, Browning, Forster, Mr. and Mrs. T. Chitty, C. Barker—an old schoolfellow, to whom I had given a card in the morning—Fitzgerald, Troughton, &c. Went into the ante-room when Her Majesty came out. Lord Conyngham called me to her, and she condescended to say "I have been very much pleased." I bowed, and lighted her down. Glad to conclude a day that has been very wearying to me. All went off very satisfactorily.

February 3rd.—Answered D'Orsay's letter, and copied Comte de Vigny's note to him.

February 9th. — Directed the rehearsal of 'Richelieu,' which occupied me the whole morning.

Heard from Mr. Bunnett that the Anti-Corn Law Committee had decided on holding their meeting at Covent Garden, although Drury Lane was offered for £50 less!

February 14th.—The Queen and Duchess of Kent were at the theatre to see the farce. Lane called in and corrected his sketch of 'Ion.' Mr. Scharf sent me another number of his 'Scenic Recollections.'

February 16th.—Went to Lady Blessington's with Forster, who had called in the course of the day. Met there Comte de Vigny, with whom I had a most interesting conversation on 'Richelieu.' I made an appointment with him to see him on *Mardi prochain*. Met also, with D'Orsay, Bulwer, Charles Buller, Lord Durham, who was very cordial and courteous to me, Captain Marryat, who wished to be re-introduced to me, Hall, Standish, Chorley, Greville, who wished to be introduced to me also, Dr. Quin, &c. Passed a very agreeable two hours.

Mr. Greville told a story of Le Kain in 'Mithridate.' When some one on the stage observed, "Il changera son visage," one in the *parterre* exclaimed, "Laissez le faire."

February 19th.—Attended to business with Marshall, who engaged to have the scenery of the new play finished on Monday; with Bradwell about the armour for play; with Serle on various matters.

Went over his part of Mauprat with Mr. Anderson; afterwards the part of François with Mr. Howe; settled dresses with Head, and talked on business with Brydone.

February 20th.—Gave my attention to the consideration of the character of Richelieu, which Bulwer has made particularly difficult by its inconsistency: he has made him resort to low jest, which outrages one's notions of the ideal of Cardinal Richelieu, with all his vanity, and suppleness, and craft. Finished reading his history and character in 'Anquetil,' a very interesting and delightful book. Gave the *livraisons* of the Galerie de Versailles to Letitia to be sorted: returned to the consideration of Cardinal Richelieu; went over the part, to ascertain what I knew of its words, to Catherine in the evening.

February 21st.—Walked out, and called on Comte de Vigny. sat with him very long, and was amply repaid for the time I gave: He related to me a variety of anecdotes illustrative of the characters of Louis XIII., Richelieu, of 'Cinq Mars,' &c. He is an enthusiast, particularly for dramatic literature. He made a literal translation of 'Othello,' and produced it at the Théâtre Français. He spoke with fervour of my performances, and was much dissatisfied with our custom of allowing women to frequent our pit, because the sympathy was checked by their intervention. He spoke like a poet, and with all the power and characteristic effect of a superior actor. I was very much pleased with him.

February 22nd.—Gave my attention to the inquiry as to the possibility of reconciling the character which Bulwer has drawn under the name of Cardinal Richelieu with the original, from which it so entirely differs. Was not much cheered by the result of my investigation and experiment. Mr. Elton called by appointment, and I spoke to him about the manner in which he had rehearsed the part of Louis XIII. I read him various extracts from 'Anquetil' and 'Cinq Mars,' to show him the weak and nervous character of Louis, of which he knew nothing, nor would he have known anything. He went away seemingly more at ease about his part than he came.

February 25th.—Acted King Lear, not to my own satisfaction, though I was called for, and very warmly received by the audience. Bulwer and Forster came into my room, and afterwards the Comte de Vigny, who expressed himself much pleased with the play. Bulwer spoke to me about Richelieu, and satisfied me on the justice of his draught of the character from the evidence that history has given us. *Allons donc à la gloire!*

March 2nd.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I rehearsed 'Richelieu.' Paid constant attention to the progress of the play, and thought it wore an improved appearance.

Mr. J. Vining called at the theatre in the course of the morning, to inquire if I intended to act on *Wednesday*,* as they would do so at Drury Lane, and if I did the same that Madame Vestris would.

* At this time there were no theatrical performances on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent at the London theatres under the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction.—Ed.

I said certainly not, that while the law existed, though I condemned, I thought it more graceful to obey than to infringe it.

March 3rd.—My birthday—forty-six years of age.

March 4th.—Rose; not well. Looked at the newspaper, in which I saw the notice of Mr. Bunn's intention to play on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. Gave my attention to 'Richelieu.' Dined with the children. Henrietta Skerrett called, and I wrote a note for her to give to Henry Slater that he might deliver it to Sheil, asking his interest with Lord Morpeth. Wrote to Willmott, to Warde, enclosing to him Bulwer's remarks. Wallace called, and very much approved of my *not* playing on the Wednesdays and Fridays. Resumed 'Richelieu;' looked over the children's arithmetic. Note from Bulwer with alterations that are not improvements. Note from Miss Rolls, wishing to call on Catherine; answered it, expressing my satisfaction at such a compliment. Returned to 'Richelieu;' received the bill from Covent Garden, in which Sir E. L. Bulwer's name is announced as the author of the new play.

March 7th.—Lay in bed thinking over my part of Richelieu until time to rise. Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Rehearsed the play, and attended to the needful business in the wardrobe with Griffiths, &c.

Acted Cardinal Richelieu* very nervously; lost my self-possession, and was obliged to use too much effort; it did not satisfy me at all, there were no artist-like touches through the play. How can a person get up such a play and do justice at the same time to such a character? It is not possible. Was called for and very enthusiastically received; gave out the play for every night. The success of the play seemed to be unequivocal. What will the papers say?

March 14th.—Read over 'Richelieu.' Acted the part very fairly; was called for and well received. The Queen was in the theatre. De Vigny came round after the play and expressed himself delighted. He said he would write to me from Paris, and would come over to see Shakespeare's plays acted; he could not dine with me, as he was leaving town.

March 16th.—Went to Babbage's conversazione, where I saw Faraday, Wilkie, Chantrey, Hawes, who told me that the House gave me a lusty cheer on the occasion of Lord John Russell's mention of my name.† Babbage showed me a very curious

* The principal parts in 'Richelieu' were cast as follows: Louis XIII., Mr. Elton; Gaston, Mr. Diddear; Richelieu, Mr. Macready; Baradas, Mr. Warde; Mauprat, Mr. Anderson; De Beringhen, Mr. Vining; Father Joseph, Mr. Phelps; Huguet, Mr. George Bennett; François, Mr. Howe; Julie de Mortemar, Miss Helen Faucit; Marion de Lorme, Miss Charles.—Ed.

† On the previous Monday (11th March, 1839) Mr. T. Duncombe had called the attention of the House of Commons to the question of theatrical entertainments in Lent, and to the fact that a letter had been addressed by Mr. Martins, of the Lord Chamberlain's office, to Mr. Bunn, as lessee of Drury

machine to mark on paper the velocity of a steam-carriage, &c., its shakings both vertical and horizontal: also an effect of the sun's rays on glass laid over a certain composition, which gives shade all round the object placed between the glass and composition. Sydney Smith, Lord Northampton, Mrs. Marcet, I also saw. Went afterwards to Miss Martineau's but all were gone, and I brought Catherine home.

March 25th.—Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Reid, Dowling, Price, Martins, Etty, Forster, Rooke, Stone dined with us; a cheerful day.

March 26th.—Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Lough, Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith, Messrs. E. Webbe, Z. Troughton, Mr. and Miss Pope, Mr. Harley came to dine.

March 27th.—Went on to Covent Garden Theatre, where I superintended a good rehearsal of 'Lodoiska.'

Mr. and Miss Rolls, Mr. and Mrs. Fonblanque, Miss Martineau, Mr. Carlyle, Dr. Elliotson, Charles and Arthur Buller, Browning, Darwin, Miss P. Horton, and Mr. Brockedon dined with us; an agreeable day.

March 28th.—Mr. and Mrs. Horace Twiss, Mrs. Kitchener, Fanny and Amelia Twiss, Barham, Fladgate, Munro, Walker, Cattermole, Maclise dined with us.

March 29th.—Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Serle, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooke, Forster, Wallace, Vining, Anderson, Jerdan came to dinner.

March 30th.—Went to dine at the Shakespeare Club. Dickens was in the chair, Jerdan and Blanchard, the two Vice-Presidents, Procter, Stanfield, Leigh Hunt, Maclise, Cattermole, Jerrold, Thackeray, Lover, Charles Landseer, T. Landseer, Dow, Stone, Forster, King, T. Hill, Bell, Harley invited, and about twenty more sat down to dinner. The day passed off most agreeably; the dinner was very handsome, songs well selected. One song immediately after the health of my dear wife and family, 'Was she not passing fair?' was very sweet, as also the 'Love and Glory.' The most hearty sympathy I almost ever witnessed was unbroken through the evening. I was obliged to remain until the business of the day was done, and was astonished to learn from the waiter that it was a quarter past twelve. I set Mr. Harley down, and on coming home, racked with headache from the heat of the room,

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Lane Theatre, on 5th March, reminding him that oratorios only were sanctioned on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. Mr. Bunn had announced plays for such evenings, relying upon a resolution of the House of Commons previously obtained by Mr. T. Duncombe in condemnation of the existing restrictions; and Mr. Duncombe complained that the opinion of the House of Commons was disregarded by the Lord Chamberlain's officials. Lord John Russell, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, supported the authorities, and praised Mr. Macready for submitting to their decision.—*Mirror of Parliament*, 11th March, 1839.—Ed.

reported all to Catherine and Letty, whilst I had the power of remembering. Dickens' speech in proposing my health was most earnest, eloquent, and touching. It took a review of my enterprise at Covent Garden, and summed up with a eulogy on myself that quite overpowered me. In reply I said, "That in expressing the peculiar gratification of such a compliment from a society met to do honour to Shakespeare, I disclaimed all credit beyond what was due for faithful service to him, transferring from the priest to the object of their adoration the honour they offered. I had no claim for originating or creating; I had merely removed and restored; was only the purifier of the temple, had only restored to its sublime simplicity the text of Shakespeare. I said that I must ever deeply feel the obligations they had conferred on me; that it added to the pleasure I felt to know that among those willing to contribute their sympathy to the occasion, I might reckon my excellent and amiable friend, our absent President, whose genius as poet and as critic had shed such additional lustre on the glories of our dramatic literature; to see presiding on this day my highly gifted friend Mr. Dickens; and to number amongst my distinguished hosts the poet, whose youthful muse, when just 'waving her joyous song,' stooped from the nobler flight she was pursuing to bestow a wreath upon my then unnoted efforts—the poet whose beautiful dramatic scenes, then just given to the world, induced us to believe that the sweet and brilliant spirit of Fletcher, which we had thought long dead, had only been sleeping. With so much to enhance the pleasure they conferred upon me, I could not adequately convey the expression of my feelings, but I requested them to believe that I thanked them, as I felt, most fervently and most deeply, and that I never could forget their kindness," &c. I sat down amid loud applause, and then prepared to enjoy what was left of the day. Dickens spoke on each occasion remarkably well; dear Stanfield said his little with his usual modesty. Mr. Bell made a very good speech, kindly adverting to me. Leigh Hunt was called up, being an honorary member and guest of the day, and in a rambling, conversational style, talked of what Shakespeare would think if he could walk into the room and ask on what man's account all this festivity and sympathy was raised, and how surprised and pleased he would be to learn that it was himself. Jerdan spoke very well; Doo the engraver, Forster; Stanfield gave Mrs. Macready and her family, and I answered by wishing that I had the readiness of one of them who would be delighted to be there (a little girl) and to make a speech on the occasion. I rose to propose Dickens' health, and spoke my sincere opinion of him as the highest eulogy, by alluding to the verisimilitude of his characters. I said that I should not be surprised at receiving the offer of an engagement from Crummles for the next vacation. All went off in the happiest spirit.

April 3rd.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; on my way looked at 'Marino Faliero,' with a view to its production for my benefit.

April 7th.—Took Willie with me, and called on Messrs. Chalon to see their pictures; met Mr. Ward there; went on and called on Sir D. Wilkie; saw his sister and himself; the picture of the 'Highland Cotter's Grave,' 'The Discovery of Tippoo Sahib's Body,' &c. Met Dickens and his wife there.

April 9th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, reading Prospero. Sent note to Stanfield. Business with Marshall. Bourne called, and went with me to see Etty's pictures, which were beautiful. Etty was very glad to see me. Saw Tom Hill there, Serle, and Willmott. Brydone, on business.

April 14th.—Dined with Mrs. Rolls; met an agreeable party, Sir W. and Lady Herries, Mr. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Bohn, and Elliotson; Etty, Miss Rolls, &c.

Sunday, April 21st.—Mr. and Mrs. Serle, Mr. Stanfield, Miss P. Horton came to dinner. After dinner we talked over the choruses, and settled finally the commencement of our operations in regard to 'King Henry V.'

April 30th.—Went to Elstree in the carriage with Catherine and Willie; enjoyed to a degree I cannot describe the air, the freedom, the sight of the country, and the old familiar objects of my passage to and from Elstree; it was luxury, quiet, ease, content; it was happiness. I could only liken my sensations to those of a person first tasting the fresh and genial air from the long confinement of a sick room, or the captivity in a prison. It was delightful. Surprised to find Elstree, that used to look so pretty, now appear close, flat, shabby! Thus we judge of all things in this world,—ah, how unwisely!—by comparison; the glory in the grass, the splendour in the flower, the delicious breath of heaven, and its gorgeous vision of cloud, and star, and sun, are everywhere the same.

May 12th.—At Sir Edward Bulwer's—Lords Lansdowne, Normanby, Durham, Comte D'Orsay, Colonel Maberley, Macaulay, Lady Cork, Mrs. Maberley.

May 14th.—Gave up the whole morning to the arrangement of the dresses for 'King Henry V.,' in which we made considerable progress. Business with Serle, Head, Brydone, &c.; afterwards with Stanfield and Marshall.

May 15th.—In the evening went to Lord Nugent's, where I met Mrs. Norton, Sir F. Chantrey, Lover, Sir R. Westmacott, Westmacott, jun. Heard Mrs. Norton sing a song of her own, most touching, most charming.

May 16th.—Gave this morning to the rehearsal of 'King Henry V.' Afterwards attended to business the whole afternoon. Was very much fatigued, and could with difficulty keep my eyes open to read Claude Melnotte. I find my memory suffers from the heavy load that is laid upon my mind. Acted Claude Melnotte very fairly.

May 20th.—Rehearsed 'Ion,' in which I did not find myself at all prepared—this could not be if I had only my own reputation to

be careful of. All things tend to show me that all is for the best, and that my happiness and well-being is more likely to be ensured by a good income as an actor than as a manager.

June 3rd.—The last night, the 55th, of 'The Tempest' was crowded. I felt quite melancholy as we approached the end of the play; it had become endeared to me from success and the benefit it had conferred upon my undertaking. I acted Prospero as well as I could, and was called for and well received. I look back upon its production with satisfaction, for it has given to the public a play of Shakespeare which had never been seen before, and it has proved the charm of simplicity and poetry.

June 9th.—Put on my armour for King Henry V., and moved and sat in it until half-past three o'clock.

Endeavoured to master some difficulties in the acting of King Henry V., rehearsing in my armour.

June 10th.—Began the play of 'King Henry V.'* in a very nervous state, but endeavouring to keep my mind clear. Acted sensibly at first, and very spiritedly at last; was very greatly received, and when called on at last, the whole house stood up and cheered me in a most fervent manner. I gave out the repetition of the play for four nights a week till the close of the season. Lord Nugent, Jerdan, Forster, Browning, Serle, &c., came into my room. Catherine and Letitia were there, and I accompanied them back to Elstree in a state of the greatest excitement. It is the last of my attempts to present to the audience Shakespeare's own meaning.

Elstree, June 11th.—I slept very little, woke early, unrefreshed, and unequal to a day of labour. Rose very late; saw my darling children and dined with them; walked in the garden, and at three

* The Covent Garden play-bill of 10th June, 1839, contains the following notice: "In announcing this last Shakespearian revival, it may be advisable, if not necessary, to depart so far from the usual practice of this management as to offer a few words in explanation or, apology for what may seem an innovation.

"The play of 'King Henry V.' is a *dramatic history*, and the poet, to preserve the continuity of the action, and connect what would otherwise be detached scenes, has adopted from the Greek Drama the expedient of a Chorus to narrate and describe intervening incidents and events.

"To impress more strongly on the auditor, and render more palpable those portions of the story which have not the advantage of action, and still are requisite to the drama's completeness, the narrative and descriptive poetry spoken by the Chorus is accompanied with pictorial illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Stanfield."

The cast of the play included Mr. Vandenhoff as the Chorus, Mr. Elton as the Duke of Exeter, Mr. Bartley as Erpingham, Mr. Anderson as Captain Gower, Mr. Meadows as Fluellen, Mr. Warde as Williams, Mr. Bedford and Mr. Harley as Bardolph and Pistol, Miss P. Horton as their Boy, Mrs. C. Jones as Mrs. Quickly, Mr. G. Bennett as the King of France, Mr. Vining as the Dauphin, Mr. Howe as the Duke of Orleans, Mr. Phelps as Charles d'Albret, and Miss Vandenhoff as Katherine.—Ed.

o'clock returned in the carriage to town, Catherine and Letitia accompanying me. Was quite beaten to the ground by fatigue, I may say exhaustion of mind and body. I have never felt a heavier weight than this play has been. Thank God that it is over, and so well over.

London, June 12th.—Serle read me a letter from myself to the Lord Chamberlain, asking for a personal license, which I approved. I lay down and tried to compose myself to read or think of 'King Henry V.;' it was utterly impossible. I acted the part. My God, what a state to be in to act! I got through it, was called for and well received.

June 15th.—Dr. Williamson (the Head Master of Westminster) and Mrs. Williamson called, and I showed them the dresses for 'Ion,' &c., and talked with them over the costumes of Terence's plays.

June 16th.—Went with Catherine to Horace Twiss's to dinner. Met there Sir George Grey, T. Hope, Pemberton, Herries, B. Disraeli, Miss Herries, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, Bonham-Carter, &c.

Disraeli made acquaintance with me, and told me a good story of Hume. Pemberton renewed our acquaintance, formed at Rome in 1822. I found that Daniel Webster had called upon my return home.

June 17th.—Daniel Webster called and sat a short time. He seemed greatly pleased with England.

Settled on closing the theatre, July 16th, with Willmott. I am anxious to feel free of it.

June 18th.—Went out to breakfast with Harness. Met there, besides his sister, Mrs. Opie, Miss Rogers, Dyce, whom I like very much, and Sir W. and Lady Chatterton. Mr. Kenyon came later. I passed an agreeable morning. I was very glad to hear that Dyce had seen all the Shakespearian revivals, and had been greatly pleased with them.

June 19th.—Read Henry V. and rested, having again tried on my armour. Acted King Henry V. (I think) better than on any previous occasion, but was not called for, which shows the actual value of this idle compliment.

June 20th.—Brydone came in and spoke about accounts. It appears that we have acted 'The Tempest' fifty-five nights to an average exceeding £230. This is not a common event. Acted rather languidly King Henry V.

Came to Elstree in chaise.

June 21st.—Came to town in a chaise that seemed to have hatched all the poultry in the village for half a century back. I was ashamed to be seen in such a thing, and slept my journey to town away in it. The driver took me all down Regent Street to Carlton Place, Pall Mall, then round the National Gallery, up St. Martin's Lane, through Long Acre, down Bow Street to the stage-door, Covent Garden Theatre. My patience was quite exhausted.

June 22nd.—Poor Wallace's death. Another friend, a faithful and affectionate one, has gone from me. I shall never see him, never hear again what I would now give so much to endure—his prolixities, his important nothings, but above all his shrewd and sensible observations where action and conduct were needed. Farewell! farewell!

June 24th.—I thought of poor Wallace as we passed South Bank. He, as having given away Catherine, would have been our guest to-day.

June 26th.—A note from Miss Herries, whom it appears I had disappointed yesterday. I answered it, sending an order for Friday.

July 1st.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Miss Herries and her party were looking over the theatre, and wished to see me. They had been much amused, and wished to thank me. Miss Herries gave me a small copy of Casimir Delavigne's 'Louis XI.,' which I had not seen.

July 2nd.—Bulwer called, and told me that Lord Lansdowne was very friendly to my cause, and thought my request would be granted for a licence. He advised me to apply directly to Lord Melbourne, and that he would also move Lord Holland and Lord John Russell.

July 3rd.—Lord Nugent came into my room and told me that the Duke of Sussex had very readily agreed to take the chair at the dinner to be given to me, which he proposed for the 20th, to which I assented.

July 8th.—Read the newspapers. Was in very low spirits at the prospect in the box-office, and the complete silence in the papers upon the dinner. This is my own fault. I suffer myself to be so elated by the mere prospect of any good, that I exhaust my enjoyment of it before it arrives. This is my unhappy want of mental discipline: to live for the present, and to do one's duty in that little point of time, enjoying all it brings, is the best wisdom.

July 11th.—Was in a tumult of excitement which, after some time, I perceived and endeavoured to subdue. The freedom from further responsibility and care, the honourable mode of terminating my engagement with the performers, the flattering testimonials in the public reception of me, and in the compliment offered, are altogether enough to interfere with the sober and steady course of any man. Prosperity is most intoxicating, but adversity is the real benefactor of mankind.

July 16th.—Tried to sleep on the sofa for a short half-hour. Rose and prepared to play in a very depressed condition. My reception was so great, from a house crowded in every part, that I was shaken by it. I acted King Henry V. better than I had yet done, and the house responded to the spirit in which I played. The curtain fell amidst the loudest applause, and when I had changed my dress I went before the curtain, and, amidst shoutings

and waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the whole audience standing up, the stage was literally covered with wreaths, bouquets, and branches of laurel. When at last, the dense mass resumed their seats, and the tumult subsided to the stillest silence, I began my address. The cheering was renewed as I bowed and left the stage, and as I passed through the lane which the actors and people, crowding behind, made for me, they cheered me also. Forster came into my room, and was much affected; Fox was quite shaken; Dickens, Maclise, Stanfield, T. Cooke, Blanchard, Lord Nugent (who had not been in the theatre), Bulwer, Hockley of Guildford, Browning, Serle, Brydone, Willmott came into my room; most of them asked for memorials from the baskets and heaps of flowers, chaplets, and laurels that were strewn upon the floor. Went home with Catherine and Letitia, carrying the wreaths, &c.

July 20th.—Catherine and Letitia went to dine with Mrs. Rolls; I remained, read over my speech, with an occasional sensation of apprehension, approaching to despair, of my ability to master it; I suffered very much. The carriage at last arrived, and I drove, with the resolution of doing my best, to the Freemasons' Tavern. I caught a glimpse of a horrible picture of myself in King Henry V. at the corner of the street, and thought it looked like a good omen; on passing from my carriage through the crowd, which was considerable on and about the steps, they cheered me lustily, and I bowed as I passed through them. In the reception room I found Mr. Pope, Sir M. A. Shee, Mr. Milnes, who was introduced to me, but I did not catch his name. Others came in; to some I was introduced, others I knew. Lover, Jerdan, Captain Tyndale, two foreign noblemen, Lord Nugent, Young, Dickens, Robertson (Westminster), Scholefield (M.P. Birmingham), General Alexander, O'Hanlon, Byng, Bulwer, Lord Conyngham. The Duke of Sussex at last arrived; I was introduced to him; he told me that he had "seen a cottage that I had lived at, near Denbigh; how beautiful the country was!" &c. We went in to the room, I hanging back, Lord Conyngham placing me forward, and chatting with me as we entered: the room was very full (who could have expected such an occurrence?) The Duke was well applauded as he passed; and as I followed the plaudits were very loud. I was at a loss what to do. What were my feelings it is difficult to recollect, as the various persons in different parts of the room stood up to look at me. I felt that I was the object of the regard of that large assembly, and that all that was done was in my honour. I looked up at the gallery on the left, where Catherine was, and the tears rushed to my eyes as mine met hers; that was perhaps the sweetest moment of the night to me. I sat on the right of the Duke of Sussex, Lord Nugent on my right, Sheil, Dickens, Monckton Milnes, Fonblanque, &c., on the left; Lord Conyngham, Sir M. A. Shee, Tennyson, D'Eyncourt, Sir E. L. Bulwer, Forster, Bernal, the Hon. W. Cowper, Savory, Colonel Fox, Tabbage, C. Buller

Robertson, and many others in front of us. I shook hands with Jonathan Birch as I passed up the room. The Duke talked much to me, more than I wished; but a full glass of sherry seemed to steady my nerves a little, though I looked very grave and pale, as I was afterwards told, and Bulwer said I looked like a "baffled tyrant." C. Buller was making me something worse, by laughing, and observing across the table, that "Macready was thinking of his speech." The music was beautifully performed, and, after the Duke's panegyrical proposal of my health, in which he was very cordially greeted, when I arose the whole room stood up, shouting and waving their handkerchiefs, as did the ladies in the gallery. I never witnessed such a scene, such wild enthusiasm, on any former occasion. It was not like an English assembly. When they had resumed their seats and silence was obtained, I spoke nearly *verbatim* as follows.

"May it please Your Royal Highness, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—I really know not how to reply to your kindness, to the too indulgent, too flattering terms in which His Royal Highness has proposed my health, and the very complimentary manner in which you have received it. I beg to thank you for the great honour you have done me. I must at the same time regret my inability to do justice to your kindness, or my own estimation of it.

"In any labour I may have chosen to encounter, in any sacrifice of personal ease or pleasure my late undertaking may have cost me, I could never calculate on, I could never contemplate, such a recompense, and am utterly at a loss to satisfy myself with any terms of acknowledgment. I must therefore request His Royal Highness, and you, Gentlemen, to supply, in the indulgent spirit that has made me your guest to-day, any deficiency in my expressions, and in the same spirit to believe me deeply sensible of the flattering distinction conferred on me by your invitation and by the obliging condescension of our illustrious Chairman. Indeed I am fully conscious how much my humble services are overrated, and, in reference to the allusion so kindly made by His Royal Highness, of any further requital, must declare that, in the honours already conferred on me, I am greatly overpaid. My office has been a simple one: I can claim credit for little more than devotion, zeal, and intention; for little beyond an earnest faith in the power and ultimate triumph of truth, and in its elevating influence, however humble the sphere of its exercise.

"In that faith I have only endeavoured to 'piece out some of the imperfections,' as they appeared to me, of our theatrical system. It had struck me, among the many causes adduced for the drama's decline, that whilst every other branch of art or pursuit of science was in a course of rapid advance, the drama, except in regard to a valuable change in its costume by that great artist whose name I can never mention without admiration and respect, John Kemble, the drama was stationary, its stage arrangements remained traditional, defended from innovation in each succeeding age by

the name and authority of the leading actor who had gone before. This is so, whether we recall the witches of 'Macbeth,' the Roman Senate and people—the *Senatus populusque Romanus*—the Venetian Councils, Banquo's Ghost, or the moving wood of Birnam, which, if presented, should at least explain themselves. All were little more than barbarous burlesques of the great poet's conceptions.

"It had long been my ambition, and has been my endeavour, to 'reform this indifferently,' if not 'altogether,' and to present the works of our dramatic poets, and chiefly Shakespeare's, with the truth of illustration they merit, and that a public possessing a dramatic literature like ours has a right to demand.

"Some exceptions have been taken to the amount, the extent of decoration lavished on our plays; but I would beg with deference to inquire the particular instance (for I do not know it) where the embellishment has exceeded propriety and the demand of the situation? In all that has been attempted, the object has been simply truth. What my own imagination has presented to me, in turning over the pages of our great poet, I have endeavoured to make palpable to the senses of my audience, and I would beg distinctly to repudiate the idea that has been entertained by some persons, that it is to the care bestowed on our wardrobe and scene-room that we are alone indebted for our successes; the plays of Shakespeare have been produced of late years in the same theatre with far more lavish expenditures, but the results have not been equally fortunate. Indeed the tragedies of 'Coriolanus' and 'King Lear,' so far from being overloaded with ornament, have, in their recent revivals, been actually stripped of the 'barbaric pearl and gold' with which they were before invested, and are now represented in the rude simplicity of their respective periods. Our aim has been fidelity of illustration. The 'delicate Ariel' is now no longer in representation a thing of earth, but either 'a wandering voice' or a visible spirit of air, flitting in his own element amid the strange and sweet noises of the enchanted island. With the restoration of the text, our object has been to make palpable the meaning of Shakespeare, and to this is to be attributed mainly, if not entirely, the popularity of our theatre. In following out an observation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that "Every part of a picture required equal care and pains," we have sought, by giving purpose and passion to the various figures of our groups, to spread over the entire scene some portion of that energy and interest which, heretofore, the leading actor exclusively and jealously appropriated.

"In this endeavour to transfer his picture from the poet's mind to the stage, complete in its parts and harmoniously arranged as to figure, scene, and action, we have the satisfaction of recording the success of a season unequalled, I believe, by any not having the attraction of a new performer, for the last sixteen years. This at least furnishes a proof not to be mistaken, that there is no lack

either of intelligence or taste in our audiences to appreciate and support our noble drama, if properly presented.

"My hope and my intention was, if my abilities had kept pace with them, to have left in our theatre the complete series of Shakespeare's acting plays, his text purified from the gross interpolations that disfigure it and distort his characters, and the system of re-arrangement so perfected throughout them, that our stage would have presented, as it ought, one of the best illustrated editions of the poet's works. But 'my poverty, and not my will,' has compelled me to desist from the attempt.

"Yet, though I may not again be called to 'bear my part, or show the glory of our art,' let me indulge the hope that the path which has been so successfully and auspiciously opened under your encouragement may be steadily and perseveringly pursued by others; that our theatre will remain, as Shakespeare's temple, consecrated to its loftiest purposes, dedicated to the highest intellectual amusements, and no longer, as a mere place of demoralising and licentious resort, degrade our character for refinement among the other European nations.

"I would beg to trespass one short minute further on your attention, and avail myself of this occasion to express thus publicly my thanks to those friends whose ardour and zeal in my cause have loaded me with benefits that I never can repay. Amongst them I must beg to particularise Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who wrote his delightful play of 'The Lady of Lyons' expressly to serve my interests, and, after public opinion had stamped it as the most attractive production of many years, obstinately—I must use the word, obstinately—refused to consider it in any other light than as a gift to me. To my esteemed friends Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Dickens, Serjeant Talfourd, and Mr. Serle I am also proud to be indebted, and, uniting my thanks to them with those I owe to you, I beg once more to repeat the assurances of my lasting gratitude and my deep sense of your great kindness, which, whilst I can remember, I never can forget." *

August 19th.—Looked out my clothes at my lodgings; went to rehearsal at the Haymarket.† Acted Othello, in part well, in part languidly. The audience did not seem to be of the same quality of intellect as I had been used to at Covent Garden.

Elstree, August 25th.—Finished 'Deerbrook' before I could rise

* The other chief toasts of the evening were those of Lord Conyngham (then Lord Chamberlain) and of Charles Young; the memory of Shakespeare, proposed by Milnes; Sir E. L. Bulwer; the Senate and the Bar, proposed by Lord Nugent, coupled with the names of Talfourd and Sheil, and to which Sheil responded. Sir Martin Archer Shee returned thanks for the Royal Academy, as its President; Dickens proposed the health of the late Company of Covent Garden Theatre, which was acknowledged by Mr. Serle; and the Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., returned thanks for the stewards.—Ed.

† The engagement at the Haymarket now commenced continued to the end of this year, and up to 15th January of the following year (1840).—Ed.

the morning. I close this book with feelings of gratitude and veneration to the author, for I have been much benefited by the confirmation of good aspiration and intention that has existed feebly within me. Rose and heard the dear children their hymns, and afterwards examined them in their multiplication and the French verbs. Arranged my accounts, &c., and afterwards read in 'Othello.'

London, September 18th.—Rehearsed Shylock with very few persons, and did not feel at all at home in it. I have not got the key to the character, and must sternly and resolutely take the part in hand.

September 30th.—Rose in a very nervous and wandering state of mind; very much magnifying to myself the possibilities attendant on my experiment of Shylock this evening, and suffering under imaginations and apprehensions that appear absurd upon the occasion. The unpleasant position of this character is that its success would not be any great accession to my reputation, and failure must do some harm in any undertaking. My mind, however, is made up to do my best, and what more can any man do? or what more does a reasonable and conscientious man require than such a consciousness to place his mind at ease?

Acted Shylock, and tried to do my best; but how unavailing is all reasoning against painful facts—the performance was an utter failure. I felt it, and suffered very much for it.

October 4th.—Shylock. I was very nervous again, but on going upon the stage I regained much self-possession; identified myself more with the scene, and was able to give more decision and clear effect to what I said than on Monday night. I acted Shylock in many instances very fairly.

October 12th.—Came home to our newly-taken house, York Gate, Regent's Park.

October 15th.—I read some part of Bulwer's play, 'The Sea Captain.' Webster called; I spoke with him about the dresses and scenery, and we then settled the terms of an engagement for next season at £100 per week, play or no play, with the choice of a month's vacation on my part.

October 17th.—On my return found a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, in reply to mine, "regretting that he was obliged to refuse my request." * I expected this, and it only adds to the strength of my case, whenever I wish to put it forward.

October 22nd.—Rehearsed the new play of 'The Sea Captain.' Bulwer came in to ask me for his MS. alterations.

October 23rd.—Rehearsed the new play. Returned home very much tired. Went to theatre, and acted pretty well; was called for and very well received. I made the actors play the play within the proscenium, and the effect was greatly improved.

October 25th.—Acted Shylock very fairly, better, I think, than

* For a personal licence to perform the legitimate drama.—Ed.

on any previous occasion. Head came with part of my dress. Returning home, found a parcel with a note from Dickens, and a presentation copy of 'Nickleby.'* What a dear fellow he is!

October 30th.—Walked down to the theatre. Rehearsed the new play. Bulwer and Blanchard came to the rehearsal. Bulwer became more confident as the rehearsal proceeded, and seemed at ease in his mind when it had concluded. I am not. I want time for myself and much more for other persons and things.

Head brought me my dress and took orders.

Gave the whole evening to a late hour to the consideration of the new play.

October 31st.—Not well. Suffering from my late hours last night. Attended to the lessons of my children. Saw the paper.

Went in great anxiety, and uncomfortably to the theatre. Rehearsed the new play. Blanchard and Mr. Tyas came in. Returned home very, very uncomfortably. My mind depressed, and my spirits suffering much from misgiving and apprehension. Read the play over. Went to the theatre. Acted Norman, in Bulwer's new play, with some energy, and occasional inspiration. Was received very warmly, and, called for at the end, greeted with much enthusiasm.†

November 18th.—Went to breakfast with Mrs. Reid to meet the Princess Belgiojoso. She did not arrive till past twelve o'clock. Dr. Roget called in afterwards. I passed an agreeable morning with this charming woman.

November 27th.—Hammond called, and, in a conversation with him, Catherine, and afterwards Letitia, being present, I recommended him to engage Phelps, H. Phillips, and Miss Faucit. He assented to the justice of my remarks, and promised to act upon them. Looked at Beaumont and Fletcher, but found nothing to hope from.

December 1st.—Stanfield, Lovers, Procters, Rollses, Mrs. Reid, Elliotson, O'Hanlon, Warren, Herring, Misses Faucit, and P. Horton came to dinner. The Loughs, T. Cookes, Lane, Eg. Webbe, Z. Troughton, Quin, Ainsworth, Edw. Landseer, Bennett, Mrs. Kitchener, came in the evening. The day was cheerful, the music very good, and all passed off very pleasantly.

December 6th.—Read in Carlyle's 'French Revolution,'—that wonderful book!

Dickens gave me a play to read, called 'Glencoe.'

December 7th.—Finished the play of 'Glencoe,' which has so much to praise in it.

December 8th.—Arranged my accounts, and found myself possessed of £10,000, a small realisation out of such a receipt as mine has been the last twenty years. But I have lost much, given away much, and, I fear, spent much; but what I have

* Which was dedicated to Macready.—Ed.

† 'The Sea Captain' was played frequently at the Haymarket to the end of Macready's engagement of this date.—Ed.

lost, and what given, would leave me, with all my spendings, a rich man.

December 9th.—Read in Carlyle's 'Revolution.' Towards the morning was wakeful, and lay reflecting on my present condition, and what it might or would have been, had I remained in the direction of Covent Garden Theatre. One thing is quite certain, I could not have closed the theatre (had I continued) with one shilling surplus (vice £1,200); I should not have been placed as the present tenant is, for the Olympic would have been open; I might have been ill, which would be ruin; I should never have seen my children, a calamity nearly equal.

December 10th.—Webster informed me that the Bath Theatre was given up. The country ceases to be a source of revenue.

December 12th.—Went to dine with Talfourd, calling on Dickens, who said he was too ill to accompany me. Dined: Talfourd, Forster, and self. After dinner the conversation turned on plays. I mentioned one I had of a striking character upon a popular subject; Talfourd asked me the title. I told him 'Glencoe.' He questioned me about its possible melodramatic tendency. I told him that the treatment avoided the melodrama of the stage; that the style was an imitation of his writing, but without the point that terminated his speeches; that the story was well managed and dramatic; and that I intended to act it. At last, to my utter astonishment, he pulled out two books from his pocket and said, "Well, I will no longer conceal it—it is my play;" and he gave each of us a copy! I never in my life experienced a greater surprise. This play had been represented to me as Mr. Collinson's. Forster affected great indignation, and really stormed; I laughed, loud and long; it was really a romance to me. Talfourd told us that he had written this to preserve his recollections of Glencoe. I strongly advised him to take one of two courses, either to flood the town with the edition, published anonymously, and engage the suffrages of the press, and leave it to be acted with his name as it might escape; or to preserve it a profound secret, giving him at the same time a right to call upon me if he heard it anywhere through me.

December 13th.—Read through the play of 'Glencoe,' which I trust is destined to be a great success; but my opinion of its poetical merits is still unchanged: it is superior to, in dramatic construction, and very much below in poetry, the play of 'Ion.'

December 15th.—Looked over my accounts, and examined what had been my expenses this year. I found upwards of £400 for theatre expenses, and £200 given away in small donations to poor or importunate people.

December 20th.—Found a note from Bulwer, a most kind one, inquiring of me if I had any wish to accept the place of Dramatic Censor; that applications were being made for the office in the expectation of Charles Kemble's death, and that he had heard to-day that they would give the preference to me. Answered

Bulwer, expressing my anxiety to obtain the office if I could have it with my profession for four years, or even for one year: thanking him very cordially.

December 24th.—A card from Mr. Martins, who had called with a "private message from Lord Uxbridge," and wished me to call on him. I set off to St. James's and found him. His errand was to express to me, in honeyed phrase, that Lord Uxbridge had given to Mr. J. Kemble * the appointment of Deputy Licenser. I heard the news as indifferently as I could endeavour to seem to do, and after some conversation left him.

We all indulge in hope, that spite of our efforts grows into expectation, and I had resolved on leaving the stage at once, and quitting scenes where my mind is in a whirl of passion, intrigue, and tumult, where temptations to error are constantly before me, and provocations beset me on every side. I had hoped to retire from this to the serenity of a country life, to a slender establishment, and the society of my children. I have now no hope of any assistance in life, but must finish it, and play out the game myself. God assist me! Amen.

1840.

London, January 5th.—Heard the children their hymns, and arranged my accounts. In thinking over and speaking of my expenses, I came to the conclusion that it was absolutely indispensable that I should give up Elstree and take a house in town.

January 15th.—'Sea Captain.' Last night of Haymarket engagement.

January 18th.—Went with Catherine to look at a house—Clarence Terrace—which I liked.

January 20th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre. Acted Macbeth tolerably fairly, was called for, and well received. Was very grateful to see so excellent a house. How different my return to this theatre to my departure from it! How grateful I ought to be!

January 22nd.—Rehearsed the play of 'Mary Stuart.' Went to Drury Lane Theatre, and acted Ruthven; was nervous, and, to my own surprise—in fact I cannot now understand the cause—I lost the words in my great effect of the fourth act. I came off the stage in a state of desperate fury, rushed to my book, and, when I looked at the words, in which I had been perfect six weeks ago, I saw that if my life depended on it I could not have spoken them—they had gone out of my head! Was called on after the play, and very well received.

* John Mitchell Kemble, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, son of Charles Kemble, who had been for some time in the actual performance of the duties of the office.—Ed.

February 10th.—Went to the Piazza Coffee House to congratulate and sup with Maclise on the occasion of his election as a Royal Academician. Stanfield was there with others.

February 13th.—Went to dine with Mrs. Rolls, and passed an agreeable day. Met Dottin, M.P. for Southampton, Walpole, Boxall, Whately and Lady Henrietta Churchill, Dickens and Mrs. Dickens, Miss Morice, &c.

March 3rd.—Æt. 47. My birthday.

——— *4th.*—I went with Nina and Letitia to Elstree. My journey was a melancholy one; every familiar object on the road, the road itself, leading over Brockley Hill, as I caught it in the distance, looked as if part of the happy thoughts that were associated with what I think of as my home of many happy years. How often in coming here have I left care, and evil passion, and degrading thoughts behind me, and felt, as the beauty of the landscape opened, and the inspiring freshness of the air breathed on me, my heart spring up and burn within me in gratitude to God and love of His works seen, heard, and felt around me! I must leave it—my home, my home! Farewell, dear, dear Elstree!

[*March 8th to March 13th.*—Engagement at Bristol.]

London, March 15th.—Went to dinner at Lord Lansdowne's. Met some agreeable persons, with Fonblanque, Bulwer, Pigott, the Solicitor-General for Ireland, and Lord Normanby. The day was pleasant to me, and I was much struck with the beautiful works of art I saw there. *Fortunati nimium*, who are born to such possessions.

March 16th.—First night of engagement at Haymarket.* Went to theatre and acted Hamlet very carefully and very well. The new effect of the pictures on the wall of the apartment was a very great improvement on the old stupid custom. Was called for and very well received by the audience. Miss Horton made quite a success in Ophelia, and was very warmly received indeed. Bulwer, Jerdan, Forster, Maclise came into my room. All were much pleased, but Bulwer was quite delighted; I never saw him so enthusiastic. I was very much pleased. Thank God all went so well!

March 21st.—Called on Maclise, and saw again his grand picture of Macbeth. The figure of Lady Macbeth, which I had not seen before, I thought the ideal of the character; it is a noble conception. His picture of Olivia I can look at for ever; it is beauty, moral and physical, personified.

April 9th.—Gave the children their lessons. Received letters from Rugby for subscriptions to a new church there.

Walked to Regent Street with Dickens, and took a cab home. Rested after dinner. The servant brought me in a card, Mr. Thomas Moore, and told me the gentleman would take no denial.

* This engagement at the Haymarket continued to the end of this year, and up to 13th March in the following year (1841).—Ed.

I could not imagine it to be Tom Moore, and went out in a very ill humour: to my surprise, it was the bright little man himself. We went upstairs, and he wanted to visit the Haymarket with Mrs. Moore and his son, who is going out to India. I told him to ask for his own private box, which I procured for him when I went to the theatre.

April 11th.—Acted Cardinal Richelieu. Dickens called for me, and we went together to Lord Northampton's.* Saw there Babbage, Maclise, Etty, Pickersgill, Horner, Jerdan, Stanfield, Lord Aberdeen, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cartwright, Sir H. Ellis, Sir Richard Jenkins, T. Hook, Dr. Dibbin, Sir D. Wilkie. Walked home with Dickens.

April 25th.—Acted Claude Melnotte partially well; was called for, but hearing Miss Faucit's name, thought it right she should have her undivided applause, and desired that some one else should lead her on, which was done. Went on afterwards, to the continued call, and was well received. David Colden came into my room and accompanied me to Babbage's, where I saw Sydney Smith, Professor Wheatstone, the Brockedons, two or three whom I knew, but not by name, Harness, Travers, Hawes, Lady Stepney, Dr. Arnott, Milman, the Bishop of Norwich (Stanley), who wished to be known to me. I had a very interesting conversation with him, a man I admire and reverence so much, speaking with great warmth of the effort I had made and the probable effect if carried out. I was very much pleased with him.

April 29th.—Went out, and hastened down to King's College, where I saw Professor Wheatstone, who showed the persons present his electric telegraph, and his speaking machine, which uttered clearly the words "Mamma, papa, mother, thumb, summer." I was amply recompensed for the visit I paid him. I saw Milman there, who was very courteous. Called at several shops and priced various articles of furniture.

Looked in at the Water-colour Exhibition, and saw some very beautiful things by Copley, Fielding, and Prout. Called at the Haymarket, and spoke to Webster on business. Called at Holloway's, and paid for my prints.

May 1st.—Went to the private view of the Royal Academy, and was much gratified with what I saw; I think it is one of the best exhibitions I have seen; all the distinguished artists are up to a high mark, except Turner, who is lamentable. Saw D'Orsay, Etty, C. Landseer, Edwin Landseer, Maclise, Mrs. Dickens, Stanfield, T. Hill, Mr. W. Russell.

May 5th.—Acted Hamlet, as I thought, in a most real and effective manner. Was well satisfied with myself. Alexander Dumas, with two friends, came into my room after the play. Very much pleased: Dumas told me he had undertaken to translate

* The Marquis of Northampton was then President of the Royal Society, and gave *soirées* at his house in Piccadilly.—Ed.

'Macbeth,' and that Ligier* would come over to consult me about its performance.

May 8th.—Attended Carlyle's lecture, 'The Hero as a Prophet: Mahomet:' on which he descanted with a fervour and eloquence that only a conviction of truth could give. I was charmed, carried away by him. Met Browning there.

May 11th.—Went to theatre. Rehearsed 'Glencoe,' which wears an appearance of much promise.

May 23rd.—Went to the theatre, and, in the character of Halbert Macdonald in Talfourd's play of 'Glencoe,' I did all I could do—all that the very short period allowed for preparation allowed me to do. The audience became very fervent, although I felt, in the second act, that the persons in the front were disposed to be ill-natured. Was called for by the house, and when silence was obtained, I informed them that I had a little history to relate concerning the play; that it had been placed in my hands by a friend, as the work of a gentleman named Collinson, who had written to me once, but that, in entering on the work, I felt no more interest in it than the general anxiety I feel on subjects appertaining to dramatic literature. I felt deeply as I read it, and I argued that what had touched me so nearly could not be without effect more generally. Mr. Webster accepted it unhesitatingly, and it was some time after that I was made acquainted with the real author, a name which I had pleasure in communicating as they would have in hearing, being that of one whose pen had been invariably exercised in asserting the benefit and beauty and blessing of an earnest faith in good—it was Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's. This was greatly applauded, and I gave out the play for three nights' representations per week till further notice. Talfourd rushed into my room to thank me, and Dickens, Maclise, &c., also came.

May 24th.—Talfourd and Dickens called for me, and we went together to Rogers', where we dined. Lord and Lady Seymour, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Lord Denman, Luttrell, and Poole, with Miss Rogers, were our party. I was pleased with the day, liking Mrs. Norton very much, and being much amused with some anecdotes of Rogers. His collection of pictures is admirable, and the spirit of good taste seems to pervade every nook of his house.

May 31st.—Went to Lady Blessington's, where I saw the Fonblanques, Lords Normanby and Canterbury, Milnes, Chorley, Standish, Rubini, Stuart Wortley, an Italian—Count something—Mr. Palgrave Simpson, and Liszt, the most marvellous pianist I ever heard. I do not know when I have been so excited.

June 18th.—Went over Willie's translation with him very particularly, which he did pretty well, but Cæsar is not a book to be given as one to ground an infant mind in a language. Read part

* The distinguished tragedian of the Théâtre Français.—Ed.

of Melnotte. Elliotson called, and urged me to try the prescription. A letter from a poor woman with whom I had lodged when very young; her name was Eliza Robinson. Poor creature! She brings back to me the days of my boyhood, since when my life looks like a vision, a rapid change of dim scenes.

June 23rd.—Looked at 'Timon of Athens,' but it is (for the stage) only an incident with comments on it. The story is not complete enough—not furnished, I ought to say—with the requisite varieties of passion for a play; it is heavy and monotonous.

June 24th.—Saw Etty's picture of the 'Bridge of Sighs' advertised for sale in the papers; decided on inquiring about it. Called on Etty, who was from home; learned that the picture had been removed to Colnaghi's; determined to pursue it. Called at Colnaghi's; heard of the picture, that its price would not be under £30; upon his statement of the first value, between buyer and seller, agreed to give £40 for it, he to negotiate the purchase.

June 25th.—I sent to Colnaghi's for Etty's picture of the 'Bridge of Sighs.' I do not grudge the money for it. It is to me poetry on canvas. The story of that gloomy canal and its fatal bridge is told at once; there is a history before you and a commentary upon it in the single star that is looking down upon the dark deeds below.

June 27th.—A son born.*

August 15th.—Rehearsed Sir Oswin Mortland in 'To Marry or Not to Marry.' Went to Haymarket Theatre and acted Sir Oswin Mortland, not to my own satisfaction, though praised by Serle. Was called for and well received, leading on Miss P. Horton, who did her teaching credit.

September 23rd.—Head called and took directions about my dress for Richard Cromwell. Went to the theatre; rehearsed the new play. Went into the Oxford Street Theatre; was denied, but on giving my name, was conducted over it by a sort of superintendent. It is really beautiful: well placed, it would be a fortune, but where it is I have no faith in its success.

September 24th.—Rehearsed the play of 'Master Clarke.'

———— *26th.*—Went to the theatre and rehearsed the play of 'Richard Cromwell.' Returning home, read over the part, and going again to the theatre, acted it (Richard Cromwell) very fairly, bringing out some parts of the character with truth and force. I was called for and very well received by the audience.

September 27th.—Began reading and making legible Bulwer's comedy of 'Money.' Read the whole of it to Catherine, &c., with Forster, with which all were delighted. *Floreat!*

September 28th.—Spoke to Webster on the subject of next year's engagement. He said that he understood I had said that, while I was comfortable at the Haymarket I would stay. I mentioned the position of my name on the play-bills, that it should not on any occasion be put under any other person's, as it had been; that I

* Walter Francis Sheil, died February 8th, 1853.—Ed.

should have the right to a private box when they were not let. He wished me to take the month's leave which I had at my option; tried it on for "seven weeks," to which I would not agree. He also wished to alter the mode of play and pay; this I would only hear of so far, that I should be paid weekly £100 for the same number of nights (excepting the month's leave), but he might put the nights in what order he chose through the whole term of engagement. Appointed the reading of the comedy for to-morrow. Read over Richard Cromwell. Went to theatre; acted Richard Cromwell tolerably. Called for and well received.

September 29th.—Looked over the sums of the children. Read the paper. Note from Ransom. Assisted Willie in his lessons. Applied myself to the revision and marking of the MS. of Bulwer's new comedy, to which I gave the entire morning. Messrs. Webster and Willmott called at three o'clock to hear the comedy read. I read it to them, and Mr. Webster accepted it, expressing his wish to have it produced as soon as possible. Went to dine with Procter, at whose house I met Christie, Dr. Southey, Mr. Coulson, and two French gentlemen.

October 4th.—Read, cut, and remarked on Bulwer's comedy of 'Money.' Helped Willie in his lessons. Forster came to dinner. Afterwards read the play of 'Gisippus.' It is a wonderful play. All were charmed with it.

October 5th.—Arranged the three first acts of the comedy of 'Money.' Catherine received a letter from Miss Martineau, who asks, in speaking of this world, "Can there be any one who believes there is not another?" Wrote to Miss Herries, thanking her for her copy (electrotype) of the medal of Canova; inclosed it in a note to Holloway.

October 6th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre to see Knowles's play of 'John of Procida.' I paid for entrance—a slight reproach, I think, to the manners, taste, and feeling of the present management. The play was not interesting; there were good scenes, or rather parts of good scenes in it. Mr. Anderson was by far the best actor in the play; he is much improved. I saw an interlude after it, full of practical jokes, which was very fairly acted by Messrs. Keeley and Mathews, but it was poor stuff. I was, or seemed to be, quite unknown in the theatre, where not a year and a half ago I was the observed of all observers. Such is the world! Walked home thinking on my art, and meditating on Othello.

October 7th.—Read over, as much as I could, Mr. F. Barham's play of 'Socrates,' in which Socrates calls his wife, Xantippe—Tippet. Wrote a note to the author upon it. Marked three acts of the comedy of 'Money.' Zouch Troughton called; went over with him the alterations of the tragedy of 'Nina Sforza,' with which he was satisfied; he took the book with him for insertions.

October 9th.—Played at piquet, in order to learn the game for the new play, 'Money.'

October 13th.—Looked at the newspaper, in which I read the

notice of the opening of Drury Lane Theatre with 'Concerts d'Hiver.' Not one word of regret, remonstrance, or concern at this perversion of the edifice from its purposes; not a whisper of complaint against the tyranny that gives to it the power of preventing other theatres from acting Shakespeare, whilst it cannot or will not represent the drama itself! Went to the theatre to rehearse 'The Stranger.' Returning, called on Dickens, and appointed to go with him to the theatre. Gave the afternoon to make Willie do and understand his lesson, in which I hope and think I succeeded. Called for Dickens, and went to see 'The Spanish Curate' at Covent Garden; with the exception of Messrs. Anderson and Keeley, the play was very, very badly acted, dressed with no regard to costume, and, upholstered for all times, the characters were not understood. I expected and sat shrinking to hear the hiss, which did not come; the audience applauded, though coldly and flatly. I cannot but see the vast difference between what Covent Garden was and what it has descended to.

October 14th.—Mr. Simpson of the Birmingham Theatre called, and talking with me of an engagement, left me with the understanding that, if I was free and willing to visit Birmingham at Whitsuntide, I was to write and apprise him of the fact, and to receive for five nights £250. Answered the application from a Mr. Tiffany with an autograph. Mason called. I mentioned the London Library to him and gave him a prospectus.

October 24th.—Looked over what I could of the comedy of 'Money.' Went to the theatre and read it to the company, who were very much excited by it. It was quite successful with them.

October 25th.—After dinner continued my work on 'Money,' about which I begin to have my usual apprehensions.

October 27th.—Mr. and Mrs. Braysher, Miss Faucit, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Blanchard, W. Boxall, and Stone dined with us.

October 28th.—Went to the rehearsal of 'Money,' at the end of which Bulwer came with a note of the dresses of the various characters. Came home extremely tired, and slept, or tried to sleep, the whole afternoon—at least as much as I had of afternoon. Acted Claude Melnotte very fairly; was called for and well received.

November 2nd.—Rose in tolerably good time, and attended to Nina's sum. Read the newspaper, and used the interim between the hour of rehearsal in writing out the letter to Dr. Griffin, proposing £300 for the play of 'Gisippus,' and £50 more if its run should extend to twenty-five nights. My right to last only five years from the date of the agreement, two of which, it is obvious, I must lose. Went to the theatre and rehearsed the two last acts of the comedy of 'Money.'

November 5th.—Went to the theatre, where I spent two hours in the rehearsal of one page of the club scene in the new comedy. As I write, doubt and misgivings arise in my mind. I have

nothing great or striking in situation, character, humour, or passion to develop. The power of all this is thrown on Mr. Strickland and partially on Mr. Webster.

November 6th.—Catherine took me down to the Shakespeare Society in a carriage. I met there Collier, Tomlin, Dilke, Ayrton, Amyot, Bruce, T. Campbell, Courteney, and Kenney. The laws and resolutions of the society were discussed in a very harmonious manner. Received Dr. Griffin's answer, with full acceptance of my proposal for the MS. of 'Gisippus.'

November 10th.—Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Brockedon, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Beazley, Cartwright, and Price came to dinner.

November 13th.—Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed three acts, or the better part of three acts, of the new comedy.

November 17th.—Called on Rogers, and sat some time with him. Proposed to him the plan for the monument to Mrs. Siddons, into which he warmly entered, observing that Mrs. Siddons had said to him, on the occasion of her brother's monument, "I hope, Mr. Rogers, that one day justice will be done to women." He cordially took it up.

November 20th.—Went to theatre. Rehearsed with much pains the three first acts of 'Money,' in which I find I have very little to do, but I must strive to make the most of it. Bulwer came to the rehearsal. D'Orsay called to see what I wanted. I inquired of him his hatter, the mode of keeping accounts at the clubs in play, about servants, &c. It was very kind in him. A long debate about announcing the play, which was fixed for Thursday, &c. Gave the whole evening to the cutting, arranging, and preparing 'Money.' Wrote out the whole club scene. Very late.

November 21st.—'Lady of Lyons.' *23rd.*—'Werner,' *24th.*—'Lady of Lyons.'

November 25th.—My blessed Joan taken from us. God's will be done!

November 30th.—Funeral of Joan.

December 8th.—Went to the Haymarket and rehearsed the play of 'Money.' I was very much depressed and low-spirited. Coming home, read over the part, and resolved to do my best with it. Laid out and put up my clothes. Acted the part of Evelyn. Not satisfied. I wanted lightness, self-possession, and, in the serious scenes, truth. I was not good—I feel it. In the last scene Miss Faucit, as I had anticipated, had quite the advantage over me; this was natural. Bulwer came into my room; he was, as usual, obliged by my exertions.*

December 16th.—Acted Evelyn better than I had previously done, but it is an ineffective, inferior part.

December 23rd.—Received the Lord Chamberlain's answer, who

* 'Money' had a long run, and no other play was given at the Haymarket until the end of Macready's engagement there, on 13th March in the following year (1841).—Ed.

refers my request to the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden—the oppressed to the oppressor.

December 31st.—The last day of a year has now become a grave and solemn thing to me: I feel my approach towards a change of being, and I cannot contemplate without sad and serious thoughts the "shadows, clouds, and darkness that rest upon it." My heart lifts up its prayer to God for blessings on my beloved family through time to come. Amen.

1841.

[Additional sentence prefixed to diary:]

"Quant à la religion, je pense que Dieu n'est ni Presbytérien, ni Luthérien, ni de la haute église; Dieu est le Père de tous les hommes."

London, January 1st.—With prayers, earnest and devout, to Almighty God for His Divine protection against all the evils which the machinations of others or, what I more fear, the bad passions and infirmities of my own nature, may bring against me, and with heartfelt supplication for the health, in mind and body, of my dear family, I enter upon the present year. "O God, deal not with me after my sins, neither reward me after mine iniquities." I implore of Thee, O God, grace and gentleness of spirit, charity of heart towards my fellow-men in word and deed, and resolution over my evil inclinations, that I may atone by my conduct in the time to come, for the offences that have stained the past, and be in act and thought a worthy disciple of Jesus Christ.

January 2nd.—Looked at the newspaper, and seeing an advertisement of a testimonial to Lord Holland's memory, sent five guineas in a note to Coutts. I think it was right and prudent to do it, otherwise the money was an object: it is my business to endeavour to accumulate.

January 3rd.—Arranged my week's accounts, and gave much time to scrutinising the last year's expenditure, which I find very heavy. Endeavoured to ascertain the average of my expenses for the current year; found them to be so heavy that unless I use great caution and economy (which I pray God I may be able to do), I shall realise nothing out of a splendid income. Pursued my calculations, by which I find that, if I exceed in my expenditure an average of £190 per calendar month, I can never expect to realise independence.

January 4th.—Looked through the play of 'The Sculptor,' and found it a most outrageous absurdity. Wrote a note and addressed it with the MS. of the author, to be left at the stage door.

January 5th.—Went to the theatre, where I read the play of 'Nina Sforza' in a room, or rooms, for we were driven from one to another, choking us with smoke. I was glad that I had chosen the part of Spinola; I must work hard at it.

January 6th.—Forster read me a sketch of characters, for a comedy by Bulwer, of which I thought very poorly. He talked of Cromwell, but that I think beyond all but Shakespeare.

January 7th.—Read a little of 'Nina Sforza.' Went to rehearsal with Mrs. Stirling, who takes the part of Clara in the play to-night. Nina called for me, and I went with her to Sir F. Chantrey's; he was out of town; we looked into the studio. We walked home through Belgrave Square and the Park; the weather made the exercise quite an enjoyment to me. Nina did her sum in the afternoon. Edward sent a note with Napier's last two volumes, and borrowed first. He called after I had rested, and I left him here, when I went to the theatre. Acted Evelyn tolerably well. Was much pleased with Mrs. Stirling in Clara. She speaks with freshness and truth of tone.

January 10th.—To my very great satisfaction, Catherine found the old family prayer-book of my mother, in which the births of her family are entered, as I suppose by her father and mother, and of her own children by my father and by herself. It is an evidence of my age, and might possibly be required to prove my real time of birth, and correct an erroneous entry in the parish register, which makes me a year older.

January 11th.—Went up to the drawing-room, after reading a scene of 'Nina Sforza,' to see Forster, who was there. He read me a letter from Bulwer, starting the idea of Sir Robert Walpole as a dramatic character. I caught at it.

January 12th.—My dear children not very satisfactory over their early lessons; perhaps my desire of seeing them advance may make me too exacting and impatient, yet I try to check my tendency to haste. Looked through chapters of History of England for information on Walpole.

January 13th.—Mr. King called to give Willie a lesson, but we were coated and hatted to go out, and I begged him off. We went to Sir Francis Chantrey's. I showed Willie his statue of Washington; we went into his library, and I sat with him an inordinate length of time. I opened my views, into which he cordially entered; I told him of Rogers, and he said he would see him. He evidently likes the undertaking, and would wish to make a bust of Mrs. Siddons. He preferred speaking himself to Milman about the place in the Abbey for it, before I again addressed the Dean and Chapter. He pressed us to stay luncheon, which we did, and went with him and Lady Chantrey into the drawing-room.

January 17th.—Saw my darling Henry *dressed* for the first time these many, many days. Since his bed has been his garment, his sweet little sister, blessed Joan, has been laid in her cold bed, never to gladden my sight again, the dear, sweet child! How long, how very long it seems since then! The time seems to have no distinct marks, it looks as I turn back a long, dreary, heavy distance; it has no clear marking by which to trace back the course of one's life in it.

January 21st.—Called on Dickens, and gave him Darley's first copy of 'Ethelstan.' We walked out, called on Rogers; I told him that Chantrey was to see him, and mentioned my proposal of setting the subscription on foot: he readily approved all. Asked Dickens to spare the life of Nell in his story ('Master Humphrey's Clock'), and observed that he was cruel. He blushed, and men who blush are said to be either proud or cruel; he is not proud, and therefore—or, as Dickens added—the axiom is false. He invited us to dine on Sunday sennight. We went on to leave my note and card for Darley at the Clarence; called in at the Athenæum, where Dickens took some refreshment. Went on to his printers' in Fleet Street. Called and bought spectacles and thermometer at Cary's. Walked home, was tired, and rested.

Tried to act Evelyn, and did my best, but it was not good.

January 22nd.—Arranged the persons to whom I would apply for Mrs. Siddons' monument, and wrote notes on the subject to Bulwer, to Young, to Talfourd; Catherine wrote to Fanny Twiss Went to the theatre, and acted Evelyn with much effort; I was quite wearied down. Found at home notes from Ransom, and one from Dickens with an onward number of 'Master Humphrey's Clock.' I saw one print in it of the dear dead child that gave a dead chill through my blood. I dread to read it, but I must get it over.

I have read the two numbers; I never have read printed words that gave me so much pain. I could not weep for some time. Sensation, sufferings have returned to me, that are terrible to awaken: it is real to me; I cannot criticise it.

January 25th.—Gave the dear children their lessons and looked at the newspaper. Went out in carriage, and proceeded to the Equitable Insurance Office, where I paid my yearly due, £120 5*s.*, thence to the Bank, where I received my own and Twiss's dividends. Called on Campbell, whom I found at home, and to whom I mentioned the purpose of placing Mrs. Siddons' bust in the Abbey; he entered into it as cordially as he could into anything, for he has not the *œstrum* in his manner. He expressed himself anxious to improve our acquaintance. Called at Forster's, thence to Ransom's, where I paid in my dividends, onward to find Sheil's dwelling, which I could not discover, to Sir Francis Chantrey's, with whom I had again a long talk. He interests me much by his downright manner and his confidence with regard to his conceptions. He approved the committee. I saw Allan Cunningham, and expressed myself willing to receive his play of 'Wallace,' about which he had written to me. Called at Lord Lansdowne's; he was just going to the Council at the Palace. I merely left my card. To Sir M. A. Shee, whom I found at home and Gally Knight sitting to him.

Shee was inclined to object, but I mentioned the limit of the subscription, and he courteously assented.

January 26th.—Wrote notes about Mrs. Siddons' monument to

Lord Lansdowne, to Lord Denman, to Lord Aberdeen, to Lord Francis Egerton, to Milman.

January 27th.—Thought a good deal upon my prospects and claims; calculated for my children's good, and see little to reason me from the necessity of again entering management, if I can do so without hazard of what I possess. The stage seems to want me. There is no theatre, but that to a man with a family is no argument; there is no theatre for me, and that is an overwhelming plea. Then much may be done of good in all ways.

January 28th.—Wrote to Horace Twiss, to Lord Northampton, to Thomas Moore, to Sheil, to Lord Normanby, to Hallam, to Babbage, to Mr. Milnes, all on the Siddons monument.

January 31st.—Dickens called for me, and I accompanied him to Rogers', where we dined. Met Eastlake, Colonel Fox, Kenney, Maltby, Sir George Talbot, Babbage, and a young man whom I had met at Lord Lansdowne's. A pleasant day. Showed Rogers my committee list, with which he was pleased.

February 1st.—Wrote notes to Lockhart, Procter, Sir G. Callcott, Barry, Cockerell, H. Taylor, inviting them to be on the Siddons committee.

February 7th.—Wrote a note, as copy for one to Lords Carnarvon, Leigh, and Mahon, on the Siddons committee. Wrote a note of congratulation on his birthday to Dickens.

Collier, Kenney, Z. Troughton, and Ainsworth came to dinner.

London, March 3rd.—I am forty-eight years old to-day.

March 22nd.—Called on Bulwer and talked with him on the business of the Siddons committee. Went to Exeter Hall. Milman came, Gally Knight, then Lord Lansdowne. We talked and waited some time, and no one coming, proceeded to business. Rogers dropped in, as we had voted three or four resolutions.*

* THE SIDDONS MONUMENT.

At a meeting of the Committee held at Exeter Hall on the 22nd of March, 1841, the most noble the Marquis of Landsdowne in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

Resolved,—That as monuments have been erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of many distinguished professors of the dramatic art, it is an omission on the part of those who drew delight and instruction from the sublime personations of Mrs. Siddons, that the name of that actress, who, by a singular union of the highest intellectual and physical qualifications, transcended the artists of her own, or perhaps of any other time, should have so long remained without public record or notice.

Resolved,—That in order to render justice to her rare perfections, and convey to posterity some idea of the estimation in which her surpassing powers were held by her contemporaries, a bust or statue of Mrs. Siddons be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Resolved,—That in order to afford the opportunity of participating in this object to those who enjoyed the delight of witnessing the representations of this great actress, or who have profited, in the performances of inferior artists, by the lessons her genius taught, the expenses of the proposed monument be met by a public subscription.—ED.

which were approved. Then Bulwer came; an excuse from Dickens and Tom Moore. The bankers, advertisements, &c., were all arranged. Lord L. undertook to write to Chantrey. Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Pierce Butler, Kenney, Dickens, Travers, Harness, and Rogers dined with us.

March 23*rd*.—Beazley and Dunn called, and we talked over the feasibility of re-opening Drury Lane Theatre *as a theatre*. I mentioned what must form the basis of any agreement—liberty to close at a day's notice; no compulsion to pay any rent; no rent to be paid before Christmas; my salary to be included among the working expenses of the theatre; the theatre not to be opened before Christmas; to be mine in virtue of a clear lesseeship; not for the committee to have the power of letting it during my vacation, &c. Babbage, Mr. and Mrs. Swinfen Jervis, Lady Jenkins, Lord Nugent, Sir E. Bulwer, Dr. Quin came to dinner.

March 24*th*.—Wrote out the heads of my stipulations in any agreement with Drury Lane proprietors. Lord Glengall and Dunn called; I read my stipulations, which were considered admissible. Lord Glengall was earnest to carry the proposed agreement into effect. When they were gone I wrote notes of summons to Serle and Anderson.

Northallerton, Tynemouth, March 28*th*.—Felt a pleasure in seeing in the inn yard the name of the landlord whom I had always known at this house; he has passed away, but the name was still something of what I once knew. The waiter, too, though I could hardly recognise him, proved on inquiry to be the same who had waited on me about thirty years ago. Everything teaches me that this is a world of change, and yet how slowly and reluctantly we learn the lesson. I breakfasted and posted on, reading 'Richelieu' first. Often checked by scenes well remembered and connected with persons now no more, and with feelings long since dead! My early youth, its passions, despondings, uncertain views, imaginings, and dreams were here, and many, many thoughts and feelings, sufferings, and enjoyments returned to me with the scenes I revisited. Considered 'Romeo and Juliet' as a play to be restored to the original text, and saw its pathetic simplicity and legendary character so far above the Frenchy melodrama of Garrick. Looked over 'Macbeth.' Intended to post to South Shields and cross the ferry to Tynemouth, but stopped and turned the postboy, and made him go to Newcastle, from thence to take the railway. Was half an hour before the train started; lunched, wrote a note for Miss Martineau. Saw Hedley Vicars, who called, and received a note from him. Went by railway to North Shields. Walked to Tynemouth, and inquiring at the post-office Miss Martineau's address, called on her, sending up my note: she was very glad to see me. We talked over many things and persons. She is a heroine, or to speak more truly, her fine sense and her lofty principles, with the sincerest religion, give her a fortitude that is noble to the best height of heroism.

Newcastle, March 29th.—Mr. Ternan called, and I walked with him to the theatre, where I rehearsed Macbeth; rehearsed it well, so well that I felt myself not quite *hors de la tragédie.* I feared I should not act it so well.

Acted Macbeth with all the spirit I could press into it. Considering my *rust*, not having acted it since 1839, I did not make so bad an effort. Was called for, and very cordially greeted.

March 30th.—Letters from Mr. Thorne, manager at Durham, with invitation, and one from Wightwick urging, in a guarded way, the experiment of Plymouth, which I think I shall make. But no more consecutive five or six nights, I have not the power of doing justice to myself in them. Rehearsed Richelieu with forebodings of a dire event. Peregrine Ellison called twice upon me, and walked with me up to Hedley Vicars', showing me the new Exchange Room by the way. He was most kind. There is however a melancholy at my heart, which often rises to my eyes, in thinking of and feeling these marks of kindness and respect, these tributes to the feelings of younger and blither days, which I receive from the remaining individuals of families that once took a friendly interest in me. It makes me ask, what is life—what is its real good? Is it peace—is it fame? It is, if it could be found, the talisman of Orimanes—content—which cannot be without virtue.

Acted Cardinal Richelieu in all the horrors of an imperfect company, but we got through. Was called for—a foolish custom as an ordinary one.

March 31st.—Peregrine Ellison called, and walked with me over the new streets; pointing out to me the old map by sundry relics, such as the school where Lord Eldon was brought up, the Forth, Waldie's house, &c. The market, the Philosophical Institution—*open to everybody*—(bravissimo!), and the general appearance interested and pleased me very much; but I was sorry too to see the old streets, which used to look so handsome and lively, neglected, squalid, and forsaken.

I used the afternoon to the best advantage, between rest, and thought of Othello. I was very anxious to act the part well, and I think I have never acted it better—certainly never in a more sustained heroic style. I thought the audience must have felt that much was real and original—by that word I mean the feeling taken directly from the part.

London, April 4th.—Young, the pantomimist, called, and agreed to set to work.

Anderson and Serle called, and we discussed the various facts before us. I mentioned my intention of writing Miss Kelly to take the *old women.* They left me. Elliotson called, and prescribed for me.

April 5th.—Went to Drury Lane and, with Serle, met the Drury Lane Committee, Lord Glengall, Messrs. Allen, Durrant (Burgess, Secretary; Dunn, Treasurer), and afterwards, Sir William Curtis. They discussed the heads of the proposals submitted to them, and

were all avowedly anxious for my tenancy. They wished to put the taxes of the theatre in the current expenses.

April 6th.—Called on Miss Kelly, who showed me over her theatre, which is very pretty. I stated my business to her, proposing to her the line of old characters acted by Miss Pope, Mrs. Mattocks, &c., talked long with her, and left her, promising to send her a proposal. Forster dined with me. I went to call for H. Smith, and he accompanied me to the theatre. The General Committee was sitting; we met them. I explained my views; they deliberated. We met them again, and they gave me the theatre, in which undertaking may God prosper me!

Birmingham, April 13th.—Acted Macbeth with great spirit, *i.e.*, began it so, and felt that my acting begins to want spirit, which I must attend to. Was marred and utterly deprived of my effects by the "*support*" of a Mr. —— and others in the last act. Was in a violent passion, and in that behaved very ill. Oh, my cottage, my cottage! shall I die without visiting thee, and learning, from Nature and communion with my God, the blessed lesson of self-control?

April 14th.—Sent £1 to a Miss ——, whom I only just knew, but who knew acquaintances of mine. She is now apparently destitute. I remember thinking, as a boy, her father a very proud man, who kept a gig, and a person of consequence; he had a toy-shop, well and long known in this street. The changes of things and thoughts!

I tried to act Richelieu well, and did my best with a company and a Mr. C—— that would paralyse a Hercules. The house was enormous; I went forward to a call that I could not evade, but reluctantly. I have not had time to think before of my early days here. As I returned to my hotel I looked for the house where I passed many days of my boyhood. It was the last house in which I saw my blessed mother alive; I received her last kiss there, to return it on her marble forehead, as she lay in her coffin (the blessed woman!) in Norfolk Street, Sheffield. Good God! for what are we here? The years of passion, of suffering that have passed; the unsatisfactory sum of all they have produced; the dissatisfaction that remains, urge on the question—How much of chance is there in life! Yet how much more is there in conduct than in fortune! Of that I am sure, and I only quarrel with my imperfect education, and the painful consequences of a faulty example.

April 15th.—Acted Virginius with care and pains, and, I thought, in some parts well. The audience seemed interested, but did not applaud with the fervency they used to do. They called determinedly, and I went reluctantly; was well received. Mr. Simpson spoke to me after the play. In thinking over the very few occasions left me in my life to repeat my visit here, I fell into a train of thought in which the question of the actual value of life, as to my individual personal enjoyments, came palpably before

me. My children are my life. My ruminations led me to see, in my mind's eye, my own body stretched out in its stiff and yellow coldness, my sunken rigid face, my clenched jaws, and the whole picture of shrouded death in my own person. It brought that blessed and lovely child, my darling Joan, to my mind, whose death has very much loosened the sort of bond of instinct that held me on to life. I feel now, in dying, I shall have something to go to.

April 16th.—An old friend, a friend of my early boyhood, when eight or nine years old, or younger, called on me—a fat old gentleman of sixty—talked of old days, brought back the dawnings of a life, high spirits, an impressible nature. What a creature of impulse and wild delight I remember myself! Acted Werner with much care, and in most respects very well, but was inconvenienced by Ulrich, who was raw, though willing, and cut up root and branch by Mr. C——. Was called for, and very enthusiastically received. I addressed the audience, who stood up, referring to their early patronage of me, &c. What I said seemed to please very much. Wrote to dearest Catherine, with cheque, &c.

Birmingham to Rugby and back, April 18th.—Took the railway to Rugby, and arriving at the station, walked to the town by a new road that puzzled me to know my exact locality. I at last escaped through a broken paling into a little dirty lane, which was evidently of the olden time, and I soon began to guess at my whereabouts, which the sight of Sir Egerton Leigh's Anabaptist Chapel presently assured me of. I asked an old woman if it were not so, and her answer confirmed me. I walked into the well-known streets, remembering when I was but a promise, and now—what has been my performance? for we are approaching the "*fifth act.*" What is life? A false thing—or rather a thing of falsehoods. What are the men that Carlyle calls his *heroes* but fanatics, followers of some peculiar imagination? But of all the falsehoods that make up man's life, the common "religion" of the world is the worst of all. With a real religion so simple, so pure, so full of good, so secure of recompense in its practice as the true religion of Christ is, we have in its place the Church of England, Romanism, Presbyterianism, and the innumerable shades and schisms of each, but no Christianity in the feeling or the practice of them. Oh, for an apostle of the truth! He must be near at hand. I walked into the little dining-room of my dear old friend and benefactor. He looked hardly at me, not knowing or expecting me; at last he recognised me with delight. I was affected in seeing him. I feel very uncertain if I am ever able to see him again. I saw Mary Winstanley and her family, a very fine one, growing up, the eldest to an adult age. I went with Birch to the old church, and sat where, as a boy, I used to say my prayers. I looked for old faces, but saw very few; old things, but not many persons. We talked over the school-days, and the fates of various men who were at school with me. We parted.

Birch kissed me, and was affected. Nature would whisper to him, as it did to me in meeting—God knows if we may ever meet in this world again! He has been to me the friend of my life, my relation, my tutor, my benefactor. God bless him! Posted back to Birmingham with all speed, every house almost along the road familiar to me. Bilton, where I could not repress a smile at the recollection of my boyish impudence. Arrived in good time in Birmingham.

[*April 19th to April 28th.* — Engagement at Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth.]

Exeter, April 23rd.—Received a letter with extract from paper from Wightwick, who seems working double tides, I fear too much, to reason the Plymouth people into going to see me. I opened my letter to him and wrote an answer to his last. Wrote to dear Catherine. Rehearsed Richelieu, a foretaste of the performance. Oh, this does not repay me, even when gaining money! As it is, it is mere hard suffering, mind and body.

Acted Cardinal Richelieu as well as the wretched murdering of the other characters would let me. Was called for and politely received, the people standing up when I came on. Saw a short notice of myself in one of the papers.

On reflection I very much censure myself for not exhibiting more sensibly my estimation of the respect which the audience showed me; they stood up when I came on, and though I acknowledged this compliment with respect and apparent pleasure, yet it was not felt, nor demonstrated as if felt, which was very wrong. I did not merit the honour that was done me. I lament my presumption and folly. I would never be guilty of such absurd want of proper feeling in any similar instance.

Plymouth, April 26th.—Acted Macbeth in my very best manner, positively improving several passages, but sustaining the character in a most satisfactory manner. "*J'ai été le personnage.*" Was felt by the audience. They called for me and received me most cordially. Colonel Hamilton Smith and Wightwick came into my room. Wightwick came here to tea with me and sat late. Closed dear Catherine's letter.

I have improved Macbeth. The general tone of the character was lofty, manly, or indeed as it should be, heroic, that of one living to command. The whole view of the character was constantly in sight: the grief, the care, the doubt was not that of a weak person, but of a strong mind and of a strong man. The manner of executing the command to the witches, and the effect upon myself of their vanishing was justly hit off: I marked the cause. The energy was more slackened—the great secret. A novel effect I thought good, of restlessness and an uneasy effort to appear unembarrassed before Banquo, previous to the murder. The banquet was improved in its forced hilarity of tone; the scene with the physician very much so. It was one of the most successful performances of Macbeth I ever gave.

London, May 3rd.—Went to rehearse at the Haymarket Theatre. Acted Evelyn. A gentleman sent me a snuff-box, a very pretty one, from the boxes as a token of his admiration.

May 5th.—Catherine put on a half-mourning dress to-day; it made me sadder than the deepest black could have done; my heart was quite sunk in thinking that it seemed like beginning to take leave of sorrow for an association with the memory of my blessed Joan, yet in my heart of hearts that sweet angelic child lives. I cannot feel that she is not. Obtained Mademoiselle Rachel's address, and called on her after rehearsal. Saw first some male *attachés*, and afterwards herself and mother. She is a very engaging, graceful little person, anything but plain in person, delicate and most intelligent features, a frank, a French manner, synonymous with pleasing. I talked with her some little time; invited her to dine on Sunday, which she accepted; asked her if she would visit the theatre, which she wished to do. I went to Sam's and purchased the card for Mr. Morris's box, which I took to the theatre, and sent to her.

May 9th. — Madame and Mademoiselle Rachel, Colonel and Mrs. Gurwood, Mrs. Norton, Eastlake, Young, T. Campbell, Kenney, Dr. Elliotson, and Quin came to dinner.

I was, indeed all were, delighted with Rachel; her extreme simplicity, her ingenuousness, earnestness, and the intellectual variation of her sweet and classic features. There was but one feeling, of admiration and delight, through the whole party at and after dinner. Mrs. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. Swinfen Jervis, the Sheils, Wyse, Mr. Curran, Troughton, Babbage, Fitzgerald, Boxall, Miss Faucit, Hetta, Horace Twisses, Lovers, Forster, Rogers, Fred. White, Mrs. Procter, Edward Kater, Travers, came in the evening.

May 12th.—Thought of what I ought to say at the Literary Fund dinner. Dined at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Ripon in the chair. Lord Colborne, Sir C. Napier, Sir S. Canning, Mr. Milnes, Amyot, K. Macaulay, Barham, Brockedon, &c., were there. The speeches were mostly good.

May 15th.—Last night of Haymarket engagement. 'Money.'

Dublin, May 18th.—Rehearsed, but was ill, and put myself out of Macbeth. Could not with all my efforts rally into the character. Returned to my hotel, dined moderately, and went to bed. Rose better and, inspirited by the audience, made every endeavour, but it was all effort. I could not revive the Plymouth feeling.

May 29th.—Acted Werner *and* Claude Melnotte, a very foolish thing, which I will never do again.

Liverpool, May 31st.—Acted Macbeth very well to a very dull audience. Was very angry. Called for, but did not go on.

June 11th.—'Money.' [Last night of engagement at Dublin.]

Birmingham, June 12th.—Went to the theatre—the theatre where my early youth was made no youth—where, at fifteen, I had to watch the proceedings of the management. Ah me, it was a very

unhappy, unprofitable time! But thank God that so much good has followed on the prospect of so much ill! Walked about the stage and came home to dinner. Looked at the paper, and overran the French books of the officer who usually tenants this room. Acted Cardinal Richelieu unequally, checked by ill-humour, and ended the play apparently very much to the satisfaction of the audience.

Eastbourne, June 20th.—Read and began to try to arrange Dryden's 'King Arthur,' but I found it reminding me several times of the machinery and position of the characters in 'The Tempest.' Was not satisfied with it. Liked better 'Acis and Galatea' and 'Comus.' Gave part of the evening to my dear children. Thought over plays for Drury Lane.

Eastbourne to London, June 23rd.—Rose with sensations of pain and weariness; packed up my small wardrobe, and set off for London. On my way read Scribe's comedy of 'La Calomnie.' Serle, T. Cooke, and Forster came to dinner. We talked over much business, but the principal subject was the engagement of Staudigl. Went to the German Opera; saw 'Robert le Diable.' Thought very highly of Staudigl's performance of Bertram; but do not think him an artist to be an attraction.

Birmingham, June 25th.—'Lady of Lyons.'

Manchester, June 26th.—'Richelieu.'

London, July 3rd.—Went to Haymarket Theatre; acted Evelyn. [Engagement at Haymarket to 7th December].

July 5th.—After dinner went to the Opera House. Read in Corneille's 'Cinna' the scenes of *Emilie*. Watched with intense eagerness the performance of the part by Rachel. I must confess I was disappointed; she has undoubtedly genius; grace in a high degree, and perfect self-possession. But she disappointed me; she has no tenderness, nor has she grandeur. She did not dilate with passion; the appeal to the gods was not that grand swell of passion that lifts her up above the things (too little for its communion) of earth to the only powers capable of sympathising with her. She did not seem to commune with the *Manes* of her father. Her apostrophe to the liberty of Rome was not "up to the height of the great argument." She was stinging, scornful, passionate, but *little* in her familiar descents, and wanting in the terrible struggle, the life and death conflict, between her love and her revenge. The "sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride" and fondness were not felt. She is not equal to Mars or Miss O'Neill, but she is the first actress of her day.

July 7th.—I went to the English Opera House, and saw a piece on 'Barnaby Rudge,' Miss Fortescue acting the part of Barnaby with great vivacity, and grace and power.

July 9th.—Took dear Willie with me to the Kensal Green Cemetery, where my blessed Joan sleeps. Was soothed by the quiet of the place. Saw names there that I had known in life. Went down into the catacombs with Willie, and saw the receptacle

for me and mine, where my darling lies—my sweet blossom, she lives yet in my heart!

July 13*th*.—On this day my blessed Joan would have been four years old. My heart blesses her, and yearns towards her, and feels as if it was to renew its communion with the sweet child. Oh, that I could see her in all her lovely cheerfulness! But my birthday greeting to her sweet spirit is, "Beloved, hail, and farewell! Sweet sorrow of my heart! Dearest child, farewell!" Gave dear Catherine a locket with our sweet child's hair.

July 16*th*.—Walked with Catherine in the Regent's Park. Hetta (H. Skerrett) came to dinner. We went to the opera-house, to see Rachel in 'Horace.' My opinion of her was very greatly raised. If I might apply a term of distinction to the French acting, I should say it is sculpturesque in its effect; it resembles figures in relief, no background, and almost all in single figures, scarcely any grouping, no grand composition: this sort of individual effect may be good for the artist, but not for the illusion of a play. With the drawback consequent on this national peculiarity, Rachel in Camille was generally admirable. She stood alone, her back turned to her lover or brother, as it might happen, but her feeling was almost always true. In a grand opportunity, "Courage! ils s'amollissent"—I thought her deficient. But in the last scene she was all that a representation of the part could be. It was a splendid picture of frenzied despair.

July 26*th*.—Serle called, and discussed some business with me, and then accompanied me to Drury Lane; the committee had not assembled. Looked at some casts at Brucciani's; went in search of a book to Bohn's. Returned to Drury Lane Theatre; met in committee Lord Glengall, Allan, Durrant, Ramsbottom, Dunn, Burgess, Beazley. Laid before them the state of the theatre and what it requires: the front and dresses, the scenery and wardrobe for four plays; state of the cellar and stage; wardrobe; attractions of pit; separations of the circles of boxes, and awning, &c., in Vinegar Yard. All was to be taken into consideration, our plans being stated. Went down to Charing Cross, and just caught Catherine and Willie (from Eastbourne).

July 29*th*.—Serle called and read me a sketch of 'Faust,' proposing that music should be selected from the works of Beethoven for it. To this I decidedly objected, on the ground that a work to be good should be a whole—should have a pervading sentiment, relation, throughout its parts.

August 4*th*.—Browning called. On his departure Catherine and myself went out and met T. Cooke, who left two MSS. of operas, and walked with us to look at the Botanical Gardens, which are very beautiful, and to which I shall subscribe. I spoke with Cooke about the proposal of Serle as to the opera of 'Faust;' developed my theory, as to a musical work, that the design must be one and complete, a whole made up of harmonising parts, one character and purpose visible throughout; that a mosaic or *rifacimento* of

composers' various works upon a subject foreign to their imagination could not be effective or creditable. He heartily concurred in all I said, and rejoiced to hear it. We went to Sarti's and saw some alto-reliefs of Flaxman, which I liked. Went on to Drury Lane and inquired for Elliston. Went into the theatre to see the position of the scenery, &c. Jones received me, and we had some conversation on business.

August 8th.—Considered for more than an hour the subject of Sir Robert Walpole as one for Bulwer's pen. Resumed my search in 'History of England' for matter for Bulwer.

August 11th.—In bed, not feeling quite well, I resumed the reading of the tragedy of 'St. Thomas's Eve,' which I read with increasing interest, until at last I became quite abandoned to a transport of enthusiasm. I was deeply affected, surprised, delighted. I wondered at the moderate, measured terms in which Serle had suggested the necessity of its perusal. It seems to me a great play, equal to Shelley's 'Cenci' in poetry and depth. (*No.*) Wrote a note to Mr. Knox, author of 'St. Thomas's Eve.'

September 7th.—Read in bed several scenes of 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' which I think I have now clearly arranged in my own mind.

September 8th.—Glanced at the paper before I hurried down to Drury Lane Theatre, where I went, reading Luke by the way. Found Serle at the theatre; went into the ladies' wardrobe, &c.; gave directions; examined all the parts of the house I had not seen before; went into every dressing-room, property-room, passage, and, I believe, corner of the theatre; obtained most important information respecting it. Was very much fatigued with my tour.

Beazley came, and, with Serle and Brydone, we went over the saloon, &c.; most fortunately I had penetrated a closed stair filled with rubbish, just before, and mentioned it to him. We finally settled upon a plan to keep the two circles free from the women of the town; he was to furnish plans and estimates. We then examined the pit, and came to our conclusions there, to stall it and enlarge it. Returning home I read Luke. Was very tired. Found letters from Browning, Henry Smith; invitation, Colonel Hamilton Smith, Mrs. Braysher, Catherine.

September 9th.—In bed read the fable of Acis in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' Looked at the newspaper, and attended to business actively. Mr. Hoyle called, and examined the roof of the house, and also took directions on other matters. Wrote answer to Dowton's application for orders.

September 10th.—Went over Shelley in bed, searching for lines for 'Acis and Galatea.' Went to Wigmore Street to inquire about a model of Drury Lane Theatre; found it had been sold, and was the old theatre.

September 11th.—Rose early, and, writing a note to Searle and making a packet of Brydone's official letters, I went down to Drury

Lane Theatre, reading Luke by the way, and found the hall empty—not a creature in charge. I called and looked, and at length left my card on the table, with a note of the time of the clock before me. I went into the theatre, but saw no one. Spoke sharply to the doorkeeper as I went out. Walked by the Strand to Bond Street, enjoying my walk; called at Smethurst and Pratt's, and came home. Found note from Serle, and summons from Shakespeare Society. Hoyle came and put up the bas-relief. Read the papers. Received a letter from Catherine, which I answered. Gave up my remaining time to the arrangement and adaptation of 'Acis and Galatea,' for which I had still to search. The man came to colour the bas-relief.

September 12*th*.—Mr. Knox called; had a long conversation with him on the subject of the act of 'Tancred and Gismonda,' which he had left with me; satisfied him that he had proceeded on a false view of the effect. He decided on abandoning it, and taking up another subject. Very much occupied with affairs about the house. Turned over books in search of a subject for Bulwer.

September 25*th*.—Went with Serle to Drury Lane Theatre. Looked at the very good arrangement of the property room; at the model; the rooms for supers; passed over to the men's wardrobe; examined carefully the room, and saw what a sweeping measure ought to be adopted, affecting the supernumeraries, the wardrobe, armoury, &c. Transacted some valuable business. Returning home, wrote to Helen Faucit, who, I grieved to hear, was still unwell; to Bulwer. Paid Thompson. Thought a little on my opening address. Acted Werner well; was called for and warmly received.

October 4*th*.—On this day I enter upon the lease and management of Drury Lane Theatre. I humbly implore the blessing of Almighty God upon my efforts, praying His gracious Spirit may influence me in adopting and carrying through all wise and good measures in a discreet, equable, and honourable course, and only pursuing such a line of conduct as may benefit my blessed children, may be of service to the cause of good, and benevolent to those dependent on me.

October 7*th*.—Rose very early, and reached Drury Lane by a quarter past seven o'clock; found the men's names entered. Went round the work places; retired to my room, and, having first addressed my thoughts to God, began to read. Employed myself with thinking over 'Hamlet' till nine o'clock. Caught Mr. Holloway, and asked him about views in Verona and Venice. Went to the Athenæum, where I breakfasted, read the paper, and looked at some books; delighted to find a Montfaucon there. Called at Colnaghi's, and again inquired about the picture of a Court of Justice at Venice. Rehearsed Hamlet.

October 25*th*.—Looked through books on Venice for authority respecting the courts of justice.

November 1*st*.—Went to the rehearsal of 'Nina Sforza,' at Hay-

market Theatre. Letter from Colonel Hamilton Smith, with costumes and directions for 'Merchant of Venice.' Acted Spinola well; took great pains, and carried the audience with me. Was called for and very warmly received. Forster, Talfourd, Browning, Kenney came into my room.

November 7th.—Gave my whole day to the preparation of 'Romeo and Juliet,' of which I finished three acts. It is a work of more labour than I had calculated upon. Mr. and Miss Emily Spicer, Dr. Quin, Knox, Maclise, Stanfield, Z. Troughton came to dine, with whom we had a very pleasant day. Was held a long time in conversation with Stanfield and Maclise on the subject of the illustration of 'Acis and Galatea.'

November 23rd.—Settled with Marshall and Tomkins the scenery of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.'

November 25th.—Rose earlier than usual in order to visit the sad place that contains the mouldering body of my sweet infant, my beautiful and blessed Joan. My thoughts were upon her, which I did not wish to communicate or betray, as I was unwilling to shed any gloom about me. But she was present to me—in her laughing joy and beauty, in the angelic sweetness that she wore when lying dead before me. O God, Thy will be done! She seems dearer to me even than these so dear around me. That wound of my heart will never be healed. But I shall meet her again, or I shall be of the element with her. What shall I be? And for what are we taught these sad and bitter lessons? I went to the cemetery, and saw the cold and narrow bed where she lies; my heart poured out its prayer by her body for the welfare and happiness of those spared to me. I had to wait the performance of a funeral service before I could go down into the vault. It brought all back to me; but what words are those to offer to the heart of grief, or to the reasoning mind? God, the true God, is all. His love to us, and circulated amongst us, is our only consolation. Bless thee, my beloved babe! Often, often, when it could be little thought, your image is with me.

November 26th.—Acted Sir Oswin Mortland as well as I could under the heavy press of business. Read the two concluding numbers of 'Humphrey's Clock,' which ends very sadly and very sweetly. Wonderful Dickens!

December 7th.—'Lady of Lyons.' As the last day of my Haymarket engagement, I begin it with some feeling of uncertainty as to the future. If success in worldly means is to be denied me, I bow to God's will with true humility and fortitude, and let justice, honour, and love be the impulses of all my actions. Miss Fortescue came and continued her lessons. I am greatly interested in her success.

December 10th.—Reconsidered the question of acting the unimportant parts of Harmony and Valentine, and came to the decision that everything should be done to raise and sustain the character of the theatre; that my reputation could scarcely be affected in any

way by the assumption of these parts, or at least not injuriously; and that it would be a sad calculation to think of propping my reputation by the ruins of the theatre. I saw that it was right to do them. Read Valentine. Read Harmony.

December 18th.—Dined with Horace Twiss to meet the Delanes. Sir G. Clerk, Emerson Tennent, Fitzgeralds, Hayward, Mr. Atkinson were there.

December 27th.—Rehearsed the 'Merchant of Venice.' Went round the various places. Gave direction on direction. My mind was over every part of the house. My room very uncomfortable. Lay down, but got little rest. Was much disturbed by being called for as the play began; resisted for a long while, but was at last obliged to go forward. My reception was most enthusiastic. I acted Shylock very nervously—not to please myself. I saw the pantomime afterwards.*

December 28th.—Rehearsed 'Every One has his Fault.'† Incessant business until nearly half-past four o'clock. I was fearful I should not have a command of the words of my part. Note from Sir H. Wheatley, wishing to see me about the Queen's Box. Notes. Read over Harmony. Acted it tolerably well. Was not known by the audience at first. Called for and well received. The play seemed to have made an agreeable impression, about which I was very anxious, as being a comedy. Mrs. Carlyle was in Catherine's box, and very glad to see me.

December 29th.—Rehearsed the play of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' which occupied us a very long while; it was not finished until five o'clock. Acted Valentine imperfectly, and not well. Was called for on account of the play, and warmly received.

1842.

London, January 1st.—Dear Dickens called to shake hands with me.‡ My heart was quite full; it is much to me to lose the presence of a friend who really loves me. He said there was no one whom he felt such pain in saying good-bye to. God bless him!

January 4th.—Listened to the music of 'Acis and Galatea' on the stage, which is much too long for dramatic purposes; all

* Drury Lane Theatre opened under Macready's management with the 'Merchant of Venice,' and the pantomime of 'Harlequin and Duke Humphry's Dinner, or Jack Cade, the Lord of London Stone.' The cast of the play included Mr. G. Bennett, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Hudson, Mr. H. Hill, Mr. Marston, Mr. Selby, Mr. Compton; with Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Keely, Miss Poole and Miss Gould. The prices were the same as at Covent Garden when under Macready's management. The play-bill contained the announcement that the room for promenading and refreshment attached to the boxes would be strictly protected from all improper intrusion.—Ed.

† By Mrs. Inchbald.—Ed.

‡ On going to America.—Ed.

agreed in the propriety of very much reducing it. There was much debate, but it soon spoke for itself.

January 5th.—Received a letter from the editor of *John Bull*, wishing to know from me if "the women of the town" were really admitted or altogether excluded, as he supposed them to be, his "duty to the public" requiring his notice, &c. It is not easy to suppress one's indignation at such monstrous malignity, but my course is to do right, and not to give heed to these wicked attempts to slander me. Serle proposed, after some debate upon the letter, that he should reply to it, telling the editor that, as he had two nightly admissions on the theatre, he had the power to come and observe himself, which was the more necessary as a prosecution for a groundless libel had already been commenced against a paper on the same subject.

Read part of Harmony. Acted it pretty well. Called for and well received. Consulted my officers on the expediency of doing the play of 'The Gamester;' all were of opinion for it.

January 6th.—I arranged the whole business of the opera of 'Acis and Galatea.' It occupied the whole morning.

January 7th.—Listened to the rehearsal of 'Acis and Galatea,' with which I was really pleased. I liked the music, and think it must be a beautiful musical entertainment.

January 12th.—Rehearsed Beverley, regretting very much, and blaming myself very much, that I had undertaken this part without the opportunity of knowing my power of performing it. I will do this no more.

Read a little of Beverley, and rested. Was very nervous, very unhappy about the part, and scarcely knew how I was to go through it. Determined to infuse as much spirit and earnestness into it as I could. Got through much better than I had anticipated; was called for and well received; and had much reason, from appearances, to congratulate myself for having done the play.

January 18th.—Called at Bielefield's to see the model of Polypheme's head.

January 19th.—Rehearsed scenes of 'Acis and Galatea;' had difficulty with the ballet, but mastered them. It is laborious.

Sent to the different print-sellers for print of Polypheme. Rested, being very tired; rose to write the bill and to read my part. Acted Beverley fairly. Called for and well received.

Ordered that, after this evening, the money of women of the town should be refused altogether at the doors.

January 22nd.—Rose very early on purpose to see how matters were carried on at Drury Lane Theatre. Reached the theatre at ten minutes past seven; found a few persons only at work; waited in the hall until my fire was lighted, and then went to business. Wrote answer to Phillips, the pit hat-and-cloak man, to Patmore with a free admission. Spoke to Mr. Anderson about the system I wished to see pursued, to Blamire, to whom I opened the door to his acceptance of the continued office of property man. He

did not grasp at it, and I did not press it on him. Spoke to Sloman and the two fly-men, guilty of inaccuracy last night, went up into the flies to examine the working of the borders, &c. Looked over the wings for the play of 'Gisippus.' Rehearsed with much care the farce of 'The Windmill.' Afterwards rehearsed till a late hour the opera of 'Acis and Galatea,' with which I took great pains. Received a note from Mr. Oakley, one of the general committee, acknowledging the civility of a card of admission, and speaking highly of the conduct of the theatre. Other notes. Business with Stanfield, with Mr. Phillips about his head for Polypheme. Business with Serle, with Miss P. Horton about her dress, with C. Jones on his payment. The *Record* newspaper, and a note from Mr. Butler, inquiring into the truth of the article in it copied from *John Bull*, other letters, one of acknowledgment from Patmore. Miss P. Horton dined with us, and afterwards sang and acted over her songs to me, on which I advised her.

January 24th.—Acted Shylock well. Thought before the play began that I would, during the vacation, contract for the scenery and machinery of any new play I might intend to produce. Business with Miss Smith and *figurantes* as to the clothes of Acis, &c., with Miss Gould, Mrs. Keeley. Forster and Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle came into my room, much pleased with the play—I was pleased that they were.

January 25th.—Letters from Mr. Martin, junior, with a volume of costumes, from Phillips, coat-keeper, and a very earnest beautiful letter from an anonymous friend about the attack in *John Bull*;*

* "*January 25th*, 1842.

"Sir,—The *John Bull* of January 15th contained a charge against you of a very grave nature. Thinking it possible that this may not have met your eye, I transcribe the paragraph in which it appeared:

"'In our notices to correspondents last week we observed that we should direct our attention to certain private arrangements alleged to have been made at Drury Lane Theatre, and stated that, if our information proved correct, we should act as our duty prescribed. We alluded to reports we had received, that a staircase had been provided for the accommodation of those unfortunate women whom we had supposed to be excluded from this theatre, that a refreshment room had been set apart for their use, and for that of such of the public as might choose to resort to it, and that they were admitted into the house along with the respectable portion of the audience from the second circle upwards. These reports, we regret to say, we have found correct.'

"To dwell upon the infamy that is inferred by such an accusation, an accusation which charges you with having forwarded the admission of those unhappy creatures to your theatre, whose solicited presence in the play-houses of London you once justly pronounced a '*national disgrace*,' in addressing one of your high character and delicate sense of honour, would be useless; it would be useless to point out the obloquy that must attach to the man who, while he is gaining general esteem by his declamations against vice, is secretly lending his support to such as follow its courses.

"This would be useless, but it may not be useless to point out the necessity

upon which I made out another copy of my letter to the proprietors of that paper, and inclosed it with a note to Mr. Butler, the gentleman who wrote to me on Sunday last.

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there is that such a charge should be answered, that from such an imputation you should hasten to free yourself. It may be that high and conscious virtue conceives dishonour to rest in the supposition of a necessity for asserting its innocence; it may be that you think the pure integrity of your character a shield sufficient in its strength to rebuff such attacks and to render them harmless. Such an opinion, however exalted the feeling from which it may have sprung, must be pronounced an erroneous one—an unhappily erroneous one. When malignity pours itself forth only in gross abuse, silence is indeed the best revenge, for it indicates contempt; but when calumny asserts injurious facts, contradiction is due to the reputation they wound, and silence can only be esteemed a proof of weakness.

"Here is a fact asserted which the dignity of your character calls upon you to refute—which you must refute! It is due to all who admire, to all who esteem you (and the admiration of your genius has ever been coupled with the esteem of your worth); it is due to yourself to refute it. If I speak freely, sir, it is because I feel deeply. It may be that I am the only one who has ventured to appeal for a reply to this accusation, but I am not the only one who has felt the injury you would sustain by leaving it without one. The higher the character aimed at the more dangerous the attack, for if genius and worth have many admirers, many friends, they have also many enviers, many detractors. Your silence under the accusation brought against you would lend weapons to such detractors, which your friends would have no means of parrying; armed with no proof, how could they defend themselves against the accusers? Their own faith might be strong, but how little significant would be a reply that rested in their mere conviction. Earnestly, most earnestly, I appeal to you for a more triumphant answer. I would urge that, though I speak as one, I utter the sentiments of many, that I have seen the emotions of chagrin and indignation with which I read the accusing paragraph agitating others as they agitated me, that I have seen others equally anxious to find it answered, and equally disappointed when no answer appeared. It was with the hope that the *John Bull* of January 22nd would contain a refutation of the accusation contained in that of January 15th that I so long delayed writing to call your attention to it. I trust that the *John Bull* of next Sunday will show your admirers and friends the vindication they must all wish to see, that either you will be able to deny the fact asserted, or else to explain it in such a way as will leave the integrity of your character untouched.

"Wishing you such success in all your undertakings as genius can obtain and honour deserve,

"I remain, sir,

"One of the most earnest, though it may be the least worthy, of

"YOUR MANY ADMIRERS."

The writer of this letter was at the time unknown to Macready, and altogether outside theatrical circles. Shortly before the great actor's retirement from the stage, the wish of many years was fulfilled, his personal acquaintance was made by the anonymous admirer, and a very intimate friendship commenced, which continued without interruption to his death.—ED.

January 26th.—A letter from Carlyle, informing me that Gay was the author of the words of 'Acis and Galatea.'

January 30th.—Looked at the *John Bull* newspaper, and saw that the editor had suppressed my letter, and published his own observations on such parts of it as he chose to allude to. Forster called. We discussed the subject, and I cordially assented to his advice to write to the editor of *The Times*, and request him to insert the letter to *John Bull*. I asked him to write it for me, as I was occupied with a letter to Dickens. Sir W. Martins called to say the King of Prussia would visit Drury Lane Theatre to-morrow night, and wished to hear the play of 'Macbeth.' I explained to him the impossibility of that or any other play but those now acting. He recommended Serle's journey to Windsor to settle the matter. Copied out the letter which Forster had written for me, copied out also the letter to the proprietors of *John Bull*, and, with a letter to Delane, closed the affair. Serle returned with the information that the King of Prussia had selected 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' He wanted 'Hamlet' or 'Macbeth.'

January 31st.—I see with great satisfaction my letter in *The Times* newspaper.* Felt most grateful for this vindication, which

* The letter sent to *John Bull*, and afterwards printed in *The Times*, was as follows:

"To the Proprietors of the 'John Bull' Newspaper.

"Gentlemen,—I desire your immediate attention to the following circumstances, in connection with an article on Drury Lane Theatre which appeared in your paper of the 15th instant.

"When I entered upon the management of Covent Garden, three years ago, my first determination was to rescue the theatre, as far as at that time lay within my power, from the degradation of being accessory to purposes of public prostitution. This object I never lost sight of. I found my means of attaining it more limited than the public sympathy and support have rendered them since; but the result, though not entirely satisfactory to myself, was such as to prove an earnestness and sincerity of intention.

"In that spirit it was received, and everywhere heartily encouraged. It was frequently the subject of praise in your paper, and, as late as the 2nd of last October, was made matter of special contrast with the condition to which Covent Garden had returned.

"When I entered upon the management here, I felt it due to the assistance I had received to make a greater and more effectual exertion. Having redeemed most fully every pledge given in my public address, I became anxious to ascertain whether all I hoped to do, and to which these measures eventually tended, might not be accomplished at once. But having been given to understand that, upon the issue of a play-bill, I had not a legal right to refuse the money of any person at the door of the theatre, I could only resolve to do my best, by measures of extreme discouragement, to altogether deter the unhappy class of persons in question from entering the house. I excluded them from the two first circles, the rooms, halls, passages, and lobbies attached to those circles. I confined such as might still for a time persevere in coming to the third circle, which they could only reach by a separate pay-office, and by passing through a dismantled lobby, where the walls were purposely left unpainted and unpapered, in which no seat of any kind was placed, and which

sets me at ease in regard to these false and malicious attacks upon me. Thank God!

February 1st.—A noble article, the third leader, in *The Times* on the attack of the *John Bull*.*

was constantly patrolled by a policeman. In this lobby is a bar for refreshment, held under lease, dated some years since, not from me, but from the proprietors, which I cannot revoke; but I have already received notice that this lease is infringed by the state of the place, a state, indeed, so bare and miserable, that, were it not for the object in view, I should myself admit it to be discreditable. That object having been answered, it cannot be called so. On the average of nights since the theatre was opened, only from two to three persons of presumed disreputable character have been by a vigilant police noted within the house, on some occasions not one.

"In the *John Bull* of the 15th instant these arrangements are made matter of severe reprehension, as insulting to morality and decency, and the result of my exertions, so far exceeding anything I had ever dared to attempt three years ago, is said to place me on no higher level than the most degraded practices of other theatres, Covent Garden being especially named. It is not my business to point out the inconsistency of this, but it is my serious duty to demand of you reparation for its injustice. It is not, I hope, too much to presume that, with these facts before you, and with means of verifying them, which to their utmost extent I offer you, it will be a pleasure to you to grant this reparation through the same channel by which so grave an injury has been inflicted.

"Meanwhile, I have to add, strengthened by the results of the measures I have described in this letter, and warned by so strange, so unjust, and yet cautious an attack in a quarter so respectable, that nothing but the extreme trial of the point of law will protect me from calumnies, direct or insidious, I have given instructions, since Wednesday, the 19th instant, that the money of all persons of supposed improper character shall be refused at the doors. Since that day the few who have presented themselves have been turned away, and the same course shall continue to be adopted as long as I hold the lease of Drury Lane Theatre.

"Again desiring your instant attention to this letter,

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your faithful Servant,

"W. C. Macready."—Ed.

* The article concluded thus: "It is not our custom to interfere in matters of a commercial nature where there are competitors for public favour and private interests involved; but we cannot pass over the opportunity afforded us by the letter of Mr. Macready, which appeared in *The Times* of yesterday, without expressing the opinion which we (in common, we believe, with the public generally) entertain of the exertions of that gentleman for the restoration of the genuine English drama, and for the purification of our national theatres from every just cause of offence to a virtuous or religious mind. We cannot but express our indignation at the attacks made upon him for this good work, not merely by ribald publications, whose censure is praise, and the writers of which are naturally led to resent every discouragement given to immorality as a blow at themselves, but in quarters from which more generous conduct might have been expected. The man who has done more than any other individual to make Shakespeare popular deserves the thanks of every one who wishes to educate the people and raise the national character. The man

February 2nd.—Business with Mr. Faraday (brother of the great philosopher) about the concentric burner which he brought. Allason brought draperies. Superintended the rehearsal of the choruses of 'Acis and Galatea.' Business with various people. Acted Beverley tolerably well. Called for and well received.

February 5th.—Gave my whole attention during the day to the various matters connected with the opera. Directed the rehearsal of 'Acis and Galatea.' *

The curtain was let down, and the stage swept five minutes before the half-hour past six, Stanfield and the assistants painting to the last minute. Saw the performance of the opera, which was beautiful; have never seen anything of the kind in my life so perfectly beautiful. Gave my whole attention to it. At the conclusion was called for and most enthusiastically received; I gave it out for repetition. Mrs. Jameson was in Catherine's box. Gratulations were passing everywhere. I feel very grateful for this success. Too much excited to think of sleeping.

February 6th.—The excitement of last night was not over this morning; the forms, colours, and movements of the pictures of last night were passing still before my eyes. I have not recovered from them. Several papers were sent to me, some containing accounts of the last night's performance. Rejoiced in my absence from Mr. Ducrow's funeral. When will my funeral come? Let it be as simple as the return of dust to dust should be, and somewhere where those that love me may come to think of me.

February 7th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre. Directed the rehearsal of the 'Prisoner of War,' † and bestowed much pains on it. Read several letters, attended to business of wardrobes, &c. Note from Delane for a private box, which I sent to him. *The Times* was more encomiastic than the other papers, but the tone of all was in "sweet accord," and the opinions that reached me unanimously enthusiastic. Stanfield came in, and would not tell me his charge until he saw what the piece did for me.

February 8th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre and saw again

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who has driven *Jack Sheppards* and *Jim Crows* and exhibitions fit only for Roman amphitheatres from the stage has a right to the good word of all who would not see the popular mind brutalised and demoralised. The man who has enabled us to tell Puritans that there is a theatre in which every effort is made to exclude vice, and in which no modest person is likely to meet with contamination or insult, is entitled to the co-operation of every lover of the fine arts, and (what is more) of all who delight in rational and innocent enjoyment."—Ed.

* The play-bill announced the opera (not divided into acts) of 'Acis and Galatea,' adapted and arranged for representation from the serenata of Handel. The orchestral arrangements by Mr. T. Cooke. The scenic illustrations by Mr. Stanfield, R.A. The principal parts were: Cupid, Miss Gould; Acis, Miss P. Horton; Damon, Mr. Allen; Polyphemus, Mr. H. Phillips; Galatea, Miss Romer. The dances under the direction of Mr. Noble.—Ed.

† By Douglas Jerrold.—Ed.

'Acis and Galatea.' It is beautiful. Was called for after Mesdames Horton and Romer had been on, and very warmly received. Went into Catherine's box to see the 'Prisoner of War,' when I was sent for to Bulwer, who went with me into our private box to see the piece, which he liked very much.

February 10*th*.—Rehearsed 'Gisippus.' Liston called to ask for a family box.

February 15*th*.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, where I attended to business, and directed a rehearsal of 'Gisippus' that, with four acts, occupied me the whole day.

February 21*st*.—Received a note from Babbage about a rainbow-dance. I am in the dark about it.*

February 23*rd*.—Acted Gisippus, I must admit, not well—not finished; not like a great actor. The actor was lost in the manager. The effect of the play was success, but I am not satisfied. I hope I shall be able, if I escape severe handling in this instance, to be more careful in future. Was called for, and very warmly received.

February 24*th*.—Walked out with Catherine in the park, and in the Botanical Gardens, enjoying—Oh, how I enjoyed the fresh air! I seemed to drink in spirits and temporary re-invigoration with every breath I drew. I have not known such a luxurious sensation for many a day.

March 2*nd*.—Superintended the rehearsal of 'The Poor Soldier,' with which I was very much pleased. Notes from Mr. Bates of the Diorama, from Dr. Griffin, Limerick, on the success of 'Gisippus.' Held a conference with Serle, Willmott, T. Cooke, &c., on the propriety of dismissing the idea of 'Cymon,' and concentrating our efforts on 'King Arthur.' Rested, being much wearied, and tried to think of my character. Acted Gisippus, I thought, better than I have yet done. I hope to improve the part very much. Was called for and well received. Went into a private box to see 'The Poor Soldier,' which was very well done in all respects, and with which I was much pleased. Went into Catherine's box, and saw Mrs. MacNeil (Mary Brownlow, the Belle of Bath in 1814), her daughter, Colonel MacNeil, Fanny Howarth, and Boxall.

March 10*th*.—Looked over old flats, &c., and settled scenes for 'Macbeth.'

* Mr. Babbage, in his 'Passages from the Life of a Philosopher,' London, 1864, relates how he devised a rainbow-dance for the ballet of the Italian Opera House, then under the direction of Mr. Lumley. Various coloured lights were to be thrown on groups of *danseuses* dressed in pure white. The oxy-hydrogen light passing through different media was to have been employed to produce the most brilliant effects. Mr. Babbage arranged a ballet called 'Alethes and Iris,' to introduce the rainbow-dance, and a rehearsal took place on the stage of the Opera House; but the danger of fire in the theatre was alleged by Mr. Lumley as a reason for going no further with the philosopher's contribution to the splendours of the ballet.—Ed.

March 11*th*.—Attended to the rehearsal of 'The Students of Bonn,' which I think I put into a better shape. Received a note from Colonel Buckley, informing me the Queen, &c., were coming this evening; gave necessary orders. Mr. Godwin, secretary to Art Union, called, and spoke with me on the matter of the public meeting. Acted Gisippus better than I have yet done. Called for and well received. The Queen and Prince Albert occupied their box.

March 12*th*.—A letter from Sir W. Martins, expressing the Queen's wish for 'Acis and Galatea' to be acted after 'Gisippus' on Friday, Lord De la Warr sending word she was "delighted with the play and my acting."

March 19*th*.—The Gurwoods and Miss Mayer, Lord Beaumont, Ch. Buller, Mr. Milnes, C. Young, Dr. Quin, Knox dined with us. In the evening the Procters, Mrs. Kitchener, the Chisholm, Maclise, the Spicers, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Allen came in.

March 20*th*.—Lord Nugent, Miss Adelaide Kemble, Mrs. Reid, Hetta Skerrett, Messrs. C. Kemble, Travers, Cartwright, Pierce Butler, Beazley, G. Raymond, Dr. Elliotson, Jerdan came to dine with us. Adelaide Kemble was very agreeable, and sang in the evening with a passion and fervour that satisfied me of her claims to distinction.

March 21*st*.—Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Westland Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Brockedon, Boxall, Mr. Roberts, R.A., Professor E. Taylor, Allen, Z. Troughton, H. Smith came to dinner.

March 26*th*.—Dined with Kenyon. Met Rev. Dr. Hawtrey (Eton), Dr. Ashburner, Babbage, Browning, Dyce, Harness.

April 2*nd*.—Went to see the burletta at Covent Garden, which was humorous, gorgeous, whimsical, and well adapted in such a theatre to its end. In this species of entertainment (not properly belonging to a national theatre, but rather to a house for burletta, &c.) the Covent Garden Theatre people bear away the bell.

Acted Macbeth very fairly. The Queen and Prince Albert were present.

April 5*th*.—To Maclise, and was very much pleased to see his grand picture of Hamlet, which was splendid in colour and general effect. With some of the details I did not quite agree, particularly the two personages, Hamlet and Ophelia. Drove to Edwin Landseer's and saw some of his charming works. Went on to Etty, and was delighted with his gorgeous colours and ravishing forms. I went from thence to Drury Lane Theatre, where I transacted business with Willmott, Serle, Sloman, the painters, &c. Returned home, having read through the second act of the farce 'The Lady-Killer,' 'The Trip to Margate,' one act and part of another of 'The Water Carrier,' and part of 'Intimate Friends.' Employed the evening in looking through some folios of the 'Galerie des Versailles' for subjects for rooms and costume for 'Plighted Troth.'

April 8*th*.—Acted Gisippus, for the last time, pretty well.

Called for and well received. Now here is a complete defeat of my calculations. I thought it a material object in opening a theatre to have such a play. It has produced nothing, and been well spoken of. There is some weakness in it, which I have not yet exactly pointed out.

April 17th.—Gave the employment of the day to the thought and reading of my part of Grimwood in 'Plighted Troth.' A note from Monckton Milnes, wishing me to meet the Prussian Minister (Bunsen) at his house on Thursday.

April 19th.—Rehearsed the play of 'Plighted Troth,' which occupied me the whole day. Mr. Darley was present. Business with all the departments. Fully and momentarily occupied. Coming home, found Forster, who had come to dine. In the evening read the part of Grimwood.

April 20th.—Rehearsed the play of 'Plighted Troth.' Became confident in hope about it. Looked at the chance of a brilliant success. Serle spoke to me. Rested. Acted nervously; but the play was unsuccessful. Long consultation afterwards on what should be done. Anderson, C. Jones, Serle, Willmott, and Forster. I wished to do justice to the author, and we agreed at last to give it another trial. Chance, I fear, there is none. A most unhappy failure; I have felt it deeply, deeply.

April 21st.—Mr. Darley called. We talked over the matter of last night. He was much depressed, and I agonised for him. He deserved to succeed. The result of our conference was that he could not make the alterations suggested to his play by this day's rehearsal, and therefore that he would wish the play to be withdrawn.

April 23rd.—Herr Schneider, a German actor from Berlin, speaking English remarkably well, called on me and sat a short time. Colonel Wilde, Prince Albert's equerry, came with Fred. Howarth, and asked me to assist him about his costume as knight-attendant on Edward III., for the fancy ball at the Palace. Bradley called to offer to paint the portraits in 'Plighted Troth.' Very much fatigued; quite unable to rally to go on to Murchison's and Babbage's *soirées*. I cannot do it with this load on my mind and body.

April 24th.—Colonel Gurwood called with Lord Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley, the latter wanting a knight's armour of Edward III.'s reign, to attend, by order, Prince Albert, at the fancy ball at the Palace. I showed them all the attention in my power. Gave much attention to 'Marino Faliero,' which I begin to like, but I never dare venture to hope again!

April 25th.—Acted Macbeth with much energy, sustaining the character to the last. Was called for and well received. Herr Schneider came to express his admiration in a state of great excitement; he said that he had observed to two elderly gentlemen in the boxes that he constantly read in English newspapers the "decline of the drama," the "great days of the drama that are

gone;" but he would ask, when was there such a drama as this? Englishmen do not think so.

April 26th.—Lords Douro and Charles Wellesley called about the dress of the latter. Showed them the armour, and gave Lord C. W. directions what to do. Colonel Wilde came shortly after on the same errand.

Bulwer called and tried on some dresses; fixed upon that of Ruthven.

April 27th.—Milnes called, and I gave directions about his dress for the fancy ball.

April 28th.—Lord Charles Wellesley called about his dress. I left him with the wardrobe-keeper. Colonel Wilde came on the same errand. Attended to business with scene-painters, wardrobe, &c. Very much fatigued. After dinner wrote a letter to Marianne respecting a state visit to the theatre by Her Majesty. Note from Bulwer about his dress.

April 29th.—Rehearsed with care the play of 'Hamlet.'* Acted Hamlet very fairly.

April 30th.—Dined with the Royal Academy. Enjoyed the dinner very much, though suffering from cold. Spoke with the different Academicians, who were all most courteous to me; with the Bishop of Norwich a long while; Lord Longford, Lord Normanby, &c. Much pleased with the speech of the French Ambassador,† and not quite satisfied with the general tone taken as to the relative merits of British and foreign art. Wondered at the want of idea in the old Duke's strange reply.

May 3rd.—Babbage called about the Duke of Somerset's dress. I could not help him out.

May 7th.—Note from Lord Normanby about armour, which I lent to him. Colonel Buckley (six feet three inches!) called about a dress. I did my best for him.

May 8th.—Called on Sir R. Comyn; very glad to see my old acquaintance again, very little altered, older, but not showing it very much. Called on Darley, and took him in the carriage with me. Left a card at Lansdowne House. Called at Lady Blessington's; sat with her some time.

May 10th.—Milnes called about his dress, tried it on. Rehearsed part of Marino Faliero, which promises to act well, but which I fear will be too much for me in the time; consulted Serle and Jones about it, and as to the financial consequence of not doing it. Withheld the advertisement to make an effort.

May 14th.— The Twisses, Goldsmids, Sir John Wilson, Sir

* The cast was: King, Mr. G. Bennett; Polonius, Mr. Compton; Laertes, Mr. Elton; Horatio, Mr. Graham; Guildenstern, Mr. Lynne; Rosencrantz, Mr. Selby; Osric, Mr. Hudson; Marcellus, Mr. Marston; First Grave-digger, Mr. Keeley; Ghost, Mr. Phelps; Queen, Mrs. Warner; Ophelia, Miss P. Horton.—Ed.

† Le Comte d'Aulaire.—Ed.

Robert Comyn, Chilton, Delane junior, Harness, Leslie, Fanny Howarth came to dinner.

May 15th.—Lord Beaumont, Rogers, Sheil, Eastlake, and Mrs. Norton dined with us.

May 20th.—Weary, weary! Rose with prayers in my heart for the success of the night's experiment.

Rehearsed with much care (which occupied a long morning) the play of 'Marino Faliero.'

Rested and thought over my character. I could not sleep. Acted Marino Faliero in parts very well; the interest of the play grew upon the audience, and the curtain fell upon the death of Faliero with their strong sympathy. Was called for and very warmly received.

May 22nd.—Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Sir John and Miss Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Tennent, Barry, R.A., Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., Edwin Landseer, R.A., and Darley dined with us. We had an evening party, Staudigl, Miss Hawes, T. Cooke, &c. Grattan Cooke, Miss Williams, beautiful duet singers, Mr. and Mrs. Lover, the Fonblanques, Twisses, Lady Stepney, Elliotson, Babbage, Wheatstone, Carlyle, Miss Wild, Marstons, William Smith (Athelwold), Procters, C. Buller, E. Katers, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, H. Skerrett, Mr. Nightingale, Dunn, Nicholson, Maclise, Forster, Kenyon, Boxall, Z. Troughton, Browning, &c. An agreeable dinner-party and a very pleasant evening.

May 23rd.—Last night of the season. Laboured through the day to get the speech into my head, had overmastered it, but was so oppressed with fatigue of mind and body that I could not keep my eyes open; rested for about half an hour. Acted Iago very unfinishedly, very poorly. Spoke my speech falteringly and ill. I have had too much upon my head. Fox and Forster came into my room. I was so nervous, for all recollection of the words left me entirely. I had too much to do.

London to Dublin, May 26th.—Took leave of my assembled dear ones—the blessed ones—and went to the railway station. Had one of the mail carriages to myself all the journey except from Coventry to Birmingham.

Read 'The Recruiting Officer' of Farquhar, which does not suit the theatrical genius of our time. Read 'The Twin Rivals,' in which there is very much to admire; part of 'The Plain Dealer,' in which there is much more.

Arriving at Liverpool at seven o'clock (!) I went down to the packet and got a sofa for my berth. The evening was mild and calm. I remained on deck talking with Hudson till nine o'clock, and then lay down. I listened, when woke out of my doze, to the politics of some neighbours, the captain, a Dublin citizen, &c., over their whisky punch, the captain's reasons for the law of primogeniture, all ending and beginning in his wish that there should be a head of the family.

Dublin, May 30th.—Went to theatre, rehearsed Gisippus; very,

very wearied. Wrote a short note to Catherine. Rested, felt wearied even to illness. Acted Gisippus better than I have ever yet done, so well that I think, if I could have given the same truth and effect to it the first night in London, it must have attracted; and yet who can say? Called for and very well received.

June 13th.—[Last night of engagement at Dublin.]

Birmingham, June 17th.—'Richelieu.'

London, June 18th.—Received a copy of 'Edwin the Fair' from Henry Taylor, having sent to purchase it at Murray's.

June 19th to June 24th.—[Engagement at Birmingham.]

June 26th.—Packed up my clothes, &c., paid my bill, and set out by railway to Rugby. A very *roué* and low couple were put into my *coupé*, but I could not read, and dozed through the greater part of my journey. Walked from the station to Rugby, where almost all traces of my boyish days are obliterated in the improvements of the town. Called on Birch, and was glad to find him so well; agreed to dine with him, and went on to call on Mary Bucknill. I saw her, Lydia, Sam, George, Mr. S. Bucknill, and Georgiana. Sat with them till one o'clock. Heard from them most interesting details of Dr. Arnold's death. I was very much touched with the sad but beautiful account they gave me of his last moments, and the conduct of his wife.

Dined with Birch, three of the little Winstanleys being at the table. He also related some pleasing anecdotes of Arnold. He walked with me down to the railway station, and stayed with me till the train came up. Found all well at home.

London, July 1st.—I am not well; weak and worn in body, and depressed in mind; its elasticity seems gone; I have no spirits, no ardour; hope gives me no strength; my course seems near its close. I often have sensations that make me feel indifferent to this world. Will there be a knowledge in another state of being of those we have loved in this?—if so, and if we may love them in spirit and without reserve, I could be well content to change the present.

July 3rd.—After breakfast called on Elliotson, reading Tennyson's beautiful poems by the way. Consulted him on my indisposition; he prescribed for me, scarcely giving me any medicine, and that only conditionally.

Eastbourne, July 6th to July 11th.

London, July 13th.—My first thoughts were of that beloved child, who lives in my memory as something angel-like in its innocence and beauty. I think of her with a sorrow and a love that seems to me stronger than my feelings are to any of those dear ones whom God has spared me; but it is possible I may mistake the exact emotion which I cherish towards that beloved infant. May my spirit meet hers in another state of being! I hope and pray it may be so. Amen. Went to the cemetery at Kensal Green to visit the vault where she lies. Blessings on her sweet spirit!

Went by railway to Brighton. Finished on my journey the beautiful dramatic poem of 'Philip Van Artevelde.'

Eastbourne, 14th July.—Gave the morning to the consideration of the plan and estimates of the scenery for 'King John,' by Telbin. Wrote a letter to him with an offer of £250 and directions for several scenes. Lay down upon the grass after dinner to rest; the sea was very beautiful.

July 16th.—Took a short run on the sands with the children after breakfast, then returned to the continuation of 'King John,' which I applied myself strictly to, and completed by the afternoon.

Pleased with the beauty of the evening and the scene around us. Gave Willie his lesson in Virgil and in scanning, read his hymn to him, and heard him read. Heard Nina repeat. Went again over 'King John,' and arranged cast, &c. Began the arrangement of 'As You Like It.'

London, August 23rd.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, looking over Colonel Hamilton Smith's letters on costume. At the theatre entered at once on business. Spoke to Telbin. Cast the play of 'King John,' and cut out parts. Arranged the disposal of the music of 'As You Like It.' Mr. Burgess called, and I spoke with him about the Queen's box furniture. Business with C. Jones. T. Cooke and Mapleson came, and we made a thorough examination of the music of 'King Arthur,' apportioning all the parts, and deciding finally on the mode of doing it—a long and laborious task.

August 27th—To Eastbourne.

August 29th.—On my way to London I read Marston's tragedy of the 'Patrician's Daughter,' which is a most interesting and touching play; I will act it if I am prosperous.

Liverpool, September 2nd.—'Lady of Lyons.'

Manchester, September 3rd.—'Lady of Lyons.'

Bristol, September 12th.—'Richelieu.'

London, September 14th.—Went to painting-room; thence to wardrobe, where I went over each individual dress of 'As You Like It,' fixing costume, &c., for each.

September 20th.—Went to see 'Norma.' Miss A. Kemble played Norma. It was a very, very clever performance, entitled to the highest praise for the skill and energy with which it is done; but, oh Heavens! an opera! That human beings can be found to disregard Shakespeare and run after such *nonsense!* What must be the nature of a medium of expression that strips every comedy of its laughter, and every tragedy of its pathos?

October 1st.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, calling at Delcroix's to purchase rouge. Attended to the business of the theatre, which was most harassing. Rehearsed the play of 'As You Like It,' which kept me very late. Business, business all the day and all the evening. Was called for by the audience before the play began; was very enthusiastically received. Our play of 'As You

Like It' opened our season. May it be a prosperous one! I acted Jaques as well as I could. Was called for after the play, and led on Mrs. Nisbett.*

October 6th.—Acted Jaques better than I have yet done. Dickens, Maclise, Forster, and Mr. Longfellow, a professor at one of the U.S. Universities, came into my room.

October 9th.—Settled with Mr. Head, who called, the dresses of the court characters in 'King John.' Afterwards gave the whole day to arrange the armour dresses correctly, and then the properties required. Dined with Dickens. Mr. Longfellow, Stanfield, Maclise, Forster, and Harley were there.

October 10th.—Rehearsed the two first acts of 'King John.' Business with the various people about 'King John.' Saw the difficulty of producing it. Acted Hamlet well—better than I have done for many days. Was called for, and well received. Consulted with Serle and Willmott on the production of 'King John.' Decided on not hurrying it.

October 18th.—Was occupied the whole of the day by the business necessary on the production of 'King John.' The whole day, and at times I felt as if I were near distraction. Quin, the Butlers, Mr. Sartoris, Dickens, Longfellow, and Carlyle came to dinner.

October 22nd.—The Duke of Beaufort called, and inquired of me about the deerskin I wanted for 'As You Like It.' He very courteously and kindly said he would send to Badminton, and if there was not one ready he would desire his keeper to send one *express*. It was extremely kind.

October 24th.—Acted King John fairly. Called for and very well received. Gave out the play.† Serle, Dickens, Forster, Emerson Tennent, Stanfield, Maclise came into my room. All pleased.

October 26th.—Jaques. *27th.*—Othello. *28th*, *31st.*—King John. *November 2nd.*—Jaques.

November 16th.—'King Arthur' produced. Called for afterwards, and very enthusiastically received.

December 4th.—Dearest Letitia's birthday. I was much affected in wishing her "Many happy returns of the day" (and I pray God

* The cast was: Duke, Mr. Ryder; First Lord, Mr. Elton; Second Lord, Mr. H. Phillips; Amiens, Mr. Allen; Jaques, Mr. Macready; Duke Frederick, Mr. G. Bennett; Le Beau, Mr. Hudson; Oliver, Mr. Graham; Jaques (son of Sir Rowland), Mr. Lynne; Orlando, Mr. Anderson; Adam, Mr. Phelps; Touchstone, Mr. Keeley; William, Mr. Compton; Pages, Miss P. Horton and Miss Gould; Rosalind, Mrs. Nisbett; Celia, Mrs. Stirling; Phebe, Miss Fortescue; Audrey, Mrs. Keeley. In the play-bill Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Ryder, Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews were announced as the additional engagements of the season.—Ed.

† In 'King John' Elton was the Earl of Salisbury; Phelps, Hubert de Burgh; Anderson, Faulconbridge; Ryder, Cardinal Pandulph; Miss Helen Faucit was the Lady Constance.—Ed.

all those to come may be most happy to her!) feeling that we both have numbered too many to expect very many more. God's will be done! God bless her!

December 10*th.*—First night of 'The Patrician's Daughter.' Spoke the prologue (by Dickens) tolerably well. Acted uncertainly the part of Mordaunt, but the play was much applauded. Fox and Marston came in; Marston went on the stage in obedience to the call. Note from Lady Morgan, &c.

December 26*th.*—My beloved Catherine was safely delivered of a daughter.*

1843.

February 4*th.*—Rehearsed Browning's play, 'The Blot on the Scutcheon.'

February 6*th.*—Mr. Phelps was too ill to play to-night. I decided on under-studying his part in Browning's play.

February 11*th.*—Production of the play of 'The Blot on the Scutcheon.'

February 24*th.*—Rehearsed 'Much Ado About Nothing' and 'Comus.' Acted Benedick very well. The audience went with the play and with 'Comus.' They called for me after both pieces.†

March 15*th.*—Received a very cordial note from Etty; in great delight with the 'Much Ado' and 'Comus' of last night. Listened to the rehearsal of the music of 'Sappho.'

April 1*st.*—Saw the opera of 'Sappho,‡ which was certainly put upon the stage as no opera I have ever seen has been for truth and completeness; Miss Novello was very good. The house in amount was even below my calculations. I am heartsick of it all.

April 4*th.*—Called on McIan. His wife was at home; she was at work on her picture of an interesting woman holding a child's shoe in her hand, and looking mournfully at a cradle in which the clothes were tumbled about. I looked for the child, and not thinking of what I said, uttered, "The cradle is empty?" "Yes." I could not speak, and the tears welled to my eyes; I thought of that blessed one with whom I have so often wished to be companioned.

* Lydia Jane, died 20th June, 1858.—Ed.

† The cast of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' at Drury Lane Theatre, included Mr. Hudson, Mr. Lynne, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Phelps, Mr. W. Bennett, Mr. Allen, Mr. G. Bennett, Mr. Selby, Mr. Compton, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Bender, Mr. Hance, Mr. M. Barnett, Mr. Ryder, with Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Nisbett. In 'Comus,' Miss P. Horton and Miss Helen Faucit took the parts of the attendant Spirit and the Lady. Miss Romer took that of Sabrina. The music was from Handel and Arne, with the exception of one air from the original composer, Henry Lawes.—Ed.

‡ By Pacini.—Ed.

April 10*th*.—Rehearsed the Easterpiece of 'Fortunio.' The chorus, to whom I had given the indulgence of full salary last week, were in an apparent state of rebellion this morning. Attended to business with Serle, Planché, &c. Left Drury Lane Theatre at seven.

April 21*st*.—Letter from Lord Chamberlain's Office, closing the theatre on account of the death of the poor Duke of Sussex, a kind, good-natured man, of the most liberal opinions—I very much lament him.

April 22*nd*.—Dined with Emerson Tennent; met the Hanoverian Minister, an Absolutist, M'Culloch, Delane, Law, and several others. Tennent talked to me much about bringing the fashion to the theatre. I doubt the possibility.

April 24*th*.—Acted Colonel Green,* I know not how. Called for and well received. Knowles came and thanked me repeatedly and very gratefully for what I had done.

April 26*th*.—The darling children acted 'Comus' in the drawing-room after dinner, interesting and amusing me very much; they recited the poetry very well indeed, and only gave me a fear lest they should imbibe a liking for the wretched art which I have been wasting my life upon. God forbid! Went in the evening to Mrs. Pierce Butler's. Saw the Sartorises, Sir C. and Lady Morgan, who introduced me to Mrs. Dawson Damer, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Hallam, whom I was so glad to meet, Milman, Babbage, Everetts, &c.

April 28*th*.—Acted Colonel Green very poorly; called for and well received. Went to Mrs. Sartoris's. Saw Young, Benedict, Mr. Procter, Hayward, Butlers. Rogers and Lord Lansdowne were there.

May 1*st*.—Acted Brutus, for the most part very well. Called for and well received.

May 5*th*.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, reading 'Comus.' Found Stanfield there refreshing the scene of 'Acis and Galatea,' and afterwards 'Comus.' Went to the Athenæum to dine with Stanfield, E. Landseer, and Eastlake; Barry, Wells, Romilly, &c., were of the party. We all went to the theatre; I acted Comus.

May 6*th*.—Rehearsed 'The School for Scandal.' Met the committee and had a long conference with them. They will not be able to come to terms with me. Acted Joseph Surface very fairly.

May 13*th*.—Rehearsed Athelwold. Dear old Sir W. Allen called. I gave him the Gloucester box, that he might see at his perfect ease. He seemed quite affected in shaking hands with me.

May 18*th*.—Acted, or rather scrambled through Athelwold; was called for. After the play, spoke with W. Smith, the author, who came in. I have acted against my own judgment in taking this part, but I did it for the author's interest.

* In 'The Secretary,' by Sheridan Knowles.—Ed.

May 29th.—Acted King Henry IV. The house was very good, for which I am most thankful.*

May 30th.—Fox called to express his gratification at last night's performance. Cobden and Wilson, of the Anti-Corn Law League, called to speak about taking Drury Lane Theatre next year for fourteen nights! Acted Leontes tamely. Called for and well received.

June 7th.—Received a note from W. Anson, informing me that the Queen would command on Monday, an act of kindness which I felt very much. Sir William Martins called to give me the official intimation of Her Majesty's visit.

June 10th.—Mr. Bethune† called and sat with me some time. In a strictly private conversation he talked with me on the subject of the Bill he is commissioned to prepare with regard to theatres. Appointed to see him at his office on Thursday next at three o'clock.

June 12th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre. A day of business, speaking to people, settling little matters, giving orders, &c. Gave the actors invitations, refused several applications for admission. Saw Lord Delawarr about the Queen's box, &c. Sent and took Andrew's box for Her Majesty's suite. Acted Jaques very well. Was called for and the Queen sent to order me to go on, but I was undressed. Lord G. was as officious as if he had been stage manager on £2 per week. When the Queen came from her box, she stopped Lord Delawarr and asked for me. She said she was much pleased, and thanked me. Prince Albert asked me if this was not the original play. I told him: Yes, that we had restored the original text. After lighting them out, I went into the scene-room, which was filled with people, all delighted with their evening.

June 14th.—Wrote out my address in anticipation of inquiry for it this evening. Went to Drury Lane Theatre. Attended to business; very low in spirits; could scarcely repress the tears that rose to my eyes when Miss Horton spoke to me. Rehearsed the two or three short scenes of 'Macbeth.' Gave directions to Sloman, &c., to put the scenes and properties in good order to be rendered up to the proprietors. Saw Serle on business. Dined very early. Rested and thought over my character and my address. Was in the lowest state of depression—was actually ill from my state of mind. Spoke to Mr. Willmott upon what was needful to be done.

On appearing in Macbeth, the whole house rose with such continued shouting and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, that I was

* The receipts of this evening's performance were to be given as the subscription of the Drury Lane company to the Siddons' Memorial Fund. The fourth act of 'Henry IV.' was performed; two acts of 'Der Freischütz' (in which Staudigl was the Caspar); the farce of 'Is He Jealous?' with Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Keeley, and Mr. Hudson; and 'Fortunio.'

† Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, then Parliamentary Draughtsman to the Government.—Ed.

quite overcome; I was never so affected by the expression of sympathy by an audience. When wearied with shouting, they changed the applause to a stamping of feet, which sounded like thunder—it was grand and awful! I never saw such a scene! I was resolved to act my best, and I think I never played Macbeth so well. I dressed as quickly as I could, and went forward to receive another reception from that densely crowded house, that seemed to emulate the first. It was unlike anything that ever occurred before. I spoke my speech, and retired with the same mad acclaim.*

June 16th.—Wrote to Mr. Anson a letter of thanks to Prince Albert and the Queen. Called at the Thatched House Tavern, and put down my name for the Rugby dinner. Went on to Drury Lane Theatre. Saw Serle, Anderson, Willmott, C. Jones; business with all; gave orders; saw my closets emptied—my heart was over full. At Sloman's request I passed round the scene-rooms, and saw all put away in the best order. I could have wept to think of all these efforts and expenditure come to nothing! I desired Jones to give up the theatre to Dunn, I could not bear to look at it again. Came home dejected to the last degree. Dined with Everett; met the Leicester Stanhopes, Mrs. Norton, E. Landseer, Hayward, Rives.

June 19th.—Woke early to go over the speech; got up to hammer at the speech. Mr. Brewster called; still the speech. Note from Johnson; continued driving at this speech, disheartened, dismayed, and despairing, till the hour arrived for me to attend at Willis's Rooms. I drove down there, saw Dickens, Forster, D'Eyncourt, Maclise at the door. D'Eyncourt took me into the Committee

* The play-bills had announced the relinquishment of Mr. Macready's direction of the theatre, and his last appearance in London for a very considerable period. The season (1842–3) had been marked by the production of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' 'King John,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and 'Cymbeline;' of the new plays of 'The Patrician's Daughter,' 'The Blot on the Scutcheon,' 'The Secretary,' and 'Athelwold;' of Mr. Planché's 'Fortunio' (as an Easter piece), and of the opera of 'Sappho,' and of the operetta 'The Queen of the Thames.' To these must be added Congreve's 'Love for Love,' adapted for representation, and Dryden's 'King Arthur,' which neither obtained nor deserved the success of 'Acis and Galatea;' Planché's 'Follies of a Night,' Morton's 'Thumping Legacy,' and the other new farces of the 'Attic Story' and 'The Eton Boy.' There had also been performed, of Shakespeare's plays, 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Henry IV.,' and 'Catherine and Petruchio;' the other plays of 'She stoops to Conquer,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Rivals,' 'The Way to keep Him,' 'The Provoked Husband,' 'The Jealous Wife,' 'The Stranger,' 'The Road to Ruin,' 'Jane Shore,' 'Virginius,' 'Werner,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Marino Faliero;' also 'Acis and Galatea,' 'The Prisoner of War,' and 'The Midnight Hour;' the operas of 'Der Freischütz,' 'The Duenna,' 'Gazza Ladra,' and 'Sonnambula,' and the minor pieces of 'Patter *v.* Clatter,' 'The Loan of a Lover,' 'Is He Jealous?' 'The Windmill,' together with the usual Christmas pantomime, which was founded on the story of William Tell.—Ed.

Room; Bourne was there, and two sons of D'Eyncourt. The Duke of Cambridge came soon after, and asked many questions about the testimonial, which stood in the room, and which he very much admired. I was introduced to him, and he talked to me for some time about Drury Lane Theatre very complimentarily. At one o'clock we went into the Great Room. The platform was crowded, but I could not look, and therefore recognised very few. The Duke spoke better than I have ever heard him. I hesitated, and could not proceed at the passage of the stage business. I was enabled only through the applause to recover myself. The Duke took his leave, and I, after a few words with Bulwer, whom I saw, left the room, sought my carriage, and drove home.

[The most important passages in Macready's speech, as given in *The Times* newspaper report of the proceedings, were as follows:

"On my own behalf, and in the name of the members of my profession, I may be permitted to offer to your Royal Highness our heartfelt thanks for the honour you have conferred upon the Drama, in condescending to appear upon this occasion. It is a condescension of which I am deeply sensible,—one that I can never forget. To all who have honoured me by registering their names in the cause of the Drama I return my warmest thanks. I thank them for their generous sympathy in my endeavours to elevate my art. I thank them for this substantial memorial of their appreciation of my motives. I thank them for this crowning gift, which assures me that, whatever may have been the pecuniary results of my attempts to redeem the Drama, I have secured some portion of public confidence. If during my career as manager it was my lot to meet with some difficulties, I have been sustained and cheered on by the approval and support of most indulgent and discerning patrons. By those who regard all things with the eye of Mammon, ever looking downwards, it may have been, indeed it has been, hinted that I was actuated only by sordid motives; but, in spite of all their ungenerous insinuations, I can repose in this proud assurance of your approval. I can look back without repining at the experiment made at Covent Garden Theatre during my management of it, and subsequently renewed at Drury Lane. The result is not for me to speak about. You cannot have forgotten the state of the theatre in 1837—it is notorious. I thought a favourable opportunity was then presented for the restoration of the national Drama—for raising my degraded art. I made the attempt, though at the prospect, I may say, indeed, the certainty, of a diminution of income. I was not without hopes that the experiment would have answered my expectations; and I trust that even now it has in some degree succeeded. I have been encouraged and cheered on by the respectable portion of the public press, although there were some writers pleased to assert that my motives were not altogether disinterested: they hinted that I resorted to these means only to entrap favour; but I beg to assure those gentlemen that it was not by any such means that I sought to succeed. I aimed at elevating everything represented on the stage. I sought to furnish the dramas in which the genius and talents of the players, the painters, and the musicians could be combined. I hoped to introduce them successively as illustrators of the poet. It was my object to carry upwards all the parts of a drama, the poet being the first consideration, but that no actor, however subordinate, might not help to elevate his art with himself. I feel myself unequal to say all that I could wish to say. I have only now to return to your Royal Highness my most grateful thanks for this proof of public confidence in my

motives. This beautiful memorial of public approbation of my humble efforts in the cause of the Drama I must regard as the augury of a brighter era. It encourages me to hope that that cause will yet be efficiently supported in a well-regulated theatre. Once more, accept my best thanks—I might vary my phrase, but I will only reiterate the expression of that gratitude which your kindness has inspired, and which will be ever engraven on my heart."

The testimonial itself (left by Macready to descend as a heirloom in his family) is thus described:

"The group, which has been manufactured at the establishment of Mr. Smith, of Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, represents Shakespeare standing on a pedestal, at the base of which Mr. Macready, habited in the costume of the early stage, is seated, having in his hands a volume. He is attended by the Muse of Comedy, Thalia, and the Muse of Tragedy, Melpomene; and as connected with the subject on which the actor is supposed to be employed—the restoration of the original text of the plays of Shakespeare—the Muse Clio is also introduced. On the other side of the pedestal is Apollo, with an attendant group of subordinate figures. Masks, &c., are seen on the ground on which the figures are placed. The whole of this portion of the testimonial stands on a base of triangular form, on one side of which, within a metope, is represented the senate scene in 'Othello;' in a metope on another side of the base is a representation of the prologue scene in 'Henry V.;' and in the third metope, on the remaining side of the base, the senate scene in 'Coriolanus.' At the angles of the base three boys hold tablets, on which are represented the storm scene in 'Lear,' the meeting of the witches in 'Macbeth,' and a scene from the 'Tempest.' The scenes are all in relief in frosted or dull silver, of very delicate and exquisite workmanship. The base itself is highly polished, and forms an admirable contrast and background to the figures and auxiliaries. The whole rests upon a plinth of good form, supported by feet. The composition is remarkably fine, and the combinations perfect. All the figures accord, harmonise, and concur to carry out the design and sentiment. The execution is equally good, and the likeness of Mr. Macready correct and full of spirit. It bears this inscription:

"To William Charles Macready,
In commemoration of his Management of the Theatre Royal,
Covent Garden,
In the seasons of 1837–8, and 1838–9,
When his Personation of the Characters, his Restorations of
The Text, and his Illustration of the best Intellectual
Aids of the Historical Facts and Poetical
Creations of the Plays of
Shakespeare
Formed an Epoch in Theatrical Annals
Alike Honourable to his own Genius and Elevating in its
Influence upon Public Taste,
This Testimonial is presented by
The Lovers of the National Drama."—Ed.]

Sir Edward Cordington called, a very delightful old gentleman and sailor. An idly busy afternoon; the Emerson Tennents, Talfourds, Procters, Travers, Milnes, McKinnon, Babbage came to dinner.

June 27th.—Note from Cobden with appointment at eight; from Milnes. After dinner went to Norfolk Street to meet Cobden and

Wilson; talked over politics, and principally the means of the Corn Law League. Advised them with regard to Drury Lane Theatre. Cobden told me he knew the theatre well; that he had written a play called 'The Phrenologist;' he had taken it there and knew Price and old Reynolds.

July 1st.—Went to breakfast with Milnes; met a captain from China, a Mr. Rowley, from the borders of Abyssinia, Carlyle, Chevalier Bunsen, Lord Morpeth, and several other agreeable people, whose names I did not catch. I spent a pleasant morning, liking Bunsen very much indeed; Lord Morpeth very much. Went down to Westminster Hall and saw the cartoons; most pleased with Caractacus led in triumph through Rome, and the Trial by Jury, but also pleased with the Landing of Cæsar, and the Battle for the Beacon. Saw several persons that I knew, to whom I did not speak, as I did not know how far they might think themselves lowered in their own opinion by speaking to me.

July 13th.—The birthday of my beloved Joan. I see the sweet beauty of that darling child, and hear the music of her innocent merriment, and see her in helpless state of suffering—the blessed angel! I feel that in dying I have something to rejoin that I dearly, dearly love. My mother and my child are spirits to my thoughts, to meet me in another state of being. God grant it! Went out with dear Catherine and Nina to Kensal Green Cemetery to see the vault where my beloved child lies.

July 22nd.—Went out and called at the Athenæum to look at Macaulay's article. Walked across park to Home Office. Saw a person who had known me all through my career from Newcastle, Paris, onwards. Saw Sir James Graham,* and Mr. Manners Sutton. Asked Sir James to present my petition.† He talked upon it; said he believed the Lord Chamberlain had the power of granting licences; and, in confidence, gave me the draft of the Bill to be brought forward before the House. Read the draft of the Act.

July 24th.—Went to Home Office; waited and had a conference with Manners Sutton, to whom I complained of the injustice done to myself and the dramatic art by the Bill of Sir J. Graham as it stands. I urged the right of acting Shakespeare being given to the licensed theatres if the patent theatres were unable to act his works. He promised to take it into consideration.‡

August 11th.—Went to Westminster, and called upon the Dean,§

* Sir James Graham was then Secretary of State for the Home Department. Mr. Manners Sutton (now Viscount Canterbury) was Under-Secretary.—Ed.

† The Petition was presented on 1st August, 1843, and is printed in the Appendix to the 44th Report on Public Petitions, 1843, p. 527. (See end of Diary for 1843.)—Ed.

‡ The Licensing Act afterwards passed, in 1843, extended the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction to the whole of the metropolis; and since its passing the monopoly of the old patent theatres to perform the regular drama has ceased to exist.—Ed.

§ Dr. Turton, afterwards Bishop of Ely.—Ed.

whom I found an agreeable and most good-natured man. I explained my business to him, viz., to ask the remission of the Dean and Chapter fees in the case of Mrs. Siddons' monument. He went with me into the Abbey, and I showed him the sites selected by Chantrey; we talked much. He wished me to return to see a portrait of Ben Jonson by Vandyke, a very charming thing. He showed me many others; some very good ones, a Rembrandt, a portrait of Wilson, &c. He then wished me to return to his study, and I sat with him some time.

August 18th.—Parsons came, as clerk, to our Committee; gave him his work to do. Procter and Stanfield came, and Lord Lansdowne, which was very kind. We talked for some time, and then proceeded to business. I stated the amount received in the bank, and read the various letters from the various sculptors. Campbell's alto-rilievo was shown, and we went downstairs to look at his design for a statue. Lord Lansdowne strongly, and all of us very warmly thought that the rilievo was so simple, so original, and so completely within our funds, that it was entitled to adoption. Resolutions were made and drawn up and carried to that effect, &c. Lord Lansdowne left us with very warm expressions to me, and we talked over matters till it was done. Rejoiced in having done so much, advanced so far, in this work that I had taken in hand.

Ryde, August 21st.—Mrs. Norton has sent a note inviting us to meet Lord Melbourne at her house to-morrow, as he wished to speak to me about the theatre. Catherine accepted the invitation.

London, August 22nd.—Dined with Mrs. Norton: met Lady Conyngham, Lady Melbourne, Sidney Herbert, Köhl, and the Sheridans. Rogers came in the evening.

August 26th.—I went with Stanfield to the Abbey, where we met Campbell; we went over the eastern end of it, admiring the pictures and views it afforded us. I showed them the different sites for the Siddons bust, and they, as I foresaw, acknowledged the superior effect of that in the Nightingale monument chapel. We instructed Campbell to apply to the Dean and Chapter for it, and Stanfield agreed to act as my deputy during my absence. Called with Stanfield on Barry, and got an order to see the Houses of Parliament. Called at Briggs', where Stanfield saw his portrait of myself, with which he expressed himself very much delighted. Found Mr. Ryder at home, and went over the scenes of 'Othello' with him.

Went to Richmond, to the Star and Garter, where I was received by the party expecting me, Dickens, Maclise, Barham, E. Landseer, Fox, Dillon, F. Stone, Stanfield, Forster, George Raymond, Quin, H. Smith, Carew, an amateur singer. A very elegant dinner, and enjoyed by a company in the most perfect harmony of feeling and spirits. Dickens proposed the only toast of the evening, my health, &c., in a very feeling and eloquent speech. I had not had time before to ponder the circumstances of my departure, and I quite broke down under it. I could not speak for tears, or very

inefficiently. Afterwards a most joyous evening, and the warmest emotions of regard and regret pervaded the party.

August 29th.—Letters from D'Eyncourt, wishing me to visit him at his country seat, and from Carlyle inclosing two letters of introduction to the United States. Went to my last sitting to Thorburn. Catherine called for me, and we walked home together.

September 2nd.—Read the number of 'Chuzzlewit,' the most powerful of the book which Dickens is now employed upon, but as bitter as it is powerful; and against whom is this directed? "Against the Americans," is the answer. Against how many of them? How many answer to his description? I am grieved to read the book. Received a letter from him telling me that he had received a strong expostulatory letter from Captain Marryat on the subject of his accompanying me, and that on my account * he would therefore deny himself the indulgence of shaking hands with me on board ship. His letter was generous, affectionate, and most friendly.

Went to London Library, where Catherine and the children, returning from their breakfast with Rogers, met me. Dickens and Forster came, and H. Smith and Rogers. We met Catherine at the door of Buckingham Palace Garden, were shown the pavilion in the garden (how beautiful the garden is!), and the frescoes of Etty, Stanfield, Maclise, Leslie, Sir W. Ross, a beginning by Edwin Landseer. Stanfield's looks best. Went through the state rooms of the palace; the pictures are excellent. Took leave of Rogers, running after him in the garden; we parted most cordially. Took leave of H. Smith and Dickens, who were most affectionate. Sent note, with Catherine's signature and my book, to Ransom's. Called on the Bishops, Sir Isaac Goldsmid, Holford, Jonathan Birch, J. Morris, Mr. Butler, Mrs. Rolls. Packed up my little bag. Forster dined with us. Set off for Brighton; read a few lines of Madame de Staël. Notes and letters of introduction from Leslie, most kind.

September 3rd.—Rose early and left Brighton by the first train, reading by the way Madame de Staël's 'Treatise on the Art of Acting.' Thought much. Arrived at home; instantly applied myself to business, packing with all speed. Captain Marryat called to shake hands with me. Thorburn, whom I paid for his miniatures, &c., C. Jones, General Alexander, kind man. Arranged my accounts; continued packing. T. Landseer called as we were in the carriage to call on him; he went with us to his brother's, who was from home. Called on King, Lady Blessington, whom I saw; Elliotson, not at home; Procter and Kenyon. Wrote to Leslie. Dined with the children. God for ever bless them! D'Orsay and Edwin Landseer called; just shook hands with them.

* Because he thought that Macready's reception in the United States might be prejudiced if it were known that he had been accompanied on his departure from England by the writer of 'Chuzzlewit' and of the 'American Notes.' (See Forster's 'Life of Dickens' under this date.)—Ed.

Note from Lady Blessington. Sent Siddons' paper, with note and order on Coutts, to Stanfield. Wrote a note to Lord Hatherton. Packed up. Heard my blessed children their prayers, and then read prayers among us all. My God, hear Thou, and grant me to find in a happy return those precious beings improved in health of mind and body, and progressing in the paths of wisdom and virtue, happy in their own belief of doing right! Amen.

To Liverpool, September 4th.—Rose at a very early hour; prepared for my departure; kissed my beloved children. Reached Birmingham; amused with the passengers there. Landed and set off in the Liverpool train. Went to Adelphi, from thence to the river, where we took boat to near the *Caledonia*, a very comfortable ship, in which I saw my luggage land.

September 5th.—Took leave, after some fond and sad talk, cheerfully and well of my dearest wife and sister. Went with Forster to the quay. We reached the ship and came on board. What a scene! Bade dear Forster farewell; he was greatly affected. I looked at my fellow-passengers—eighty. Thought of my wife; watched the gorgeous sunset and the soft moon. Took tea; watched Liverpool, or where it was, till the lights could no more be seen.

September 8th.—After coming on deck I introduced myself to Judge Haliburton, *alias* Sam Slick, and had some pleasant conversation with him. I chiefly noted him in the strong expression of humour in his countenance when he smiles; there is fun in every wrinkle.

Halifax, September 18th.—Rose before sunrise, and saw a glimpse of land through the haze. Dressed, and went on deck as we entered the harbour of Halifax, which with its rocky hills on either side, its smooth green island in the centre of the bay, and the lively looking town before us with its citadel, its ships and wharves crowded with eager spectators, looked as in lively welcome to us. Our deck was equally alive with land costumes gay with faces I had not seen during the voyage. The bustle of welcome and farewell was amusing and exciting. I went with one of our ship's company into the town, of streets at right angles, of wooden houses, reminding one of the half active sort of character that a Scotch eastern town seems to have. The shops seemed good, as I looked into them, and it appeared quite a place that a man might live in. Before leaving the ship I had a few words of farewell with Mr. Haliburton, and exchanged cards with him. He breakfasted with us in one great party of about thirty from the ship, at the hotel, and certainly never was greater justice done to a breakfast. The air, and the sense of being on land, quite sent my spirits in an unusual flow back to me. After taking leave of Mr. Haliburton, he came back to introduce Mr. Webster, of the Rifles, to me, who with great courtesy asked how he could be of use to me) &c.; if I would breakfast at the barracks, &c. I declined, but accepted the offer of his escort, and walked with him up to the barracks

and to the citadel, from whence the view of the harbour, its islands, forts, shipping, the lake on the opposite side, part of the inner harbour, &c., all come within the eye. It is a beautiful scene, laid out as in a map before one. He returned with me to the ship, and then I took leave of him.

Boston, September 20th.—The mate summoned me at early twilight with the news that we should soon approach the Boston Harbour Light. I had slept very little; there were noises all night on deck, from the time of stopping to take in the pilot, that disturbed me incessantly. I left my bed with little reluctance, to see in the cold grey light the land before me stretching away to the right, with the lighthouse a-head. It was land, and the eye strained to it and rested on it as on security and comfort. I desired to be called when we neared the Narrow, and attended to my luggage until time to see our entry into this beautiful harbour. It must be a very unsightly haven that would not have beauty for eyes that have looked on sea and sky for nine or ten days, but the islands so various in form, the opening again of the view of the sea through the Northern Channel after passing the narrow entrance, the forts, the houses that spot the rising shores, and the seemingly rich and thriving villages that spread far along the circling shores on either side of the receding land, with the clustered masses of the city's buildings in the central distance, surrounded by the dome of the State House and the Obelisk of Bunker's Hill: all these lit up and illumined by a most gorgeous sunrise, that fretted with golden fire one half of the heavens, and was reflected in the dancing waves through which we made rapid way—all these effects of form and colour gave a beauty and splendour to the scene that required not any interest unborrowed from the eye to awaken delight and enjoyment. A small shoal of porpoises came leaping and bounding along in our course, and the vessels glided by or were passed by us as the scene grew upon our sight in our rapid advance. The thought of the Pilgrim Fathers, the fervent, stern, resolute and trusting men, who, in their faith in God, became the authors of all the glorious and happy life I saw about me, was a touching recollection: the privations and sufferings of those men are not held in account by us.

New York, September 25th.—Went to the theatre, and acted Macbeth. What shall I say? With every disposition to throw myself into the character as I had never so completely done before, I was, as it were, beaten back by the heat, and I should certainly have sunk under it, if I had not goaded myself repeatedly to work out my thoughts and vindicate my reputation. The audience did not applaud very much, but really it would have been too much to expect successive rounds of applause under such an atmosphere. My reception was most enthusiastic, and very loudly cheered and with repeated cheers. I am glad I have brought Mr. Ryder. I was loudly called for and very fervently received; the audience expected a speech, but I bowed under great weakness.

September 27*th.*—Hamlet. 29*th.*—Richelieu.

October 2*nd.*—Acted Macbeth tolerably well: took pains, but was, I think, unequal. Called for and well received. David Colden came into my room. On this very day seventeen years ago, Monday, October 2nd, 1826, I opened in New York in the character of Virginius.

October 3*rd.*—Dined with Forrest; met a very large party, too large for comfort, but it was most kindly intended. Bryant, with whom I talked very little, Halleck, and Inman the artist, were of the party. Our day was very cheerful; I like all I see of Forrest very much. He appears a clear-headed, honest, kind man; what can be better?

October 4*th.*—Acted Werner anxiously, and partially with effect. The audience were interested, but are very sparing of applause. Was called for and well received. David Colden came into my room. At last I have got into my promised bed-room. My heart thanked God for the comfortable tidings brought from home.

October 5*th.*—Richelieu. 6*th.*—Hamlet. 9*th.*—Macbeth.

——— 10*th.*—Went to the theatre and rehearsed Virginius. From what I can learn, the audiences of the United States have been accustomed to exaggeration in all its forms, and have applauded what has been most extravagant; it is not therefore surprising that they should bestow such little applause on me, not having their accustomed cues.

October 11*th.*—Virginius. 12*th.*—Werner. 13*th.*—'Lady of Lyons.'

October 15*th.*—Longfellow called for me, and we went to dine with Mrs. L. and D. Colden, at the ladies' ordinary. Above 130 sat down, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Willis next to Longfellow. He (N. P. W.) wished to be very civil to me. I was much amused. I looked for the eaters with knives, but detected none.

October 16*th.*—Acted Hamlet very fairly, striving to overmaster my evil tendencies. I must guard against unreal tones, &c.; I must practise to be the thing, despite the coldness of these audiences. I must.

October 17*th.* — Richelieu. 18*th.* — Othello. 19*th.*—Werner. 20*th.*—Macbeth.

October 23*rd.*—Acted Macbeth equal, if not superior, as a whole, to any performance I have ever given of the character. I should say it was a noble piece of art. Called for warmly, and warmly received.

The Miss Cushman who acted Lady Macbeth interested me much. She has to learn her art, but she showed mind and sympathy with me—a novelty so refreshing to me on the stage.

October 24*th.*—Hamlet, Werner. 25*th.*—Hamlet.

——— 28*th.*—Acted Cardinal Richelieu in such a manner as evidently to produce a great effect on the audience.

October 30th.—In my performance of Hamlet I suffered a little from what Scott has described as the cause of Campbell's backwardness—I was, if not frightened, certainly flurried, at the shadow of my own reputation; the impression of the previous evening had been so strong, I feared to disappoint expectation. It was, however, not a bad performance. The soliloquy ending the second act was very natural, passionate, and good. That on life and death was reality—as my French friends term it, *inspiration*. I never before approached the real self-communing which possessed me during its delivery. The audience fully appreciated, for they applauded until I actually stopped them.

November 1st.—Acted Othello in a very grand and impassioned manner, never better. The audience I thought cold at first, but I would not give way to the influence; I sustained the character from the first to the last. Called for and very warmly greeted.

November 2nd.—Richelieu. *3rd.*—Virginius. *4th.*—Werner. *6th.*—Macbeth. *7th.*—Iago. *8th.*—Benedick.

Boston, November 13th.—Looked over Macbeth, being most anxious about my performance. Acted Macbeth—how, I really cannot say. Note from Sumner.

November 14th.—Dined with Longfellow; everything very elegant. Mrs. L—— is a very agreeable woman. Felton, Sumner, and Hillard dined with us.

November 15th.—Hamlet.

——— *16th.*—Waldo Emerson called, and sat with me a short time, expressing his wish to make me acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Ward, whom he extolled greatly. I liked him very, very much—the simplicity and kindness of his manner charmed me. Mr. Abbott Lawrence called and sat with me some time. I liked him extremely; he invited me.

November 17th.—Received a note from Colley Grattan, praying me to come to him to meet General Bertrand and Webster. I thought he made a point of it, and I went. Was introduced to Bertrand; certainly, from appearance, one who could only obtain distinction by the greatness of another—a "growing feather plucked from Cæsar's wing"—may be shown as of the eagle kind, but it is only the fidelity of an Eros to an Antony that has given reputation to the kind-hearted little General. He talked very pleasantly—asked me if I had acted at Paris; I told him I had, and reminded him of the period, which he recollected associated with 'Virginius.' We talked of Talma, and of the Emperor's partiality to him. I asked him if it was true that they were friends previous to Napoleon's assuming the crown? He said, doubtingly, "No, it was not likely." He told me, in reply to my inquiries, that Napoleon liked tragedy very much, but comedy little. That he judged well, was a good critic; described his home of retirement, the seat of small social parties in which he indulged and which he preferred; that at one of these a tragedy on Lady Jane Grey was read by Talma; that Napoleon appeared

asleep during the reading, but that he gave a clear and critical opinion upon its merits; that if it had developed any truths as to the political state of England, the condition of parties, the influence of religion, or any great effect, it might have been something; but the mere story of Lady Jane Grey—Bah! The play was introduced some time after, but not with success.

Was introduced to Cinti Damereau, to Mrs. Otis, who talked French to me for some time, to Bancroft, who seemed very glad to see me, as I was to meet him. Returning home I found a basket of flowers, and a note—in rapture at Richelieu—from Miss Otis.

November 18*th.*—Called on W. Prescott; saw the old Judge, who just came in, shook hands with us, and passed on like an apparition through the room. Sat some time with W. Prescott and his wife, both of whom I liked very much.

Dined with Felton, meeting C. Sumner's brother, Jared Sparks, Dr. Beck, Felton's brother, and Longfellow. Mr. Ware and his son came in after dinner.

November 20*th.*—Othello.

——— 21*st.*—Dined with Grattan; met the Mayor, Brimner, Mr. and Mrs. Otis, Abbott Lawrence, Commodore Kennequha, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Sears. Passed a cheerful afternoon. Went to Lawrence's, expecting a small party, as "the death of one of his kindred prevented him from seeing company; found his rooms full; was introduced to *herds.* Saw Ticknor, Gray, Prescott, Curtis, Bancroft, Sears, Sumner, and most I knew; was introduced to Mrs. Bancroft—one of the sweetest and prettiest women I ever saw—to Ward, Miss Ward, Mrs. Chase, very agreeable. Mr. Webster, Mrs. Webster, Miss Webster; in fact it is impossible to recollect the very many. All were very agreeable; would have been more so if I had been a little more a free agent, but I was a lion, and in good earnest. I talked with a great many people; in fact was not one moment unoccupied, for I was taken away from one to the other, as if there was to be a guard against any preference. I liked almost all the people I saw. Very many spoke to me of the *Readings,* earnestly and with some persuasive arguments. Grattan came to me from a body to ask me. It makes it a subject to think upon.

November 22*nd.*—Hamlet. 23*rd.*—Richelieu. 24*th.*—Macbeth.

November 26*th.*—C. Sumner dined with me, and we went together to Cambridge. Called on Longfellow, and sat some time with him and Mrs. L. Went to Judge Story's; passed a most agreeable evening there; met Felton, Jared Sparks, Professors Beck and Williams, Mrs. and Miss Story, Mr. William Story and his wife, Judge Foy, &c. A most lively and pleasant evening.

November 27*th.*—Acted Virginius in a very superior manner. Went with Sumner and Felton to the Oyster Saloon Concert Hall, where Hillard joined us. Supped on broiled oysters, with some of the ingenious and beautifully composed—I should say *constructed*—

drinks that are conspicuous in this country. We had a very agreeable evening—at least I had.

November 28*th.*—Werner.

——— 29*th.*—Quite worn down by fatigue and want of sleep. Not well; rose late, and spoke to Ryder about attending the rehearsal for me. What should I have done without him? I could not have got through.

November 30*th.*—Boston to New York.

New York, December 6*th.*—'Bridal.' 7*th.*—Werner. 8*th.*—Benedick.

December 9*th.* — Dined with Griffin; met Prescott, Hall, J. Hamilton, Barclay, Pryor, Dr. Francis, Girard, &c. An American dinner: terapin soup, bass-fish, bear, wild turkey, canvas-back duck, roasted oysters, &c. Delicious wines; a very agreeable day.

December 11*th.*—A long letter from Mr. Marshall, the Philadelphia manager, proposing to me, and evidently thinking he had hit upon a most brilliant device, to act at Philadelphia in the spring "on alternate nights the same plays with Mr. Forrest." Monday, Hamlet, Mr. Macready; Tuesday, Hamlet, Mr. Forrest; Wednesday, Othello, Mr. Macready; Thursday, Othello, Mr. Forrest, &c. I answered him, of course declining.

December 12*th.* — Werner. 13*th.*—Richelieu. 14*th.* — 'Bridal.' 15*th.*—Marino Faliero.

Boston, December 18*th.*—Werner, 20*th.*—'Bridal.' 21*st.*—Hamlet. —23*rd.*—'Bridal.'

Baltimore, December 25*th.*—Macbeth. 26*th.* — Werner. 27*th.*—Richelieu. 28*th.*—Hamlet. 29*th.*—Richelieu.

[Note.—(See p. 529). "The petition of William Charles Macready, of Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, an Actor of Plays,

"Humbly sheweth,

"That your Petitioner has, from early youth, devoted his time to the study and representation of the plays of Shakespeare and other dramatic poets. That, in the exercise of his profession as an actor, your Petitioner has had constant opportunities of observing the practical effect and operation of the patents granted to the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, of both which theatres he has also been at different times the sole lessee and manager.

"That the rights and duties implied in those patents, granted for the exclusive performance of plays, were, for the public benefit and the advancement of dramatic literature, delegated in the first instance to men selected on account of their peculiar qualification for the trust, their theatrical talent and experience, their proficiency and interest in their art; to wit, Sir William Davenant, the dramatic author, Booth, Wilkes, Cibber, Doggett, and other actors of repute. That these patents or trusts have been permitted, contrary to their import and intent, to fall into, or be transferred to, the charge of persons wholly inexperienced in theatrical affairs, generally unacquainted with dramatic literature, and confessedly ignorant of all appertaining to the dramatic art. That these persons have, in consequence, used their trust as a mere piece of property, letting it out to any adventurer who would hire it, without reference to the character or capacity of the individual, or to any other consideration than the price to be obtained. That, by these means, all

kinds of degrading exhibitions, tending not to humanise and refine, but to brutalise and corrupt, the public mind have been introduced upon the patent stage; with which practices of licentiousness and habits of debauchery, unknown at places of theatrical entertainment in any other civilised country, have also, by the same system, been connected as matters of profit and gain.

"That such misapplication of these patents is an abuse of an important public trust, and a national scandal; and your Petitioner is prepared to prove that the persons in whom these exclusive privileges are now vested are, for these reasons, unworthy to possess them,—supposing your honourable House should be of opinion that any stronger proof of their unworthiness and incapacity is needed than the condition to which they have reduced the two patent theatres. That such condition has been caused by their own misconduct, and is not attributable to the public disregard of dramatic entertainments, is fully shown, as your Petitioner submits, by the history of his own connection with those establishments, in capacity of lessee and manager; for, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, when, through the mismanagement of the patentees and their tenants, the Covent Garden Theatre was sunk to the lowest point of public contempt, your Petitioner undertook its direction, and in two seasons it not only attained a high character for its dramatic representations and its regulations in regard to decency and good order, but became a place of great public resort. In like manner, in one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, your Petitioner undertook the management of Drury Lane Theatre, when it was in a similar state of degradation, and in two years he succeeded in rendering that establishment also a place of general and respectable resort, and an instrument of public instruction, as presenting the highest class of theatrical representations. And your Petitioner submits that the absurdity of these monopolies is further established by reference to the position of Drury Lane Theatre, when he became its lessee, at which time, with a patent right of preventing elsewhere the performance of the masterpieces of Shakespeare and other great poets, it was unable to present them itself, having been specially re-furnished for, and exclusively devoted to musical concerts, announced in a foreign language, and chiefly performed by foreign musicians.

"That, in his management of both the patent theatres, as aforesaid, your Petitioner endeavoured, at a great expense of time, labour, and money, to make the patents available to the purposes for which they were originally granted, and always to keep in view the great aim and object of the drama, and that he always found his efforts responded to by the public in general; but that, being unable as lessee of either theatre to meet such demands of the patent-holders, as the great debts and incumbrances entailed upon them by the before-described mismanagement and abuse of a public trust had made necessary, he has been obliged to relinquish the management of both; and thus your Petitioner is brought to this pass, that whereas those patent-holders are not able, either by themselves or their tenant to maintain the national drama in their theatres, yet they are armed by law with power to prevent your Petitioner from exercising that his art and calling in any other theatre, and to declare that unless he live on such terms as they may prescribe to him, he shall not, by his industry and the use of such abilities as he may possess, live at all.

"Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly prays your honorable House to take his grievance into consideration, and provide such remedy as in your wisdom shall seem fit.

"William Charles Macready."]

1844.

On board, Charleston, January 1st.—Woke at an early hour in the steamboat, as, after a tranquil night and rapid run, we were approaching the Charleston light. Offered up my prayers to God for help and sustainment through the year which this day begins, and wishing to my beloved wife and family a happy new year, and many renewals of it. Prayed for these blessings on them. Dressed and went on deck. The morning was most beautiful, the first gleams of sunlight just beginning to break in upon the grey as I went up on the upper deck: I watched the glory of the sunrise, and the growing objects as we neared the city, rejoicing and grateful for our safe arrival. Came on at once to my hotel, where Mr. Forbes soon called; I gave my opinion that it would be best to defer my appearance one week.

January 2nd.—One good, I hope, if no more, will result from my visit to America—it will assure me, certify me, of what figures, face, the appearance of others, all things have failed sufficiently to impress upon me, viz., that I am far advanced in life—with Othello, "declined into the vale of years." I must endeavour to keep this before me in my words and actions, and let them bear the impress of my own consciousness: for at present I am too much the creature of habit in allowing myself to be subject to a retiring and deprecatory style that only properly becomes a young man. I do not feel old in mind, however I may perceive a diminution of my bodily strength, but I must be careful not to let age overtake me.

Called at Mr. Miller's, bookseller, to look for Dr. Irving, who had been anxious to see me. He met us as we were leaving the shop, and we were introduced. His frank, hearty greeting made me feel friends with him directly; he was at Rugby, a junior boy, when I was in the sixth form.

The air was humid, but so mild that my spirits felt its influence. It was to me an exhilarating sight, which I stopped to enjoy, to see various kinds of roses in full bloom in a garden with the bulbous plants, and the hollyhocks, wild orange, &c., in healthy leaf, with several tropical plants.

January 3rd.—Took a long walk down Meeting Street, along the Battery, to top of Broad Street, beyond the boundary, returning by King Street; was delighted with the warm sunshiny day, the fresh air, the foliage of the wild orange, the palmetto, the roses in bloom, the violets, the geraniums, &c., but was pained to see the coloured people go out of the way and show a deference to us as to superior beings. The white houses, with their green verandahs and gardens, were light and lively to me, and the frequent view of the river afforded often a picturesque termination to the street.

January 4th.—Irving called and sat some time. He told me he

had written a notice of me for Saturday, which he had finished with the incident of the "child." I told him "it was not true." He was surprised, but said "never mind, it will do for our religious people," and was earnest to use it. I objected to it, that as I never had practised humbug, I should not like now to begin. After some demur he relinquished it.

January 6th.—Received a note, a very kind one, from Dr. Irving, telling me that by an inadvertency the paragraph with the anecdote of "the child" had been kept by the compositors in the paper, and begging me not to notice it. Now I cannot like this, nor can I close my lips upon a falsehood that gives me consideration to which I am not entitled. I rehearsed Hamlet, taking pains with it.

Judge King called for me, and asked me to accompany him to Ogilby's, where we both were to dine. I was much pleased to go with him. At Ogilby's I met Pettigrew, a lawyer, very clever and very humorous.

January 8th.—Acted Hamlet, I scarcely know how. I strove and fought up against what I thought the immobility of the audience; I would not be beaten cravenly, but such a performance is never satisfactory—at least to the actor. When he is contending with the humour of his audience, adieu then to all happy moments; to all forgetfulness of self, to the *elan* of enthusiasm. I died game, for I tried to sustain myself to the last. Called for.

January 9th.—Ryder called in, and gave me some information respecting the audience of last night, and further that Vieuxtemps passed through (I saw his fiddle-case) this morning on his way to New Orleans.

January 10th.—Macbeth. *11th.*—Richelieu.

January 12th.—Dr. Irving called for me. We went to the gaol—it is a very small building—for both debtors and felons, who are however apart. It was very clean. I saw the negro crew of a ship locked up together until the sailing of the vessel, the law of the State not allowing them to be at liberty. I saw some prisoners for minor offences: one had been whipped for petty larceny; some negroes below who were kept in the premises of the gaol till they could be sold! Good God! is this right? They are an inferior class of man, but still they are man. They showed me the condemned cells: one in which a murderer had spent his last night last summer. The world is a riddle to me; I am not satisfied with this country as it at present is. I think it will—it must—work out its own purification.

January 13th.—Ogilby called, and confidentially related circumstances of great atrocity occurring in this State: an overseer, against his master's orders, flogging a runaway negro, tying him up all night, getting up in the night to repeat the torture, and repeating it till the wretched creature died under the lash. The felon was acquitted. A person supposed by another to trench upon ground which he claimed, was, in the midst of his own labourers, shot

dead by the villain in open day; the felon was acquitted! These are heart-sickening narratives.

Judge King called for me and took me to Chancellor Dunkin's, where the judges of the State met to dine. I was introduced to all. Chivers I knew, Chancellor Harper, Judge Butler; Johnson I liked best — about eighteen or twenty dined; here was no want of character or manner, nor of any needful gravity or grace befitting a meeting of republican judges.

I could not help feeling that these judges of a country asserting itself free were waited on by slaves!

January 16th.—Another day of rain, rain, rain. "The heavens do frown upon me for some ill;" but I do not feel as if through my life they would ever smile again. The glimpse of bright hope and comfort which I received in the commencement of my career in this country is now overgloomed, and I have little prospect onward but of hard labour and indifferent payment. I am not young enough to live on hope, for the period over which my hope has to extend is very short. I try to cheer and fortify myself, but I fear it is a lost game. At all events I begin often to feel very, very weary of it. I have no pleasure here but in thinking I am making means for my family, and when that is scanted I am "poor indeed." Looked at the paper. Rehearsed Claude Melnotte.

Acted Claude Melnotte in a fractional sort of manner. Cut up repeatedly by the bad taste, &c., of the actors.

January 17th.—Continued the reading of 'My Neighbours,' was deeply affected by much of it, and greatly interested with all. Thought of home and dearest Catherine; kissed her dear picture and blessed her and all. The book did me good, if only in the desire to do right, and the resolution to try to do it. I was much impressed by many painful truths, but valuable as all truth must be, I felt how justly merited by myself was the scourge contained in this passage: "Bad humour, the demon with which little souls often tyrannise over those about them." I suffer—Oh, what anguish and what shame!—from this vice of temper. I had once made progress in improving, but care and too much commerce with the world has caused me to relapse to moroseness and impatience. May God forgive me!

January 18th.—Werner.

——— *19th.*—Ryder came to speak on business. Ran through the rehearsal of 'Hamlet.' The day was really beautiful, the air quite delightful, delicious, at once inspiriting and mild. Both the windows of my sitting-room were wide open; I do not know when I have felt more pleasure from the influence of atmosphere. Called on Irving and walked with him to slave-market, where no business was doing.

Could not please myself in the performance of Hamlet with all the pains I could take. Ryder, as the Ghost, got upon the trap, and could just get out the words "pale his ineffectual fire." When he had finished, the trap ran down and he disappeared, to his own

consternation as much as mine. Was called for and got very well through an address of about half-a-dozen lines. If I do not keep watch upon myself I shall lose my art and power. Irving, Pringle, and Ogilby came into my room, and seemed very sorry to part with me! There is quite an excitement about the theatre; the house to-night overflowed.

January 20th.—Began the day with packing my private wardrobe. Went on board the small boat that was crowded with the players and their luggage, even to the gong and, I think, the big drum. I was interested by the view of the bay and the vessel alongside of us with the negro women grinding off the rice husks, and loading the hold, by means of hand-mills. The morning was thick, as if from heat, but the water was smooth as glass, and the passage out of the harbour was full of interest to me. Previous to going on board had received a present of six bottles of Madeira for my voyage from Mr. Pringle.

Was amused on my way to the vessel by the observation of a sort of *conducteur*, that I had a "very clever house last night." Ryder told me that the excitement after the play was something quite extraordinary, the southern blood seemed to have been excited to fever pitch; it has been an unusual enthusiasm.

One passenger, a planter, talked to me of his views, his desire to mix in political life, his treatment of his negroes, and his account of his resenting the contumacy of one and afterwards whipping him, giving him 300 lashes. I thought to myself, I would not have held property on such a tenure. I expressed to him, not offensively my objection to the system. He explained to me the partial, and, of course unjust, operation of the tariff as affecting the interests of North and South, and the case of the Southern States is hard. It grew dark after we passed the lighthouses, and the merchant ships lying at anchor before the river's mouth. There were burning woods in different parts along the banks, and we went on our dark way between narrow banks till we reached the window lights of Savannah.

Costas met me on the boat; he accompanied me to the Pulaski House, the landlord, Captain Wiltberger (I had a true instinct at the name), was standing at the door. I was introduced, of course shook hands, and a stiff-necked old piece of fat importance I found him; he could not give me my meals in my room, then I could not stay, then he led to several rooms, all indifferent, and I finally took a double-bedded room.

Savannah, January 22nd.—Rested. Acted Hamlet pretty well; these are not theatres for Shakespeare's plays! Walked home in darkness, not visible; quite a journey of difficulty through deep sand, and threading a way through posts, &c. Costas came and spoke to me.

January 23rd.—Macbeth.

——— *24th.*—My spirits were very much depressed. I was not quite well, and suffering from the exertion and the tem-

perature of last night. Spoke with Mr. Ryder. The treasurer called and paid me. The day was wretched; a deluge was descending the entire morning: *densissimus imber!* I could not go out; looked at the papers, and began a letter, which occupied me all day, to my dear Lydia Bucknill.

Rested a short time. Acted Cardinal Richelieu very fairly.

January 25th.—Packed up as far as I could for my journey to New Orleans. Walked down below the bluff, and saw the places of business, &c.; admired the novel appearance of the street, upon the face of the bluff, planted as it is with trees and looking over an extent of low land, river, and sea. Was accosted by a rough person, who gave his name Nichols, whom I heard say—to the observation that "Crowds were hurrying down below"—"They need not be in such a hurry; the duel is not to be till twelve." I turned round and looked with amazement in his face. "How do you do, sir?" he answered to my surprised and shocked gaze. "Did you say a duel was to be fought?" "Oh, yes; just over the water, but not before twelve." "And can such a thing be publicly known, and no attempt on the part of the legal authorities to interfere?" "Oh Lord, no, they dursn't; they've too many friends about them for any number of officer's that could be got together to have any chance with them." "And are the crowds going down to see them fight?" "No; they go to wait for the news—it's across the river they fight." "Do they fight with pistols?" "I don't know; either pistols or rifles—but they generally fight with rifles in this part of the country." "Um!" "They are two gentlemen of the bar here. It was a quarrel in court: one said, 'the lie was stamped in the other's face,' so there was a challenge. I suppose you don't do such a thing as take a glass of wine in the morning?" "Oh, no, never." "Ah, well, it's our way; just come in and see the reading-room; it's the best room in all the South; come, it's just here." I complied with the importunity of my new acquaintance, who informed me all about himself; but my stomach felt sick with horror at the cold-blooded preparation for murder with which he acquainted me.

Macon, January 26th.—On going into the hall of the hotel about five o'clock met a Bostonian waiting for the omnibus; we all went to the depot, where, in the open air, we had to pay in at a window, on a very dark cold morning, our fares—my amount, $39. I got on the car, but stopped on entering to look at a crowd of human beings, mostly wrapped in blankets, standing together near. A fellow on the opposite box, for it was of a very inferior grade even to the wretched cars provided for white travellers, called out, "Let the boys and women come first." They went one by one—a long and miserable train—the men entering last. These were slaves who had been bought on speculation, and were being conveyed up the coast to be put up for sale in about a fortnight. I looked in occasionally to their box, and there they were in double rows; food was served out to them, and I saw a woman

cut off a portion of the meat given to her, and with an expression of the strongest disgust, throw it away. Mr. Ryder asked, it seems, one of the men where he was going, his answer was, "Oh, God knows, sir!" I cannot reconcile this outrage on every law of right; it is damnable. Our road lay through one vast stretch of pine-barren, occasionally clearings, greater or less, swamps, large pools of water stretching to great extent through the woods, beautiful foliage often intermingling with the stems of the tall pines, that presented every state of the tree, from early growth to decay and rottenness—many half burned, many taken by their tops by whirlwind, many felled, uprooted, others propped or falling, reminding one of a scene of carnage after a battle. I slept some part of the way, but occupied myself chiefly with reading Brougham's remarks on the French Revolution, &c. We did not reach Macon till nearly ten o'clock, where we found a large inn, with a very respectable and civil landlord. But it is curious what important persons these landlords generally are: they receive you much more like hosts that are going to give you shelter and entertainment than as innkeepers who are served and obliged by the preference of your custom. But this man was an exception. I got a bedroom with a comfortable bed, a chair, table, glass, and what made amends for many deficiencies, a capital wood fire. After a sorry supper I was very glad to get early to bed.

An Irishman named —— was very anxious that I should go to the bar (so he told Mr. Ryder) as there were many gentlemen there anxious to know me. R. told him I was tired and, he thought, gone to bed, on which the Irishman took Ryder and introduced him.

January 27th.—Rose early. Thompson brought me a letter from a Mr. —— to the stage-coach agent at Griffin, which I felt as a great civility: it requested attention from Mr. Jones, "for Mr. Macready and suite," which amused me not a little. This was a day of western travel. We were at least an hour behind our time of starting, and the passengers actually *crowded* the carriage; the dirty and ragged neighbourhood that one is forced to endure is very distasteful, to say the least. It is not to be asserted that civilisation has reached these remote parts: it is forcing its way, it is clearing. But "the gentlemen,"—the raggedest ruffian with a white skin receiving that appellation—need its enforcement very much. The town of Macon is a straggling, growing place, with some very good houses and an imposing building—that of the Bank. The country, too, which is now hill and dale, is greatly improved, widely cultivated, growing cotton and corn, and often presenting very agreeable landscapes. The effect of the frost, for we have had much ice yesterday and to-day, on the porous sands and sandstone was often very beautiful in its glassy, feathery appearance. Our journey was most disastrous: up to one o'clock we had progressed at the rate of four miles an hour; at one of our stoppages all hands turned out and pushed our car and engine. Our dinner, with coffee

served by the *lady* of the house at the head of the table, was much the same as yesterday, Mr. Ryder observing to me, "If Mrs Macready could see you, sir." After dinner the stoppages became so frequent, and I so chilled, that I asked to walk, and walked with Ryder and another about three miles. They stopped, as there was no supply, to chop the wood by the roadside to keep the fire of the engine alight! The man at last said that the engine would not make steam, and I was in despair of reaching Griffin to-night. At last, however, the many choppings brought us to a station where we got wood and water, and proceeded tolerably well, reaching Griffin about half-past eight, instead of eleven this morning. My amusement through the day has been Brougham's book. Arrived at Griffin, I asked for a bedroom, and I am now in it, with a wood fire before me that just reaches one strip of me, whilst all the rest of my body is sore with cold. The room, as the house is, is of new wood, the chimney brick, not even plastered, no carpet, no lock to the doors, one nailed up for the occasion, the other buttoned. One table, one chair, the wind blowing in all directions into the place. My supper, temperance supper, I could not eat; I could not cut the meat, and ate three eggs. In short, it is as uncomfortable as it well can be; but I must be thankful that I am not out all night, and so, blessing God for His mercies, and invoking His blessing on my beloved wife and children, I go to my uncomfortable-looking bed.

Griffin, January 28th.—Kindled my fire, and made as comfortable a toilet as I could in this shivering room. Its walls are single boards, and through the chinks of their joinings and occasional splinters the keen frosty air whistles in: the skirting is completed, except that at the doors (there are three) are unfilled apertures, which give me views into two rooms below. The door is fastened by a button inside, and another opening to a bedroom for four or eight people, as it may happen, has been nailed up on my account, being buttonless. The unplastered brick chimney holds a good wood fire, that carries heat to one side of me, the other freezing with cold, and my writing-hand is nearly disabled with sensations of numbness. There have been knots in the deal walls, whose vacancies now admit the draught. Every word of all my neighbours is distinctly heard, and there is a large family in the room below: one chair, one little table, a broken jug and small basin—no looking-glass—an old broken sash-window, a trunk of the resident lodger and a few of his books and instruments—he is a civil engineer—are scattered about this domestic desolation. The room, not being ceilinged, is opened at the top between the beams. I look out on a rough sort of flat, scattered over which one might count, perhaps, sixty or seventy houses; stumps, of course, everywhere except on the railway that terminates opposite. At a little distance I read on a small one-story house, "Broadway Exchange." Bags of cotton lie profusely scattered about the railway. A picture of one among many of these germs, populous towns pushed

by these pushing people into existence and name. Around is the everlasting wood. Some signs are on cloth instead of board. Trees and stumps alternating through the city, and cotton, cotton everywhere.

January 28th.—After my attempt to make a breakfast I sought out the persons who were to expedite us: we were thrown on a chance for places, but one great difficulty was the luggage, which, after much talking with several persons, I at last got an agreement for, to be conveyed by two-horse wagons to Chehaw in four days, for the sum of $50, an extortion. That arranged, a person whom I did not know took hold of my arm, and in a very familiar way told me, Ex-Governor —— was in the place, and would be happy to see me, if I would call. I was taken by this youth to the opposition Hotel, and there in a little better, but very similar lodging, I was presented to his *Excellency* and lady, rather a smart woman. He had two visitors with him, of the lowest, poorest, and most unpolished of the American small farmers or yeomen. I thought he seemed to wish his constituent visitors far enough. I sat a reasonable time, listening to Mrs. —— expatiating on the comforts of slavery, and with many courteous expressions from the Ex-Governor, left them to find the stage coach at the door and all in hurry for my departure. Paid bills, gave luggage in charge to Thompson, and deposited myself in the stage. I think the roads here are unmatched. The country was wood, beautiful in its various fields of cotton and corn, stalks continually appearing in the newly cleared woods as we jolted, crawled, pitched, tossed, and tumbled along the horrible road. We were constantly under the necessity of walking, which I enjoyed for the exercise and scenery. Fielding's pleasant 'Joseph Andrews' was my inside companion, and the trees, the streams, the sky, the log-huts, and the ruminations on their free tenants with their slaves, sufficiently engaged me in my rambling.

Greenville, January 29th.—Dressed with difficulty from the extreme cold, which prevented me from sleeping, whilst the injunctions of the landlord not to disturb his ladies in the next room prevented me from rising long before. We continued our tossing, tumbling journey, through wood and clearings alternately, through streams and bogs, that made one wonder, not without something akin to despondency, how we were to reach our journey's end. Mr. Ryder was impatient of every jolt of the carriage, whilst I lay in my corner like a bag of cotton, and letting it toss me as it would, escaped much soreness and fatigue.

We reached La Grange in tolerable time. In this great infant country it is called a county town, but would be a goodly-sized and pretty village in England. There were many houses built with their columns and porticos, looking very neat and comfortable and pretty with their trim gardens, in which flowers were blooming and the green leaf always visible, commanding views of a very picturesque country. It was on this route from hence

to West Point that the driver, to avoid a piece of heavy bad road, drove into a field through the broken fence, and passing through it, came out by some means at the other end. This is nothing in this primeval part. The peach-orchards here are very large and thriving; they have peach, quince, plum, grape, &c. At West Point, where we tried to dine, and beyond which we passed into Alabama, we got some hard eggs and ham for dinner. We see *la fin du commencement:* this infant settlement wasting through disease, crime, and squalor into rapid decay; more than half the stores are closed, and the place itself looks like infant life dying of age's decrepitude. The beautiful river Chattahoochee—beautiful in American eyes for its water-power—divides it, and a covered bridge communicates between the banks. It appears that it was in a thriving state when the Indians came here to receive their presents, and the inhabitants enriched themselves by selling liquors to these unhappy creatures; its present appearance is a just retribution; it will soon sink to a few rotting sheds.

Cusseta, January 30th.—I am forcibly struck with the effect that kindness of manner and encouragement has upon these poor negroes; it charms away their sullenness at once. Our old landlady quite answered Walter Scott's description of a "kind old body." She was a pleasant old housewifely lady, with her preserved water-melons, peaches, &c., and her genuine hospitable spirit.

Our road to-day was worse than ever: through swamps, through wide streams; tracking our way through woods by the *blazing* of the trees, through actual rivers, and all this after an overturn, which detained us in the middle of the road under a heavy rain for above an hour. When thrown over, all were in confusion and alarm, struggling to get out. I called to them to be still, and quietly take their turns. It was certainly a very bad journey, by cotton, corn-fields, canebrakes, woods of oak, chestnut, hickory, beech, and pine. We passed by one bridge over a stream of surpassing beauty, divided and narrowed into a deep downward gush by a mass of granite; it continued its course between banks as charmingly diversified by rock and foliage as a painter's imagination could suggest. The ruined or deserted railway still accompanied our course. 'Joseph Andrews' was my companion till dark. Scarcely hoping to finish our journey, for our own management of our weight by ballasting the coach preserved us repeatedly from an overturn, we at length reached Chehaw. A man with a wretched slave, whom he sent upon the top of the coach, had been our companion from La Grange. This poor negro told Mr. Ryder that he had lived with his master's father, and that now he, the master, had sold his wife and children in Georgia, and was taking him on to sell him in Montgomery, the poor wretch crying like a child as he told his story.

Chehaw, January 31st.—Rose long before daylight to pursue our journey by railway to Montgomery. Saw our landlord's wife, a girl of fourteen, who had run away with him. Left Chehaw at

five; swamp, cane-brake, wood, our road lay along and through the high bluff that overlooks the Tallapoosa river, which made some fine landscapes. We had a seven-foot colonel in a blanket coat, a major in a ragged one, and a judge in one of frieze. In cutting wood for the engine, some one said, "Come, Judge, take a spell of chopping," which he very readily did. The ragged crew that filled this car, spitting in every part of it, obliged me to change my seat. I was very much disgusted; I wish the people would be more cleanly, self-respecting, and decent in their general habits. Reaching Montgomery, which we did from the railway by a road through wood and swamp enough to engulf a caravan, or frighten one, we saw some persons just starting for Mobile; they had met and travelled with us before; they advised our proceeding, and we, taking their counsel, went on to the boat, the *Charlotte*, in which we took our berths, and steamed away down the Alabama that, like a "proud river, overpeered its banks," towards Mobile. I received much civility from the gentlemen who went on board with me, they using their best efforts to procure me a good berth. I took a state-room to myself, and did not regret it. Our passage down the stream, whose windings extended the distance to 408 miles, the stage-coach road being 180, continually excited my attention. Here was enough to satisfy the traveller, whose thirst for change is to find something new, that he had left nothing behind in Europe resembling this. Its banks were ever changing their forms: now bold bluffs, with trees rising perpendicularly from their very edges; then long tracts of wood running in levels beyond the eye's ken or the thought's conjecture; then vast expanses of water, from which were seen rising up tall blighted trees, log-huts, fodder-stacks, gates, and lines of cottages. Frequently we saw whole fields of cotton submerged by the flood, and whole clearings showing only their mills and gins and fences, &c., above the wide surface of the waters. The trees, some of them covered, and seemingly pressed down by the heavy-looking mournful draperies of moss, that lent a character, I might say an expression, to the tree that strikes the observer; the white and leafless sycamores often stood out in advance of the sad and gloomy forest like ghosts of what they had been, stretching their ominous arms or long white fingery boughs above the wide ruin. The grape-vine was hanging its thready and twining branches like strong net-work about some of the falling trees, like voluptuousness and luxury pulling down strength. Long tracts of cane-brake below, houses on the heights, creeks, inlets, and widely devastating wastes of the waters were in frequent succession through our whole course. Bulwer's novel of the 'Last of the Barons' divided, and only divided, my attention with this wild and grand and beautiful scenery of the Alabama. Amid thoughts of where I am, how far from home, and what they are thinking of, there came the news from England to crowd and to confuse my mind—Lord Lynedoch and Catalani dead. Alas!

Alabama River, February 1*st.*—My employment to-day was to read Bulwer's novel, and to catch glimpses and views of the river and its banks. The live oak and the magnolia are among the richest of the evergreens that give rich and deep colours to the woods, and the palmetto, in its low shrubby state is still graceful in its form and cool and pleasant in its colour. At a very beautiful indenting of the high bank, well-wooded to the top, our crew and company got upon some bales of cotton and paddled them with sticks down the little inlet to the boat. One of course rolled over, to the hearty enjoyment of all who witnessed him. At another landing a person of ordinary appearance, more inclining to the vulgar in manner than even the respectable, came with his family and slaves on board. His manner of speaking to them made me long to give him a tip with my foot and send the ignorant tyrant and oppressor overboard.

Went late to bed; lay down as the engine stopped; was told on my inquiry, about one o'clock, that we had arrived. At the dinner, the very raffish or ragged appearance of many, and the table equipage, made me long to have one of our *exquisites* placed hungrily amongst them. But as Charles XII. replied to the soldier, touching his bad bread, "It is not very good, but it is eatable." The tin bowl to wash in in my state-room was a peculiar privilege, and very jealously permitted for a very short time; of course a common comb and hair-brush in the saloon, which all used. One person was distressed on missing it, and asked if there was not a hair-brush, adding, "Can't you come across that brush?" All this, and with all, and above all, the beastly spitting, is very annoying, and disturbs very much one's taste and one's stomach. They are men here, and feel as men; to polish the exterior would not rub away any of their better qualities, and would make them much more pleasant to come in contact with.

Mobile, February 2*nd.*—Rose very early, and went on board the New Orleans boat, *James L. Day*, to secure my berth. Packed up, and walked away after breakfast to change my day's abode. Went on to the Exchange; a sale of men and women. It is not to be talked or thought of: I have blamed the Abolitionists, and do blame them, for the effects their indiscreet zeal produces, but I should neither wonder nor blame if I saw these black and dusky men strike their knives into the brutal bosoms of those who assert the right of might over them. A Mr. Cole, an acquaintance of Ryder's, told him they "had no feeling; they did not mind being parted from wife and children; they forgot it in a week. You see a cat when one drowns her kittens, she soon forgets it—it's just the same with the coloured people." Is it—oh, God!—the same? But time will tell. One man, about forty, a blacksmith, had his merits expatiated on in the true George Robins style: "This hale man going for $550—it's throwing him away. No more bid? It's a sacrifice! Going, going," &c. Another mulatto, a field

servant—the same language, the same odious blasphemy against nature and the God of nature.

Read in steamboat extracts from Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Hall, &c. It is scarcely possible to imagine any boat of the kind more complete than this—cleanliness, neatness, elegance throughout; the dinner served in the best manner.

New Orleans, February 3rd.—Rose from my hard and ache-giving berth about half-past four o'clock; dressed and sauntered up and down the wooden pier, thinking of home, and the great distance I was from it, and all it contains. Passed into the sort of village, half French, half English, in its shops' inscriptions, and was interested and struck by the resemblance it conveyed, in the architecture of its small houses and gateway or arch, to an old French village or small town. I went to the St. Louis Hotel, and got one room, a very poor affair, till others should fall. Went to rehearsal at eleven; did not like either theatre or actors. Rehearsed 'Hamlet.'

February 7th.—Acted Hamlet, if I may trust my own feeling, in a very Shakespearian style; most courteous and gentlemanly, with high bearing, and yet with abandonment and, I think, great energy. Was called for, a compliment which I had really rather dispense with. I fancy the audience were borne along with the performance.

February 8th.—Called on Mr. Clay; saw him seventeen years older than when, full of life and vivacity, he introduced himself to me at Washington at our Minister's, Sir R. A. Vaughan. He seems to me to have shrunk in size, and his manners, though most kind, urbane, and cheerful, have no longer the vivacity and great animal spirits that then accompanied them. He remembered meeting me; he talked of Talma and of his engagements, asked me to dine with him to-morrow, which I was unable to do. Our visit was limited by an appointment visit of the Judges of the Supreme Court. I gave him Miss Martineau's letter, and we talked of her. He seemed surprised not to see me look older, saying he should not take me for more than forty. In him and Webster, two great minds, I see the pressure of the heavy hand of Time; to descend to myself, I feel it. In speaking of slavery, he deplored it, and condemned it in the abstract, but thought the two races could not be altered in their respective positions without equal distress for both; intimating that the coloured man is happier in his present state than he could be if free! What would Alexandre Dumas say to that?

February 10th.—Richelieu. *12th.*—Virginius. *14th.*—Werner. *16th.*—Hamlet. *17th.*—Virginius.

February 18th.—Went out in cab to Hewlett's Hotel to look at the rooms he had prepared for me. Agreed to enter them on Tuesday. Arranged my accounts; looked at some papers. More news from England. Thought on the plays for the remainder of my engagement. Robinson called, above two hours after his appointment with Major Montfort, a good-natured American

soldier. We went in his carriage through the city, and along the banks of the canal, and through wood and swamp, of cedar, cypress, out to the Lake Pontchartrain; the morning was very pleasant, and these melancholy woods, with their ghostlike trees, in their mournful drapery of moss and vine, are always interesting to me. Large *lighter* kind of sloops were coming up the canal. A very decent house of entertainment is on the shore of the lake, all ground recovered from the swamp. It amused me yesterday to know that the French call the American portion of the city "Le Faubourg Américain." I dined with Robinson at the *table d'hôte* of Hewlett, who gave an excellent table; was much amused. After dinner rode along the Levée, saw the shipping and warehouses of this wonderful place; the waterworks, with their muddy contents; the steamboats coming in; the Mississippi winding round, and the buildings, wealth, and bustle of the place. The people seem so happy! Mr. Bullett amused me, particularly by his intended mode of curing scarlet fever. Came home; put by my assorted papers; addressed newspapers. Revised the play of 'King Lear' for American performance. Cut the part of Edward for Mr. Ryder.

February 19th.—Macbeth.

——— *20th.*—Went with Robinson and Andrews to call on M. Pepin, who conducted us to the graveyards. There is nothing in their site to please the eye, nor is there anything in their language to interest or excite. But he must be very insensible who can contemplate any depository of the dead with indifference, and many and various emotions are awakened here. There are four or six of those squares formed by thick rampires, built of brick, in which are rows of square cavities one above the other, like the apertures of ovens (which is the term they are known by), and into these, as in the mausoleum at Trentham, the coffins are pushed and then built up; the inclosed spaces are covered, filled with tombs of all pretensions as to cost and taste; the pride of the Spaniard, the sentiment of the French, and the plain business-like English inscription are mingled through the grounds. One was exclusively for people of colour! There were fresh flowers placed near some and planted near others; much that was tender and touching and chaste fronting or near to vulgar pride and ludicrous sentimentality. Tears painted on the slabs of some, and pompous inscriptions upon others; some simple, sad, and solemn-looking structures, others ostentatiously and even ludicrously ambitious. I was interested, and shall try to renew my visit.

February 21st.—Werner.

——— *22nd.*—Washington's birthday. A curious subject for reflection is offered by this day: in Europe there are certain ceremonies of compliment and expense, such as dinners, levées, drawing-rooms, illuminations of public offices, clubs, and specially appointed tradesmen's shops, which are called rejoicings (?), and are transmitted faithfully from one gracious and beloved sovereign to another. But throughout these free and independent States,

the memory of the man who was born this day shall be hallowed by the gratitude and joy of millions of hearts, that will hand down to their children's children the debt of reverence and love which they and mankind owe to him for the benefits his life conferred and his example has left. The birthday of Washington shall be an eternal festival wherever a freeman speaks the English tongue.

February 23*rd.*— Richelieu. 24*th.*— Othello. 26*th.*—Werner. 27*th.*—William Tell.

February 28*th.*—Occupied with affairs upon my late and wearied rising. This daily rehearsal, and earnest acting at night (for I cannot—there is no merit—I cannot be a party, a willing party to a disgraceful performance), seems, under the effect of this warm climate, this summer in February, to exhaust my strength and spirits. Whether it is the coming on of age or the quantity of strength and energy I expend in my rehearsals and performances, I know not, but they are more than I can well discharge; certain it is that I can do nothing else. I can see nothing, see no one. I might as well be incarcerated in Drury Lane or Covent Garden; and where there is so much that I am anxious to observe, this is fretting and vexatious. Acted Hamlet.

February 29*th.*—The joy, the comfort I have felt this day in the ability to repeat to myself that it is the last day but one of my New Orleans engagement is not to be described nor to be explained, except that the labour is so heavy and the conclusion of it brings me nearer home. Rehearsed Iago. Saw Forrest, who came on the stage. Acted Iago well.

March 1*st.*—Rehearsed King Lear, with a perfect consciousness of my utter inability to do justice to my own conception of the character. I am weary of this atmosphere and this place. Dined early, rested, and thought over my great part of King Lear, feeling that I could not satisfy myself in it, but wishing to do my utmost.

Went to the theatre, very weak. The house not what it ought to have been, certainly not. I rallied against my lassitude, and made a very fair fight for poor Lear; parts of it I acted very fairly, and I think made a strong impression on the audience. Some parts I did really well. Was called for; in a very short time I appeared before them and addressed them.

March 2*nd.*—Gave my first hours to the needful business of packing, which I completed in very good time. Met Mr. Ryder at the railway. Slept the greater part of the way to the lake, "quite wearied and o'erspent." We found a good deal of motion on the lake; the boats lay within the little harbour formed by wooden piers stretching out into the lake and leaving only a narrow entrance by which to pass in and out. The land, as we enter the narrow channel between the Lakes, is very low, marshy, duck, snipe-like looking ground; a neat little fort, with an artillery company, commands the passage.

Mobile, March 3*rd.*—We were within the bay of Mobile, and

pressing over its smooth waters, strewn over with the stripped and shattered trees borne down by the freshet of the Alabama, and landed. I went with a porter as a guide about the town, and was forced to ask as a favour a bed-room at the top of the house, and glad to house myself here to wash and dress.

March 4th.—Acted Hamlet. I thought I never acted the first scene with the Ghost so well; the audience this night was very numerous. Persons going away in some of the steamboats had prevailed on the masters to delay their start till midnight in order to visit the theatre. Many *rowdy* people were there, women of the town—in short it was an audience attracted by sheer curiosity. Perhaps I was not up to my mark, although I strove very resolutely.

March 5th.—Richelieu. *6th.*—Virginius. *7th.*—Richelieu. *8th.*—Werner.

March 9th.—Anzé proposed to take me a drive in the environs of the city. Called on Magee, whom I saw. Found Anzé at the door of my hotel—accompanied him in his buggy through the city, along the direction of the shore of the bay, by pretty suburban houses, into woods in all the wild and picturesque confusion of self-creation and renewal. The boxes, as they are called, of the dwellers near the city are very neat, and the hedge of the Cherokee rose—like our common wild white rose—most luxuriantly in bloom over a fence of neat lattice work, presented a very neat outwork to a very neat residence. The woods and the views of the bay were most beautiful—the magnolia. Dined with Mr. Graciè—liked his wife—met Dr. Nott, Fisher, Ball, Castellan, Anzé, Ogden, &c. A very agreeable day.

My drive to-day among some very pretty suburban villas with their many flowers and richly blossoming peach-trees, oranges in blossom, fig, and various ornamental shrubs, was very lovely. The air was quite delicious; we came frequently close to the water side, looking from a low cliff over this extensive bay, with its shoals, its masses of rude timber, its distant shores, and passing through clearings and wood of lofty pines till we reached the Magnolia Grove—so called from the trees which chiefly form its shade. The shrubs were very beautiful, and flowers. I gathered some violets for Catherine—not quite so deeply blue as our own sweet flower, and with no perfume.

March 11th.—Macbeth. *12th.*—William Tell. *13th.*—Othello. *14th.*—Werner. *15th.*—Richelieu.

March 16th.—Started with a fresh breeze against us for New Orleans; liked everything in Mobile except the hotel and theatre; glad to go forward, as beginning my return to dear, dear home. Walked the upper deck till wearied, looking at the woods or the shores, the drifting timber scattered over the bay, the fleet of merchantmen riding in the outer bay, the islands, and the gorgeous sunset.

New Orleans, March 18th.—Acted King Lear.

March 19th.—Acted 'The Stranger.' Leaving the theatre, was

attracted by the blaze of a very great fire in Royal Street. I had heard the tocsin during the last scene of the play. Went to it and watched the terrific and sublime spectacle for upwards of an hour; the flames rose in upward torrents of fire, and at times there was an atmosphere of sparks. I saw two houses fall in with tremendous crashes, and came away as the fire seemed to yield to the efforts of the firemen.

March 20th.—Benedick.

——— 21*st.*—Acted Shylock very fairly. At supper took a gin mint-julep by way of experiment: the most deliciously cunning compound that ever I tasted; nectar could not stand before it; Jupiter would have hob-nobbed in it.

March 28th.—Called on Mr. R———. To my surprise and amusement found that his wife, of whom he had taken leave on board ship last night embarked for France, was at home; had returned; could not bear to leave her friends; lost heart at the last minute. I think I should scarcely have welcomed back any woman who had cost me all the pain to part with her and then returned—so much good grief all thrown away!

On the Mississippi, April 2nd.—In the evening two brightly reflected lights stretching far on the horizon, with smoke before them, were pointed out to us as the prairies on fire. The foliage yesterday and to-day had been beautifully enriched by the red or dark pink blossom, covering the tree like the peach, of the Arbor-Judas, or red-bud; these, often side by side with the snowny blossom that powdered the dog-wood tree, diversified by colour and form the lofty and leafless cotton-wood. The voyage of the Mississippi most beautiful.

St. Louis, April 6th.—Rose in good time. Mr. Franciscus and the carriage were ready, and we started for the Ferry; drove into the boat, crossed the Mississippi, and drove out upon the other floating pier without alighting. Our road lay through Illinois Town, a small place through which a little creek, crossed by a good wooden bridge, runs; we went over it and along the high causeway built for winter or wet travel, when the soil of the country admits your carriage to the nave of the wheel, or deeper. Our road lay along a country that was fatness itself, the ground oozing out richness, black loam that might be scratched to give a crop; we passed several of those Indian mounds, and reached some lakes where to my great delight I saw the habitations of the beaver at distances from each other in the middle of the water. Our way for many miles was tame, till we reached some much larger mounds, and standing in great numbers on the plain. I cannot guess if they were forts or tombs, one seems for one purpose, another for the other. We passed through some low woods before, and now we reached some high and well-wooded hills, where woodpeckers, the beautiful turtle-dove, the blue bird, and others were numerous on the wing. We met numerous families, with their wagons and oxen, carrying their substance to some other State. I cannot understand

this. We passed through Collinsville, where there are three churches, built by an old lady to whom the place belongs, and who will not allow any one to live there who drinks or keeps fermented liquors. Stopped at a *public*, kept by Clark, an English sailor, with a pretty wife, five children, nice house, garden, farm, barns, in house, &c. We dined (!), then passed through Troy and Marcia Town; saw the stretch of the prairie; plovers, prairie hen-partridges in abundance. Reached Colonel Madge's cottage; was hospitably received and entertained. Saw the prairies on fire in three places; it was beautiful.

April 7th.—We drove out about a mile and a half on the prairie, which, in its bare winter garb, reminds me very much of Salisbury Plain. I can fancy the sublime sort of awe that any one must feel in being twenty miles deep on such a wild, and it is in its extent that its grandeur consists; its beauty is in the flowers of all hues with which it is so gorgeously carpeted in the summer season. The soil is rich to rankness.

April 9th.—Acted Hamlet. 10*th.*—Richelieu. 11*th.*—Virginius.

April 12th.—Was gratified in my walk with the sight of the lilac in full bloom, and in some little gardens, tulips, narcissus. It is not only the sweet feeling which the beauty of flowers always imparts to me, a tranquil feeling of delight in their beauty of colour, form, and perfume, but they are associated in my mind with home, with dear England, and soothe me with their influence.

April 13th.—Rose very early, and coaxed the coloured waiter to give us breakfast, on which we set out in the carriage from Alton, bidding farewell to our very civil and good-natured host, and pursuing our way on a most lovely morning through the little town, through woods in all the variety of vernal beauty, passing the wreck of another railway, another monster monument of the headlong and precipitate speculation of this reckless people. We held the river occasionally in view, and then the thick woods would shut us from its sight.

April 15th.—Iago. 16*th.*—Shylock.

—— 17*th.*—To my great satisfaction I received a large pair of buffalo horns, and a grand pair of elk horns from a Mr. Whatton. Rested. Acted Macbeth really well, too well for St Louis, though the audience were much more decorous, attentive, and appreciative than I have heretofore found them. I suppose they begin to understand me. Was called for, and bowed.

April 19th.—Went on board the *West Wind*. Saw on board two of the Scolefields of Birmingham, whom I was really delighted to meet. We went on our watery way, the river varying its form, the banks as constantly changing from bluff or wooded hill to low brake or wood, or wooded highland with rocks—most interesting.

April 21st.—Went up on deck in the early morning, and enjoyed the air, the river, and the exercise very much. Began 'Samson Agonistes.' Read some interesting passages in the 'History of

the Church,' a book I must endeavour to read carefully through. Talked with a gentleman from Iowa, who had been giving a fearful account of the wild and lawless condition of that territory when it was first put into a state for territorial jurisdiction.

Louisville, April 22nd.—Went into Louisville. Passed court-house, gaol, markets, &c. Very spacious streets, good shops, an appearance of wealth and comfort, well-dressed people, &c.

Attracted constantly by the beauty of either shore of Kentucky or Indiana, which now showed more continuous cultivation, better farms, and houses, &c., of more pretension; the leaf-clad hills wore every variety of form, and the rocks peeping out or showing large fronts from amidst them were always picturesque—it was a chain of lakes.

Cincinnati, April 23rd.—After a sleepless night, the first light showed me the buildings, &c., of Cincinnati. The bell rang at a quarter to five, when I rose, dressed, &c., and despatched Thompson to inquire about my hotel.

Looked at 'Hamlet,' and went to rehearsal; took pains, but the weather was very hot.

Acted Hamlet, I think, very fairly. Came home to hotel very much worn and exhausted, and almost dying for some tea, which for nearly an hour I could not get.

April 24th.—Richlieu. *25th.*—Werner. *26th.*—Shylock. *27th.*—Macbeth.

April 28th.—A young man, whom I do not know, I think the landlord's son, came up and, throwing his arm round my neck, asked me if I knew Colonel Taylor. I said, "No." "That is he behind you, he has been looking for you, shall I introduce you?" "If you please." He did so, and I remained in conversation with Colonel Taylor till Mr. Forster came to accompany me in my drive through the city. It is on the bend of the river, built over by streets at right angles, numbered and named chiefly from trees; the streets are wide, planted generally with trees along the foot-paths, with many small plots of ornamented ground.

April 30th.—Forster called as I was dressing. I was very unwell, have suffered much. Acted Virginius very feebly to a very poor house; suffering from debility. Was called, went on, and bowed.

My southern and western tour is ended; thank God for all it has given me! I feel however overwrought.

May 1st.—Dear memorandum of England, this sweet day of spring, bringing with it thoughts of home, and much that is sweet and dear! Felt much better.

Pittsburg, May 5th.—Was much amused by Mr. Ryder's report of the observation of a resident to him, that the "citizens of Pittsburg were very much dissatisfied with Mr. Macready for not staying to perform there." Ryder observed that I had an engagement, &c.

Harrisburg, May 6th.—We dined at McConnell's Town, a very

well-built, happy-looking little town. Our weary journey jolted us on at four and a half miles an hour through the night up to eleven o'clock, when we reached Chambersburg batteries, bruised and rheumatic. Lived out two hours there, and then embarked on the railway. Oh, what a relief to Harrisburg!

May 7th.—Awoke to look upon this very pretty capital of Pennsylvania, situated on the Susquehanna.

The country from Harrisburg to Philadelphia through Lancaster is one rich tract of the highest cultivation, comfort, industry, economy, and wealth in the farms and gardens and orchards that cover the country. At the Schuylkill the views are most beautiful, perfectly charming. Reached Philadelphia, took railway, travelled rapidly to New York.

New York, May 8th.—Wrote to Miss C. Cushman, as I had promised Simpson, wishing her to play here during my engagement.

Received my dear letters from home; all well there. Thank God. Letter inclosed from dear Lydia to Letitia, answering their letters upon what struck down my heart, the news of poor dear Jonathan's death. We talk of patience under these visitations, but none can truly investigate his feelings and say he does not repine, when those of virtue and high character, whom he loves, are for ever lost to him. "He stood by me like my youth." I should have been satisfied to have seen any one of my boys (God bless them!) like him. He was a noble creature, dear, dear youth!

May 13th.—Acted Hamlet, I think, very well indeed; the audience were deeply attentive, and much more fervent than I remember them to have been; was called for and well received.

Came home and no tea, "no nothing."

May 16th.—Mr. Gould, author of 'Ludovico Sforza,' called and sat some time. I restored him his manuscript.

May 27th.—We are the chief attraction, I may say the only one, in New York at present. Reproved the Birnam Wood messenger very sharply; he deserved it. Spoke to Miss ——, who, it seems, laughed in the Banquet scene; my object in speaking to her, desiring her to call here, was to prevent the recurrence of such inconveniences as I had encountered; but she promised to *behave* for the future.

May 30th.—Acted Hamlet; the latter part, *i.e.*, after the first act, in a really splendid style. I felt myself the man. Called for and well received. The house good. 'Hamlet' has brought me more money than any play in America.

June 1st.—Calling for Colden, we walked up to Ruggles', where we met Mrs. R., his son and daughter, a very pretty girl, Judge Kent, Sedgwick, Prescott Hall, Griffin, Hamilton, Inman, &c., at a very elegant breakfast, which passed off in most lively and pleasant conversation.

June 3rd.—'Bridal.'

—— *6th.*—*At Albany.*

—— *18th.*—*Saratoga.*

June 19*th.*—*Utica.*

——21*st.*—*Auburn.*

Buffalo, June 24*th.*—Wedding-day. Rehearsed Hamlet. Dined and had a "plum-pudding." Drank a bumper of champagne to my dear wife. Rested. Acted to a bad house. Oh, Buffalo!

June 26*th.*—Richelieu. *June* 27*th.*—Macbeth. *June* 28*th.*—Werner.

Montreal, July 6*th.*—Looked at the papers for English news; saw flattering notices of myself. Read the death of Thomas Campbell. "How dumb the tuneful!" He outlived his acceptability, and was latterly intolerable in society; but what a charming poet! *Eheu!*

July 17*th.*—Acted Hamlet.

Lay on my sofa at the hotel, ruminating upon the play of 'Hamlet:' upon the divine spirit which God lent to that man, Shakespeare, to create such intellectual realities, full of beauty and of power, inheriting the ordinary wickednesses of humanity, the means of attracting so strongly the affections and wonder of men! It seems to me as if only now, at fifty-one years of age, I thoroughly see and appreciate the artistic power of Shakespeare in this great human phenomenon; nor do any of the critics, Goethe, Schlegel, Coleridge, present to me in their elaborate remarks the exquisite artistical effects which I see in this work, as long meditation, like long straining after sight, gives the minutest portion of its excellence to my view.

July 19*th.*—Richelieu. 22*nd.*—Werner. 24*th.*—Macbeth.

Philadelphia, September 8*th.*—Read in Wordsworth as reading exercise. I feel my voice growing more and more inflexible; the tones which I used to like to listen to I cannot now evoke, alas! Read in 'Hamlet.'

September 9*th.*—Hamlet. 11*th.*—'Stranger.' 12*th.*—Shylock. 14*th.*—'Stranger.'

New York, September 16*th.*—Hamlet. 19*th.*—Werner. 20*th.*—Richelieu. 23*rd.*—'Bridal.' 24*th.*—Othello.

September 25*th.*—The anniversary of my opening the Park Theatre, New York, since when I find myself, with all my expenses paid, about £5,500 bettered in pecuniary circumstances, for which I gratefully, devoutly, and earnestly thank God.

September 26*th.*—'Stranger.' 27*th.*—Lear.

Boston, October 2*nd.*—Hamlet. 7*th.*—Richelieu. 9*th.*—'Stranger.' 10*th.*—Shylock. 11*th.*—'Bridal.' 14*th.*—Macbeth.

London, November 9*th.*—Mitchell and Serle called, and after showing him the danger of announcing the English performance at Paris before Miss Cushman's and Mr. Ryder's arrival, I consented to open, if they arrived in time, on the 2nd of December. It was settled that my plays should be produced in the following order, which I marked at the time in pocket-book: 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Virginius,' 'Macbeth,' 'Werner,' 'King Lear,' and perhaps 'Merchant of Venice.' God grant us success!

November 12*th.*—Read the little story of 'Grace and Clara' to my darling children. Calculated and pondered well my journey to Paris, and upon mature reflection and consideration of dear Catherine's state of health, and of Katie's constitution, resolved on going post to Paris.

Paris, December 15*th.*—Went with Catherine and Willie to breakfast with De Fresne; met there Regnier, an intelligent actor of the Français, a M. B. Fontaine, the architect of the palace, Jules Janin, several others, and Miss H. Faucit, Miss Wilkes, and Mr. Farren.

December 16*th.*—Acted Othello with great care, often with much reality; but I could not feel the sympathy of the audience: they were fashionable, and from the construction of the theatre,* not within the reach of my *electric contact*, to coin an expression; the shocking delay between the acts was another cause for a certain heaviness I felt to pervade the evening. I was not satisfied with the issue, uneasy and restless in mind. From Alexandre Dumas, Regnier, Vattel, &c., came "*faire leurs compliments*," but I was not assured.

December 18*th.*—Looked at the papers, and was most gratified by a very cordial notice of 'Othello' in *Galignani*. Received a most fervent congratulation from Eugène Sue. Went to the theatre to see to some matters left unsettled in yesterday's rehearsal. Spoke very strongly to Mitchell about our future plays, insisting on the proper attention of the servants, &c. Rested and thought much of Hamlet.

Acted Hamlet fairly, though somewhat disturbed by the inefficiency of persons and things about me. Called for. The play over a few minutes before twelve.

Did not sleep two hours of the whole night, my excitement was so strong; painful dreams when I did sleep.

December 20*th.*—Othello.

——— 23*rd.*—Acted Virginius with much energy and power to a very excited audience. I was loudly called for at the end of the fourth act; but could not or would not make so absurd and empirical a sacrifice of the dignity of my poor art. Was called for and very enthusiastically received at the end of the play. De Fresne came into my room and detained Catherine and myself in long conversation.

December 27*th.*—Acted Virginius with some force; the audience were deeply interested, but not so tumultuous in their applause as on Monday. Called for and received with fervour.

December 28*th.*—Dined with De Fresne; met at dinner le Marquis de Pastoret, guardian of the Comte de Chambord (Henry V.), Paul de la Roche, the great artist. In the evening, Regnier, Bertin† and family, a son of Talma, &c.

* This series of English performances took place in the Salle Ventadour, the theatre usually devoted to Italian Opera.—Ed.

† M. Bertin was editor and proprietor of the *Journal des Debats*.—Ed.

1845.

Paris, January 1st.—Werner.

January 3rd.—Received a note from Eugène Sue, proposing that we should go to the Théâtre Français to-morrow night, being the first representation of a new play by a friend of his. I answered, assenting to his wish. Acted Hamlet.

January 4th.—Dined with Eugène Sue, his *collaborateur*, and another friend, a very agreeable man. Went to the Théâtre Français; saw a play called 'Guerrero,' a Mexican subject. Madlle. Plessis was sometimes graceful, but not quite concentrated enough in her passion. M. Beauvalet was melodramatic in his style, strong, but sometimes beyond the modesty of nature. Eugène Sue left me to make his compliments to the author.

January 5th.—I called on De Fresne, who accompanied me to De la Roche, who received me most kindly, and in whose studio I saw two beautiful pictures, one of great power of colour, a Roman Beggar Family, like the strongest of Murillo; the other, in delicacy, sentiment, and harmony most exquisite, a Virgin and Sleeping Child, Joseph in the remote distance: it was a poem, and bought by Lord Hertford.

The Ecole des Beaux-Arts, a building and institution to shame the British Government and people. Saw De la Roche's picture in oil on the circular wall of the theatre, and the copy of the 'Last Judgment.' Thence to an old gentleman of ninety years of age, intimate with Garrick, Le Kain, &c. He was very interesting, but I do not wish for such a life.

January 6th.—Acted Macbeth, in my opinion, better than I have ever done before. The house was deeply attentive and interested, but did not give the quantity of applause which such a performance would have elicited in England. Was called for. Regnier, De Fresne, and Mitchell came into my room.

January 7th.—Called on Scheffer and saw his pictures; the two from Faust, the 'Seduction Scene' and the 'Sabbat,' were full of beauty; the 'St. Augustine and his Mother' most characterstic; a sketch of the Dead Christ and Marys, quite touching. A note from Mitchell informing me that the Minister refused us permission to act beyond Monday night.

January 8th.—Acted Macbeth with effort, not so well as Monday, but I think with power and discrimination. The audience applauded Miss Faucit's sleeping scene much more than anything else in the whole play.

January 10th.—Macbeth.

——— *12th.*—Dined with Mr. Rowland Errington; met Lady Wellesley, Baring, Lord and Lady Kinnoul, Miss McTavish, Howard, &c. Liked very much Mr. and Mrs. Errington; a very pleasant evening.

January 13th.—Acted Hamlet for the most part extremely well; the audience were interested and attentive, but not so excitable as usual. Bouffé came into my room with Mitchell, "pour faire ses compliments."

January 14th.—Chapman called on business; he told us that our receipts had exceeded those of any theatre in Paris! Called on De Fresne and M. Perrez with Catherine. What things he told and read to me of '*Egalité*,' and what treason on treason of Talleyrand! One most amusing and interesting anecdote of Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia. Showed me Talleyrand's letter, autograph, urging the execution of D'Enghien. In the evening cut and arranged 'Hamlet' for the Palace.

January 15th.—Spoke to Mitchell, who gave me a letter from George Sand, most eloquent and elegant. Called with Catherine on De Fresne. We went together to M. Pourtales, and saw his pictures and his gems.

January 16th.—I drove to the Tuileries. We inquired for the *concierge*, M. Lecomte, and having found his bureau and presented the order from Mr. Lambert (which Mitchell had brought me with a box for Catherine, admitting two persons), M. Lecomte conducted us to the second door *en face*. By this we entered, and passing through the lobbies and galleries, came upon the front boxes of the theatre. It was most elegant: much larger than I had anticipated from my recollection of Fontainebleau and some theatres in the Italian palaces; but it was such a theatre as befitted the palace of the king of a great nation. I went upon the stage, which was fitted up exactly as at the Ventadour, even to the round trap for the Ghost's descent. With much difficulty, after being led where I could not follow, I obtained a room at a moderate height from the stage, and having secured the entrance of my servant and self, on which point there was great jealousy, I returned to my hotel. I thought much on what I had to go through, being quite aware that there could be little or no applause, and fixedly making up my mind to occupy my thoughts alone with Hamlet—to be Hamlet, and think neither of King nor Court, nor anything but my personation. We reached my room, and I was tolerably accommodated. The play began, and I adhered to my purpose; had neither eyes nor thought for anything but the feelings and thoughts and demeanour of Hamlet. In my mind I never gave such a representation of the part, and without a hand of applause; but indeed there was an attempt in the first scene by some one who, I suppose, became sensible of his offence against decorum, and "back recoiled, he knew not why, even at the sound himself had made." In the fourth act, where I have nothing to do, I did cast a glance at the royal box; saw the white fuzz of the Queen's head, and the old King on the other side of the centre; the *salle* had altogether a very brilliant appearance: the pit was filled with military. After the play one of the King's *suite*, in court uniform, waited on me, and with expressions of His Majesty's pleasure, &c.,

presented me with a long packet or parcel. I hastily dressed. Mitchell just spoke to me. Miss H. Faucit, as I passed her, said, "Such a pretty bracelet!" I hurried home to Catherine, told her all the news, and looked at the poniard * sent by the King.

January 17th.—Henry IV.

——— 18*th.*—Went to the Opera Comique, and saw the stage, &c., which was arranged for the scene of 'King Henry IV.' M. Henri, the *sous-regisseur*, was very civil in doing the honours of his establishment.

When on the stage and prepared to begin, a person came forward and introduced me to the manager of the theatre. The curtain drew up, and the audience were deeply attentive. One person tried at the commencement to disturb the performance by mimicking my voice, but it was put down instantly, and the act of 'King Henry IV.' was listened to with the deepest attention. Whilst I was undressing the Committee of the Authors, &c., requested to see me, and entering, presented me with a letter and (as I afterwards found) a gold medal inscribed to me! I thanked them, &c. M. Halévy was the principal.†

January 19th.—Called on M. Leduc, who was in bed from an accident; he gave me a very cordial reception; told me of the unanimity of the enthusiasm of the literary men in Paris on my acting; gave me George Sand's address, quite the *entente cordiale*. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Errington; on George Sand.

Went with De Fresne to call on Victor Hugo, in the Place Royale; the storm obliged our driver to drive the carriage under the colon-

* The poniard given by Louis Philippe to Macready was bequeathed by him to his daughter Benvenuta—Mrs. Horsford.—Ed.

† This performance was given at the request of the Committee of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Authors, for the benefit of their fund. The letter of thanks was as follows:

"*Paris, le* 18 *janvier* 1845.

"Monsieur,—La Commission de la Société des Auteurs Dramatiques Français a besoin, avant votre départ pour l'Angleterre, de vous renouveler ses remerciements. L'appui, tout puissant, que vous venez de prêter à sa caisse de secours n'a pu augmenter sans doute l'admiration que tout Paris professe pour votre grand talent; mais il a doublé l'estime que l'on doit à votre noble et généreux caractère.

"Permettez-nous, monsieur, de vous offrir, comme un témoignage de cette haute estime, la médaille d'or que nous venons de faire frapper à votre nom. Elle vous rappellera quelquefois ce que vous avez fait pour des infortunes honorables, la reconnaissance que nous en conservons, et les liens indissolubles qui existent désormais entre les artistes Anglais et Français.

"Agréez, monsieur, la nouvelle assurance de notre haute considération.

"(Signé)	Eugène Scribe.	Victor Hugo.	Étienne.
	Mélesville.	Dalton.	(*Président.*
	(*Vice-Président.*)	F. Halévy.	Viennet.
			(*Vice-Président.*)

"A M. Macready, artiste dramatique."

nade. The house, old and cold, was quite a poet's mansion. The *salon*, hung round and ceilinged with tapestry, had large pictures; it had a gloomy air, though not dark, and looked like a poet's room. Victor Hugo received me very cordially, and was most earnest in his expressions of admiration and respect to me. I talked with several there, and had a circle of the young men around me. I saw his daughter, who was pretty. He accompanied me to the door when we left, and was most cordial in his *adieux* to me.

January 20th.—Called with Sumner on George Sand; saw her son and daughter, a sweet, interesting girl; talked much of Shakespeare and of England; I liked her very much. She said she would come to England, if I would act in London, though she disliked the country so much. Purchased a *pendule* for my study. Went to Mrs. Austin's early in the evening. Mr. Austin was in the room when I entered, but, after salutation, retired, and I saw him no more. M. Barbier was present, and he read part of his translation of 'Julius Cæsar' into French prose. Left them to go to the Ambassador's. The people were so crammed in the reception-room that I could not approach Lady Cowley, but almost immediately the crowd began to move into the theatre, fitted up in the ball-room of the hotel or palace; our way was through a deliciously cool gallery lined with exotics—it might have been a conservatory, but I do not distinctly recollect. I got a very good seat; the ladies occupied the front benches. I sat near Broadwood and Errington, who introduced me to Lawrence Peel's son; Galignani was also near me. The theatre was very prettily arranged, and some of the beauty and plenty of the pride of the English aristocracy was collected in it. The prologue, written by Lady Dufferin, and spoken by Charles Sheridan and Greville, was very smart. The scandal scene, first scene of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and the screen scene of the 'School for Scandal' was the play; 'The Merry Monarch' was the farce. To me it was all amusing. The star of the night, and really one to shine on any stage, was Miss McTavish, in Mary. I did not think her very pretty when I met her at dinner at Errington's, but her acting was naïve, sprightly, arch, simple, and beautiful. Saw Mrs. Errington after the play; saw Palgrave Simpson; also Lord Cowley, to whom I was presented by Mrs. Errington; talked some time with me, complimented me upon my success in Paris, &c.

January 21st.—Called on De Fresne, and, although with very great reluctance, in compliance with his particular wish, accompanied him to the Conservatoire. Heard the pupils of Sanson go through their course of theatrical instruction. It is an institution of the Government to train pupils, who are elected to the school for the stage. I was interested, and saw the inefficacy of the system clearly; it was teaching *conventionalism*—it was perpetuating the mannerism of the French stage, which is all mannerism Genius would be cramped, if not maimed and distorted, by such

a course. Saw Halévy there, but could only exchange a few words with him, as I was in haste to return.

London, January 29th.—A Mr. ——, a barrister, called on the subject of some dramas of about 3,600 lines each, which he had made, and put into Longman's hands, upon the reigns of the Plantagenets, joining with it a history of the Church; I backed out as courteously as I could.

Newcastle, February 17th.—Acted Hamlet, I think, for the most part well, and to the satisfaction and with the interest of the audience. Certainly my performance of Hamlet is a very different thing from what it used to be, it is full of meaning. Called for and well received. In the first scene of the play, when I turned to ask Horatio again, "What, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?" I had, without any pain or uncomfortable sensation, a sort of swimming in the head that made me feel as if about to fall. I was at last, for it endured some time, obliged to rest on Horatio's arm; it passed off, but I felt it for some time. Is this a warning? Well, all in God's good time! God bless my children, and His will be done!

February 18th.—Went to rehearsal. Oh, how I want some motive to keep up my excitement in this profession! To act before provincial galleries, with provincial companies, feeling how very few there are that do not look contemptuously on my calling—to feel this when the power of vindicating myself as something better is past; to see a bully like —— and a poor creature like —— held in honour! O God, what is this world for?

February 19th.—Acted Virginius very fairly, thanks to my light dinner. Called for. Everything here makes me reflect. I see a life gone in an unworthy, an unrequiting pursuit. Great energy, great power of mind, ambition, and activity that, with direction, might have done anything, now made into a player!

February 26th.—Made an extract of some lines upon 'Richard II.,' and an autograph for Margaret E——. That play lives in her mind, so does it in mine, when I, the first who ever acted it since the time of Shakespeare, produced it here. She was a girl then, and I not more than a boy, with no power to see the course before me, no hand to point it out, no mind to direct me—my talent, energy, and youthful activity a mere trading property in the hands of a sordid possessor. Alas! Alas!

Acted Shylock very unsatisfactorily, sometimes feebly; but the whole play was so bad, I am not able to tell how much of the dulness is chargeable to me. Still I was not good.

March 3rd.—On this day I enter on my fifty-third year.

Sheffield, March 5th.—Acted Hamlet pretty well, taking the company, &c., into account. Called for. What a farce has this absurd usage now become!

March 6th.—Richelieu. *7th.*—Othello.

—— *8th.*—Saw a Mr. Brownell, who, under the remembered name of *Fenton*, had been a player in my father's theatres when I

first came on public life. He is now eighty, looking really more healthy than he did thirty-five years ago; he spoke of his son, now a player in Australia. I was glad to see the old man. Went to St. Paul's Church; inquiring at the sexton's house, the woman said when I told her I wanted to go into the church, "Mr. Macready, is it not?" I told her "Yes," and she would go with me. She told me the letters on my blessed mother's slab wanted deepening, which I expected, and went to speak about. I stood over her remains, and the lines that record her age and death. My heart has ever, ever loved her; had she lived, my fate might have been different. How well do I remember her, in life, in joy, in sorrow, and in her maternal love; and in death, so sweet and placid—how well do I recollect kissing that marble forehead as she lay in her serene ethereal sleep! O God, bless her beloved spirit!

March 10th.—Some grave and melancholy thoughts occupied my mind in thinking of the deep grief that several, indeed all the elder, of my beloved children will feel in my death, from seeing the servants of the adjoining house gathering flowers and sprigs from the garden, evidently to strew the corpse of their master, which is to be buried to-day. I know what my wife and sister will feel if they should survive me, but my children's will be a long sorrow, and they have a life to begin. God bless and protect them!

Went to town in cab; rehearsed. Mr. Sloan, manager of the Queen's Theatre in Manchester, came to speak to me; he was urgent that I should play with him, and agreed to my terms, viz., to insure my moiety of each house, £50 at least, for eleven nights. I could not refuse this offer, but said I would write my answer. I do not wish him to make a sacrifice. Letter from Calcraft, wanting me for Dublin.

Acted Macbeth with great pains, and as well as I could against such dreadful accompaniments.

March 11th.—Shylock. *12th.*—Virginius.

March 14th.—Walked into town, quite luxuriating in the sharp fine morning. Went to the sexton of the church, and with him to my blessed mother's grave; he had done much more than half of the inscription, and rendered the letters sharp, deep, and clear; he promised to try to finish it before the afternoon. Found Mr. Hall at the theatre, who accompanied me to Hatton's, where I saw the interesting process of electric and magnetic plating, the voltaic battery and the magnetic. Where are the wonders of science to cease? Saw the cutting of forks, spoons, &c. Returned to theatre. Mr. Hall gave me a pair of scissors for Catherine. Rehearsed.

Called at the church again, and saw Beckett, the sexton; he had nearly finished the inscription on my beloved mother's grave. My heart blessed her, and prayed to God for support and comfort in taking my leave of her. Walked home.

Read over, despite of slumber, my part of Brutus; dined very moderately. Acted. Spoke with Mr. Roberts on the business of money, he remitting £150 for me to Ransom's. Seeing the snow

falling heavily as I went to the theatre, I said, "How can one help being superstitious? for whenever I have anticipated my money the house has been bad." I anticipated to-night: the house was good. We should work, and leave the event contentedly to Providence.

London, March 16th.—Heard the news of poor dear old Miss Linwood's death, at a very advanced age; I had a very great respect and regard for her, dear old lady. She was very kind and attentive to my sisters after their leaving her school, and very cordial in her attentions to me.

March 22nd.—Called on Forster, with whom I met Willmott. Fox came in, and we had a long and regular discussion on the project of a new theatre. It was proposed and considered by all, as looking like a feasible arrangement, to build one by means of a Joint Stock Company. Willmott was commissioned to make inquiries about the ground in Leicester Square, and obtain particulars.

Manchester, March 25th.—Acted Cardinal Richelieu, I think, very well. Called for; but this becomes really nonsense. Read the newspaper. Examined my prospects. I now see that, as I cannot go to Dublin at the other part of the year, it is of importance that I should have an engagement in London, for means.

March 26th.—Acted Othello, really striving, labouring to act it well; partially, I think I succeeded; but the labour is very great when I turn to think that, with my rehearsals, which to me are careful, watchful, and fatiguing businesses, and dressing and acting, &c., I employ at least nine hours a day in the theatre in labour, to say nothing of my writing, reading, and thinking on my business elsewhere. My money is not got without some equivalent of toil. Thank God that I can work for it! Called for, but the audience seemed to me cold and difficult to excite, very different from those who used to assemble in the old theatre—it may be raised prices depress their spirits.

March 27th.—Acted Werner very fairly. Called for (trash!). Spoke in gentle rebuke and kind expostulation to Mr. G. V. Brooke.

March 28th.—Was kept long awake last night in thinking on what the thoughts, sensations, and actions of the convict Tawell must be during such a night. What a lottery is this world, and what a miserable race of beings are crawling over it? What is our mission here?

My uncertainty as to my future means will not allow me to be happy. I ought—I ought to be—a man of good fortune now, and what am I? What would illness make me, or any reverse? O God, befriend and support me!

Acted The Stranger but indifferently. It was a great mistake of the manager to perform it, but he was resolute upon it.

March 31st.—Acted Macbeth with labour, and with much annoyance from the inefficiency of my *collaborateurs*. Called for—a custom which is no longer a compliment.

April 1st.—Richelieu. *2nd.*—Virginius.

April 3rd.—Called at Messrs. Irwin and Chester's, architects of the new theatre, and from their office to the theatre, where I found Mr. Chester, a very courteous, obliging, intelligent man, who showed me the plans, and went with me into the building. It interested me very much; in reference to our hope of something similar in London.

April 4th.—Brutus. *5th.*—Shylock.

Manchester to Carlisle, April 6th.—At a very early hour reached the railway station, and sat to await the mail train for Lancaster; found Mr. Ryder in the carriage. Breakfasted at Lancaster, and just got a view of the Castle, which I always look at with a peculiarly painful interest, as the place of my unlucky father's confinement (for debt), when the cares of life were first devolved on me. Left by mail coach with three other inside passengers, one of whom in the course of conversation asked if he was not in company of Mr. Macready, and learning that it was so, was very complimentary in his expressions of satisfaction. On my neighbour awaking he introduced my name to him, and he very cordially declared himself an acquaintance of my father. We chatted through the morning, and on reaching Carlisle and separating, he gave me his card: the Lord Provost of Glasgow. On reaching the Coffee-house hotel, Daly, the manager, called, and I settled with him my visit to this place, to Whitehaven, &c. Wrote a letter to my dear Catherine, and spent a drowsy afternoon, after arranging my accounts, &c. Went early to bed.

Glasgow, April 9th.—Othello. *10th.*—Werner. *12th.*—Richelieu.

April 14th.—Acted Macbeth as well as I could, with the drawbacks of very bad assistants. Called for and well received. My old school-fellow, Monteith, of Closeburn, Dumfries, came into my room and sat with me a little time. I was so glad to see him, to call back the days of boyhood again.

April 15th.—Virginius.

—— *17th.*—Inclosed Mr. Milnes' letter to Mr. R. Monteith, of Carstairs, which now I have no prospect of delivering. Wrote to my beloved sister Letitia, of whose health I have great fear. God spare and bless her! Wrote to Catherine, inclosing a cheque for week's expenses. Mr. Ryder called and gave me the news from Edinburgh, where he believes there is a very considerable desire to see me.

April 18th.—Hamlet.

—— *19th.*—Still weary; indeed almost worn out. A petition from Mr. Reynoldson, a man I never saw in my life; but it is usual to make applications to me, I am so *rich!* God help me! I might be, had I retained all I have given, and I should be; but I do not say this in repentance of what I have given—not at all; only I could wish not to be annoyed now with importunity when really I cannot afford to give.

Saw Alison ('History of the French Revolution'). I liked him very much. He said several striking things. Acted Macbeth.

April 21*st.*—Richelieu.

Glasgow to Carlisle, April 22*nd.*—Rose in good time, though with abated spirits, to finish what remained of packing, and prepare for my departure. The result of this engagement has a "little dashed my spirits;" it is quite clear that I am never to look for the chance of great success. I must be content to realise the prospect, that my doubtful hope presents, of securing enough to retire with comfort to America, for I cannot, that is very plain, expect to live—if I live—in England. I am however most thankful, truly thankful, in my individual person, for myself; but these things keep alive my fears and distrust.

Obliged to stay all night in Carlisle. Read newspaper. Walked in the town, over the bridge, enjoying the heavy mass of shadow in which the old castle lay, the distant cathedral, the Eden, and the gorgeous red moon that rose in full red glory to the left like a lamp above the dusky city. Old times and old feelings—the times and feelings of youth—came back upon me.

Whitehaven, April 23*rd.*—Came away by coach to Whitehaven. I love the scenery of this country; the mountains and the sea are always to me full of delight. Reached Whitehaven. Mr. Daly met me, and gave me promise of a good house. Found at the inn, the Black Lion—an old-fashioned country inn—my letters from Catherine, Letitia, Forster, Miss Martineau.

Acted Hamlet with considerable pains, but the set around me were enough to paralyse inspiration.

April 24*th.*—Walked on the hill to the left of the town overlooking the harbour and the sea. There is an excitement in the town consequent on the expected arrival of a new steamboat, to welcome which numbers are crowding down to the outer pier. I enjoyed in quickened spirits the fresh air of the morning. What an excitable, susceptible, unhappy being I am! yet not disposed to be so, but I have made myself so. Mr. Daly brought me the return of last night. I gave the whole to him; he said it was too much, more than he had sacrificed. I gave it to him, I thought it right. Acted Shylock as well as I could to a very, very wretched house.

April 25*th.*—Richelieu.

Belfast, April 29*th.*—Werner. 30*th.*—Virginius. *May* 1*st.*—Richelieu. 2*nd.*—Macbeth.

Dumfries, May 5*th.*—Hamlet. 6*th.*—Shylock. 7*th.*—Richelieu.

Carlisle, May 8*th.*—A transit of Mercury over the sun. A transit of my unlucky self from Dumfries to Carlisle, from one miserably paying town to another!

Walked with Mr. Ryder round the Castle. Acted Shylock well to a very bad house, which vexed me a little. Very much tired. Read *Punch.* Shylock.

May 9*th.*—Richelieu.

London, May 14*th.*—Called for Colden; went to the Graphic Society. Met Unwin, Stone, Babbage, Brockedon, Scharf, G. Ward,

Knight, T. Landseer, &c. Went with Colden to Horace Twiss's. Saw Gurwoods, Sir E. B. Lytton, Miss Herries, Mrs. M. Gibson, Mrs. Kitchener, Planché, &c.

May 17*th.*—Went to Babbage's. Saw D. Colden and his friend Miss Herries, the younger, her cousin and her husband, Howarths, Mrs. M. Gibson, Harness, S. Jervis. A lady accosted me, and asked me after our mutual friend Dickens. I did not know her; returning home, it suddenly occurred to me it was Miss Coutts. She hoped "our acquaintance might not terminate here." Met Sir R. Comyn below, and Bulwer on the stairs.

May 24*th.*—The Delanes, the Chisholm, M. Regnier, Baroness Eichthal, Mrs. Jameson, Troughton, Maclise, and Etty dined with us.

May 26*th.*—Mr. Rogers, Emerson Tennent, Tennyson, D'Eyncourt, Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir John Wilson, Eastlake, Edwin Landseer, Monckton Milnes, Dr. Quin, and D. Colden came to dinner. In the evening several came: Fitzgeralds, the Chisholm, Mrs. Kitchener, Mrs. and Misses Stone, Staudigl, Miss M. Hawes, Baroness Eichthal, Babbage, Goldsmids, Procters, Troughton, Mrs. E. Tennent and Mulhollands, Howarths, Horace Twisses, Mrs. M. Gibson, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, Miss Rogers, Miss Moore, &c.

May 27*th.*—Colden came and went with Catherine and self to take up Regnier on our way to Greenwich; the streets were crowded with carriages and spectators attracted by the Queen's drawing-room. Went in carriage to Greenwich. From the Trafalgar Hotel went to the Hospital; showed M. Regnier the hall, chapel, wards; we then went into the park and enjoyed the view from the top of the hill. The Twisses, Fitzgeralds, Stanfield, and Forster came to dine with us. Reached home about twelve o'clock.

Birmingham, May 30*th.*—Hamlet.

Norwich, June 2*nd.*—Hamlet. 3*rd.*—Richelieu. 5*th.*—Macbeth.

Birmingham, June 9*th.*—Macbeth. 10*th.*—Richelieu. 11*th.*—Virginius. 12*th.*—Brutus. 13*th.*—Lear.

Worcester, June 16*th.*—Hamlet. 17*th.*—Shylock.

London, June 21*st.*—Went to Babbage's, saw Rogers, Brockedon, Lyell, Herries, Poole, E. Tennents, Procters, &c., Miss Coutts.

July 2*nd.*—Catherine and Willie both unwell. Catherine could not accompany me to the Twisses, where I dined and met Bingham Baring, Sir W. and Lady Molesworth, Pemberton Leigh, Lady Morgan, Lord Strangford, Lord Granville Somerset, and Baron Alderson. In the evening I saw the Misses Herries, Mrs. J. Delane, Mrs. Kitchener, the Chisholm, &c. Mrs. Abel, the Miss Balcombe of St. Helena, when Napoleon was there; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, &c.

July 3*rd.*—Brewster called to cut my hair; he told me the tradesmen could not get paid in London, for all the money was employed in railroads. Went to Lady Goldsmid's; saw the Brockedons, Hart, Sir R. Westmacott, Ayrton, Elliotson, Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, &c. The rooms were magnificent.

July 4*th.*—*London to Ross.*

July 5*th.*—Went to Monmouth in chaise. From Monmouth to The Hendre, where we were received by John Rolls, &c., Edward and his wife, and other guests. Walked in the garden.

July 7*th.*—Went to Monmouth. Saw the castle where Henry V. was born. Proceeded to Tintern. The drive along the banks of the Wye was beautiful. The river was unluckily discoloured by the *fresh* which the rains had brought down; but the hills, fields, and trees were beautiful. Passed the hill, on which is a maypole, where the custom is still preserved of dancing round it on the first of May. Went to the Wynd Cliff, and from the summit enjoyed one of the most extensive prospects in England.

July 10*th.*—Went in carriage to Monmouth with the whole party. Purchased tickets, called on Braham at the inn, saw him, now old Braham, little changed except in years; he was glad to see me. We talked, of course, of theatres, and he told me the price of the St. James's. I saw his sons. Went to his concert; heard him sing with all the energy of his maturity; a slight deficency observable in his enunciation, which is not always quite clear.

Colchester, *July* 14*th.*—Hamlet. 15*th.*—Richelieu.

Ipswich, *July* 16*th.*—Hamlet. 17*th.*—Richelieu.

London, *July* 30*th.*—Dined with Lord Lansdowne; met Mrs. Norton, Charles Buller, Mr. and Mrs. Milman, Bulwer Lytton, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, &c. The conversation turned much upon America, and I liked the people I met. I was glad that I went there. What luxury! what elegance! what wealth of art!

Eastborne, *August* 4*th.*—Walked on the beach with the boys, enjoying the fresh strong breeze and the playfulness of my dear little fellows. The morning was consumed with verses and Greek; and in lessons of Italian and French to Nina and Katie.

Walked out with Catherine to Sea House; purchased book for Willie; walked on to top of hill and down to Eastbourne. In the evening read with the children Wordsworth and Thomson. Read in Bloxam's 'Gothic Architecture.'

To St. Helier's, *August* 9*th.*—To F. Reynolds. 11*th.*—Macbeth.

August 12*th.*—Continued my reading of Pope, with the intention of preparing an edition for my dear children.

August 13*th.*—Othello.

——— 15*th.*—Acted Hamlet with ease, but I think I did not begin it with the requisite earnestness and reality, and that the earlier part was deficient in energy. In the play and closet scene I thought myself very successful; I used the night as one of study, and took great pains; but oh, what pains are not required to arrive at anything like a satisfactory performance of one of Shakespeare's characters!

Southampton, *August* 18*th.*—Hamlet.

Stamford, *August* 22*nd.*—Looked at subjects for a letter to Nina, and marked Pope. I never considered before how little he wrote to make so great a reputation, and how tender he was of it. Look at authors, and then revile the poor player—the insect of an hour

—for his unhappiness at the obscuration of his little fame! Acted Cardinal Richelieu indifferently; baffled, plagued, and put out by the people.

Peterborough, August 23*rd.*—Hamlet.

Yarmouth, August 25*th.*—Hamlet. 26*th.*—Richelieu. 28*th.*—Macbeth.

Norwich, August 29*th.*—Richelieu. 30*th.*—Werner.

London, September 1*st.*—Forster informed me that Messrs. Bradbury and Evans promised to print my expurgated Pope's works for me, but added that, if I would put a preface to it, they would publish it and Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden on the same plan, at their own risk, giving me a share of the profits. I was pleased with the idea.

Birmingham, September 5*th.*—'Stranger.'

Birmingham to Liverpool, September 6*th.*—Rose very early to get my bath and start from the railway at six o'clock, which I did, for Liverpool. On my way I read over attentively Bowdler's version of 'Othello,' with which I was (of course, having to do another) not satisfied—unnecessary omissions, and improper passages, I thought, continued: but I may be as wrong as I suppose him.

Liverpool, September 7*th.*—Finished the extraction of coarse passages and expressions from 'Othello,' and began the copy for the printers.

September 8*th.*—It has occurred to me, and is an idea that I am disposed to adopt as a theory, that it is sufficiently improbable to be spoken of in common parlance as an impossibility that any educated woman—or rather, I should say, any fashionably educated woman—any one brought up with an express view to figure in society—can ever become a great or good tragic actress. All they are taught for their own particular *rôle* goes to extinguish the materials out of which an actress is formed—acquaintance with *the passions*—the feelings common to all, and indulged and expressed with comparative freedom in a poorer condition of life, but subjugated, restrained, and concealed by high-bred persons.

September 9*th.*—Richelieu. 10*th.*—Macbeth. 11*th.*—Virginius. 12*th.*—Lear. 15*th.*—Macbeth. 16*th.*—Richelieu. 17*th.*—Lear.

September 18*th.*—Looked over—what I could not read—a play on Catiline. Surely he has paid the penalty of his conspiracy and all other offences in what he has endured from authors—Croly has dealt with him, &c.

Acted Brutus very unsatisfactorily; I really strove, was often, not always, self-possessed, but did not seem at all in possession of the audience. I thought that my own animation contrasted with the tameness of the Cassius, except in the quarrel scene, when he was very energetic; but the house did not seem to give me their sympathy.

September 19*th.*—Hamlet.

London, September 29*th.*—A newspaper from America, directed by Charles Sumner, which I joyfully opened; to be struck down

with anguish in reading at the head of a column "*Funeral of Mr. Justice Story.*" That great and good man—that dear and revered and inestimable friend—is taken from us! God's will be done! But how the cords that bind us to life are rapidly loosening—one is here snapped.

Wrote to Charles Sumner on dear Judge Story's death—*Vale! Amice dilecte et reverende—vale! vale!*

Leicester, September 30th.—Hamlet.

October 1st.—Called on Thomas and Colin Macaulay. Saw both, and old Mrs. M. They were glad to see me. Acted Cardinal Richelieu tolerably well; obliged to go on to the audience.

October 3rd.—Macbeth.

London, October 13th.—Acted Hamlet fairly, but my strength failed me, though not, I think, to be perceived, in the closet scene. The reception which the audience gave me was something quite of itself; the only instance to which it can be at all likened, though in a smaller theatre, was my last night at Drury Lane, which was *awful*. But this, both at the entrance and upon the call, was quite a thing by itself. Maddox came and thanked me.*

October 18th.—Dined with Horace Twiss; met Mrs. Milner Gibson, the Holmes, John Delanes, Fonblanque, Clayton, Mrs. Kitchener, the Chisholm. Spent a very agreeable day.

John Delane told me that during the last fortnight they had received at *The Times* office an average of about a dozen letters per diem relative to my return to London.

October 19th.—Forster came in to tea, and informed us that Bradbury and Evans, with Paxton, Duke of Devonshire's agent, and another capitalist, a Birmingham man, had agreed on starting a daily paper on a very large scale, and that Dickens was to be at the head of it. Forster was to have some share in it, and it was instantly to be got into train for starting. I heard the news with a sort of dismay, not feeling myself, nor seeing in others, the want of such a thing. I fear the means and chances have not been well enough considered. I hope and pray all may go well with and for them.

October 21st.—Fox, Dickens, Maclise, Stanfield, Douglas Jerrold, Forster, Mark Lemon, Z. Troughton, and Leech dined with us.

October 26th.—Forster came to dinner; he urged upon me giving permission to my family to see me act. I do not know; I have a feeling about their seeing me as a player. Perhaps I am wrong.

October 28th.—Brewster called about my wigs, &c. Murray called and expressed himself very anxious to make an engagement with me for Edinburgh; we made one, the first fortnight in March: terms, share nine nights after £20, divide equally the three best, twelve in all.

Read over again the play of 'The King of the Commons,' liked

* Macready was now engaged at the Princess's Theatre from this date to the 21st November, 1845.—ED.

it much on second perusal. Wrote at length to White* upon both. Heard the children read and play. Read 'Othello,' and looked over 'King Lear.'

November 15*th.*—Went to the amateur play at the St. James's Theatre. As an amateur performance it is exceedingly good; but this commendation is held of no account with the actors, and they desire to be judged on positive grounds. Judged therefore by the poet and by the art, by what the one affords the opportunity of being done, and what the other enables the actor to do, the performance would not be endured from ordinary, or rather regular actors by a paying audience. They seem to me to be under a perfect delusion as to their degrees of skill and power in this art, of which they do not know what may be called the very rudiments.

November 18*th.*—Called on Campbell, saw the Siddons statue. He wanted £500. I told him I could not say anything to that, but that I would be responsible for the £400, and if I could get him more I would. He was satisfied. Called on Holloway, and ordered a framed print of self for Calcraft. Went to Smith's for almanacs. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Chitty, on John Birch, on Lady Blessington; heard from the servant of Lady Canterbury's death. Sir G. and Miss Burgoyne called and sat a little while. White dined with us, and after dinner I went over the subject of his 'Feudal Times,' unsparingly laying open to him the defects of his plan, and discussing the subject thoroughly.

November 19*th.*—Lear.

——— 21*st.*—Acted Hamlet as well, or better, than I ever did. Was called for and enthusiastically received; and thus ends this brilliant engagement.

Dublin, November 24*th.*— Hamlet. 26*th.*— Othello. 27*th.*— Werner. 29*th.*—Lear. *December* 1*st.*—Macbeth. 2*nd.*—Hamlet.

December 3*rd.*—Acted Virginius, in my own opinion, remarkably well. The house was not good, as I had anticipated; the audience very unlike the old fervent tumultuous Dublin audience, but they were, I think, moved. I think I never acted the part so decidedly from strong instantaneous feeling. The thought of my own dear child was often present to me, and more than once the tears streamed down my cheeks. After the play sent for Mrs. Ternan, and asked to see her little gifted girl, who, I saw, was in the theatre—a very sweet child.

December 4*th.*—Lear. 6*th.*—Richelieu. 8*th.*—Virginius. 9*th.*—Macbeth. 10*th.*—Werner. 11*th.*—Richelieu. 12*th.*—'Stranger.' 13*th.*—Macbeth. 15*th.*—Brutus.

Belfast, December 17*th.* — Werner. 18*th.*— Virginius. 19*th.* — 'Stranger.'

Belfast to Dublin, December 20*th.*—Hamlet.

London, December 31*st.*—The year ends. I am another step nearer to my grave; many friends in this year have gone before me.

* Rev. James White, of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.—Ed.

Many mercies of God have been vouchsafed to me; my heart bows down with gratitude for what is given, with submission for what is taken away. I bless His name for what is past, and implore His heavenly aid and mercy to make happy and holy my life to come. Amen.

1846.

January 4th.—Arrived at Exeter, and came to the lodgings taken for me.

January 5th.—Went to the theatre; resolved, however bad the house might be, to act for myself and as a study. Acted Macbeth very fairly in part.

January 6th.—Sat down to read over what remained to be done of Pope; read all the essays, satires, epistles, &c., and finished the notes I had to copy in. This occupied me the entire day, which I gave up to it; I have now to make up a fair copy-book for the printer, but the work is done.

January 7th.—Hamlet. *9th.*—Werner.

Plymouth, January 11th.—Wightwick called for me, and we went together to Colonel Hamilton Smith's, where we dined. We had a very delightful talk, the old colonel going into the question of races, dates, events, like a good-humoured and most social talking cyclopædia; after dinner he turned over drawings for me of costume, &c., most interesting.* I was pleased to see a book, 'Report of the Highland Society,' authenticating at least much, if not all, of the translation Macpherson has given to the world as of Ossian's Poems.

January 12th.—Hamlet. *13th.*—Richelieu. *15th.*—Othello. *16th.*—Werner. *19th.*—Macbeth. *21st.*—Virginius.

Exeter, January 22nd.—Richelieu.

London, January 26th.—Looked at *Daily News*, not liking the leading article in its abuse of Peel. I cannot understand the sense of men who wish persons to think and act in a certain way, and when they do so abuse them for it. Acted King Lear at Princess's Theatre.

February 25th.—Dined with Kenyon. Met the Procters, Longmans, Mrs. Jameson, Babbage, Eastlake, Panizzi; in the evening, Boxall, Scharf.

February 27th.—Acted Cardinal Richelieu well. Was warmly greeted. Last night of engagement at Princess's Theatre.

February 28th.—Left home for Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, March 2nd.—Acted Hamlet really with particular care, energy, and discrimination; the audience gave less applause

* Colonel Hamilton Smith supplied Macready with much valuable information on points of costume, heraldry, history, and scenery, illustrated by coloured drawings taken from a great variety of sources.—Ed.

to the first soliloquy than I am in the habit of receiving, but I was bent on acting the part, and I felt, if I can feel at all, that I had strongly excited them, and that their sympathies were cordially, indeed enthusiastically, with me. On reviewing the performance, I can conscientiously pronounce it one of the very best I have given of Hamlet. At the waving of the handkerchief before the play, and "I must be idle," a man on the right side of the stage—upper boxes or gallery, but said to be upper boxes—hissed! The audience took it up, and I waved the more, and bowed derisively and contemptuously to the individual. The audience carried it, though he was very staunch to his purpose. It discomposed me, and alas! might have ruined many; but I bore it down. I thought of speaking to the audience, if called on, and spoke to Murray about it, but he very discreetly dissuaded me. Was called for, and very warmly greeted. Ryder came and spoke to me, and told me that the hisser was observed, and said to be a Mr. W——, who was in company with Mr. Forrest! The man writes in the *Journal*, a paper depreciating me and eulogising Mr. F., sent to me from this place.

March 3rd.—Fifty-three years have I lived to-day. Both Mr. Murray and Mr. Ryder are possessed with the belief that Mr. Forrest was the man who hissed last night. I begin to think he was the man.

March 4th.—Acted King Lear to a very middling house (they will not come to see me here) which was cold in the extreme; there were a few persons that seemed to understand me, but it is slaughterous work to act these characters to these audiences.

March 6th.—Acted Othello with all the care and energy I could summon up. The house of course was bad, but I would not give in. The audience seemed really to yield themselves to full sympathy with the performance from the first to the last. They called for me, and cheered me very enthusiastically.

March 7th.—Acted Werner with much care and very fairly. Was called for, and very warmly received. Sir William Allan came into my room.

March 8th.—Called on Captain Rutherfurd, whom, as well as Mrs. Rutherfurd, I like extremely; they seem people of heart. Called at Lord Jeffrey's; sat with Mrs. Jeffrey. He came in, and talked for some time.

Dined with Professor Napier. Met Rutherfurd, Professor Wilson, Lord Robertson (Falstaff *redivivus*), &c.

March 9th.—Read Dickens's letter on 'Capital Punishment,' which I thought very good; but the question arises to me, is not the mischief in the publicity of the punishment, and not in the punishment itself? Acted Hamlet.

March 10th.—Called and left card at Cadell's, on Major and Mrs. Moir, on McClaren; saw Hunter, and sat with him some time; he gave me an etching of Claude's. Called and left card on Dr. Alison; saw Lord Murray and his family; sat with him

some time. Called and left card on Lord Fullerton, on Mayne, on Miss Hunter Blair, on Professor and Miss Napier; called and sat with Captain and Mrs. Rutherfurd, who lent me the *Daily News*, with Dickens's three letters.

Dined with Rutherfurd. Mrs. R. and Mrs. Captain R., Mrs. Gordon, Lord Cockburn, Gordon, Professor Wilson, and some others were there. I enjoyed the day. The chief subject was poetry, and Rutherfurd asked me to repeat the beginning of Dryden's first ode, 'From Harmony,' which I did. He repeated some very striking lines of Mr. Lyte's. I liked Lord Cockburn extremely, and Wilson very much. I hope they may have liked their afternoon as well as I did. Went with Rutherfurd to Lord Jeffrey's. Met there Lord Murray, Lord Moncrieff, some other law-lord, Lord Cockburn, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Ogle, Miss Rigby, Haydon, &c. Mr. Gordon gave me a ticket for the Waverley Ball, but I could not encounter the loneliness of the crowd. Read paper.

March 11*th*.—Acted Cardinal Richelieu with all the pains I could. Called for. The house was not any improvement on what has been, and with to-night my hopes of emendation die out.

Edinburgh is lost to me as a place of income, a circumstance very much to be regretted by myself, and one I have striven against, unavailingly it seems; I have not talent, or the people have not taste to appreciate me: it is of little moment now which; my life is near its close—I will not go on.

March 12*th*. —Acted King Lear in many respects well; was called for and well received. Allan came into my room, much pleased.

March 13*th*.—Read *The Times*, a paragraph in it mentioning the circumstance of my first night here, quoting from *The Scotsman*, and adding, "the person supposed is Mr. Forrest, an American actor!" Acted Macbeth.

March 14*th*.—Called on Sir William Allan and looked at his pictures. Kind and interesting old man!

Acted Virginius as well as I could, under some embarrassment about my dress. The audience now seems growing into enthusiasm. Called for.

March 15*th*.—Called a little before one o'clock on Rutherfurd, who took me out in his carriage to his country-seat of Lauriston, a truly charming place, built up from and about an old square keep with corner-round turrets, standing in ground very tastefully laid out and planted, and commanding a view of the Firth, Inchkeith, the Ochills, the Lomonds of Fife, and altogether presenting scenes of the richest beauty on whatever side you turn; the house is most elegant and convenient, with a select—indeed I should say a splendid—library; it is a charming place. How happy the proprietor, with fame, fortune, a profession, a seat in his country's legislature—all to make life enjoyable! He seems to use all well I looked over several of his books; on our return we walked into the grounds of Lord Jeffrey's seat, a very pretty house, and com-

manding from the high ground a very fine view of Edinburgh. Arrived at home, I read Dickens's two last letters, and slept in my chair about half an hour from weariness. Dined with Rutherfurd.

March 16*th*.—Acted Hamlet, I should say, in a very finished manner, of course I mean comparing myself with myself; but I was forcible, possessed of the full poetry of the part, and refined in manner.

March 17*th*.—Acted Macbeth with all the desire and all the effort to do it well, but the inspiration was absent, and I met with several *contretemps*, my hair-dresser drunk and impertinent, and some things of a similar kind to disturb my mind, so that I was really not in possession of myself. I was very much dissatisfied with myself; the performance was very unlike that of last night.

This engagement is over, and for the same number of nights, over a more extended period, it returns me the same, or less amount, than I received here twenty-one years ago on much less favourable terms, and under the disadvantage of very bad weather. I was then abused and attractive; I am now admitted, at last, to be a great artist, yet *regardez l'épreuve*.

March 18*th*.—Called on Captain Rutherfurd; wrote at his house a letter or note of answer to Mrs. Alison. Went with Captain Rutherfurd to Holyrood House. How I recollect the exciting, disturbing enthusiasm with which, thirty-three years ago, I first entered and walked through the court and rooms of this building: I fancied the scenes as lately acted. I saw the characters of those sad, those highly tragic and romantic scenes, the needlework of Mary, the splendour of the bed (alas!), the armour of Darnley, the closet, the blood, all were real things, invested with ideas of faded splendour, of awe, and mystery to me, that I well recollect haunted me with thoughts of deep melancholy the whole day through. How changed with years that bring the philosophic mind! How light and pleasing the gentle interest I had in walking through those rooms to-day, and pondering on the same persons and events!

Dined with Lord Robertson, met Colonel Ogilvie, Clift, Lockhart, brother to J. G. L., Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Rigby, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Moir, &c.

March 20*th*.—Set out for Arthur's Seat, walked round the hill and under the crags of the cliff, passed the Chapel of St. Anthony, taking in by turns a series of views—mountain, city, sea, and lake—that, in so small a compass and so near a large town, are unequalled perhaps in the world. Very kind note from Professor Wilson; answered it. Dined with Sir William Allan. Met Lord Cockburn, Noel Paton, Mr. Hill, Wilson's brother, Mrs. Crowe, author of 'Susan Hopley,' Misses Rigby, &c.

March 21*st*.—Called at the theatre and got my money from Murray, £340 2*s*. 6*d*. Called and lunched with Captain and Mrs. Rutherfurd. Called on Professor Napier, whom I saw and sat with; on Lord and Lady Murray, not at home; on Dr. Alison, saw Mrs. A., liked her; on Mrs. Ogle, took leave of her and Miss Ogle.

March 22nd.—Letter from dearest Catherine, inclosing one from dear Willie,* with an account of the shipwreck of a Boston vessel with German emigrants, the ship's company and crew, 130, bound to Texas. It made my heart bleed and my eyes overflow in even thinking of it. I was glad that he should be a witness if such scenes must occur, hoping the sight of them, with the devotion of those around him, and the first duties of humanity, would at once soften his heart and strengthen his hands. God bless him!

Called on Rutherfurd, who took me out in an open carriage—rather sharp work—to Bonally, the country seat of Lord Cockburn. The place is a square tower or keep, built by Playfair, at the very foot of the Pentland Hills, commanding the most charming view of Edinburgh, the Firth, the neighbouring hills, those of Fife and the western mountains; it is beautiful. The house is very agreeable. Mrs. Cockburn and her three daughters, with a distant relation, a boy, were our breakfast party, and very pleasant. After breakfast we walked about the grounds, and the time flew rapidly to our departure. Lord Cockburn was most kind in his wish that I might return, and in his voluntary promise to see me in London. Our views home were charming. Took leave of the Rutherfurds. Found a kind note from Glasford Bell, and presently saw himself on his route to the north.

March 23rd.—Rose very early for my departure, paid all my bills, made gratuities, &c., and set out in the coach from Edinburgh; looked at the beauty of the city as I passed the High Bridge; was very drowsy through the morning's journey. Reached Galashiels, where I got outside another, the *Chevy Chase*, which carried me to Melrose. The country, particularly the Eildon Hills and the rapid course of the Tweed, interested me. Found myself in a most uncomfortable inn at Melrose, the people on the point of retiring from business, by which I was so disgusted that I decided on leaving it as soon I as could. Saw the Abbey, the best and richest specimen of the pointed Gothic I have seen in Scotland; much of the ornamental carving is of exquisite finish: the east window and that of the south transept are very beautiful. William of Deloraine and the old monks were present to my mind as I looked on the stone in the corner with the cross, pointed out as Michael Scott's. I was not in the best sight-seeing humour, but there was a great deal to interest and to please. Went in an open carriage to Dryburgh Abbey; the different views of the Eildon Hills are remarkably grand and beautiful, particularly that looking up the Tweed, from the bank of the Ferry on the Dryburgh side; at Dryburgh the building itself is so broken to pieces that little idea can be formed of its complete effect. The grave of Sir Walter Scott and his wife, without a stone over it, is in a small chapel—it is Scott's, and therefore of deep interest. Dined at Melrose, wrote to dear Catherine, and set out for Selkirk, stopping at Abbotsford, the

* Then with a private tutor at Berryhead, near Brixham, on the south coast of Devonshire.—ED.

most disagreeable exhibition I have almost ever seen, itself the suicidal instrument of his fate, and monument of his vanity and indiscretion. We must not, least of all must I, reproach any one for extravagance or precipitation. Everything seems as if he had died last week, and, in the worst possible taste, they show the clothes he last wore. Mrs. Purday came out to show me her house, &c. Came on to Selkirk; placed in a room where for two hours I could not take off my great coat; the draughts are terrible. Wrote to dearest Nina.

March 24th.—Paid my bill, and left Selkirk by the Edinburgh coach for Carlisle; passed through the wild interesting border-land of the Scotts and Kerrs, Armstrongs, Elliots, &c.; had watched the swelling of the silvery Tweed the day before, and this afternoon observed the rapid rushing into strength and magnitude of the turbid Esk; passed the Branksome Tower, Langholm. Saw again Johnnie Armstrong's Tower, Cannobie Lea, &c., and the beautiful estate of Netherby. Who will speak against luck in this world? Is there no luck in the Duke of Buccleugh, Graham, &c.—or is it not all luck? A lady in the coach asked me if she had not the "honour" of travelling with Mr. Macready? I did not know her.

March 25th.—Paid my bill and left Carlisle by an early train to Workington, where I waited for the mail. In it I found one man and a sickly-looking, deformed boy, with a very gentle expression of countenance, who seemed very anxious to oblige, and was naturally polite in his manner. He begged me to put my bag upon his oilskin-covered basket, assuring me there was "nothing to hurt, only a few toys." The man told me he was "a toy merchant, and went from one of the neighbouring towns to another with his little stock of merchandise, which people bought from him, to help him on!" My heart was touched by the poor little fellow's appearance and manner. He opened his little basket, from which I took a small wooden pear, a musical pear, as he explained and showed me. I gave him half-a-crown for it, and he was going to offer me change, but I stopped him. The man told me an instance of his honesty, which pleased me much; he further informed me that when a child he had broken his back, and was in consequence thus deformed. I could with difficulty restrain my tears in looking at and thinking of him. He told me of people who were "very kind" to him. The man told me afterwards he was nineteen years of age, not looking twelve. I gave him another half-a-crown as he got out at Cockermouth, and the interesting creature shook hands with me as he went. God bless thee! my heart most heartily prayed. Storms of rain and hail through the morning; admired what I saw of the lake scenes, Bassenthwaite, Keswick, Grasmere, Rydal, and Windermere; they are very beautiful, but they are not equal to what I have seen elsewhere. Read David * (of Angers) on Thorwaldsen, with whom (*David*) I

* Pierre Jean David, an eminent French sculptor, born at Angers.—Ed.

do not at all agree. Saw a brown-faced looking woman watching for the coach, thought I knew the face, looked out of window, it was Miss Martineau. She came to the inn (a very, very bad one), where we stopped; a few words passed; she told me to get my dinner at the inn, as she had but one room, and then come to her. I got a very bad dinner, and set out to her old lodgings, to which the servant had misdirected me; met her on my return in search of me, and walked with her to her newly-built, or building, house —a most commodious, beautifully-situated, and desirable residence in all respects. I could not but look with wonder at the brown hue of health upon her face, and see her firm and almost manly strides as she walked along with me to Foxhow, Dr. Arnold's place, from which the family are at present abroad; it is a very enjoyable home, and it is easy to conceive how a mind and heart like that good and great man's must have felt the enjoyment of such a retirement. We walked on to Rydal Mount to call on Wordsworth, who was ill in bed, and had had leeches this morning. I left my regards, &c., took a walk along his terraces, looking on Windermere and Rydal, and, returning to my inn, soon after rejoined Miss Martineau at Mrs. Davy's, with whom and Mr. Greg * I took tea, and passed a very agreeable evening. I had received a pamphlet and long letter from Professor Gregory on the subject of mesmerism, on which we had talked a little at Major Thom's on Saturday last; it is a translation of Reichenbach, and, with some curious facts mentioned by Miss Martineau, certainly made me pause in my utter rejection of this hitherto inscrutable and mysterious power, if power it really be.

Ambleside, March 26th.—Wrote a note to Wordsworth. Posted my letters, and walked down to Miss Martineau's cottage; I do enjoy the air, the hills and streams, that are keeping up their gentle noise all around me; the morning was one of the best of early spring's. I planted two oaks for Harriet Martineau, which, with her small spade, cost me some strain of the back. The more I see of her pretty house the more I am pleased with it; it has not, that I perceive, one point of objection, with an infinite number of recommendable qualities. We walked to the chapel over the Brathay, took a lovely view of Windermere, and walked home, talking hard the whole way. I read to her Willie's account of the shipwreck; it was to me a very pleasant morning.

The scenery is very pleasing, and the exercise in the fresh bracing air was quite exhilarating. I spoke to her of my wish that Nina should hereafter spend some time with her, which she appeared to concur in very heartily. Paid my bill and left Ambleside by the mail, riding outside to Kendal along the side of Windermere, to obtain views of the lake, and take my farewell look of the mountains; my eyes would not serve me to read, so the remainder of my journey to Lancaster was "flat and unprofitable." At Lancaster took

* Mr. William Rathbone Greg.—Ed.

the railway to Manchester; on arriving there went to the Albion Hotel; read the papers.

Derby, March 30th.—Took a small carriage and went to Repton, eight miles distant, the birthplace of my beloved mother; this little journey has been the object of my thoughts for many years, a wish of my heart ever since that blessed parent pointed out to me from the window of the chaise as we travelled from Birmingham to Sheffield the graceful slender spire, about two miles distant. I have never forgotten it. That must be at least forty-four years ago. At last I have visited the church where she was baptized, and looked upon the trees, the fields, the river, and the houses that her infant eyes looked on. And she has been long since in her quiet grave; and my darling Joan too, my parent and my offspring, both in a more exalted state of being, I hope and trust. When am I to rejoin them?—a solemn question! My heart blesses their beloved spirits. I went into the church, and through the churchyard sought for some memorial of my grandfather, Charles Birch, but none is there. I extracted the following from the register:—"1765, August 9th. Christina Ann, daughter of Mr. Charles and Christina Birch, his wife, baptized." Then—"1768, March 20th. Mr Charles Birch, surgeon, buried."* I descended to the crypt, a very curious round-arched vault, with a sort of Doric or Etruscan-looking pillars, entwined with a roll, and supporting round arches, the centre space seeming loftier than those at the four angles. And she was an infant here, and here her father died in a state of derangement from the ruin of his property, through the treachery or misfortune of the agent to whom his savings were intrusted—at least thus I understood from my dear mother. Blessings on her, beloved one! Saw the school-house, where one might be very industrious and very happy; poor Macaulay,† my friend, who lies buried in the church, was, I fear, too indolent and luxurious to be either.

April 4th.—Forster showed me *The Times*, in which is a letter of Mr. Edwin Forrest, admitting that he hissed me on my introduction of a "fancy dance" into Hamlet; that he had a right to do so; that he was not solitary in the act; and that he often led the applause, which he regretted others did not follow.

* Macready's mother's grandfather was Jonathan Birch, Vicar of Bakewell, in the County of Derby, where he died and was buried, 1735. Her mother was Christina Frye, daughter of Edward Frye, Governor of Montserrat. The Rev. John Neville Birch, Rector of Leasingham, in the County of Lincoln (died 1782), and the Rev. Thomas Birch, Rector of South Thoresby, in the County of Lincoln (died 1806), were her paternal uncles. The family of Birch was originally settled in Lancashire, and it is said that Macready's great-great-grandfather was disinherited by his father for taking the Royalist side in the civil wars of Charles I.—Ed.

† The Rev. John Heyrick Macaulay, eldest brother of Kenneth Macaulay, Q.C. and M.P. for Cambridge, and first cousin of Lord Macaulay, was for some time head-master of Repton School. He was a good scholar, and possessed of many excellent qualities.—Ed.

April 8th.—Mr. Stirling called, and I signed the agreement for five weeks at the Surrey, £1000. May God speed it for good!

April 13th.—Engagement at Princess's Theatre. Acted Hamlet. Mr. Maddox came into my room.

April 15th.—Acted Othello with great care, but suffering much from weakness and cold upon my voice and head. Thought that I never spoke the address to the Senate so directly and really as this evening; much too of the impassioned portions. I thought I acted as feeling it. Called for.

April 18th.—Dined with Lady Blessington. Met Lord Robertson, Liston, Quin, Lord Chesterfield, Edwin Landseer, Grant, Forster, Jerdan, Guthrie, Dickens.

April 19th.—Began the long and particular business of correcting, punctuating, reading, and arranging White's new play of 'The King of the Commons,' which occupied my whole day.

May 2nd.—Took up Dickens, and with him went to the Royal Academy. Delighted with the Exhibition, which surpasses in general effect any that I have seen. Saw Maclise, Stanfield, Leslie, E. and Ch. Landseer, Knight, Allan, Danby (to whom I was introduced, and to whom I introduced Dickens), Lane, Herbert, Chalon, Pickersgill, Uwins, Lee, Jones, Cockerell, Etty, Patten, Roberts, Mulready, Howard, Grant, S. Cooper (to whom I was introduced), Sir M. A. Shee, who presided and went through his hard day's work with great taste and feeling. I saw T. Cooke, whom I accosted and spoke to with great kindness, we shook hands, I have never entertained any but kindly feelings for him; Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, Lord Morpeth. *The* Duke was there and spoke, Sir R. Peel, Graham, &c. The day was very agreeable to me. Talfourd was there, and on breaking up, at Dickens's suggestion (with no relish on my part), Rogers, Edwin Landseer, Stanfield, Dickens, Talfourd, and myself went to the Lyceum to see General Tom Thumb.

May 7th.—Count D'Orsay, Lord Robertson, the Chisholm, the Dickenses, Procters, Sir William Allan, Liston, Swinfen Jervis, Edwin Landseer, Mrs. Kitchener came to dinner. Lord Robertson gave his after-dinner speeches, his Italian songs, and his Gaelic sermon with great effect.

May 9th.—Mr. and Mrs. Rutherfurd, Sir De Lacy and Lady Evans, Fonblanque, Miss Twiss, Alfred Tennyson, Dyce, and Kenyon came to dinner.

May 10th.—Mr. and Mrs. E. Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Brockedon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Delane, Stanfield, Jerdan, Dr. Elliotson, C. Kemble, Oxenford, and Raymond came to dinner.

May 14th.—Sir John Wilson, Babbage, Sir J. Lyon Goldsmid and Miss G., Colonel and Mrs. Alb. Goldsmid, Sir John and Lady Burgoyne, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Wheatstone dined with us.

May 16th.—Mr. and Mrs. M. Gibson, Mr. and Miss Mackinnon,

Lydia Bucknill, Mrs. Jameson, Panizzi, Sir R. Comyn, Thorburn, Hayward, Harness, and Thackeray dined with us.

May 20th.—Acted King James, in Mr. White's play of 'The King of the Commons,' very fairly, considering all things. Was called and very warmly received.

May 30th.—Dined with Lord Lansdowne. Met Lord Shelburne, T. Moore, Panizzi, Eastlake, Sir A. Gordon, Elliot, Jerrold, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Elliot.

June 9th.—Bezzi, Eastlake, Maclise, Mulready, Knox, Procter, Forster came to dinner.

June 19th.—My engagement at the Princess's closed. Acted King James in 'The King of the Commons.' Mr. Maddox came to my room and took leave of me, emphatically thanking me.

June 22nd.—Mr. Meadows, the artist of the Surrey Theatre, called, and I went over with him the scenes of 'Hamlet,' writing out a plot for him.

June 23rd.—Mr. Aubrey de Vere called with an introduction, at Lord Monteagle's request, from Talfourd. He sat long, and I am delighted with him.

June 26th.—Went to Miss Macirone's concert. Pleased with Thillon, Pischek, and herself. Was interested particularly at the concert in watching the expression of the different artists. Pischek struck me as an enthusiast, but one who, by dint of cultivation and discipline, could repose upon the consciousness of his power. He knew what he was going to do, whilst he let himself go free upon the current of his feelings. Miss Macirone I sympathised with in all her little busy, nervous fidgettings and innocent affectations—it was an event, perhaps the event of her life, poor girl, and I rejoiced in her triumph. How little could the crowd around know of the years of toil, perhaps suffering and disappointment—years in the sense of quantity of pain—she may have undergone to bring herself up to this point.

June 27th.—Went to Colnaghi's and saw Delaroche's picture of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, 1814. The history of the man's life is condensed into that small piece of canvas; it is to me a picture of great power, great pathos, and great intellect. Went to the College of Physicians, where I saw Elliotson, Spurgin, Parris, Dean of Westminster, &c.; heard Elliotson's oration in Latin, which was not well delivered, but in many parts very interesting. I was amazed to hear him declare the power of mesmerism, and insist upon its truth. Read 'Consuelo' on my route. Dined with Kenyon, meeting Panizzi, Procter, Forster, &c. Went to Sir J. Rennie's, saw Manby, C. Landseer, Stone, Knight, &c. Saw a most curious machine for making tubes to hold artists' colours. We have great discoveries yet to make.

June 30th.—Read the paper, not losing one word of Sir R. Peel's interesting speech. His laying down office was a proud minute, far prouder than its assumption. With Sterne one might say, "Oh, how I envied him his feelings!" Attended to the children, who

engross my time. Made payments by note to B. Smith, paving-rate, &c. Heard the dear children read. Read the two first scenes of 'Hamlet' to them. Read in 'Consuelo.'

July 2nd.—Went to breakfast with Rogers. Met Lyon, Aubrey de Vere, and to my great delight, Henry Taylor, author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' He talked much, and talked well; his knowledge of our poets is very extensive indeed; he quoted much, and excellently well. Rogers was in very good spirits. Came home, reading 'Consuelo.'

July 5th.—Went out to Mortlake to lunch with Henry Taylor. Met there, with some one I did not know, Captain Elliot, whom I was very glad to meet. Was very much pleased with Mrs. H. Taylor, whom I thought most intelligent, pleasing, and attached, quite as a poet's wife should be, to her husband. Taylor took me into the drawing-room, where we talked on art and various things, until, on Mrs. Taylor's entrance, after a grand storm of rain and thunder had passed away, he mentioned the comedy he was upon, and wished to read his first act to me. It was in language very beautiful; I was delighted with it, but I criticised its construction, and in my observations was gratified to see that I imparted some truths he had not been aware of, with the knowledge of which he seemed very much pleased. I remained long, leaving them at a little past five. Returned, reading my delightful 'Consuelo.'

July 8th.—Read; finished 'Consuelo.' It is long since I have been so deeply penetrated by a book. I shall never, during at least the few years left to me of life (and do I wish them to be many, God guide me!), forget this book. It is full of genius. My soul has been elevated by its perusal.

Let no one say it is useless or even weak to suffer and to grieve for fictitious distress; it humanises, softens, and purifies the soul.

July 13th.—Went to Kensal Green Cemetery to visit the resting-place of my blessed Joan; the dear creature! My heart blessed her, and prayed for our reunion.

Saw Rachel in 'The Horaces.' Her acting in Camille was very good, but there was a deficiency of physical force, and, in consequence, her vehemence was too scolding, too cat-like in the spitting out of her reproaches. Saw Lord Beaumont, the Goldsmids, Lady Blessington.

July 20th.—London to Torquay.

Jersey, St. Helier's, July 21st.—Came on shore in boat. Drove up to Fred. Reynolds'. After breakfast sent for Mr. Harvey. Arranged with him for the engagement, to act five nights here, and three at Guernsey.

St. Helier's, July 22nd.—Acted Richelieu. *24th.*—Werner. *27th.*—Hamlet. *30th.*—Shylock. *31st.*—Virginius.

St. Helier's to Guernsey, August 1st.—Went on board the *Ariadne* steamboat. The company of Mr. Harvey was on board. Arrived in Guernsey.

Guernsey, August 3*rd.*—Acted Hamlet. 4*th.*—Richelieu. 5*th.*—Werner.

London, August 20*th.*—Birth of a daughter. [The day's entry is headed *Benvenuta.*]

August 23rd.—Arrived at Manchester; I had my usual nervousness upon me, which is most extraordinary, most ridiculous; but so it is, the entering into a town where I am going to act, the sight of my name in the play-bills on the walls, affects me most unpleasantly. How strange!

Manchester, August 24*th.*—Tried my utmost to act Hamlet, but the audience were so peculiar that they surprised and in some degree distressed me; they would not allow of any ebullition of applause, but applauded at the end of the scene. I wish it were always so, but not being used to it, it disconcerted me at first. Called and well received.

August 26*th.*—Richelieu. 28*th.*—Othello. 29*th.*—Werner.

September 1*st.*—Macbeth. 3*rd.*—Richelieu. 4*th.*—Virginius.

London, September 7*th.*—Went to Surrey Theatre.* Rehearsed with care. Dined, rested; acted with great pains, very finely; I think I did act well. Spoke to Mr. Stirling. Returned home.

September 26*th.*—To Warrington, to give a gratuitous reading of 'Macbeth' to the Mechanics' Institute.

London, October 9*th.*—Completed my first Surrey engagement. Acted Hamlet.

October 13*th.*—Dined with Forster. Met A'Beckett, White, Kenyon, Lord Nugent, Talfourd, and Douglas Jerrold.

October 24*th.*—Went over 'Macbeth,' which indeed occupied me for the remainder of the day, correcting Collier's execrable text, and writing notes for the omitted scenes, &c.

Proceeded to the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution. The room was tolerably filled. I read with great care, and I thought, well, but Shakespeare is to be acted; there was much applause, and I finished by ten o'clock—a long time for one voice and one person to stand before an audience on matter not personally interesting them.

November 7*th.*—Last night of Surrey engagement. Acted Virginius. Called for and most enthusiastically greeted.

Manchester, November 10*th.*—Reading of 'Macbeth' at Mechanics' Institute.

London, November 19*th.*—Mr. and Miss Fox, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. A'Beckett, Charles Eddy, Stanfield, Maclise, King, Thackeray, and Forster dined with us. A'Beckett and Taylor are both agreeable men. Taylor a man of extensive information, I like him much.

Plymouth, November 23*rd.*—Acted Hamlet. 24*th.*—Virginius. 26*th.*—Lear. 27*th.*—'King of the Commons.'

November 28*th.*—Wightwick called with Mrs. W. for me, and

* The engagement at the Surrey Theatre continued from 7th September to 9th October, and again from 12th October to 7th November.—Ed.

took me in a carriage to Flete, the seat of Lady Elizabeth Bulteel. I was introduced to her, admired her; really, a most engaging woman, elegant, simple, or rather simple and elegant, for the one quality must be the foundation of the other—a very sweet woman. Lady Morley was with her, and Mr. Courtenay also. We lunched. I went over the house, which is a monument of the feeling, taste, and talent of the deceased proprietor and builder.

November 30*th.*—Acted Richelieu. *December* 1*st.*—Lear. 3*rd.*—'King of the 'Commons.' 4*th.*—Shylock.

London, December 18*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft (American Minister), Sir De Lacy and Lady Evans, Carlyle and Miss Welch, Fonblanque, Babbage, and Knox dined with us.

December 19*th.*—The Milner Gibsons, Horace Twisses, Delanes, Dillon, and Dyce dined with us.

December 21*st.*—Hardwick, Quin, Dickens, Troughton, Elliotson, Mark Lemon, Leech, Forster, Swinfen Jervis, Raymond dined with us.

Canterbury, December 30*th.*—Acted Hamlet. 31*st.*—Werner.

1847.

[Sentences at commencement:]

Whatever you do, get rid of anxiety; it hurts the stomach more than arsenic, it generates only fresh cause for anxiety by producing inaction and loss of time.

Eâ liberalitate utendum, quæ amicis prosit, obsit nemini.*—Cic. de Off. i. 43.

Alia alium delectant. Ego vero prudenti consilio et modicis cupiditatibus delector. Sit mihi mens sana, et bene temperata: ingenium quod neque hominibus, neque vitæ eventibus irascitur, iis contra animo assentitur; omnia probè æstimat, iisque recte utitur.†

London to Exeter, January 3*rd.*—Rose in tolerably good time, and busily employed myself in packing up my clothes, &c., which occupied me some hours. On coming downstairs I read prayers to my dear family. Came by railway to Exeter, reading by the way the *Examiner* and No. 4 of 'Dombey and Son,' which I think most powerfully written.

* Be generous, but so as to be of use to your friends without injuring any one.—Ed. Trans.

† There are differences in what gives content to different persons. For my part, I place my delight in prudent determination and moderate desires. I would have a sound and well-regulated mind and a disposition not apt to be angered either by men, or by the accidents of life, but which, on the contrary, accepts them with a good-will, takes a just view of all things, and turns them to good account.—Ed. Trans.

Exeter, January 4*th.*—Othello. 6*th.*—'King of the Commons.' 8*th.*—Richelieu.

Bristol, January 11*th.*—Hamlet.

Bristol to Bath, January 12*th.*—Came on to Bath reading *Examiner.* Went from White Hart to the theatre, walked the stage to make myself at home upon it—my usual practice. Thoughts of past days crowd on me here, my first agitated experiment, my success, my friends, my youthful vanities, and real and fancied loves. Alas! how many in the grave! How past are all these dreams of boyishness!

Bristol, January 13*th.*—Lear.

Bath, January 14*th.*—Lear. [To 26th January, performing alternately at Bath and Bristol.]

Dublin, February 1*st.*—Acted Macbeth well, yes well, to an indifferent house. Called. Stapleton, poor old fellow, a thirty-two years' acquaintance, came in to speak to me. I never acted Macbeth better, and learned much in this night's performance. Hear this, and understand it, if you can, you "great" young actors!

Dublin, February 2*nd.*—Virginius. 3*rd.*—Lear. 4*th.*—Werner.

February 5*th.*—Acted Othello. Went on the stage desponding, despairing of my power to act at all, but thinking to myself I would take time, having the clear idea of every word I uttered in my mind, and make the performance a study. I pursued the plan, kindling into energy, and acted the part most effectively, indeed well. The house was better than we could have calculated on, and the audience quite laid hold on by the acting. Called for.

February 9*th.*—Went to station. Left Dublin by train for Drogheda. Came on by mail to Belfast.

Belfast, February 10*th.*—Acted Macbeth. Never was more distressed; the murderer in the banquet scene laid his hand familiarly on my arm, and other things nearly as bad.

February 11*th.*—Werner. 12*th.*—Virginius.

———— 13*th.*—To Glasgow.

———— 15*th.*—To Edinburgh.

———— 20*th.*—Edinburgh to Glasgow.

Glasgow, February 22*nd.*—Acted Hamlet really well, but under strange feelings of fretfulness and mortification. I sent for Mr. Heald, the acting manager, and asked him what the house was; he told me, "But middling yet." I was quite cast down. I do not know when I have, in my professional life, suffered so much from mortification. I tried to rally, and acted as well as I could; I thought the audience felt much of the performances. Mr. Miller came and paid me £50 for to-morrow night.

February 23*rd.*—Lear. 24*th.*—Werner. 25*th.*—'King of the Commons.' 26*th.*—Richelieu. 27*th.*—Macbeth.

March 1*st.*—'King of the Commons.'

Greenock, March 2*nd.*—Started in good time to Greenock. Delighted with the sight once more of those beautiful hills and the various views upon this lovely river. Spent all my time before rehearsal in clearing off debts of correspondence. Posted my letters

and went to rehearsal. Acted Hamlet; murdered in some scenes by the actors.

March 3rd.—Richelieu.

Glasgow, March 5th.—Richelieu. *6th.*—Lear.

London, March 14th.—Thought again upon my fate and my condition, and at last saw my way to the decision of preparing if needful to leave the English stage, and of going to live with my dear family in America, which, if we did not like, we should still be able to leave. This decision had an immediate effect on my spirits; and I went forward with what I was occupied on with double alacrity.

*March th.*29—*Theatrical Fund Dinner.*—Wnt to the London Tavern, thinking over what I had to do. I was received as some extraordinary person. In the Vice-President's room I found Horace Twiss, Buckstone, Brewster, and most of the committee; waited some time for Dickens, who at last arrived with Forster. Where were Stanfield and Maclise, &c.? Ate very little, drank very little port and water, was made to take wine with the two sides of the room—"a custom more honoured in the breach," &c. Gave out my toasts with perfect self-possession, and, on the announcement of the Queen's donation, which started the evening, the cheering was great. My speech was heard with the deepest attention and interest, and with much applause. Buckstone followed as "a farce." Dickens was very powerful. Twiss spoke excellently, and Forster too. The collection was £401. I cut the business short at about eleven, and, having sent Letitia, who was there, to the carriage before me, left the place, having toasted "the Ladies." Delighted to escape, and attended with the grateful homage of the committee, and much applauded by the guests as I passed through them.

[*April 5th to May 1st.*—Engagement at Liverpool, with a few nights at Manchester.]

Manchester, April 26th.—Acted Hamlet, taking especial pains, and as I thought, really acting well; generally in the very spirit and feeling of the distracted, sensitive young man; but I did not feel that the audience responded to me; I did not on that account give way, but the inspiration is lost, the perfect *abandon*, under which one goes out of one's self, is impossible unless you enjoy the perfect sympathy of an audience; if they do not abandon themselves to the actor's powers, his magic becomes ineffectual.

London, May 9th.—Dined with Forster. Met Regnier, Madame R., and their little girl, Dickens and Georgina, Stanfield and Maclise. Dickens's children came in in the evening. Stanfield went home with me, and we talked of Maclise on our way, lamenting his want of energy in remaining here, where his style is growing and hardening into a manner, instead of starting off to Italy and studying and painting at Venice and at Rome.

May 10th.—Called on secretary of Literary Fund, and paid him £5 as my annual subscription, or rather donation. Requested him

to say to Chevalier Bunsen (Chairman of Anniversary Dinner) that I would have dined there if I could.

May 13th.—White came and dined with us, and we went together to the amateur play at the St. James's Theatre. Saw there Landon, Mrs. M. Gibson, Lord Ellesmere, Lady Essex and Miss Johnstone, Sheridan Knowles. The play 'Hernani,' translated by Lord Ellesmere, was in truth an *amateur* performance. Greville and Craven were very good amateurs—but, tragedy by amateurs!

May 14th.—Jenny Lind called. Busied the greater part of the day in preparing the copy of English, for Latin verses.

May 15th. White, Savage Landor, Forster, Maclise, C. Eddy, Monsieur and Madame Regnier came to dinner.

May 23rd.—Made out a computation of the various results, pecuniary, of my different courses of proceeding to the end of my professional life. Dined with H. Twiss, met there Delanes, Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Lord De Lisle and Miss Villiers, Miss Courtenay, Lord Charleville, Colonel Sharp, &c. Rogers was out of humour with the extreme heat, and abused everything and everybody.

May 24th.—Looked at paper, saw the death of O'Connell. "There's a great spirit gone!" but not a good one, nor great in the qualities which constitute true greatness. How thick the shafts are flying! The angel of death is unusually busy with great names, leaving them only names. Acted Hamlet at Princess's Theatre.*

May 25th.—Forster and Bulwer Lytton came to dine. Talked over the subjects of plays the whole evening, and at last we seemed to settle down upon that of Sir Robert Walpole as the best that could be devised for a mixed play.

May 27th.—Went to the opera in low spirits. Saw 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' and Jenny Lind—the most charming singer and actress I have ever in my life seen. Her energy, vivacity, archness, humour, passion, and pathos are equally true. Her face is not handsome in feature, but beautiful in its expression, varied as it is. I was enchanted with her.

May 30th.—The Lord Advocate and Mrs. Rutherfurd, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Panizzi, Eastlake, Rogers, Miss Jewsbury, Edwin Landseer, and Jenny Lind came to dinner. The day was very pleasant, and the party seemed to find it so. In the evening Mr. D'Eyncourt, C. Halls, Delanes, Horace Twisses, Baroness Eichthal, Staudigl, Maclise, Forster, White, Babbage, Wheatstone, Sir J. Rennie, Spurgins, Procters, Mulready, Leslies, Jerrold, Dyce, Wilkie, Mazzini, Bezzi, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Charles Buller, Misses Herries, Le Roy, &c., came. All was lively and agreeable, and there was but one expression, and that was delight with Jenny Lind.

June 1st.—Babbage, Dyce, Mulready, A'Beckett, White, Douglas,

* This engagement at the Princess's Theatre was from 24th May to 18th June.—Ed.

Jerrold, Benedict, Hardwick came to dinner. Staudigl sent an excuse at the last moment. We had a very pleasant day. In the evening Catherine, whom I had dissuaded from coming down to dinner, received a good many of our neighbour friends with music—E. Goldsmid, Bishops, Popes, Thrupps, Miss Sturch, Thorburns, Brockedons, Baxendales, Ainsworths, Baroness Eichthal, Reeds Miss Rainworth, Miss Morisson, Stanfields, Hills, Schwabes, &c. All went off very agreeably and cheerfully.

June 5th.—The Delanes, Hetta Skerrett, Fanny Howarth, Quin, the Chisholm, Thackeray, Lyon, Troughton, Travers, Knox dined with us.

June 8th.—Mr. and Miss D'Eyncourt, Mr. and Miss Mackinnon, Mr. and Miss Swynfen Jervis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Twiss, Mr. and Mrs. E. Goldsmid, Le Roy, and Forster dined with us.

June 10th.—Baron and Miss Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe, Sir John Wilson, H. Smith, Professor Tom Taylor, Doctor Spurgin dined with us.

June 16th.—Went to Brompton, reading 'Scribe' by the way. Called on Jenny Lind. I saw her, and she was apparently pleased to see me. She was in costume of "*La Figlia*," &c., to sit for a statuette. She was hearing some one from "*la Cour*" who came for an opinion, or instruction, "*qui ne peut pas chanter du tout*," as she said. I waited till she was free, then saw her again, and made an appointment for Monday for Edwin Landseer with her. Called on Mrs. C. Hall, admired her beautiful cottage, beautifully and tastefully furnished.

June 18th.—Acted King Lear with much care and power, and was received by a most kind and sympathetic and enthusiastic audience. Jenny Lind was in one of the stage-boxes, and after the play there was great excitement to see her. I was called on, the audience tried to make me come on after the first act, but of course I would not think of such a thing. The enthusiasm of the audience on my taking leave was very great.

June 24th.—Anniversary of wedding day. Darling baby was christened Cecilia Benvenuta.* The Smiths, H. Skerrett, Mrs. Dickens, Wightwick, Troughton, Forster, Kenyon, Bezzi, Oxenford, Maclise dined with us. We received a very kind excuse from Staudigl, who could not sing if he dined. A very cheerful dinner. Sir W. Allan and Staudigl came into the dining-room before the evening. We had a very charming concert by Staudigl, Miss M. Hawes, Miss Rainforth, Mr. and Mrs. Reed (Miss P. Horton), the Misses Williams, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooke. The Eddys, Bishops, Goldsmid, Rundts, Revs. Reed and Sturch, Horace Twiss, Delane, Howarth, Walker, Thorburns, &c. We had a happy day.

June 28th to *July 8th.*—Excursion in Belgium and Holland, Bruges, Malines, Antwerp, Rotterdam, the Hague.

July 9th.—Went with Edward to see Rachel in 'Phèdre.' It was a very striking performance, all intensity; all in a spirit of

* Now Mrs. Horsford.—Ed.

vehemence and fury, that made me feel a want of keeping: I could have fancied a more self-contained performance, more passionate fondness—not fury—in her love, and more pathos. I could imagine a performance exciting more pity for the character than she inspired, and equal effect in the scenes of rage and despair.

Eastbourne, August 1*st.*—Looked at the papers; very much delighted to see that Fox had come in for Oldham. Looked through and read over the poems of Wotton and Raleigh. Heard the children repeat their hymns. Went with the children and Catherine to church. Mr. Davids called to inquire about my performing at Drury Lane for Shakespeare's house. I told him I had not the power, being under engagements.

September 7*th.*—Occupied in preparing the arrangement of 'Philip Van Artevelde.'

September 11*th.*—Children read their usual morning pages of 'Charles XII.' Letters from Mary Bucknill, from Henry Smith, from Fourrier. Lessons from nine till half-past one. Lushington* called, whom I liked very much. Walked with Catherine and Katie, a very pleasant ramble. Prepared lesson for Monday, giving Willie some Alcaic verses to do. Looked over the English verses of the children. Looked out sermon, looked out verses.

September 12*th.*—Called on Lushington, saw his brother, and Mrs. Lushington, Tennyson's sister.

London October 11*th.*—Acted Macbeth (at Princess's Theatre)† with great power, Called and led on Miss Cushman.

October 16*th.*—Fox, Forster, and Maddox came to hear 'Van Artevelde' read. Fox and Forster were greatly excited by the play; Maddox reiterated his agreement to get it up.

October 17*th.*—Went out with Catherine to Mortlake to call on Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor; proposed to him to have 'Philip Van Artevelde' acted. He seemed pleased with the idea, and would consider it. He appointed to come to me with Mrs. Taylor on Tuesday at seven to hear the play read.

October 19*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Spring Rice, Dickens, Stanfield, White, and Forster came to the reading; Nina and Katie were present. The effect was very great. Taylor said he had no idea of such theatrical power being in the work. He assented readily to its performance. All were delighted.

Dickens, Forster, Stanfield, and White stayed supper. Let me believe this a good omen.

October 21*st.*—Began the day with the business, which I expected to last for two or three hours, of preparing a copy of 'Philip Van Artevelde' for the theatre. I was busily, very busily, employed in it the whole day, and it is not nearly finished. H. Taylor called in

* Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.—Ed.

† This engagement at the Princess's Theatre continued to 7th December. —Ed.

the morning, and gave me some altered lines. He also read me his idea in which the second Stadt House scene should be played.

October 23*rd.*—Continued at work on 'Van Artevelde.' Went to Princess' Theatre. Met Taylor, who left us immediately; Spedding, Moxon, Willmott, and Forster. Read 'Philip Van Artevelde' to them and the company of players. I refused peremptorily to say one word about the disposition of the two characters, Van Den Bosch and Occo: Mr. Maddox cast them.

October 24*th.*—Going up to dress for the evening, or undress, found on coming down Fonblanque in the study. He sat long. Forster came in. He told us afterwards that Fonblanque had got an office, Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade, with promise of preferment. He deserves it and much more. But alas! for the pleasure of reading his articles in the *Examiner*.

November 22*nd.* —Production of 'Van Artevelde.' Attended to business, did my best, worked my hardest. Went to rehearsal. Acted Philip Van Artevelde. Failed; I cannot think it my fault. Called for, of course. Forster, Dickens, Stanfield, Maclise, Spring Rice, and his brother came into my room. I am very unhappy; my toil and life is thrown away. I certainly laboured more than my due in regard to the whole play, and much of my own part of Van Artevelde I acted well; but the play was so under-acted by the people engaged in it, that it broke down under their weight.*

December 7*th.*—Acted King Henry IV. In thinking on the difference of my own management and that of others, the critics might have seen that the difference was great, and the cause of it this: that I thought for and acted to myself every character and every supernumerary figure, and taught them to act as I would have done had I been cast in their places. Thus there was the mind of a first actor moving and harmonising the action of the mass "Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

December 11*th.*—Note from Elliotson inclosing one from Barlow, of the Royal Institution, inviting me to give a lecture on the literature of a given period in the course of the ensuing season.

December 15*th.*—As I was going to bed Mr. Anderson sent in his card as from Osborne House. I did not recollect what Osborne House was; he came, and I recognised, on explanation, the husband of Mrs. Anderson, the *pianiste*. His message was (as he said) to convey Her Majesty's wish that I would read the words (translated from Sophocles into German and from German into English) of 'Antigone' before Her Majesty, accompanied by Mendelssohn's music, on the first of January. I questioned him very strictly, to ascertain if his message was a direct command or no. He was evasive, but very civil, and after a very long interview, in which I told him, if it was Her Majesty's command, I would come from Exeter, where I should act on the Friday, read at Windsor on

* The play was acted again on 29th November and 1st December.—Ed.

Saturday, and return to Bristol on Sunday; but if not Her Majesty's own wish, then I excused myself. I wrote to Marianne,* that she might explain my position to Her Majesty.

December 20th.—Went to the Westminster Play, 'The Adelphi.' Mr. Liddell welcomed me very kindly. Met Carteret Ellis in his drawing-room. Saw Bourne at a distance, Hawes, Mr. King, Milman, who asked us to go to tea in the evening. I went and found Lords Lansdowne and Morpeth, Dean of Westminster, Talfourd, and others. Saw Willie† coming out from the play.

December 27th.—In the evening a party, chiefly of young people, friends of mine, Willie and Katie, with Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Elliotson, Kenyon, Misses Goldsmid, Walter H. Smith, Horace, Twiss, Miss Cockburn, &c. The evening was very cheerful, and many seemed very happy. I was greatly pleased with Mrs. Brookfield. Slipped off to bed about half-past twelve.

Exeter, December 29th.—Hamlet.

1848.

[These additional sentences are placed at the commencement of the Diary for 1848:]

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart.

A patient man will bear for a time, and afterwards joy shall spring up to him.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

We are as safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended by the world.

If any one tells you that you can become rich otherwise than by labour and economy, do not listen to him, he is a liar and poisoner.

[The following notes of prospects and plans are written on a separate piece of paper, placed in the Diary for 1848.]

To leave the stage in May, 1849, with the office of Reader, and teacher of elocution, might give me an income of £1800 in England.

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* Miss Skerrett, who held for many years a confidential position in attendance upon the Queen.—Ed.

† Macready's son, then at Westminster School.—Ed.

To leave the English stage in May, 1849, and the American stage, November, 1850, might give me an income independent of £1400 in America, with power to add to it.

To remain on the stage till I am sixty years old (1853) *might*, though I think it more doubtful than either of the other choices, leave me with an income of £1200.

Query: In April, 1848, ascertain if I can obtain this office in that year, and by that decide my course.

In the meantime,

WORK,

WORK CHEERFULLY

and

WELL.

[The early part of the year 1848, up to the 21st of February, when an engagement, continuing to the 14th of April, commenced at the Princess's Theatre, was mostly occupied by provincial engagements at Bath, Bristol, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, Manchester, Hull, and Newcastle, varied by a short visit of pleasure to his brother, Major Macready, and his wife, at Cheltenham.]

January 18th.—Sat down to ruminate thoroughly on the plays to be done at the Princess's. Thought over the scenes of 'Penruddock,' and those of Sir Edwin Mortimer; did not see in either enough to sustain me or to lift me. Turned to Shakespeare, considered 'Timon,' suggested by Forster, which could not be made interesting on the stage, in my opinion. Thought of 'King Richard II.' went over the part, thought it promised the best of all. My age is an objection that I must encounter, and may overcome, by truth and passion. Read the play, and became confirmed in my opinion and settled in resolution, if Mr. Maddox will do anything for it. Acted Hamlet.

London, February 21st.—At Princess's Theatre, Macbeth. Mrs. Butler as Lady Macbeth.

February 23rd.—Wolsey. Mrs. Butler as Queen Katherine.

——— *25th.*—Othello. Mrs. Butler as Desdemona.

March 3rd.—Birthday, æt. fifty-five. Acted King Lear in my best manner, which was appreciated by the audience. Called for, led on Mrs. Butler, warmly received.

April 4th.—Reading of 'Hamlet' at Maidstone.

London, April 5th.—Acted Brutus in a very masterly manner. I do not think I ever acted it with the same feeling, force, and reality. Called.

London, April 22nd.—Waited till seven o'clock, and went with Catherine and Letitia into the drawing-room to see the children "*act.*" A humorous play-bill was placed on the table, announcing

Andromaque, Racine, Achilles and Agamemnon, Ilias, and Horace's satire, "Ibam forte via sacra," dramatically arranged. The acting was very clever: there was an excellent understanding and an ardent feeling of their respective parts. If I had not the means of educating and of leaving some little means to them, I should be apprehensive that the possession of this talent, which seems like an inheritance, might lead them to this worst exercise of a man's intellect. Their dresses were ingeniously made up, and the whole proceeding was most interesting. Dear blessed beings! May their hearts ever be as light and pure and as happy, at least, as now. God bless them!

April 27th.—Acted Macbeth at Marylebone Theatre. 28*th*—Lear.

April 29th.—Went with Dickens to Royal Academy dinner. Much pleased with works of Herbert, Danby, Webster, E. Landseer, Creswick, Stanfield, Lee and Cooper, Cope, Hughes. Saw many friends—Bishop of Norwich had forgotten me; so had Denman. The day was not so lively as usual; there was a want of management, and the music was bad. Brougham was making himself absurdly conspicuous. The Duke spoke as unmeaningly as usual, and Lord Lansdowne, whom I had never heard speak in public before, greatly disappointed me.

May 4th.—Acted King Henry and Oakley to a very bad house for the Siddons' monument. Called; led on Mrs. Warner.

May 5th.—Came with Catherine by railway to Bedford, reading by the way Forster's 'Oliver Goldsmith.' Arrived, we walked through the town; but I was struck as flat as the country or place itself by its uniformly dull country. I felt as if my spirits and energy would go if fixed there. I do not feel at present as if I could encounter it. Saw the school, &c. Walked in the garden and into the other part of the town.

[*May 9th to 18th.*—Provincial engagements at Bath, Bristol, Plymouth, York, Preston, and Chester, acting Henry IV., Mr. Oakley, Hamlet, and Richelieu.]

London, May 24th.—Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Baron and Baroness Goldsmid, Mrs. Procter, Knox, Kenyon, Brookfield, Eastlake, Lumley dined with us. The Dickens's, the Herries's, Ainsworths, Twisses, Howarth, Campbell, Denvilles, Rogers, Babbage, Wheatstone, &c., came in the evening.

June 5th.—Mrs. Rutherfurd, who brought an excuse from the Lord Advocate, detained in the House of Commons, Sir J. Wilson, Sir R. Comyn, Panizzi, Thackeray, E. Landseer, Lyon, Mrs. Murray came to dinner; a pleasant day, but a little gloomed by the empty chair of the Lord Advocate. The Bancrofts, Mrs. Thomas and her daughters, Mrs. Procter and Adelaide, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Schwabe, Otto Goldsmidt, Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. and Miss Nicholson, Madame D'Eichthal came in the evening.

June 7th.—Dined with Brookfield. Mrs. Brookfield not well enough to come down from the drawing-room. Met Hallam, Sir

C. Elton, Sir A. and Lady Gordon, Hallam junior, Mr. Greave, Miss Elton. In the evening saw the Procters, Miss Wynne, Miss Thompson, &c.; an agreeable evening; met Thackeray going out.

June 8th.—C. Jones came as secretary to the (Siddons monument) committee; dear Stanfield came, and very kindly Lord Lansdowne. After waiting as long as we could, I read the Report, and we concluded, without the formalities of a meeting, that it would be best to print the Report and inclose it with a letter from the secretary to such persons as would be likely to take an interest in such a measure, or who ought to do so. Jones and myself, when Lord Lansdowne had gone, made out the letter, and he took it to get the paper printed.

June 9th.—Went with Edward and Patty to Sir John Soane's house or museum, a quaint piece of coxcombery and gimcrackery, absurd, I think, to be left as it is, alone, for it is scarcely worth the trouble of *going* to see.

The sarcophagus of Belzoni ought to be in the British Museum; the Hogarths, Canalettis, the Sir Joshua, and Lawrence's portrait of Soane should be in the National Gallery. Walked on to Campbell's; saw the statue of Mrs. Siddons.

June 11th.—C. Jones called, and I corrected the Report to be printed for circulation, looked out list of names, &c. Adelaide and Agnes Procter called. Catherine set us down in Hyde Park. Willie and myself called on Lady Blessington, who kept us talking long; on Sheil, from home; on Hallams, from home; Mr. Murray, same; Elliotson, same; Hillard, whom we found within, and where Bancroft called. In Grosvenor Place we met Richard Jones, who must be seventy, but whom Willie thought not more than fifty. We talked of the old actors, our contemporaries, of whom so few are left. Edward and Patty and Ellen came to dinner.

June 12th.—Thought upon the constant subject, my change of home. The consideration of the purpose of life, as given by God, and the comparative power of discharging our duty in it, pressed strongly upon me. My own degraded position, as being proscribed from the privileges common to my many associates, viz., that of going to court—a matter worthless in itself, but made a brand and an insult by being denied to me, as one of a class.

Edward, Patty, and Ellen dined. Talked with Edward, and pushed him home upon the question of America. His opinion was that it would be his choice, with my large family, to live in England upon however contracted a scale, relinquishing all but mere living, of course giving up society, and getting on in some country town as well as I could till I saw what chances my sons had, and how things might turn up. As to my daughters losing all the advantages of society, he thought nothing of that; in fact the amount of reasoning was this: "I would stay in England under whatever circumstances, though I cannot deny the advantages which appear in the United States." This, I may say, determines me for America. God prosper us!

June 13th.—Looked at the paper; sorry and ashamed to read the account of the outrage offered to the French actors last night at Drury Lane Theatre. Asked for the manager, and was shown to his room, the first time I have entered the stage-door since I quitted it. The manager seemed alarmed at my presence. I told him in French I had called to express my concern and indignation at the outrage offered them last night, &c. They were very grateful, and asked if I had not been content with my reception at Paris. I told them how gratefully I remembered it, and ever should. They asked if I would write a line to that effect. I sat down, and in the midst of their hurried conversation wrote a note to M. Hostein, the director. They were profuse in their acknowledgments, Jullien observing two or three times, "C'est digne de votre caractère." M. Hostein in great joy introduced me to two actors as I passed, who were very grateful and respectful. Called on Henry Taylor, Mrs. H. T. very unwell. Coming home, wrote a corrected note to M. Hostein, requesting him in French to substitute it for that which I had left with him. The Dickens's and Hillard dined with us. Answer from M. Hostein.

June 14th.—Wrote to Marianne Skerrett with the Siddons papers for the Queen, to G. Anson for Prince Albert, and to Lord Howe for the Queen Dowager.

London to Hereford, June 15th.—Read *The Times*, in which my letter * to M. Hostein appeared, and a further condemnation of the "dull brutality" of the wretched ruffians who so disgraced themselves in last night's disturbance at the theatre. At Swindon saw Wilson, the Scotch melodist; he was open-mouthed about those vile rascals. Talked with dear Katie, who is a most engaging child. God bless her! At Gloucester I took her to see the cathedral; we could only take a hasty glance at it; saw another church; showed her the view from the terrace at Ross. Reached Hereford at five, and came to our excellent friends the Twisses; found them in good spirits; found Arthur and Godfrey here. Spent a very cheerful evening.

Leeds, June 17th.—Found at my lodgings letters from Messrs. Hodgson and Burton, I presume solicitors, "inquiring of me in the names of Messrs. Webster, C. Kean, C. Mathews, Farren, Harley, Buckstone, Wright, Meadows, Granby, P. Bedford, F. Mathews, Leigh Murray, R. Roxley, Hughes, O. Smith, Lambert, Worrett, Creswick, Howe, and numerous other members of the profession who do not concur in the course you have adopted, &c., whether the words used by you to M. Hostein were actually uttered by me, and the names of the members of the profession who authorized me to protest," &c. Occupied during the evening in making a copy of a reply to these persons. Letters from Poole about the English

* The letter referred gratefully to the kind reception he had three times enjoyed when acting in Paris, and regretted that similar courtesy was not shown to the French company in London.—Ed.

players. Read in paper of poor Tom Steele's death. I wish I had seen him as I intended. His fate was unhappy, but not altogether attributable to the causes assigned by the papers. He had spent his fortune before he joined O'Connell.

[*June 18th to 23rd.*—Engagement at Leeds.]

London, June 28th.—Carlyle and Mrs Carlyle, Sir A. and Lady Gordon, Sheil, Charles Buller, Mr. and Mrs. Jay, Lady Morgan, Hillard, Comte D'Orsay, and Brookfield dined with us; Procters and Howarths came in the evening.

[*July 6th to 8th.*—Three nights at Birmingham.]

London, July 10th.—Special performance at Drury Lane. Occupied with affairs for the evening and taking my dresses. Called for Dickens, with whom I went down in the carriage to Drury Lane Theatre. Saw Miss Cushman, with whom was Miss McHays. I talked with them some time. Dickens was very active all day, answered letters for me, and took on himself various arrangements. He was the acting manager; the play was very respectably set upon the stage. I lent Mr. Phelps my dress for King Henry VIII. Rehearsed two pieces; saw Braham, Knowles. On going on the stage, indeed, as it appeared from the beginning of the anthem, an organised disturbance, similar to that got up for the expulsion of the French actors, was violently persisted in by a few persons in the pit and the galleries. My reception was very great, and the house, with Her Majesty and the Prince in state, was most brilliant. The noise continued through the scene, and in the next, wishing to ascertain the nature of the disturbance, I sent to ask leave to address the audience. The Queen granted it, and I told the galleries that understanding they were incommoded for want of room, I had to assure them that, happy as I had been in receiving favours from them for many years, they would now add to my obligations by receiving their money and leaving the theatre. Applause, but not tranquillity, ensued, and it was only in the banquet scene that the play began to be heard. I took great pains both in Cardinal Wolsey and in Mr. Oakley. The Queen left at the end of the 'The Jealous Wife,' and I was called on and most warmly greeted.*

* This night's performance at Drury Lane Theatre was given by the special command of the Queen, and for Macready's benefit, on the occasion of his approaching departure for America. The Queen Dowager, the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge, and other members of the royal family were present, together with many representatives of political life, of art, and of literature. He was supported by the friendly services of Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Warner, Miss Rainforth, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Stirling, of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Mellon, and Miss Forster. He was also, for assistance, or offers of assistance, indebted to Mr. Braham, who came from his retirement for this purpose, to Miss Cushman, to the Misses Williams, Mrs. Jane Mordaunt, and Mrs. Whitworth, to Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. A. Wigan, to Mrs. Brougham, Mr. A. Younge, and Mr. Norton, to Mr. Benedict (now Sir Julius), and Mr. Willmott, to all of whom he expressed his thanks in print by a "card," dated from 5, Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, July 12th, 1848.—Ed.

July 15th.—Note from Ransom, informing me that £489 3*s.* 6*d.* had been paid to my account by my committee.

July 18th.—Dined with Thackeray; met the Gordons, Kenyons, Procters, Reeve, Villiers, Evans, Stanfield, and saw Mrs. Sartoris and S., C. Dance, White, H. Goldsmid in the evening.

July 23rd.—Dickens called: he told me the receipts at Drury Lane, before the people took back their money, was above £1200—above £90 was returned.

July 24th.—Silliman, Hillard, and White came. We started in the carriage, called and took up Kenyon, and pursued our way, Silliman (whom I found a very agreeable man, and had met at dinner in New York) and myself on the dickey. He was delighted with and curious about all he saw. We went to Belvedere, but found the gates closed—Sir Culling Eardley Smith the present owner—and no representations could make the woman at the lodge permit more than myself to pass and go up to the house. This I did, leaving my companions to wait my return. Reaching the house, I wrote on my card my dilemma, asking leave to show the grounds to my American friends, if it were inconvenient to see the pictures. Sir C. E. Smith, on receiving the card, sent to ask me in, and received me very courteously, asking if I was Mr. Macready. I explained with due apologies the cause of my trespass, to which he very obligingly said, if we would walk round the grounds first, the butler on our return should show us the house. He was most courteous, and a thoroughly-bred gentleman. I returned to my delighted friends, and conveyed them through those lovely scenes. On returning to the house we inscribed our names, and I received on my card an intimation that Mr. Ogg, Sir C. E. Smith's clerk, should show us the house himself. This, as I afterwards found, was a delicate way of preventing our giving fees. The young man came, and conducted us into the study. Here Sir C. E. Smith came to us, and received us very politely, observing to me that a very large debt was due to me for the efforts I had made to reform the theatres, asking me if I had not been unsuccessful in my endeavours, &c. I told him No, not as related to the public; that any obstruction was in the proprietary of each theatre. I presented my American friends, of whom he made some inquiries respecting some clerical characters in New York, advanced and shook hands with me, and left us to continue our inspection. Hillard above all, though all were charmed, was enraptured with the 'Assumption' of Murillo. We retired much pleased; the clerk declined all gratuity; I gave two shillings to the porteress at the lodge. We lunched at the little inn and went back to Greenwich. I remained at the Trafalgar reading the paper while my companions went over the Hospital. Stanfield, Maclise, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Twiss arrived; then Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Miss Hogarth and Catherine and Troughton, and we sat down to one of those peculiar English banquets, a whitebait dinner. We were all very cheerful—very gay; all unbent, and without ever forgetting the respect due to each

other; all was mirth unrestrained and delighted gaiety. Songs were sung in rapid succession, and jests flung about from each part of the table. Choruses broke out, and the reins were flung over the necks of the merry set. After 'Auld Lang Syne,' sung by all, Catherine giving the solos, we returned home in our hired carriage and an omnibus hired for the nonce, Kenyon and I on the box of the carriage. A very happy day.

July 29th.—Mr. Evans called, and I showed him the edition of Pope which I had prepared, inquiring the feasibility of the plan to make it a student's edition, the price, &c. He seemed to enter into my views, viz., of printing it for private circulation, and if demanded, to publish it at a price which would pay its own costs—with which I was extremely well satisfied.*

[*July 30th to 14th August.*—Engagements at Swansea, Bristol, Birmingham, Hull.]

August 15th.—Visit to Mrs. Forshaw at Nantwich.

London, August 31st.—Wrote to the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, to enter Willie. Went to Equitable Insurance Office. I saw Mr. Morgan, and he agreed to my taking the whole range of the United States, &c., per license, for £105, for which I gave him a cheque and received a receipt.

September 1st.—Went with Catherine and four eldest children to Elstree: enjoyed the ride with them, the beauty of the country, the recollection of every house and tree, the wandering over and through our old house, Elm Place, where so many of our children were born; walked through the neglected grounds, and marked the shrubs and trees, now grown very high, that I had planted. How many happy hours have I spent there!—and it is consecrated by its sorrows too. I have suffered as well as enjoyed. Walked down to the reservoir: every step was a memory. Went to Mr. Howarth's; dined there.

[*Liverpool, September 7th.*—Acted Wolsey, Oakley.]

September 9th.—Start for America.

Boston, September 24th.—Thanks to Almighty God, I reached the pier at East Boston this morning at about five o'clock. My night had been short, but not so bad as many of the preceding ones. Dressed with all speed, and arranged my packages, which, with my despatches, were all ready. A messenger for the despatches came on board, and gave me directions how to manage to get instantly on shore and pass the Customs. All was smooth for me, and, after the mails had been carried out, I went; my luggage was most courteously passed with only opening one trunk, and in a cab I set out for the Tremont. Reached the hotel, and found my rooms comfortably ready. Charles Sumner called, whom I was delighted to see.

September 25th.—Went to Cambridge, to Felton; met his wife.

* 'The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Revised and arranged expressly for Young People. By William Charles Macready,' in one vol. small 8vo, was published by Bradbury and Evans in 1849.—Ed.

Longfellow, to whom I gave Forster's book. We dined; I was unwell after dinner. Called on Everett; gave him H. Taylor's book; sat some time. Called at Mr. Norton's, at Mr. Palfrey's, at Bowen's, giving him Forster's book. Went to Longfellow's; saw his lovely wife—sweet woman—and her sister, Mrs. Mackintosh; took tea with them.

September 26th.—Felton called, and, soon after, Longfellow. They walked out with me; met Mr. Quincy, ex-President of Harvard College. Left H. Taylor's book, with my card, at Ticknor's. Called on A. Lawrence, on the Carys, and saw Miss Eliza—a very intelligent and agreeable girl—left card at Colonel Perkins'. Called on Mrs. Story; saw an excellent likeness in plaster of the dear old Judge by W. Story; sat and talked with her some time. Longfellow had left us. Left Kenyon's note and my card at Winthrop's. Met Dana and talked with him; left Kenyon's note and my card at Prescott's.

Note from Charles Norton, who had called to invite me from his father to dine some day this week. I answered, declining, under expectations to go to New York. Read H. Taylor's second essay on Wordsworth's sonnets, &c. Read through, for selection, Dryden's Prologues and Epilogues; for the same purpose, his Translation from Theocritus, from Lucretius, from Horace. Read his 'Mac Flecknoe,' marking it. Looked at my edition of Pope, with which Felton had expressed himself well pleased.

September 27th.—Charles Norton called, whom I like extremely. Winthrop called, whom I like too. Mr. Ayling, of the Howard Athenæum, called. Drove out to Cambridge and called on Felton, intending to go to New York to-morrow morning. He was out, and Mrs. F. directed me to catch him at the Worcester station; induced him to return with me. Began to read, and rested; read in Dryden. Went to George Curtis; met Dr. Haywood, very intelligent man; Dr. Holmes, a very delightful one, he walked home with me. Read some pages of 'The Hind and Panther.'

September 28th.—Mr. Hackett came, and promised everything I asked. I pondered all matters: these positive assurances; Gould's instances; the importance of saving time, and the little real difference there could be in any of these theatres; the dollar price so ungrudgingly placed and admitted at the Opera House, and possibly made a ground of exception at either of the other theatres: these considerations weighed with me, and I decided. We signed agreements, which I pray God may be for good.

New York, October 2nd.—In my ruminations this morning on my contemplated change of country (dear England!) I detected most unequivocally considerations of vanity brought into the balance that I am endeavouring to adjust between the *pro* and *con.* arguments upon the subject. Why should I hesitate to note down in so many words the particular littleness, which I found had place in my mind in its attempt to reason out this important question? Arranging in imagination our house with its little pretty furniture,

small objects of art, &c., at Cambridge, a sort of apprehension came across my mind, how few there will be to see or know anything of it; in other words, how little admiration from others it will receive! I thank God this weakness has been made palpable to me, that I may have my defence against its evil influence. Busy with weekly affairs. Looked over 'Macbeth.' Wrote and closed my letter to my beloved Catherine. Looked at paper; the American news gives me little interest. Went to theatre. Found the players, as I thought, disposed to be "peery," to quote an old theatrical word; but they seemed to grow amenable: I hope I may find them so. Rehearsed 'Macbeth.'

October 3rd.—Judge Kent called—a very charming person—he talked much about Cambridge, which he thinks unsuited to us, and which he wishes me to hear Mrs. Kent speak of. Looked at paper. Ruggles looked in. Looked over 'Macbeth.' Continued my perusal of that dullest poem, 'The Hind and Panther.' Burton called. Copied some of my Katie's lines. Went to Ruggles' Saw Curtis, Major Poussin, Sedgwick, Mrs. Gibbs, Major Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Brookes, whom I like more the more I know her. In what does the society I met to-night differ from good English society, or what more is needed in society?

October 4th.—Acted Macbeth with more spirit-realising thought and intensity of personification than I have usually done. It was one of my nights of Macbeth. I was called on at the end of first act, but would not go forward. Called at the end, and on the audience suspending their applause, which gave occasion to one person to hiss, and another to cry "Turn him out," I addressed them, to the effect that I did not usually address my audiences, but could not resist the impulse to express the pleasure I had in their approval: first, for the gratification it afforded me as an evidence of their appreciation of me, and as a contradiction to some journalists who had welcomed me with the assertion that I was superannuated and incapable of representing the creations of Shakespeare. I opposed their judgment to my unknown accuser.

October 5th.—Went to theatre. Rehearsed 'Othello.' David Colden called. Hackett paid me $610·50. Sent cheque to the bank; found note from D. Colden. Ruggles called for me; went with him, E. Curtis, and Fortescue to the Croton reservoirs, and thence to the aqueduct, which is situated very beautifully; the rocks and trees, the sky and sunset, touched me more than these noble works of a willing people, who individually voted to tax themselves for this great benefit. The citizens gave their undivided votes upon the subject, voting by five and by six to one the different questions.

October 6th.—Othello.

October 7th.—Gould called, and from him I collected that the performance of last night had made a powerful impression, which was satisfactory after the comparatively little applause of the

audience. Went with Colden to the Century Club; sat and talked some time; met Mr. Seymour there, &c. The fire-bell again going to-night, and the voices of the firemen with their engines in the streets. This is of frequent occurrence. Alas for the sufferers!

New York, October 8th.—Read a very scurrilous attack on myself, so very abusive and full of falsehood that it did not in the least annoy or disconcert me, in a Boston penny paper. There was a good deal of vulgar humour in it, and it was not unentertaining.

October 9th.—Macbeth.

——— 10*th.*—Bryant called, whom I was delighted to see. I took occasion to tell him and explain to him that there were "no passages between Mr. Forrest and myself;" that I had been passive throughout all that had occurred in which his name was mentioned, and had shown him all due attention.

October 11th.—Acted King Lear as well as I could with several *contretemps* and a cold audience. Called.

October 12th.—Acted Hamlet, not without some uncertainty as to whether some friends of Forrest might not be in the theatre on purpose to give colour by their disapprobation to the "justice" of his outrageous conduct in hissing me for my illustration of the "idle" * assumption of Hamlet on the King's approach; but there was spontaneous applause, and after a short interval, as if it were remembered that this must have been the point of Mr. Forrest's exception, another confirmatory round. I was very much cut up in the play, but made the best fight I could. Called at the end.

October 19th.—News brought me of the death of my dear friend and relative, Jonathan Birch, one of the best—*the best*—of men, whom I loved most fervently; and he is gone, leaving not many like him behind him. Acted Hamlet.

Boston, October 30th.—Macbeth. *November 1st.*—Richelieu. *2nd.*—Othello. *3rd.*—Werner.

November 4th.—On this day, henceforward marked as one of my most sad anniversaries, my beloved brother, the playfellow of my boyhood, the cherished *protégé* and pupil of my youth, the friend of my life, Edward Neville Macready, died. Blessed, blessed be his spirit! Amen.

November 6th.—Rehearsed; was struck at the grave scene with the extraordinary weight of the skull which was given to me. I thought it was loaded; then it occurred to me it might be filled with earth—but no. Mr. Ayling observed to me it might be a negro's skull; looking at the receding forehead, I perceived it was so. But directly this circumstance seemed to confirm to me Agassiz' theory, that the brain did not develop itself after childhood; the brain does not grow, but the bone does. The weight

* "They are coming to the play; I must be idle."—'Hamlet,' act iii., scene 2.—Ed.

of this skull went in confirmation of this ingenious theory. Rested. Acted Hamlet.

Philadelphia, November 20th.—Acted Macbeth. Before the play Mr. Ryder came to inform me there would be a disturbance. I would take no stimulant; had fortunately eaten a light dinner, conscious of having done nothing even questionable. I was prepared. I heard great shouting at Mr. Ryder, who was evidently mistaken by the deputed rioters for myself. Went on, and applause, with the hissing, coarse noises, &c., of the ruffians there, attended my entry. I received it unmoved, and went on braving it. It continued growing more and more faint through the scenes, the rioters, sometimes well-informed, trying to interrupt the more effective parts of the performance, but becoming gradually subdued, until applause aroused them again. They were sufficiently quiet before the end of the first act. They heard the dagger soliloquy, manifestly enrapt, and the applause was a genuine burst, but of course again a signal for the ruffian blackguards assembled. The murder went triumphantly, and the second act ended as having stilled them. I went through cheerily and defyingly, pointing at the scoundrels such passages as "I dare do all," &c. The third act also had evidently a strong hold upon them—in the early part a copper cent was thrown at me, missing me, which particularly excited the indignation of the audience—and when I went on a bouquet was thrown to me. I mention all I can recollect. The fourth act passed smoothly after my entrance. In the fifth act, as if the scoundrels were aware that it was a strong point for me, they began with more than their primary violence of noise and outrage. A rotten egg was thrown on the stage. I went in active and cheerful defiance through it, though injured in the more touching and delicate effects, and in the last scene threw all my heart into the contest, and wound up with great effect.

The majority—the large majority—of the audience were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of sympathy with me, and of indignation against these ruffians. I was called, and I went on—of course the tumult of applause, and of the attempts of those wretches was very great—I stood to be heard, and that for a long time, touched and moved at first by the genial and generous warmth of the bulk of the audience. Obtaining at last silence, I observed that at New York and at Boston I had been warned of an organised opposition to be in force against me, but there, as here, I had expressed my perfect confidence in the good feeling of an American public, and I was happy and grateful to find I was not disappointed. I had had long acquaintance with, and I might say I had studied, the American character, and was convinced it was incapable of sanctioning such gross injustice. There was much difficulty in proceeding, and I had to wait long for intervals of silence, during which they gave "Nine cheers for Macready," which were carried out, and three or four feeble "Cheers for Forrest." I observed that, in my country, it was an invariable principle of justice not to con-

demn a man unheard, and that their laws were similar to our own. There had been an impression widely and most industriously disseminated that I had shown hostility in my own country to an American actor. I declared upon my "sacred honour" that not only were the assertions so made false in the aggregate, but that in all the circumstances carefully compiled there was not for a single one the smallest shadow of foundation; that I had been hissed in a public theatre by an American actor, an act which I believed no other American would have committed, and which I was certain no European actor would have been guilty of; that up to that period I had shown none but kindly feelings towards that person, and had never since then publicly expressed an unkind one.

I begged to observe that in my own country some players had organised a similar outrage to the present against some French performers, and that the leading European journal had designated them as "ruffians and blockheads, disgracing their country in the eyes of Europe;" that these people I was sure in the opinion of the audience would be considered as disgracing themselves in the eyes of Americans as well as Europeans. Under such unheard-of outrages as these, so unworthy of a civilised community (pointing to the filthy remains of the egg which lay upon the stage), I could not but feel grateful for the sense of the indignation which they had shown; that I should always remember the spirit in which they had resisted such proceedings, and in speaking of them should testify my gratitude for their generous sympathy; that I was perfectly ready if they desired to relinquish my engagement from that night (*No, No, No*); and that, under any circumstances, I should recollect with satisfaction and pride the support they had so cordially rendered.

Again and again I thanked them, and retired.* The applause was most fervent. An English gentleman, a Manchester man, wished to see me. He came to express his sympathy, and to notice some evidences that he had witnessed of the cabal. Colonel Lee, the Recorder, wished to be introduced to me, and was most ardent

* A "card," or letter, signed Edwin Forrest, appeared in print, dated Philadelphia, November 21st, 1848, which contained the following passages: "Mr. Macready, in his speech last night to the audience at the Arch Street Theatre, made allusion, I understand, to 'an American actor' who had the temerity on one occasion '*openly* to hiss him.' This is true, and, by the way, the *only* truth which I have been enabled to gather from the whole scope of his address. But why say 'an American actor?' Why not openly charge me with the act? For I did it, and publicly avowed it in *The Times* newspaper of London, and at the same time have asserted my right to do so." The rest of the letter accused Macready of suborning the English press against him, instigated by feelings of envy and jealousy of his rivalry as an actor, and that he had, in consequence, been himself hissed upon the stage in London before the occurrence of his own hissing of Macready in 'Hamlet' at Edinburgh. He went on to deny having assisted in getting up "an organised opposition" to Macready in America, and to state that, on the contrary, his advice had been to do nothing, and "let the superannuated driveller alone."—Ed.

in the same spirit. He did not wish me to go home alone. I had told Burton and Ryder that one of them must walk home with me, in case of assault, to be witness for me, as alone my testimony would be comparatively valueless. Colonel Lee said he would go, and that they would not dare attempt anything, knowing him. I went with him to his house to get his overcoat. He gave me a cigar, and together we went; but not the slightest indication of out-of-door hostility. He accompanied me to my hotel, and took his whisky toddy, whilst I took my tea; afterwards we smoked cigars, talking on the democratic policy, which, as he described it, approached very nearly to my own; he mentioned to me, in reference to my objection to the territorial extension of the democrats, Calhoun's expression of "masterly inactivity," as the means, the best means, of letting the race extend itself over this continent. I quite agree with it, and think it must be successful if acted on. We parted late.

November 22*nd*.—Othello. 23*rd*.—Werner. 25*th*.—Richelieu. 27*th*.—Lear. 28*th*.—Stranger. 29*th*.—Virginius.

November 30*th*.—Record of anguish and the deepest grief. The friend of my life, my dearest only brother is gone before me. His death was sudden, instantaneous, and without suffering. For that, thank God! But he the youngest of us, gone, gone! In our childhood he was my playmate, in my youth I tried to form his mind and advance his prospects, and in manhood we were bound by love which, though sometimes shaken and disturbed, sometimes violently, yet still existed to knit again in closer bonds, which have not been broken, only elongated, by death. Beloved Edward, if thy spirit is conscious, and has insight into the world of mind still moving here, thou wilt know how fondly and tenderly my heart reverts to all that was sweet and precious in the affection of our lives, and how bitterly it sorrows for thy loss! Blessed, blessed be thy dear spirit! Amen.

December 2*nd*.— Acted Hamlet with care and energy; took especial pains to make the meaning of "*I must be idle*" clear, which was followed by cheers on cheers after the first applause, when it was understood by the house that this was Mr. Forrest's "*fancy dance*." Oh fie, fie! The play went off triumphantly. Was called, and enthusiastically received. I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen,—My words to you shall be very few, for to whatever length I might extend them, they would fail to satisfy in conveying to you the deeply grateful sense I entertain of the liberal support you have afforded me. The remembrance of my visit here will always be accompanied with the ready testimony of my gratitude for the truly noble and generous earnestness with which you have defended me, a stranger, from the grossest outrage, the grossest injustice. I have spoken and written of it as I shall ever do, with admiration and fervent thankfulness. I regret I cannot embody in more expressive language all I feel, but the attempt is vain: I must therefore only again and again thank

you, in taking my respectful leave of you." The reception of this short address was all I could desire, and the impression left on the Philadelphian audience seems what I could most have wished.

Baltimore, December 10th.—Read over the last three or four letters of dearest Catherine, of Letitia, again, of dearest Edward's death, and I feel as if I had seen it all. Blessed spirit, farewell! May the suffering I have endured for thy dear loss make gentler my heart, and give me patience and wisdom to make my remaining days or years more holy in God's sight. This year, poor Susan my sister-in-law; my dear friend and tutor and relative, William Birch; my friend and cousin, Jonathan Birch, and dearest far of all, my beloved brother Edward, lost in this world to me.

December 11th.—Acted Macbeth. Called; was going off, when a person in the stage box called out, "Say something." What was I to say? I told the audience that as the attempt had been made to associate the country with the outrage and persecution I had endured, they had vindicated it from so unworthy an insinuation, and I thanked them earnestly and gratefully.

December 12th.—Looked at the Baltimore papers, speaking of the performances last night in terms of equal general praise, or perhaps implying the superiority of Mr. Forrest. People here—my friends—talk of the victory I have obtained, the triumph I have won! Victory! over what or whom? A large portion of the American public, the more intelligent and gentleman-like, have been shocked and ashamed at Mr. Forrest's "card," written in the worst taste, and convicting himself of falsehood in one or two particulars, and they believe that I am true, or for the most part so. A large portion—the democrat party—crowd to see him at the theatre, cheer him in the most tumultuous and pointed manner, calling forth his thanks for their "support," &c., and the papers speak of him in the same admiration and respect that they would of a real artist and a real gentleman! And I am to live in this country! Rested. Acted Cardinal Richelieu with pains and effect. A rascal in the pit set up a yell at the end of the loud applause in first act, and there was some disturbance with him in the third—they said he was removed. Was called, and some person proposed three cheers, which they gave. I am grown insensible. Ryder brought me the returns of the house.

December 13th.—Shylock. *14th.*—Werner. *15th.*—Hamlet.

Richmond, December 18th.—Acted Macbeth. *19th.*—Richelieu.

December 20th.—Acted Hamlet—taking much pains and, as I thought, acting well; but the audience testified neither sensibility or enthusiasm, and I suppose it is either not good, or "cavaire to the general." They gave me the skull, for Yorick's, of a negro who was hung two years ago for cutting down his overseer.

December 21st.—Charles Buller is dead. I held him in great regard, and had a very high opinion of his talent and of his poli-

tical honesty. He liked me, I am sure. Another friend, for such I am sure he would have proved himself to me, is struck away—the lesson of dying is being taught to me very earnestly. "The friends of my youth, where are they?"

December 22nd.—Acted Werner.

Baltimore, December 24th.—Burned my yule log, and thought on my dear home. Looked over 'Hamlet.'

December 25th.—Acted Hamlet.

——— 26*th.*—(Nina's and Lillie's birthday.) To God I lift up my heart and voice in prayer for His best blessings of virtue, wisdom, and health, with many years to enjoy the happiness they must bring, upon my beloved Nina and Lillie—dear dear children. God bless them! Before I rose, this prayer was in my mind and uttered by me, and through the day as at my quiet table, the wish of "Many, many happy returns of the day" was frequently on my lips. Thinking of dear Nina's birth eighteen years ago, my dear Edward's presence, then preparing for his voyage to Ceylon, what a dream it seems! how life becomes to one's thoughts no more than σκιᾶς ὄναρ. Acted Stranger.

December 28th.—Werner. 29*th.*—Richelieu.

Washington, December 31st.—A year of awful, stirring, fearful, and afflicting events is this day brought to a close. Many friends, some most dear, and one among the very dearest, have been taken from earth, and I have been taught to feel the truth of my own mortality. The income granted to me has been very great, but the expense of the year has been great in proportion, and I have not added so large an amount to my capital as I could have wished. For all, however, I am most thankful, most grateful, O God, and bow down my heart in earnest and devout acknowledgment of Thy mercy to me!

1849.

Richmond, January 4th.—Left Richmond with a most delightful recollection of all attaching to it. *Vivent!* Thought much through the day and night on life, the dream it is. For the first time I saw in the glass to-day that I really am an old man. My mind does not feel old; and it is with a sort of wonder, mixed with melancholy heart regret, that I see almost all those endeared to me by boyish affection, and associated with the memories of my youth, lost to me. But I do not mistake the warning, I am fully aware of my mortality, and though I would not wish to die here, nor without seeing my beloved ones again, nor, indeed, until I had done all I really should have the power of doing to actually advance them, yet still I am not disposed to murmur, whenever God may send the dark angel for my spirit; the violent deaths of this land I would avoid, but to die as my dear brother did, or dear and revered

Jonathan Birch, either would be a happy quittance, after beholding my blessed ones on a promising course of active life.

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good morning.'"*

January 5th.—Richmond to Charleston.

The log-hut in the open spaces, with the neat-looking country-house at a little distance, frequently appeared to teach the lesson of energy, and frugality, and patience—the certain means of wealth and independence—which this remarkable people practise. Reached Wilmington in time to save the boat, despite the dilatoriness and *sang-froid* of car captain and mail agent, who would have breakfast, and would take their time in stopping, regardless of our remonstrances. Went on board a dirty boat, *Governor Dudley*, and after being aground whilst we ate a nasty-looking dinner, ham and rice being mine, went down Cape Fear River. Lovely sunset. Moon and stars in all their brightness. Are we to know so much only to know no more?

[*January 8th to January 30th.*—Engagement at Charleston.]

[*February 9th to March 10th.*—Engagement at New Orleans.]

New Orleans, March 3rd.—Kept my birthday (æt. fifty-six) in sympathy with the dear ones at home, and drank their healths in a small glass of hock, full to "the highest top, sparkle." God bless them! Acted Henry IV., Joseph Surface, very fairly.

New Orleans, March 12th.—Calculated the chances of my different routes, and at once decided on the river course.

March 22nd.—Walked to the steamboat. What a sight is that *Levée!* The steamboats, those monster masses, drawn up in rows and crowding for place, while the whole shore swarms with the busy crowds that, with merchandise, horses, carriages, luggage, &c., are landing or embarking. My wonder seems never to diminish. Each time I scale the stairs of these immense fabrics, I look down the length of the saloon in astonishment at its vastness. As night came on the numerous lights in the vessels and along the streets on either shore and darting across the distance, the fire baskets with their blazing pine, and the deep blue sky studded with stars, some larger and higher than they look to us in England, gave ample occupation to the eye and mind. Mr. Polk and *suite* were

* These beautiful lines of Mrs. Barbauld's were spoken by the Rev. James Fleming (his friend, and one of his executors), who officiated at Macready's interment at Kensal Green, in the course of the touching and eloquent address he delivered at the conclusion of the funeral service over the coffin, as it descended from the chapel to the vaults below. He well knew Macready's fondness for them.—Ed.

passengers in the neighbour boat, and being escorted by a large crowd and many of the citizens who had entertained him at a public dinner to-day, amid blazing pine torches and shouts of the multitude, the scene was more animated than usual. He came down under a salute of artillery, and shortly after he went on board we left our moorings and sped up the stream. The negroes sang their wild fantastic, yet harmonious chorus, which in the night, passing the various lights from shore and boats, had a very pleasing effect.

March 23rd.—Rose in good time to look upon a most beautiful morning, and went upon the upper deck to gaze upon and wonder at, again and again, with never-ceasing wonder, this mighty river, and note the alternate wildness and cultivation of its banks. Here are plantations, with the villa in its garden of orange walks, its hamlet near of negro huts, the broad high chimney of its sugar-house, and its fields of cane stretched out to different extent about it. Sometimes repelling the river by its well-constructed *levée*, others less fortunate in a wide stretched lake, with boats passing to and fro. Here again the cypress, lifting itself majestically from the rank swamp; the sycamore, white and ghastly with its mourning vesture of grey moss hanging from its outstretched branches; here, long sweeps of cane; beyond, the cotton-wood; sometimes a small live oak: to me it is all variety. The tortuous course of the stream; the vast reaches of its bends; the islands round which it drives or hurls its eddies along; the steamboats that we meet or pass, full of life and activity, plying their eager course; the *flat-boats*, long boxes of 70 or 80 feet length, and about 15 broad, with two long sweeps of oars, and with a crew of four, five, or six, filled with goods of various kinds, their produce, hams, corn, &c., trusted to the stream by these hardy fellows: to me it is most interesting. Stopped at Baton Rouge.

Read through the day Macaulay's History. Much pleased. Sat under the wheel, reading and enjoying the scene.

March 24th.—Were stopped, and, as the captain told me, had lost our way; could see neither bank for the density of the fog, which cleared away before the sun, and was very beautiful in its gradual dispersion, lying in thick lines along the river shores. Mr. Clay, or Henry Clay as he is called, came on board last night at Natchez, but was not at the breakfast-table. I went to my old study under the wheel, and saw the shores, the boats, the flatboats, and all the life of this great watery world, as I raised my eyes occasionally from the interesting life of that master of stupidity and crime, King James II. Passed the small town of Great Gulf; noticed the *crevasse*, as they call it, at Bayou Sara, where we took in and discharged some passengers, yesterday, I think. But these crevasses and inundations are frequent, almost constant, all up the stream: the damage must be very great. Mr. Clay came to the upper deck, and sat with me some time. He is much, much older than five years ago. Came to Vicksburg, a town pushing itself into

life and note. Some of the inhabitants, rustic-looking men, came on board to pay their respects to Mr. Clay, and some guns were fired on shore in compliment to him.

March 25th.—Walked on upper deck, enjoying exercise and view. It is interesting to see the wooding. The bell of the boat hails the wood station; if at night, a light answers it; the captain asks the price, and, if accepted, takes one or two of those long boxes full of wood in tow, lashed to either side of his vessel, and speeds away, the crew or woodmen emptying the boats or boxes into the lower deck of the *Peytona*. Walked and talked with Clay till he was tired. Read and finished second volume of Macaulay's History, with which I have been greatly pleased and interested. My bedroom was changed, to my great comfort, to the ladies' cabin. Walked in the evening again. Looked at the beauty of the sunset, and thought of dear, dear home: are they thinking of me? How much I wished I could show the wonder of this mighty stream to my dear children; it never loses its interest to me; the large islands it encircles, the huge trees that come down floating on its surface, those fierce wolf-looking snags that poke their sharp heads out of the stream, as if peering for their prey, all add to the exciting effect it has on me. The thin line of moon as the sun went down in its golden and orange flood of light was most beautiful. Looked over the pages of Macaulay.

March 26th.—Rose in good time to see the city—all towns are cities here—of *Memphis*; like all the rest of these spick-and-span new places, industry and energy observable everywhere. White wooden houses, large hotels, &c. Michell is better, of which I am very glad. Walked on upper-deck, pleased with the pink blossom of the red-bud, profusely growing in some of the woods. Tracked in the maps the passage we have made. Had a little conversation with Mr. Clay. The morning was very cold, I felt it so even under my blankets, which I last night resumed. Occupied myself determinedly in entering arrears of record which, as my writing shows, is not, with the motion of the engine, a very easy task. I ought not to forget the graceful drapery of the wild vine in the woods, which contrasts so beautifully with the sad and gloomy shrouding of the grey moss. The relief of this red-bud, to the bright spring-green of the woods is very lively. Entered arrears of record some days due. Walked, watching the passing steamboats, *Mohawk*, *Duchess*, *Buckeye*, &c. The flatboats, which are from 70 to 100 feet long, and from 17 to 20 in width, are broken up for lumber at New Orleans, the good passage to which is about seventeen days. Saw the log-huts standing in the water, quite insulated, children, women, &c., within. Read through in the afternoon Haliburton's book of the 'Old Judge,' the first of his I have read, but which seemed to me like the rinsings of his ingenuity and memory; he has humour and descriptive power, but his style is sometimes too ambitious. Went early to bed. Watched in the morning the flocks of wild geese flying in their letter or figure form.

March 27th.—Rose at my usual hour, and regretted to learn that I had missed seeing the conflux of the Mississippi and Ohio, we having entered the Ohio at about three or four o'clock in the morning, and being now forty miles up the stream. Passed the towns of Paducah and Smithland, the entrance of Cumberland River. Began letter to dear Catherine. Tried to read Gould's abridged edition of Alison's Europe. Oh, my dear Gould, I might as well try to read the abridged *Gazettes* from 1789 to the present time. Began letter to dear Nina. Pleased with the river, the rafts, flat-boats, and several steamers passing down. Looked for books in the steamboat collection; selected Head's 'Bubbles of the Brunnens;' found in it much humour, good description, philanthropic and philosophic observations, alloyed by not a little coxcombery and one-sidedness. Mr. Clay introduced me to another Louisville gentleman, who showed me a paragraph in a paper stating that Mr. Forrest had come out with another, not *card*, but letter, "weak and poor." Dickens may well say I have given him money to attack me. Read 'Brunnens' till late.

Louisville, March 28th.—The banks of the river are beautiful, constantly varying in form and surface, alternating rock, wood, hill, and meadow ground in beautiful combinations. This is called, or was, 'La Belle Rivière," and is justly entitled to the name. Our voyage ends to-day. Oh God, for how much have I not cause to be grateful! Rescued from sickness, pestilence, and death, and blessed with peculiar favour, my heart rises in humble gratitude to Thee, the Giver of all—of all. Blessed be Thy name, ever and ever! Amen.

Walked before breakfast. Read in 'Brunnens.' Entered arrears of record. Read and finished the 'Brunnens,' an amusing book, with some good thoughts, good writing, and much conceit of thought and style occasionally. Wrote to dearest Catherine, and to my Nina. Reached a place on the river, where uptorn trees, others broke short in two, of vast size, gave signs of a most fearful hurricane. Reached Louisville. Mr. Clay offered to convey me to the hotel, but he was so surrounded by friends and admirers that I got out of the crowd and came up alone. Met Mr. Ryder at the hotel, Galt House. Received telegraph from Mr. Bates, giving terms asked, so I am booked for Cincinnati and Louisville. Walked to the post-office and telegraph; telegraphed to Bates. Walked, attended to business, looked at papers. Spoke with Ryder on my engagements, which I tried to arrange. Wrote to Barry, wrote to Halty. *Peytona* steamboat: length, 265 feet; breadth of beam, 34½ feet; depth of hold, 8 feet 3 inches; diameter of wheel, 36 feet; length of paddle, 18 feet; extreme breadth, 72 feet; length of cabin, 224 feet; fifty state rooms, 8 × 9 feet.

March 29th.—Before leaving Louisville, the time for embarking having arrived, I asked to see Mr. Clay, and the hotel-keeper, Major Throgmorton, showed me to his room. I took a very cordial leave of him, as he of me; he enjoined me to tell Lord Carlisle how

much he felt obliged to him for his attention to his friends, and told me how glad he should be to see any friends of mine, which I reciprocated, and left him never to meet again in this world. Went on board the steamboat *Benjamin Franklin*, a very large, handsome boat, the interior decorated in Gothic arches the whole length of the boat, and very elegantly arranged, but more cramped than the *Peytona*, and much more unpleasant motion. Met several of my *Peytona* fellow-passengers on board. It seems the captain of the *Bostona* had said that, in his next voyage up the river, he will "either come into Louisville before the *Peytona*, or with his feet foremost." Thus the lives of passengers are endangered for this poor ambition of a steamboat captain! Walked on deck for some time.

Walked, not being able to see by the lamplight. Went early to bed, but something in the machinery had given way, and after blundering and botching and creeping along, and stopping, we at last made a *wait* of about three hours at Madison. I was awaked by the jerking of the engine as we resumed our course, and geting up, half-dressed, lay down again, but to a very uncomfortable night.

Cincinnati, March 30th.—Continued our course up the beautiful Ohio to Cincinnati, where we landed, and I, having seen my landlord on board, a fellow-passenger, went up to the Broadway Hotel, and found my rooms ready for me. Posted my letters for England. So tired when I returned that I dropped asleep as I sat on the sofa. Mr. Bates and his stage-manager called and ratified the engagement, wishing two nights thrown in, which I could not accede to.

March 20th.—Entertained at a public dinner.

[*April 2nd to April 14th.*—Engagement at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, April 2nd.—Went to rehearsal. Found a most disgracefully imperfect Horatio, who had rehearsed on Saturday, and now knew nothing of words or business, one of those wretches who take to the stage as an escape from labour, and for whom the treadmill would be a fitting punishment. Rested. Acted Hamlet to a rather rickety audience, but I tried my utmost, and engaged the attention of at least the greater part of the auditory. In the scene after the play with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, an occurrence took place that, for disgusting brutality, indecent outrage, and malevolent barbarism, must be without parallel in the theatre of any civilised community. Whilst speaking to them about "the pipe," a ruffian from the left side gallery threw into the middle of the stage the half of the raw carcase of a sheep! Of course there is no commenting on such sheer brutality. The audience were of course indignant, and when I came on in the closet scene, quite stopped the play with their prolonged and vehement applause. I felt for them; and I feel for humanity in the degrading circumstance. Was called, and went on, and, bowing, came off.

[*April 16th to April 21st.*—Engagement at Louisville.]

April 21st. — Virginius. Rested; acted Virginius very well. Called; was going off in silence, but the sort of consternation of the audience induced me to return and observe that it was evident they expected me to address them. "Of course," called out a person in the second tier. "Not at all 'of course,'" I rejoined; and then, making a few observations upon the absurd custom of a player obtruding his egotism or flatteries upon his audience, took leave with wishes for the prosperity and advancement of their flourishing city and noble state. Ryder came into my room and smoked his cigar.

New York, May 7th.—Rehearsed with much care. Looked at some papers (N.Y.) sent to me. Received note from Silliman, which I answered. Rested. Went to theatre, dressed. My hair-dresser told me there would be a good house, for there was—an unusual sight—a great crowd outside. My call came; I heard immense applause, and three cheers for Mr. Clarke in Macduff. I smiled, and said to myself, "They mistake him for me." I went on, the greatest applause, as it seemed, from the whole house. I bowed respectfully, repeatedly. It still kept on. I bowed as it were emphatically (to coin an expression for a bow), rather significantly, that I was touched by such a demonstration; it continued. I thought, "This is becoming too much." It did not cease, and I began to distinguish howlings from the right corner of the parquet. Still, I thought, it is only like the Western shriek, a climax of their applause. At length I became sensible there was opposition, and that the prolongation of the applause was the struggle against it; I then waited for its subsidence, but no cessation; I at last walked forward to address them, intending to say—"I felt pain and shame, which the intelligent and respectable must feel for their country's reputation, and that I would instantly resign my engagement rather than encounter such disgraceful conduct."

They would not let me speak. They hung out placards—"You have been proved a liar," &c.; flung a rotten egg close to me. I pointed it to the audience, and smiled with contempt, persisting in my endeavour to be heard. I could not have been less than a quarter of an hour on the stage altogether, with perfect *sang-froid* and good humour, reposing in the consciousness of my own truth. At last there was nothing for it, and I said "Go on," and the play, 'Macbeth,' proceeded in dumb show, I hurrying the players on. Copper cents were thrown, some struck me, four or five eggs, a great many apples, nearly, if not quite, a peck of potatoes, lemons, pieces of wood, a bottle of asafœtida, which splashed my own dress, smelling of course most horribly. The first act, at least in my scenes, with these accompaniments, passed in dumb show; I looking directly at these men as they committed these outrages, and no way moved by them. Behind the scenes some attempted to exhibit sympathy, which I received very loftily, observing, "My concern was for the disgrace such people inflicted on the character of the country." The second act closed exactly in the same way.

I dressed for the third, and went on; the tumult the same, the missiles growing thicker. At last a chair was thrown from the gallery on the stage, something heavy was thrown into the orchestra (a chair), which made the remaining musicians move out. Another chair was hurled by the same man, whom I saw deliberately throw it, then wrench up another, and throw it too—I bowed to the audience, and going up to Mr. Chippendale, observed that I thought "I had quite fulfilled my obligation to Messrs. Niblo and Hackett, and that I should now remain no longer."

I accordingly went down and undressed; Colden was there, and seemed to apprehend danger out of doors: I did not. However, I took my dirk, but thinking it unworthy to carry it, threw it down again. Colden (who made too much of it), Tallmadge, and Emmett walked home with me; there was no sign of any attempt in the back street, but there was a crowd at the front door, which Colden had not been able to penetrate, and which, the Chief of the Police informed me afterwards, made the strongest efforts to break into the house. Colden was with me, and Ruggles too came and joined us. I was in the best spirits, and we talked over what was to be done. Several things proposed, rejected, and certain things decided on, but so hastily that when they were gone I perceived the course was yet to be fixed on. A Mr. Bennett—stranger—came, as he said, from young Astor and other names of the first, he said, to say that this should be resisted, and to convey to me the expression of their regret, &c. I was not quite sure of my man. Gould came, when they were gone, in great distress, having heard all from Duyckinck. Our conversation overturned the decision with Ruggles and Colden. He gone, Mr. Monnitt, my landlord, and one of the heads of the police called, to show me a deposition taken from one of the rioters who had been captured, and who, because he cried very much, was set at liberty. I asked leave to copy the deposition, and I am about to do it, and I suppose shall have a long night's writing. And this is my treatment! Being left alone, I begin to feel more seriously the indignities put on me, and entertain ideas of not going on the stage again. Pray God I may do what is right! I will try to do so. I thank His goodness that I am safe and unharmed. Wrote to dearest Catherine.

May 8th.—Rose in good time with headache. Looked at papers. *New York Herald*, which gave a semi-facetious, insidious, and, as regards myself, incorrect account of the brutality of last night. Saw other papers, *Courier*, *Inquirer*, and the *Express*—good notices. Wrote to dear Catherine. Sent Michell to inquire about berth in the *America* for to-morrow week. Gould called, Duyckinck, Hacketts, father and son, Crowder, Colden, Judge Kent, Ruggles. They talked much on what was to be done—I resolved not to act to-night, and am disinclined to appear again, but they are gone to collect names in requisition to me to continue my engagement. It was thought by me that if I did appear, it should not be before Friday. Ruggles came in again; he told me that Theod. Sedgwick

had declined to sign the requisition to me; his only plea, that he was Forrest's counsel.

May 9th.—Duyckinck called, R. Emmett, Colden, Hackett, and Niblo. On deliberating and canvassing the matter, originally intending to begin on Friday, I decided on acting upon Thursday, whilst "the excitement was strong in favour of order." Note from Gould intimating the necessity of my publishing an answer to the requisition to me. Set about it. Gould came; he is indefatigable; he is a true friend. Hackett paid me. Wrote answers to requisition. Dined with Starr Miller; a very elegant entertainment indeed.

New York, May 10th.—Read the papers with much satisfaction; *Courier, Express* taking a just and good tone. The Recorder called, Mr. Tallmadge, and assured me that every measure should be taken to insure the tranquillity of the house to-night, &c.; I told him of the deposition before Justice Mumford, and he was displeased that the matter had not been communicated officially to him. He left me very cordially, and with great confidence. Bates (of Portland Place, London) called with a friend just to shake hands. I was going to the theatre to rehearsal; went there; saw the performers, all in good spirits; ran through the scenes of 'Macbeth,' for fear the excitement of Monday night might have put the *business* from their memories. Spoke with Messrs. Sefton and Chippendale, expressing my own opinion that there would not be the slightest demonstration of opposition. They thought there might be a hiss, or perhaps two, at the beginning, but that it could be instantly silenced. Mr. Clarke apologized, and explained to me what he had said to the audience on the previous Monday. Was inconvenienced by the smell of the asafœtida in the green cloth at the side of the stage, and gave directions that it should not be used to-night. Returned to hotel.

Letter from Sumner; very indignant. Sent cheque and book to bank. Colden called and chatted; talked of last night; all in the best spirit. Entered arrears of record until time to lie down. Rose, shaved, and dressed; found three letters on my table from Hillard, George Curtis, and a Mrs. Charles—the last an application to see and give counsel and instruction to her daughter; the first, over-boiling with furious indignation at the occurrences of Monday night, and full of generous approbation of my behaviour throughout my sojourn here; from George Curtis was a hearty and earnest invitation to me to make his house my home whilst I should remain at Boston. I was thinking that I ought not to linger to read these letters, but happily my curiosity was stronger than my respect to rigid duty, and I read them before I placed them in my desk.

I went gaily, I may say, to the theatre, and on my way, looking down Astor Place, saw one of the Harlem cars on the railroad stop and discharge a full load of policemen; there seemed to be others at the door of the theatre. I observed to myself, "This is

good precaution." I went to my dressing-room, and proceeded with the evening's business. The hair-dresser was very late, and my equanimity was disturbed. I was ruffled and nervous from fear of being late, but soon composed myself. The managers were delaying the beginning, and I was unwilling to be behind the exact hour.

The play began; there was some applause to Mr. Clarke (I write of what I could hear in my room below). I was called, and at my cue went on with full assurance, confidence, and cheerfulness. My reception was very enthusiastic, but I soon discovered that there was opposition, though less numerously manned than on Monday. I went right on when I found that it would not be instantly quelled, looking at the wretched creatures in the parquet, who shook their fists violently at me, and called out to me in savage fury. I laughed at them, pointing them out with my truncheon to the police, who I feared were about to repeat the inertness of the previous evening. A black board with white letters was leaned against the side of the proscenium : "*The friends of order will remain silent.*" This had some effect in making the rioters more conspicuous.

My first, second, third scenes passed over rapidly and unheard; at the end of the fourth, one of the officers gave a signal, the police rushed in at the two sides of the parquet, closed in upon the scoundrels occupying the centre seats and furiously vociferating and gesticulating, and seemed to lift them or bundle them in a body out of the centre of the house, amid the cheers of the audience. I was in the act of making my exit with Lady Macbeth, and stopped to witness this clever manœuvre, which, like a *coup de main*, swept the place clear at once. As well as I can remember the bombardment outside now began. Stones were hurled against the windows in Eighth Street, smashing many; the work of destruction became then more systematic; the volleys of stones flew without intermission, battering and smashing all before them; the Gallery and Upper Gallery still kept up the din within, aided by the crashing of glass and boarding without. The second act passed, the noise and violence without increasing, the contest within becoming feebler. Mr. Povey, as I was going to my raised seat in the banquet scene, came up to me, and in an undertone, and much frightened, urged me to cut out some part of the play, and bring it to a close. I turned round upon him very sharply, and said that "I had consented to do this thing—to place myself here, and whatever the consequence I must go through with it—it must be done: that I could not cut out. The audience had paid for so much, and the law compelled me to give it; they would have cause for riot if all were not properly done." I was angry, and spoke very sharply to the above effect.

The banquet scene was partially heard and applauded. I went down to change my dress, the battering at the building, doors, and windows growing, like the fiends at Old Woman of Berkley's burial

louder and louder. Water was running down fast from the ceiling to the floor of my room, and making a pool there. I inquired; the stones hurled in had broken some of the pipes. The fourth act passed: louder and more fierce waxed the furious noises against the building and from without; for whenever a missile did effectual mischief in its discharge it was hailed with shouts outside; stones come in through the windows, and one struck the chandelier; the audience removed for protection behind the walls; the house was considerably thinned, gaps of unoccupied seats appearing in the audience part. The fifth act was heard, and in the very spirit of resistance I flung my whole soul into every word I uttered, acting my very best, and exciting the audience to a sympathy even with the glowing words of fiction, whilst these dreadful deeds of real crime and outrage were roaring at intervals in our ears and rising to madness all round us. The death of Macbeth was loudly cheered, and on being lifted up and told that I was called, I went on, and, with action earnestly and most emphatically expressive of my sympathy with them and my feelings of gratefulness to them, I quitted the New York stage amid the acclamations of those before me.

Going to my room, I began without loss of time to undress, but with no feeling of fear or apprehension. When washed and half dressed, persons came into my room—consternation on the faces of some, fear, anxiety, and distress on those of others. "The mob were getting stronger; why were not the military sent for?" "They were here." "Where? Why did they not act?" "They were not here; they were drawn up in the Bowery." "Of what use were they there?" Other arrivals. "The military had come upon the ground." "Why did they not disperse the mob then?" These questions and answers, with many others, were passed to and fro among the persons round me whilst I was finishing my hasty toilet, I occasionally putting in a question or remark. Suddenly we heard a volley of musketry: "Hark! what's that?" I asked. "The soldiers have fired." "My God!" I exclaimed. Another volley, and another! The question among those surrounding me (there were, that I remember, Ruggles, Judge Kent, D. Colden, R. Emmett, a friend of his in some official station, Fry, Sefton, Chippendale, and I think the performer who played Malcolm, &c.) was, which way was I to go out? News came that several were killed; I was really insensible to the degree of danger in which I stood, and saw at once—there being no avoidance—there was nothing for it but to meet the worst with dignity, and so I stood prepared.

They sent some one to reconnoitre, and urged the necessity of a change in my appearance. I was confident that people did not know my person, and repeated this belief. They overbore all objections, and took the drab surtout of the performer of Malcolm, he taking my black one; they insisted too that I must not wear my hat: I said "Very well, lend me a cap." Mr. Sefton gave me

his, which was cut all up the back to go upon my head. Thus equipped I went out, following Robert Emmett to the stage door; here we were stopped, not being allowed to pass. The "friend" was to follow us as a sort of *aide*, but we soon lost him. We crossed the stage, descended into the orchestra, got over into the parquet, and passing into the centre passage, went along with the thin stream of the audience moving out. We went right on, down the flight of stairs and out of the door into Eighth Street. All was clear in front—kept so by two cordons or lines of police at either end of the building, stretched right across. We passed the line near Broadway, and went on threading the excited crowd, twice or three times muttering in Emmett's ear, "You are walking too fast." We crossed Broadway, still through a scattered crowd, and walked on along Clinton Place till we passed the street leading down to the New York Hotel. I then said "Are you going to your own house?" "Yes." We reached it, and having opened the door with a latch-key, closing it after us, he said, "You are safe here; no one will know anything about you; you shall have a bed in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and you may depend upon all in this house."

I sat down in the drawing-room, talking of the facts about us, and wondering at myself and my condition, secretly preparing myself for the worst result, viz., falling into the hands of those sanguinary ruffians. A son of Emmett's was there, Robert; in about a quarter of an hour Colden came in. Several men had been killed, how many not certainly known yet. "You must leave the city at once; you must not stay here!" It was then a consultation between these excellent friends, I putting in an occasional opinion objecting or suggesting upon the safest course to pursue. At length it was decided, and Robert was sent out to find Richard, another son, probably at the Racket Club, to put the plan in execution. He was met by Robert in the street, and both returned with additional reports; the crowd was still there, the excitement still active. Richard was sent to the livery stable to order a carriage and good pair of horses to be at Emmett's door at four o'clock in the morning, "to take a doctor to some gentleman's house near New Rochelle." This was done and well done by him; Colden and Emmett went out to reconnoitre, and they had, as I learned from Emmett, gone to the New York Hotel, at the door of which was still a knot of watchers, and to Emmett's inquiries, told him, if any threats were made, to allow a committee of the crowd to enter and search the house for me. Emmett returned with my own hat, one from the hotel, and I had got Colden's coat. An omnibus drove furiously down the street, followed by a shouting crowd. We asked Richard, when he came in, what it was, he said, "Merely an omnibus;" but next morning he told me that he asked the men pursuing "What was the matter?" and one answered, "Macready's in that omnibus; they've killed twenty of us, and by G— we'll kill him!" Well, all was settled; it was believed that

twenty had perished. Robert went to bed to his wife. Emmett went upstairs to lie down, which I declined to do, and with Richard went down into the comfortable office below before a good fire, and, by the help of a cigar, to count the slow hours till four o'clock. We talked and he dozed, and I listened to the sounds of the night, and thought of home, and what would be the anguish of hearts there if I fell in this brutal outbreak; but I resolved to do what was right and becoming. The clock struck four; we were on the move; Emmett came down; sent Richard to look after the carriage. All was still in the dawn of morning, but we waited some ten minutes—an age of suspense—the carriage arrived. I shook the hand of my preserver and friend—my heart responded to my parting prayer of "God bless him!" and stepping into the carriage—a covered phaeton, we turned up Fifth Avenue, and were on our way to safety. Thank God!

During some of the time of waiting, I had felt depressed and rather low, but I believe I showed no fear, and felt determined to do my duty, whatever it might be, acting or suffering. We met only market carts, butchers' or gardeners', and labourers going to their early work; the morning was clear and fresh, and the air was cooling to my forehead, hot and aching with want of sleep. The scenery through which we passed, crossing the Manhattan, giving views of the various inlets of the sound, diversified with gentleman's seats, at any other time would have excited an interest in me; now one thought or series of thoughts, with wanderings to home and my beloved ones, gave me no time for passing objects. I thought as we passed Harlem Station, it would never have done to have ventured there. Some of the places on the road were familiar to my recollection, having been known under happier circumstances.*

Boston, May 11th.—Reaching New Rochelle a little before seven o'clock, we got breakfast, and Richard decided on leaving me here; but in the bar-room the landlord asked me, "Did you come from New York this morning?" I was taken aback. "Yes." "Did you hear of a riot there last night?" "Yes, I did." "Was it a very bad one?" "Yes, I believe so," and I walked out. Seeing Emmett, I suggested the advisability of his accompanying me to New Haven in case of similar occurrences in the cars, when I might be at fault, and he could take the office of spokesman, to which he readily assented. He told me (we wondering how the news could have got here, nineteen miles) that the subject had been discussed in a conjectural sort of style at the breakfast table, after I had left it, but that all spoke favourably of me; on the platform of the station among the arriving passengers were two, one of whom I saw knew me. Richard E. thought not; I became convinced of it, and

* In the following month of September ten of the Astor Place rioters were tried at the Court of General Sessions, New York, before Judge Daly and a jury, and after a trial of fifteen days were all convicted. The sentences varied from one month's imprisonment to imprisonment for one year and payment of a fine of $250.—Ed.

my belief was verified by the annoying consequence. He told some acquaintances as the cars arrived of the fact; they communicated to others, and my identity was enjoyed by successive crowds of starers, to whom and from whom the news was handed along down the whole course of the railroad, even to Boston city. We got the different papers, and there read the horrible details, fifteen killed—it turned out to be seventeen—and several wounded! The conductor was particularly civil and attentive to me. Richard E. left me as I entered the Springfield cars at New Haven. Here a group of four began a conversation at me, I sitting near them, but on the same side, "wondering, however, if I should play to-night again," &c. I sat silent; another person came and sat behind me and leaning over, asked me, "Are you going to act at Boston?" "No." "Shall you read there?" "No." "Um—a terrible business last night?" "Yes, very shocking," &c. Reaching Boston, I got into a cab, no one near me, and drove at once to my dear friend, George Curtis's, whose invitation yesterday received, appeared almost providential. He soon after came in and was heart-glad to see me: the telegraph had given the main facts. Hillard came, Benjamin Curtis, whom I like, Ticknor, all most cordial, congratulating me on my assured safety. I inquired if it were needful to go on to Halifax, but they said my safety was assured here. What an age of feeling, of event, of suffering, has passed since yesterday afternoon! Thank God that I am here, that I live!

May 12th.—Woke early; unable to dress myself from want of clothes or shaving and dressing implements. Thought much and long on letters, and things to be done. Curtis spoke and told me, whilst I was dressing, or trying to dress, that my servant had come. Colden, who had written to me by him, had sent him away with every portion of my luggage. This was not quite what I wished, but perhaps there was no alternative. He brought some brief accounts of the state of things in New York. All quiet, but groups collected, and crowd around the theatre. He brought papers, &c. Benjamin Curtis called. Person from *Signal* newspaper called. G. Curtis saw and despatched him. Telegraphed Gould to settle with Hackett, &c. Wrote to Colden. Sent in a parcel his great coat. Felton called. Prescott, Dr. Channing, Winthrop, Elliot, Mrs. Story. Wrote to Robert Emmett, to Gould, to Ruggles, to Mrs. Kent. Felton dined with us. George Curtis drove me out beyond Brookline, a very pleasing country. Michell brought me *The New York*. Longfellow called, T. Cary called, B. Curtis; he and George both appeared pleased with Mr. Reed's letter, and agreed in the idea that it ought to be published. A heavy gloom upon my spirits, my imagination only offering scenes of horror and blood, my thought how to meet extremities if obliged to face them, resolving to do so at least with composure and unpretending dignity.

May 13th.—Rose very early, my spirits in the lowest state. Occupied with affairs for a long while. Read a Boston paper sent

to me by the editor, which added to my dejection. Continued my attention to the rearrangement of my packages. Grew more and more disquieted. "The thoughts of home rush on his heart, and call its vigour forth in many a vain attempt." Lifted up my head to God in silent prayer for strength to sustain me. Busied myself with arranging papers. Received a short letter from Gould. Consulted with George Curtis on what should be done, and told him of my feeling of insecurity. He endeavoured to reassure me, and would see the Mayor and others to-day and have a consultation on any steps deemed necessary to be taken. Began a letter to my beloved wife, which, in my uncertain state of mind, as to whether I should ever see her again, I could not continue. Copied out examination of Mr. Clusky—copying was the only employment for which I was fit. Letter from dear Mrs. Colden, inclosing those of my darling children. Kind letter of sympathy from an English gentleman of the name of Eastwood. Violent and vulgar threatening letter—anonymous. Clapp, the chief police officer, called to assure me that everything was quiet in the city, and no apprehension whatever to be entertained of any demonstration of hostility here; that the police were on the alert, and no arrival could take place that they would not know and take any needful measures upon. Captain Wormley called. Mr. Bigelow, the Mayor, called to assure me in the strongest terms that the dues of justice and of hospitality would be maintained, and that I might rest perfectly secure in the power and will of the authorities of the city to defend me from outrage. Mr. Stevenson, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Ticknor, Benjamin Curtis, counselling the publication of a statement from me to show my freedom from blame, &c. Thought over the advice —tried it—found that it ought not to bear my name as the publisher, but that my assertions and statement should be given to the public by certain friends who had faith in them.

May 14*th*.—Arose, thanks be to Almighty God, in a more composed and cheerful state of mind; the dejection of yesterday caused by the subsidence of excitement of the three previous days. Saw some papers, which confirmed my mood of mind, and left me quite, or almost, at perfect ease. Benjamin Curtis called with his alterations of the statement; they were few, but were amendments. Cary called, and Curtis proposed to him to be a signer of the statement, to which he readily assented. Paid for insertion of replies in *Atlas*. Paid Michell. Lyman called and told me he had called at New York on Friday; had also seen Judge Kent, who had been uneasy, and anxious about the mob, having heard that his house was marked by them—the villains! He had, as his letter informed me, removed his mother and Mrs. K., and sat up all night, waiting for the destruction of his rich law library. Entered some arrears of record. Letter from Gould, answered. Letter from citizens of Boston, inviting me to read, &c., in most complimentary phrase—stopped in its circulation by these events—was given to me by kind and dear George Curtis. Fairbanks, my defender in the *Chromo-*

type last autumn, C. Norton, Everett, who seems quite gay and glad to see me, Judge Warren, Dr. Haywood, Prescott, Gray, Rantoul, called. Letter from Sumner, most affectionate. Looked at papers all satisfactory, the *Boston Mail*, *qualis ab incepto*, and answered Sumner. Wrote to John Gordon, of Edinburgh, apologizing for publishing his name in his letters. Drove out with George Curtis. Went to look at the reservoir of the city's supply. Called on Colonel Perkins, and walked through his peacheries, graperies, greenhouses, &c. Kind old man, whom I shall never see again! Benjamin Curtis came and sat in the evening.

May 16th.—Looked at papers. from which the excitement seems abating, if not lulled entirely. The result will be most beneficial to the community. The rabble have been taught that they are not the dictators of the City of New York.

Walked out with G. Curtis to a bowling alley, where we found Charles Curtis. Mr. Quincy junior, came in, and we had some conversation. Hearing of an assemblage of some thousands of children happily amusing themselves on the Common—that very beautiful green—we went to see them, an interesting sight; its fountains in full play, and a pleasant sun giving into bright and cheerful view the handsome buildings that inclose it, and the view of bay and landscape stretching far into the distance. We walked along the causeway over the *lagoon*, as I may call it, for I do not know the real term, and I enjoyed much the air and exercise.

May 17th.—Went to dine with Ticknor. I took a Pope with me, and gave it to Eliza Ticknor. We met Prescott, Hillard, Felton, Judge Warren. Charles Curtis came in the evening; it was a very cheerful, agreeable evening.

May 20th.—Looked over Milton, and marked it for reading. At Curtis's evening party were Winthrop, W. Prescott and his daughter, Dr., Mrs., and Miss Haywood, Mrs. Story, Mr. and Mrs.—Story, Mr. and Miss Everett, Longfellow, Felton, Dana, Hillard, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Cary, Mr. and Mrs. B. Curtis and children, Mr. and Mrs. C. Curtis, Mr., Mrs., and Misses Ticknor, D. Colden, Judge and Mrs. Warren, Gray, Greenhow, Mrs. Wadsworth, &c. I read part of first and fifth book of 'Paradise Lost,' the 'Ode on St. Cecilia,' and 'Abou Ben Adhem' by request. Colden sat and took a cigar when all had gone. The guests appeared delighted. All went off admirably.

May 22nd.—Glanced at paper, which said in a paragraph I had sent $1000 to the Mayor for the relatives of the sufferers in the late riots. Yes; in a cheque upon the City of New York, to be paid out of the damages obtained in an action at law for recovery, &c.! No; if that would be charity it would be best to give away all the little I possess in the world.

Letter from Gould, from Stokes. Felton called to shake hands, Charles Curtis also. Arranged affairs of money, &c. Attended to business. Charles Sumner called. Still business, business. Went out in carriage, and made many calls; among those I saw were Mrs. Cary and Sally, to whom I gave a copy of Pope. D. Channing,

Dr. and Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. and Eliza Ticknor (pictures of children), Appleton. Went home, found George Curtis; he accompanied me to the Mayor, who was very kind; told me the inhabitants would have publicly testified their respect for me, but were afraid of some individuals possibly seeking to insult me; that G. Curtis had gained greatly in the esteem of his fellow-citizens by his reception of me, &c. Called on others, and on Mrs. Story, whom we saw. Paid Michell, and advanced him $60. Wrote to Ransom's with second bill for £40. Began letter to Mr. Colden. Dined with Prescott; met Hillard, Ticknor, Winthrop; a very agreeable day. Took leave of all, Prescott drinking a stirrup-cup and clinking glasses. Walked home and parted severally.

May 23rd.—Rose early to finish my packing. Invoked the blessing of God on my destiny—what rests of it in this world, what awaits in that to come? May He protect me!

Letter from Sumner. Wrote autographs for Whitmore. Wrote to Mrs. Gould, &c. Busy to the last moment. Took leave of the two little children, and of Mrs. Curtis, who uttered some few words of good wishes that brought the tears into my eyes. Paid the servants and, with G. Curtis, went in carriage across the ferry to East Boston, where we got on board the *Hibernia;* I never felt such relief as in planting my foot upon that vessel's deck; several of the officers, stewards, &c., I knew. Captain Stone had brought me over in the *Arcadia.* Met Charles Sumner and Hillard on board. Went down to make regulations about my state-room. Hillard gave me a beautiful bouquet, with a very affectionate card from the two Misses Ticknor, and a letter from himself, to be read when at sea. We talked long. G. Curtis, Hillard, and C. Sumner in and by my state-room.

The day was clear and bright, and when my friends were gone, and I stood on the upper deck, I looked round on the scene; the water glittering in the sunshine, the houses lining every edge of the shore as the eye wandered round the gay panorama; the vessels plying with steam, sail, or oar busily along the surface below, and the keen fresh air blowing against me added to my spirits, which were strongly, not cheerily, excited, as I thought, "It is the last time—'tis the last," I should ever look on the scene before me. We wound our way out of the harbour, and I saw the monument of Bunker's Hill grow dim in the distance.

June 7th.—Arrival in London.

June 22nd.—Proceeded to Palace. Colonel Phipps came to the room to which I was shown, apologising that the Prince was then in his own. Told me that he was instructed to inform me that the Queen wished to have theatrical performances at Windsor this Christmas as before, and wished me to act Brutus and Hotspur. I stated my readiness to show my duty to Her Majesty, and that her wishes were commands to me; that I was in the habit of acting Brutus, but that I had long discontinued the performance of Hotspur, not intending to resume it; that I should have to

re-study the character—unfitted by years to personate it, &c., intimating that if I played two nights, it must be in some other character. All most courteously. I urged the necessity of knowing the time as soon as possible, on account of my engagements, &c. He was to write to me, and we parted with the best understanding.

Birmingham, June 26th. — Acted Macbeth, yes, well. The audience, the Birmingham audience, gave me a reception such as I have never witnessed out of London, and very, very rarely even there. They stood up all through the house, waving hats and handkerchiefs, till I was anxious to proceed. I thought to myself, "Will I not act for you?" The stillness that followed, every word ringing on the ear, was really awful; but I felt it was my last night of Macbeth in Birmingham, and I resolved to do my best—I did. The applause was fervent, the attention deep, and the reception, when I was called on, equal to the first appearance.

June 27th.—Richelieu.

—— *28th.*—Acted Hamlet under very distressing, incapacitating circumstances: a dress not fitting me; my hair I do not know how; a sword every minute sticking in my shoes and breaking in my hand when trying to use it—altogether miserable, but I did my best under these disadvantages. Called.

June 29th.—Wolsey. Oakley.

Leamington, June 30th.—Richelieu.

[*July 3rd to July 12th.*—Engagement at Liverpool.]

July 4th.—Lear. *5th.*—Werner. *6th.*—Wolsey. *9th.*—Hamlet. *10th.*—Othello. *11th.*—Richelieu.

Leeds, July 16th.—Othello. *17th.*—Werner. *18th.*—Richelieu.

York, July 19th.—Richelieu. *20th.*—Othello.

Birmingham, July 23rd.—Richelieu.

July 30th.—To Eastbourne.

Eastbourne to Dorchester, August 3rd.—Packed up my small affairs for journey. Looked at newspaper, and waited for the omnibus. Went in it to Brighton, reading by the way. From Brighton to Portsmouth, where I had to wait above an hour for the next train. Walked about, and got a lunch or dinner at a chance hotel. Came on to Southampton, thence to Dorchester, reading all the way when I did not sleep, nor was attracted by the scenery. The principal object of my regard was the New Forest and Corfe Castle, seen from the distance. The subject of my reading was Dryden's 'Dedication to Lord Dorset,' which I finished, and his translation of the first and third satires of Juvenal. My spirits became rather low as I thought of this kind of *Pontus* for my life's decline. I hope I shall have no *Tristia* to write.

Dorchester to Sherborne, August 4th.—Left Dorchester on the top of the coach, noticed the Roman camp and two sites of the rampart of the town; was very much pleased with my ride, particularly with the view of Cerne Abbas and the view of the Vale of Blackmoor from the heights, which is really superb; disappointed

on approaching Sherborne, but pleased again as we came near and entered it. Looked at everything with extreme interest. Talked during the journey with my next fellow-traveller, amused with his change of politics as we talked. Got some local information from him, which was serviceable. Came to the Antelope Inn. Walked about the town, looked at the houses, the abbey church, abbey, &c. Walked over Castleton, went into a house—Sherborne House—which was selling off.

Called on Rutter, auctioneer; not at home. Rutter called on me, and I questioned him about the price of houses, &c.; found they were about the lowest rate I had hoped.

Sherborne, August 5th.—Walked in Lord Digby's park, crossed it, and skirted it home; very much pleased with all I saw. The stillness of this place, the sleepy quiet, reminds me of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' not even the coming and going of the sea to make a change—all still, all quiet, but, I think, very beautiful. I was delighted with the views in and from the park. Walked, I think, about eight miles; measured one oak, about twenty-four feet in girth—eight sticks. Rested a little. Read in the *Annual Register* the account of Lord Ferrers and Stirm—two madmen—and of Theodore, King of Corsica. Gave the rest of the day to dearest Willie's birthday letter.

Sherborne to Dorchester, August 6th.—At the hour of my appointment with Mr. Rutter, went to Sherborne House; he had not come, the gates were shut; waited a little, then walked down town to see the clocks, found it was twenty minutes past nine, and hastened back: the gates were opened, and I obtained admittance, waiting very patiently for Mr. Rutter. He came after some time, and went with me over house and garden. It is old-fashioned in its adaptation to the needs of a family: there is no attempt at commodiousness or contrivance, but I think, at a very cheap rate, it might suit us (provided we can contract our expenditure to my proposed annual expenditure, £700) better than most other people of moderate means, and a person of fortune would be a fool to live there. There is a great deal to recommend it to us. I trust I am not deceiving myself—I think not.

He told, *i. e.* Mr. Rutter, that he had made a mistake in his statement on Saturday, and that the rent of house and garden without the field was £50. Called on Mr. Ffooks, Lord Digby's steward, and after waiting some time, saw him and talked over the house—Sherborne House—its rent, &c. I gave him my name, which, I said, he perhaps had heard, as it was in some sort a public one. He asked any connection of *the* Macready? I informed him that, if he chose so to designate me, I was *the* Macready. His manner became more interested; I explained to him frankly my views and motives.

Came on the coach to Dorchester, looking with interest at the old buildings, the shops, the people, who, at least the children and women, are very pretty, and all seemingly very healthy, at the country, &c., thinking it is to be my final home.

Eastbourne, August 9th.—Letters. One from poor Regnier, merely informing me of the sad, sad event of his only child's death, a daughter, aged fourteen years. Most deeply did I feel for them. Wrote to Regnier. Read 'Copperfield;' not quite so full of interest as the preceding numbers, but very good. Called on Cobden and sat with him. In the evening read to the girls from Dryden.

August 10th.—Went with the Cobdens and our children to see the cricket-match; I was interested in the old game. Walked with Cobden and his brother by Paradise home; talked chiefly on politics.

London, August 11th.—Messrs. Webster and Manby came, shook hands with them. The matter of nights, terms, characters, &c., was talked over and settled. The eight plays for the first period given in: Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, Shylock, Richelieu, Werner, Virginius. The terms, £40 per night, three nights per week, £30 every extra night; the first period for 1st of October (if possible) to the 8th of December, if Mr. Knowles would not alter his time, for the 15th of October to 8th of December, and the second period from the 15th April to June 30th inclusive. I to take my benefit in such large theatre as I may be able to procure, having the aid of such of the Haymarket performers as I may need, I paying the nightly salary of same: the privilege of writing an order for two each night of my performance.

Eastbourne, August 12th.—Letter and bankers' book of Siddons' monument. I see that neither Lord Aberdeen, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Northampton, nor Monckton Milnes has subscribed. They are valuable committeemen to advance a work of art!

August 13th.—Wrote to Lord Lansdowne about the inscription for Siddons monument. Mrs. Cobden looked in, saying they were going away; I shall not be here when they return. Wrote to dear Letitia. Cobden called and sat for a short time: his conversation is very pleasing to me, such simple good sense. Went out with Catherine and Walter; called at the library and subscribed; posted my letters; walked with them to the seat across the cricket-field, and by Paradise Lane. I enjoyed the air; the wind was very high.

August 18th.—Wrote the agreement letter to Webster, made copy of it for self, and copied it out to send to him; wrote him another note to let him understand my willingness not to oppose him if he wished me to play six nights, supposing myself able to do so. Gave Walter his lesson, assisted Willie. Letter from J. Delane with a letter from a gentleman about the edition of Pope, which kind Delane had noticed in Wednesday's *Times* in the most considerate and advantageous manner. From Procter, a most delightful humorous letter; from Henry Taylor, a most wise and kind one; from Mr. Sage, wishing for my autograph to insert in a Pope he had purchased, &c. Wrote letters. Went to post my letters. Walked out with Catherine. The children recited some poetry.

August 21st.—After breakfast we set out in a carriage for Pevensey, where we looked on the Castle, which was manifestly a

Roman fortress before it became either Saxon or Norman. Saw a very good silver coin of Hadrian, extremely sharp and clear—the likeness excellent—which had been found with many others in the Castle. We went on to Hurstmonceaux, where Forster and Willie went up to the church, I remaining for my own convenience at the Castle. Interested by a very old beech-tree, that wreathed its old fantastic roots about in a most extraordinary manner, and a row of Spanish chestnut-trees, coeval to all appearance with the Castle, and which no doubt were green and blooming when poor Dacre fell a victim to the brutality of His Most Gracious Majesty King Henry VIII. Forster was very agreeable. Returned, and proceeded to Beachy Head, delighted with the views presented us, and in the best humour to be pleased. Chose our ground for play, and amused ourselves with trap, bat, and ball, till the Chisholm, Mrs. Kitchener and party, with Catherine, Nina, the children, and Norton appeared. The Chisholm joined us, and our play continued, but I was suffering from a strain or wrench of the muscle or sinew of my left thigh, and obliged, after some vain attempts, to give in. I did not reflect that it was twenty-one or twenty years since we had our Nemean games at Pinner Wood, when I was at least *as* active as any there; alas! for Time, and our discovery of what he takes! Dined very jocundly and joyously on the ground. Richard Cobden appeared, dined, and disappeared like the Goblin Page; we shouting vainly after him when his flight was discovered. Came home with my aching thigh.

Worcester, September 3rd.—Richelieu. *4th.*—Othello.

London, September 6th.—Went with Katie to Westminster Abbey. Saw the statue of Mrs. Siddons. The verger told me the Dean wished it lowered, and desired to see me. I went and called on him; he was not at home. Called at Coutts's about subscriptions. Saw and talked with the clerk. Called on Campbell; gave him my opinion that in lowering the statue he gained in the distance, and lost in the near view, from the proximity of Telford's statue. Promised to write and ask Maclise for his opinion.*

[*Brighton, September 10th to September 13th.*—A four nights' engagement.]

[*Plymouth, September 17th to September 20th.*—Four nights.]

Nottingham, September 24th.—Richelieu.

Derby, September 25th.—Richelieu.

Doncaster, September 26th.—Richelieu.

Leicester, September 27th.—Richelieu.

* This is the last entry in Macready's diaries relating to the Siddons monument, and it indicates the conclusion of the matter, to which he had given so much thought, time, and money in order to do honour to the memory of one of the greatest of his predecessors on the English stage. When Dean Stanley was preparing his Memorials of Westminster Abbey, the present editor was requested to obtain from Macready some account of the history of the erection of the Siddons statue, and in reply to his inquiries Macready wrote, "With the exception of, I think, about £50, the whole expense was defrayed

[*Manchester, September 29th to October 6th.*—Seven nights.]

Acted Hamlet as well as I could, not well, so dreadfully put out by King, Horatio, Ghost, Polonius, &c. Called, and delivered my farewell address.

London, October 8th.—Acted Macbeth. Mr. Webster staggered me about the house just before I went on, implying that it was not full; there was however no appearance of room anywhere. The cheering on my entrance was very great from the whole house, but it did not seem to me that wild abandonment to a delighted feeling that the audience at the Princess's showed five years ago.

I never acted better, in many parts never so well, so feelingly, and so true. I said to Mrs. Warner once, "I never played that scene so well, and yet they do not seem to feel it." She observed, "They are not educated to it;" meaning they have been accustomed to things so different, they cannot quite appreciate it. The play ended most enthusiastically. Was called and greatly cheered.

[The engagement at the Haymarket, varied by some performances in the country, continued to the middle of December.]

Canterbury, November 10th.—Richelieu. *12th.*—Hamlet.

November 13th.—Dined with Brookfield. Met Kinglake, Hallam junior, Bentinck, Spring Rice, Lushington, Forster, Mansfield. A very agreeable day.

London, November 15th.—*The Times* communicated news to me this morning that was quite a shock to me. Dear kind, splendid Etty is no more. Another gone, another and another! What is our life's dependence? I mourn his loss, for I had a most affectionate regard for him, and he appreciated the little that I have done with even an enthusiastic spirit of admiration. *Requiescat!*

Read 'Othello;' passed the early evening with the children, my dearest companions. Poor dear Etty, God bless him!

Birmingham, November 17th.—Lord Townley.

November 23rd.—Acted Macbeth, but moderately the two first acts, but hearing that Peel was in the theatre, I played my very best in the three last. I am not sure that the audience fully appreciated me; it is the most difficult criticism to criticise acting well. Called.

November 27th.—Dined with Forster, having called on and taken up Brookfield; met Rintoul, Kenyon, Procter, Kinglake, Alfred

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by myself in one way or other. The site, after much deliberation, was decided on, as the best to be obtained, by Chantrey, and the subject came under the cognizance of Deans Turton, Buckland, and Wilberforce. I consulted the late Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, and some others, whom I cannot immediately recollect; but the opinion was unanimous in regard to the inscription that 'Sarah Siddons' should be the only words engraved on the pedestal or plinth." The place and date of birth and death were added by Dean Stanley, in 1865, when the statue of John Kemble was removed from another part of the Abbey, and placed near that of his sister.—Ed.

Tennyson, Thackeray. Passed a cheerful evening; brought dear old Kenyon home.

Leamington, December 1*st.*—Hamlet.

Southampton, December 10*th.*—Macbeth. 11*th.*—Richelieu.

Shrewsbury, December 13*th.*—Richelieu. 14*th.*—Hamlet.

Chester, December 17*th.*—Richelieu.

December 18*th.*—Acted Macbeth under slaughterous obstruction. Never was worse dealt with. The Lady, oh!—Banquo—Lennox. In fact it was wholesale murder. B——, who was complaining to me of being "a pauper" yesterday, was drunk in the Witch to-night. The cause of his being rejected at theatres is too easily accounted for. Farewell to Chester; it has always used me well, but I have known as a boy sixteen years of age some bitter trials here; left in charge of a theatre, distressed for rent, and a company mutinous for long arrears of salary.

London, December 28*th.*—Henry Taylor called. Talked over and read me the scenes in his play, which is much improved. To my extreme astonishment he showed me, after our discussion of the several passages, the first page, in which was a dedication* to myself. I felt quite overcome, so grateful, so proud, I could hardly keep the tears from my eyes. Have I merited such honour from such men as Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Henry Taylor?

December 29*th.*—Went by Great Western Railway to Windsor. The day bitterly cold, with drifting snow and sharp frost. Proceeded to the Castle; saw Mr. Roberts, to whom I carried a letter from Colonel Phipps. He showed me the Rubens Gallery, the theatre of the Castle, explaining to me the position of the stage, &c., the dressing-rooms, and all that was needful. He then took me round the state rooms, displaying the furniture to me, about which I was indifferent, but was charmed with the pictures of the old masters I saw there; West and Lawrence made me turn very sick. Colonel Phipps was out shooting with the Prince. Saw Marianne Skerrett, who came to me in a small basement receiving or business room. I talked with her till time to go; she threaded the passages for me, and I took leave.

Exeter, December 31*st.*—Macbeth.

* Sir Henry Taylor's drama, 'A Sicilian Summer,' is thus dedicated: "To W. C. Macready, to whose excellent judgment in matters of art this work is largely indebted, it is with sincere respect and regard very gratefully inscribed."—Ed.

1850.

[Sentences prefixed:]

"Hic murus aheneus esto:
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ." *

"Bene monent qui vetant quicquam facere, de quo dubitas æquum sit an iniquum."†

[*January 2nd to January 4th.*—Engagement at Exeter.]

[*January 5th to January 19th.*—Engagement at Bath and Bristol.]

Bristol, January 15th.—Acted Virginius, I thought, very well. Was quite overcome in the betrothal of Virginia; for my own dear girls were in my mind; was not this to "gore my own thoughts, make cheap what is most dear?" The house was the worst of all; as to 'Virginius' it invariably now occurs. I am not surprised at the attendance being less than to Shakespeare's plays, but it seems strange that the house should be positively bad—worse than to 'Werner,'—much. Called.

January 18th.—Acted King Henry IV. very well; and Lord Townley better, I think, than I have ever before done it. As the curtain was falling stepped forward; the audience, unprepared, gave most fervent greeting. On silence I addressed them, quite overcome by recollections, the present cordiality, and my own feelings to "*good old Bristol:*" "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have not waited to-night for the summons with which you have usually honoured me. As this is the last time I shall ever appear on this stage before you, I would beg leave to offer a few parting words, and would wish them to be beyond question the spontaneous tribute of my respect. It is not my intention to trespass at any length upon your patience. The little that I have to say may be briefly said. Indeed attempt at display or effect seems to me scarcely in accordance with the occasion—to me in truth a melancholy one—and certainly would very imperfectly interpret the feelings which prompt me to address you. For a long course of years—indeed from the period of my early youth—I have been welcomed by you in my professional capacity with demonstrations of favour so fervent and so constant, that they have in some measure appeared in this nature to partake almost of a personal interest. Under the influence of such an impression sentiments of deep and strong regard have taken firm root in my mind, and it is

* Be this thy wall of strength, a conscience good,
With no committed crime to make thee blench.
Hor. Epist. I. i. v. 60.—Ed. Trans.

† It is good advice to prohibit the doing of anything of which there can be a doubt whether it is right or wrong.—Ed. Trans.

therefore little else than a natural impulse for me at such a moment to wish to leave with you the assurance that, as I have never been insensible to your kindness, so I never shall be forgetful of it. Ladies and Gentlemen, I should vainly task myself to find due expression for those emotions which I shall ever cherish towards you. Let me therefore, at once and for all, tender to you my warmest thanks, joined with my regretful adieux, as in my profession of an actor I most gratefully and respectfully bid you a last farewell." I was quite overcome, and unable to check the tears that rolled down my cheeks. The audience seemed much impressed, and most enthusiastic were they as I retired from before them—never to meet them again in the same relation. Hare came round, most cordially engaging me to be his guest at the next madrigal meeting; Grainger came after him, equally cordial, and seemingly much touched. Gave the servants liberal *douceurs*. And so farewell to my dear old Bristol audiences—most warmly and affectionately do I remember them.

[*January* 21*st to* 31*st*.—Engagements at Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool.]

January 25*th*.—Farewell at Leeds.

London, *February* 1*st*.—Found my beloved Nina, beyond all evasion of even hope, ill; seriously, alarmingly ill. My blessed first-born, my own beloved Nina! She looked at first better, but when afterwards I looked at her—O God, how painful was the sight! My beloved one!

Dressed; went to Windsor by railway, taking at the Paddington Station a special engine to return at night, for which I paid seven guineas. Dined at Castle Inn. Went in cab to the Castle; passed with my ticket into my room, a very handsome one, partitioned off from a passage; pictures of Moretto, Tintoretto, Parmegiano, &c., exquisite. Dressed; was kept in a state of irritable expectation. Mr. Wallack came to speak to me. Acted Brutus in a style of reality and earnest naturalness that I think did, and I felt ought to, produce an effect on my auditors. I cannot describe the scene; my Nina agitates my heart and shakes my nerves; I cannot write. Colonel Phipps came to me from the Queen and Prince Albert to express how much they had been pleased. I requested him to offer my duty, and that I was most happy in the opportunity of offering any testimony of my respectful homage. Came away by special train. Carriage was waiting for me. Reached home about half-past twelve o'clock.

February 3*rd*.—Dr. Bright and Elliotson came. After seeing my beloved child they came to me in my study, where I was waiting for them. They spoke to me, and from their language I collected that the case was desperate. I felt that hope was gone. My blessed, my beloved first-born!

Liverpool, *February* 4*th*.—Brutus.

Dublin, *February* 6*th*.—With deep and devout thanks to Almighty God for my deliverance from the dangers of the night, I came on

shore. Went to the station, and took my seat in the railway carriage at Kingstown. Heard that nothing like the gale of the night had been known there since January 6th, 1839. I could walk with difficulty for the wind up to the station. Came to Dublin to Morrison's Hotel. We had been fifteen hours instead of four on our passage. I had more than once expected death. The captain was certainly much alarmed; indeed so, I believe, were all at heart.

February 7th.—Macbeth.

——— 8*th.*—Letters, full of comfort in their love and sweet spirit, from my beloved wife and from dear Letitia. Both of them, dear creatures, wish to hope, and, as I think, unconsciously persuade themselves to do so. Changes, like miracles, have occurred. My hope, alas, does not extend beyond that remote possibility! I must prepare to lose sight of my beloved child in this world. At my time of life the distance of separation cannot be very long; but I cannot help murmuring over her departure from an existence which was so full of enjoyment to her. Blessed child! But God's will is first and last.

February 9th.—Richelieu.

[*February 11th to February 15th.*—Engagement at Belfast.]

Liverpool, February 18th.—Macbeth.

February 19th.—Something past one o'clock—my servant gone to seek a special engine to convey me to Hastings, to catch one last living look of my dear blessed Nina. I know not what is my state of mind; I am certain my head is strange and heavy, but I have packed up my clothes, made my arrangements as were needed—clearly; and I sit here waiting, with anxiety to depart, the carriage that is to take me away. I cannot, to myself, disentangle this state of mind. This day brought me accounts teeming with promises of comfort and joy. I arranged in my bed this morning the difficult task of what I should say to my audience this evening. I rose to receive a handful of letters, all full of good news—Catherine's and Letitia's—with an account of my Nina more promising than any I have yet received! A sweet consolatory one from Forster; from Ransom's, with the purchase of railway stock; from James G. King, with further investment in stock; from Morley, giving me my terms for to-morrow night from Mr. Bennett. I rehearsed, receiving at theatre letters wishing me to remain here, &c. Wrote to Catherine, to Letitia, and to my Nina; a line to each. Letter, &c., from a Mr. McNicoll. A Mr. Mountfield, a gentlemanly young man, had called on me in the morning about tuition. Arranged some accounts, and laboured hard at the few sentences I wished to deliver in addressing the audience. Acted, with great care and peculiar effect, Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Townley. Called. Went forward: the whole house stood up to hear me—and such a house as is rarely to be seen. Everything to gratify the pride and vanity of a person in my position—and the telegraphic despatch was waiting me at my hotel!

Here is indeed a lesson of what life is! Who can say he is happy or prosperous in this world? Who dares to boast or feel confidence in what he enjoys? I have thought my Nina the strongest and healthiest of all my dear ones, and as I write, perhaps—I feel dull and half-stupid—I do not know what to do. To God Almighty I may pray; but if my blessed child have left this earth, it has been to go to Him.

After I left the stage and the audience, greatly excited, Mr. Browne and Mr. Copeland came to shake hands with me, the latter much impressed and gratified; spoke to Mrs. Warner; came to Hotel, saw several letters, one telegraphic despatch, which I opened instantly, from Dr. Mackness, requiring me to set off instantly for Hastings, &c. Sent for Michell, and sent him to Lime Street, then to Edgehill, then to Everton, to find the superintendent and get a special engine. I am waiting for it now. Packed up my trunks, &c., and made all my arrangements; wrote to Pritchard, to Morley. Here I wait. Wrote to Davis, to my Catherine. The engine could not be procured; I advanced money to Michell, and left with him directions.

The words which I said to the Liverpool audience in taking leave were as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been usual for me to attend with pleasure and alacrity the complimentary summons with which you have so often honoured me; but now, I must confess, I obey your call with reluctance and regret.

"I must count back many years for the date of my first appearance before you; but time has not weakened my recollection of the event, and I treasure in my memory, with grateful pride, the cheering welcome with which you greeted my more youthful essays: and equally well do I remember the many subsequent occasions, when my humble efforts have been favoured with your liberal appreciation, and in which my endeavours to realise the conceptions of our great dramatic poets have ever found a ready response in the intelligence and sympathy of my audiences. What more have I to say? The exercise of my art I relinquish at a somewhat earlier period of life than my more distinguished predecessors have done, and I yield the scene to younger, but scarcely less ardent aspirants to your favour, not from any immediate apprehension of enfeebled powers, but because I would not willingly risk the chance of lingering there to read in 'the eyes of man' bent idly on me the melancholy fact of my decline. Even at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, I would prefer submitting to you a proof print of my illustration, such as it is, of Shakespeare's characters, than offer you the faded and indistinct impression of a worn-out plate.

"It has always been a gratification to me to appear before you, it is therefore painful to me to reflect on a pleasure I shall never again enjoy. Ladies and Gentlemen, I take my leave of you with my warmest acknowledgments of your long-continued and liberal

patronage, with sentiments of grateful respect, bidding you, in my profession of an actor, regretfully and most respectfully, a last farewell."

Liverpool to London—Hastings, February 20th.—At six o'clock left the railway station for London, and came on to Hastings. Thought as I passed Eastbourne of the days I had passed there with my blithe and healthful child—alas, alas! Arrived at Hastings, came to these lodgings, saw dearest Letitia. My blessed Nina wished to see me at once; I sat by her, and talked cheerfully with her, caressed her dog, and tried to see nothing strange. Let me hope that if, as I fear and believe, it is God's will she must pass away from us, it may be in peace of mind and serenity of heart. God bless my beloved child! Saw Dr. Mackness, and learned from him that there was no ground for hope.

February 21st.—Was called up about two o'clock by dearest Letitia, in manifest fear that my blessed child was dying. Threw on some clothes and went down to her; found her in an alarming state, Letitia and Mrs. Wagstaffe watching her in evident belief that the dear creature's hour was come; stood long beside her in the same agonising apprehension. What thoughts passed through my brain: what a horrid mixture of recurrences of grave and trifling things, that passed like malicious antics through my brain, like those various faces that seem in savage fiendishness to pass before the eyes at night, and will not be shut out! The sweet scenes of her birth; her infancy, her girlhood, and spring of youth came to my heart, softening and soothing it. My prayer to God, to the all-good, all-bountiful God, is for peace, peace and tranquillity, in this world. In the next I cannot doubt her acceptance and her home with the spirits of the pure and good. But oh! for remission from pain to her dear wasted frame here, I pray, oh God!

February 24th.—My beloved Christina, my first-born, died.

[*London, February 28th.*—Funeral at Kensal Green Cemetery.]

[*March 4th to March 16th.*—Engagement at Newcastle, with one night at Hull.]

Newcastle, March 15th.—Acted Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Townley. Called and addressed the audience:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I had supposed this evening would be the last on which I should have the honour of appearing professionally before you; but an application which I could not resist has been made to me to prolong my stay one more night. I have therefore yet once again to 'fret my hour upon your stage,' and after that am in very truth to be 'heard here no more.' In the ordinary relation of an actor to his audience such an anticipation would probably, as a common occurrence, be regarded with indifference; but there may be considerations imparting to it a serious and even painful interest. Such, I confess, press heavily on me; and when I retrace the years that have made me old in acquaintance and familiar here, and recount to myself the many unforgotten evidences

of kindly feeling towards me, which through those years have been without stint or check so lavishly afforded, I must be cold and insensible indeed if time could so have passed without leaving deep traces of its events upon my memory and my heart. From the summer of 1810, when, scarcely out of the years of boyhood, I was venturing here the early and ruder essays of my art, I date the commencement of that favourable regard which has been continued to me through all my many engagements without change or fluctuation up to the present time. You will not wonder then if I take advantage of this occasion to assure you—and it is with heartfelt earnestness I do so—that to the fostering encouragement of my efforts at that early period I was indebted for a confiding dependence in my resolution and endeavours to improve, to which I ascribe much of whatever success may have attended my subsequent professional career. That career draws rapidly to its close, and another night terminates it here. All that remains for me is to offer you my most grateful acknowledgments for the favour you have so long and so liberally extended to me, which has been appreciated by me always as a honour and a benefit, and in the time to come, 'When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past,' I shall recall with pleasure the days of my life spent here, where accident gave me a home which the kindness of many friends made happy, and has for ever endeared to my memory. The enjoyment of these reflections will still be mine, and with them, Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall ever, ever think of you with sentiments of sincere respect, and such wishes as the strongest feelings of regard and gratitude would offer."

March 16*th.*—Othello.

Edinburgh, *March* 18*th.*—Macbeth. 19*th.*—Hamlet. 20*th.*—Richelieu.

March 21*st.*—In Mrs. Rutherfurd's note she expresses a doubt whether I shall not regret the relinquishment of an art in which I am considered to excel, and in the exercise of which I am perhaps displaying greater power than ever. My fear of exhibiting vanity restrains me from speaking more positively, but I think not. I certainly never feel pleasure in going to act; would always rather be excused from it. How this may be when the abstinence is made compulsory, I will not be so arrogant as positively to say. But I think—I hope—I pray—that my time devoted to the elevation of my own nature, and to the advancement of my children's minds will be agreeably and satisfactorily passed, leading me onwards towards the end appointed for me by the Blessed and Merciful Dispenser of All. Amen. Acted Othello.

March 22*nd.*—Werner.

——— 23*rd.*—Read *The Times*. I do not know what to think of the proposed Exhibition of 1851. It seems to me too vast to be an amusement for sight-seers, and too extensive and too various to permit of its being a study. Then it must make many idle persons:

to be seen it must be open some months. I am not disposed to cavil, but I fear it will derange the course of business very much in this country. There may be, however, beneficial results, which even the projectors do not themselves foresee. Let us hope it. Acted Richelieu.

March 24th.—My youngest son born.*

——— *25th.*—Lear. *26th.*—Shylock. *27th.*—Iago. *28th.*—Richelieu.

March 29th.—Somewhat irresolute at first, I opened the box to which I had been directed by my blessed child, and found a letter addressed to her dear mother and myself, which was her will. The grief of my heart has all been broken up again from the depths under which it lay. My thoughts are constantly with her—thinking on what she has said, how she has looked, and what her thoughts and feelings have been. But God's decree is past, and let me live in the hope of that assurance she inscribes, blessed child, upon the cover of her will, "*Ci rivedremo.*" She was to have had the choice of seeing me act before I relinquished my art, which was for years an earnest wish of her heart; but latterly she had begun to doubt whether she should like to "disturb her idea of *Pearse*† himself, by associating him with any assumed character." How many dim dreams of future occupations and pleasures had flitted before us! I long to quit London. She is so mixed up with all my thoughts there, that the want of her presence is an actual pain to me. In the quiet of Sherborne, I fancy, I can more think of her in her translated state, and with even pleasing emotions arising from hope and meditations. God grant it!

[*Farewell at Edinburgh, March 30th.*—Henry IV., and Lord Townley.]

Birmingham, April 1st.—Iago. *2nd.*—Virginius. *3rd.*—Brutus. *4th.*—Werner.

April 5th.—Acted King Lear to such a house as never before was seen in Birmingham. Acted my best, but the house, though very attentive, was too full to enjoy the play—if a play so acted were to be enjoyed. Called, but an apology was made till I could change my dress; went forward after a time, and spoke to the audience, who rose to me, as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—For the last time I have appeared before you this evening in a theatrical character. An event like this in my professional life I could not pass by in silence; for it was here that, in the very dawn of youth, I first ventured on an essay in that art which the liberal reception bestowed on me, and the friendly predictions attending it, encouraged me to pursue. It was here too that, preparing to relinquish finally the exercise of that art, I purposed, and indeed had arranged, to deliver my last

* Jonathan Forster, now (1874) of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.—Ed.

† An adopted name, by which Macready's children called him.—Ed.

words upon a provincial stage. But what man proposes he cannot always answer for accomplishing, and my intention in this instance has been so far frustrated that I have one more engagement to discharge before entering on the concluding series of my nights in London. Permit me to recall to you a probably forgotten circumstance, that I made choice of the theatre here as the scene of that youthful experiment which was to determine my life's destiny, because I anticipated from the many friends whom my family's long residence and acquaintance here had interested for me, a most indulgent judgment. I need not repeat to you that, in so confident an expectation and trust, I was not disappointed. My reason for desiring to close my provincial performances here, where they began, was to mark by such token of respect, trivial as it is, my sense of the kindness with which you have uniformly greeted me.

"Since the date of my announcement as 'The first appearance of a young gentleman upon any stage,' nearly forty years have elapsed, and during that long period my professional visits have been frequent enough to satiate, indeed to exhaust, curiosity, but still the 'troops of friends' that so partially crowded to me in 'my May of life,' have not thinned their numbers, norceased to accompany me when 'fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.' Many and most extraordinary have been the external changes to attract my notice and admiration here; but no variation, no diminution, no alteration has occurred in the constancy of that favour with which my less experienced attempts were so indulgently welcomed, and with which you have continued to honour my more matured impersonations.

"Few, alas! of the numerous friends who joined in the first congratulatory cheers of encouragement to me now remain, but their genial, generous spirit seems to breathe strongly still, and if I may be allowed the phrase, the old heart appears to me still the same, unchilled and unchanged by time.

"For all these pleasing memories and substantial benefits I am here to render you my parting thanks. By ungrudging labour and the desire to uphold my art, by seeking to cultivate in it the purest taste, and by persevering in my study of character, so as to endeavour to present in every individual representation a consistent whole, and to make each successive performance an improvement on the last, I have striven to appear not altogether unworthy of the liberal patronage with which throughout my public life you have so especially befriended me. But neither through such acts of duty, nor by any words I may employ, can I hope to convey to you with perfect fidelity how deeply I am penetrated by the recollection of your unvarying kindness.'

"In taking leave of you it almost seems as if I were parting with friends whose ready help and encouragement had been constantly at hand through the vicissitudes of my life's journey. Let me then assure you that my attachment to my boyhood's

place of residence will never cease, and that in the familiar but significant word of parting I embody every earnest and heartfelt wish for the still increasing prosperity of this great community as, in my professional capacity, I bid you, Ladies and Gentlemen, with sentiments of the deepest gratitude and respect, a last farewell."

[*April 9th to April 15th.*—Engagement at Glasgow.]

Sherborne, May 22nd.—Left Dorchester for Sherborne; passed through Cerne Abbas, where all was in movement for the celebration of the meeting of a benefit club, same also at a small village nearer to Sherborne. My spirits were rather low, thinking of the society I was leaving, the varied, brilliant, and powerful minds I should perhaps never meet again after parting from them; the narrow limits within which I must, in prudence, endeavour to keep my expenditure; and the ordinary character presented to me by the country through which I passed. Besides, I am not now what I *was*; when I sought and longed for the country before, "*J'étais jeune et superbe*," or rather, I was young and enthusiastic —but let us hope and trust. Reached Sherborne.

Called on Ffooks, signed my lease. God grant that it may be for the good and happiness of my beloved wife and children, and that our lives may be fruitful of good and sweet in peace here! Called on Down, went to house, went over and about it. Made memoranda. Ffooks came in, I agreed to stay and dine with him according to the invitation he had before given me.

London, June 10th.—Went to Justice Coleridge's as on the committee for Wordsworth's memorial. Met Boxall, Justice Coleridge, his son, Spedding, Bishop of St. David's, Archdeacon Hare, Richmond, Sir B. Brodie, R. Westmacott, &c. Hope, the chair. Discussed the question; I was named for the executive committee.

June 19th.—In the evening Curtis called, and still later we were surprised by the entrance of Carlyle and Mrs. C. I was delighted to see them. Carlyle inveighed against railroads, Sunday restrictions, almost everything, Ireland—he was quite in one of his exceptious moods. I love however to hear his voice. Mrs. C. left one of his '*Latter Day Pamphlets*,' with a corrected sheet, from which he had expunged an eulogistic mention of me, thinking "I might not like it." He little knows what value I set upon a word of praise from him. Mrs. Carlyle wanted Catherine's aid about a dress for a great ball at Lord Ashburton's, to which Carlyle wished to go.

June 23rd.—Wrote out a prayer for the day, marked in our little family history as the last Sunday we shall ever spend together under this roof,* our ten years' home, endeared to our recollections by many joys, many sorrows, and many interesting events.

Read prayers to the family. Went to church with Katie and the little ones.

* 5 Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, London.—Ed.

June 25th.—Dined with Kenyon. Met Prescott, Sir C. Fellowes, Babbage, Panizzi, Crabbe Robinson, Forster, Thackeray; in the evening Dr. Southey and Boxall.

July 1st.—Left home and came by railway to Dorchester; on the way read *The Times*, and was most deeply concerned and grieved to read of the sad accident that befel Sir Robert Peel, a man I honour most highly, and, though I do not know him, hold in the highest regard and respect.

[*July 2nd to August 2nd.*—A month spent at Lyme Regis with family, and occasional visits to Sherborne and London.]

London to Knebworth, August 3rd.—Went to station. Waiting in the room for train, read extracts from Wordsworth's Prelude in *Literary Gazette*; was much interested in and pleased with them. Procter arrived. Met Mrs. Gurwood, all going to Knebworth, went in railway carriage alone to Hertford; from thence with Procters in Bulwer's carriage to Knebworth, passing through a very rich country, by several parks—Panshanger and others. Reached Knebworth, a very beautiful park, not quite so happily undulating as Sherborne Park, but the house and ground immediately around it a most finished specimen of a baronial seat. The order, the latest Gothic; the architecture, internally, in perfect harmony, though sometimes of different periods, with the outer ornaments of the building. Bulwer Lytton gave me a very cordial reception, and after some delay with our luggage, brought on by a fly, we went to the drawing-room, or rather to the upper drawing-room, from thence to the great hall, where a very elegant dinner was served. The day was very cheerful. D'Eyncourt junior and Forster, with some of the neighbourhood, were added to our party. We were late in going to bed, Bulwer taking his long cherry-stick pipe and Forster his cigar.

Knebworth, August 4th.—Bulwer sent a message to me as I was dressing to inquire if I would like a walk with him, which I was very happy to do. We went through the park and along the road that skirts, discoursing on religion, the immortality of the soul, youth, marriage, and much interesting matter. When we came back we changed to persons, D'Orsay, Lord Hertford, of whom he related anecdotes, showing him possessed of more talent than I had supposed.

Read in Greek Testament fifth chapter of John. Bulwer came to my room, and took me over the house, showing me the rooms, the pictures in them, and the various points of interest. Walked with me again through gardens to the house and the park and home. Dined at the luncheon. Looked over some strange books, and an account of the Knebworth Ghost. Took leave of Bulwer Lytton after another quarter of an hour's conversation with him. I like him more and more. I wish his health gave him more enjoyment. His place is beautiful.

Went in the carriage to Welwyn, in fly to Hertford; thence very slowly and uncomfortably by rail to London.

August 5th.—Left for Waterloo Station. Railroad to Dorchester. Posted to Sherborne.

August 6th.—Part of family arrived from Lyme at Sherborne.

[*August 14th to 19th.*—Engagement at Cork.]

Sherborne, September 4th.—First night in Sherborne House.

London, September 10th.—Went to Clarence Terrace, a most melancholy sight, and one to me most painful: scene of so many joys, of such deep suffering. How could I look upon it, and for the last time, without deep emotion? Had to go through the irksome business of inspecting the whole interior, listening to the inquisitorial remarks of the surveyor, and giving Mr. Taylor his directions for repairs. I was greatly relieved when it was over.

Dundee, September 15th.—Wrote to dear De Fresne, congratulating him on his prospective marriage. Read the satire of Horace, dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias. Read two acts of 'Macbeth,' for reading, too weary and drowsy to continue. De Fresne has quoted from La Fontaine the following verse in his letter to me:

> "Mais la faveur de Dieu vous donne la récompense
> Du repos, du loisir, de l'ombre et du silence,
> Un tranquille sommeil des doux entretiens;
> Et jamais à la cour on ne trouve ces biens."

September 16th.—Acted Richelieu.

Perth, September 17th.—Walked to theatre, along the river bank, on the Inch, thinking of the days when, thirty years' since, I admired these scenes and fell in love with my dear Catherine. Rested. Drunken property-man came to ask for me! Went to theatre; heard that "the company" had been drinking, but luckily only noticed it as observable in one person. Acted Cardinal Richelieu not very well, against the grain, with bad actors, and to a house not crowded as one might have expected. Letter from dearest Catherine.

Dundee, September 18th.—Hamlet.

Aberdeen, September 19th.—Read Macbeth.

September 20th.—Read Hamlet.

Greenock, September 23rd.—Iago. *24th.*—Virginius.

Paisley, September 25th.—Iago.

Glasgow, September 26th.—Richelieu. *27th.*—Iago.

September 30th.—Acted Virginius. Called, and tried to say the few words I had prepared. I could not—so improvised something which led me into the current of the short speech intended. It is most extraordinary that I cannot find words or thoughts at the moment they are needed. The audience seemed satisfied with what I said. Glasgow is ended—good Glasgow!

Paisley, October 2nd.—We reached Burns's birthplace—the cottage, bed, &c. There had God given breath to that sensitive frame and lighted up that divine genius. The other room was covered over with names, seeking immortality with pencil and penknife. Afterwards to Alloway Kirk, now desecrated and divided into burying-

places. Acted Cardinal Richelieu. The house quite disappointed me and depressed me. It was barely good. This is my last country performance.

London, October 28th.—Acted Macbeth.* How? I was disappointed by the sight of the house, which was not full. I was not satisfied with the feeling of the applause; it seemed to me the effort of a minority; still I resolved to do my very best, and I "went in to win"—if I could. I thought the audience cold; yet on I strove, undeterred by the apathy with which they accompanied my still sustained endeavours. Mrs. Warner told me she thought I was playing in my best manner, but the audience did not satisfy me on the point until the banquet scene, when they burst into unanimous and long-continued applause. The play ended triumphantly, but it was at the cost of very great labour to me. Called, and very warmly received.

October 30th.—Acted Hamlet, I think for the most part in a very superior manner; the house was not like those I have lately had in London, and yet there appears to me, arguing from the past, every reason why there should be great houses, but perhaps reason has little to do with "*the crowd's*" movements. I never was acting better than I have done these two last nights, and in two or three more repetitions of these characters the public can never see the same artist in them again. It seems a reason for attraction. Called. Forster came into my room. How different my sensation of weariness now from those earlier days, when I felt ready to go through the whole performance again!

October 31st.—Acted Shylock, I scarcely know how, being unwell. I was not quite self-possessed, but I made the best effort I could. Called.

November 2nd.—Acted King Lear in my best manner; I do not know that I ever played it altogether better. I was careful and self-possessed, and not wanting in power; I felt the mighty character. The audience seemed impressed with it. Called. Forster came round. Manby and Webster came into my room. My whole frame feels the work I have been undergoing. Thank God one week has passed so well!

November 4th.— Acted Cardinal Richelieu. The audience called for me at the end of fourth act—of course I would not go. Called. Bulwer and Forster came into my room; Bulwer delighted.

November 7th.—Werner. *9th.*—Othello. *11th.*—Lear.

London, Rugby, November 12th.—Busy with needful affairs of packing for my journey.

On the way thought over the few words with which I would preface my reading to the boys, and thought on the scenes I purposed reading. Found a fly waiting for me at the station, Rugby, as ordered by Mary Bucknill, and, with various feelings made up of memory and present speculations, passed through the

* This was the first night of the series of farewell performances at the Haymarket Theatre.—Ed.

old town with its altered face, and reached Mr. Bucknill's. Mary Bucknill received me with deep joy, I may say. I arranged my dress, and called on Dr. Goulburn; he gave me a very gentlemanlike and very cordial reception, and was very earnest in his wish that I should be his guest now or hereafter. I then returned and looked over the leaves of my book, &c., waiting for Dr. Goulburn, who volunteered to call and accompany me to the school with Lushington. They came. Lushington, a very gentlemanlike boy, tendered me the cheque of £50, which I asked him to keep till after the evening. Dr. G. pioneered my way through the dense crowd from the bottom to the top of the school, the boys applauding, but decorously. The schoolroom was thronged, and I was very fearful of my audience, among whom, the boys, I thought I felt unsteadiness and disposition to inattention. But as the reading of the play, 'Hamlet,' proceeded, they became mute and enrapt in its interest. I addressed a few words to them, intimating that the project of this means of contribution to the Shakespeare House fund was the suggestion of their own præpostors, and thanking Dr. Goulburn for affording me the opportunity of helping them to realise it. The reading was to begin at half-past two, but it must have been within a quarter to three o'clock before I opened my book, and I was uneasy lest the daylight should fail me, as it began to obscure during the later scenes. I took much pains to keep up the excitement, and by the abbreviation I think I succeeded in keeping alive the interest of the audience. The boys, who knew I had obtained a half-holiday for them, applauded, of course, most lustily at the conclusion. Dr. Goulburn addressed the assembly, particularly the boys, expressing their obligation to me for thus visiting them, and for giving such illustrations to the poet. He expressed himself again very earnestly, desirous that I should visit him, and we parted very pleasantly.

The express train brought me back to London, which I had left about twelve hours before; and all this space traversed, and all this done within that compass of time, still and still to me it is wonderful. Thus ends my projected public visit to the scene of my boyhood. Many have been the thoughts passing through my mind: the changes in others—in myself—what I might have been—what I am—what my children may be! O God, in Thee is my hope and my trust! Blessed be Thy name!

London, November 13th.—Richelieu.

November 14th.—Acted Virginius. I thought to myself it was the last time before, as they term it in play-bill trickery, the final performance, and I thought I would try to show the audience the full power of the character. I kept my mind on the part, and acted it, certainly never better; the audience was extraordinarily excited. Called at the end of the third act; of course I did not respond. Was greatly received at the final call. Fox and Forster came round in great excitement, Fox almost overcome. Manby came into my room; I said I must have some assistance, Willmott, and

more, if 'King Richard II.' was done. He said he would speak to Webster. I spoke after to Mr. F. Webster, complaining grievously, and stating the necessity of help.

In the second act my thoughts so fixed upon my blessed Nina that my emotion nearly overpowered me. Bless her and my beloved Joan!

November 16*th*.—Iago.

——— 18*th*.—Acted Brutus, in my own opinion, in my own judgment, far beyond any performance I ever gave of the character; it was my last to many, and I wished it to be impressive. I do not think the audience, in the aggregate, were equal to the performance; they applauded warmly the salient passages, but they did not seem to watch the gentle, loving, self-subdued mind of Brutus which I tried to make manifest before them. The gentle touches were done with great care, and, I think, with skill—the remonstrances with Cassius in third act about Cæsar's funeral, and in the fourth, the quarrel.

November 19*th*.—Read in the green-room the play of 'King Richard II.' I did not attempt more than to convey to the other actors the idea of their characters. Settled the alteration of nights with Webster, and settled his scene plot of Richard with him.

Marked the sides of a book of 'King Richard II.' Went over words of the two first acts of same.

November 20*th*.—Othello.

——— 21*st*. — Acted Macbeth most nobly, never better. Called. Forster came into my room. I was quite hysterical from weakness and fatigue. He showed me some charming lines on my reading at Rugby. At his request sent a brief notice of the occurrence.

November 23*rd*. — Acted Cassius, tried to carry through the burning spirit of the impatient republican. Called. As I passed the stage-box the gentleman near it uttered loud in my ear, "God bless you!" That was worth the audience.

November 24*th*.—Went to Mortlake through a most fearful storm, that made me feel for the coachman. Arrived there, received a very cordial welcome from Henry Taylor. In the course of the afternoon a neighbour of theirs, Mrs. Cameron, an East Indian, and a most unreserved enthusiast, came in, and Spring Rice and his wife made our party. I enjoyed the evening. Henry Taylor read a very sweet poem to 'Virginia,' which I read afterwards to myself. Read Katie's lines to Mrs. H. Taylor, who seemed much interested in my Katie. Coming home through a very fine night.

November 25*th*.—Werner.

——— 27*th*. — Acted Hamlet in my very, very best manner; it is the last time but one I shall ever appear in this wonderful character. I felt it, and that to many, to most, it would be the last time they would ever see me in it. I acted with that feeling; I never acted better. I felt my allegiance to Shakespeare, the glorious, the divine. Was called and welcomed with enthusiasm.

November 28*th.*—Richelieu. 30*th.*—Lear.

December 2*nd.*—Richard II.

——— 4*th.*—My first thought was the wish of many happy returns of this day to my dear, dear sister and friend, God bless her! And in my prayers my unworthy lips muttered entreaties for her continuance (it is our instinct so to do) in happiness on earth. God bless her! Acted Wolsey.

December 5*th.*—Am now sunk into the habit of late rising, half-past eight, which leaves me no time for anything before a ten o'clock rehearsal. The excitement of my system I have not time to lull, and thus day after day alternates between languor and feverish endeavour. What a mode of blindly, and, as it were, furiously, fretting and struggling through life! For so it is.

Wilkins called. I wished to give him this one parting order to please him, poor fellow. He spoke to me of having seen all my first nights of characters, except two; talked of George Barker, of his great wealth, which made me reflect. I was in the enjoyment of a very excellent income for a bachelor, I think £1000 a year, when he could scarcely have had more than £150, if so much. He is said to be now worth £10,000 per annum, and I not more than £1,200. I am not at all dissatisfied, discontented, or repining at this disposition of things. I only pray that my income may be maintained. I am grateful for it. As I reflect, look back on my past life, the thought of being rich, the ambition to be so, never once entered into my mind. I was most anxious to be independent; and, after having purchased my brother's company, thought of retiring (1829), on what I then, without children, regarded as independence, £400 per annum. God sent us children (His blessing be on them!) and all my plans were altered. Still I could not think of wealth for them, as they came fast and dear, but diminished my own means to secure them by insurances the means of education and subsistence in case of my death. Thus I am what the world would call a poor man. I trust in reality a contented and grateful one.

December 7*th.*—Macbeth. 9*th.*—King John.

——— 10*th.*—Dined at the Athenæum with Cattermole. Saw Fonblanque, Stokes, and Professor Sedgwick, who came up to be introduced to me.

December 11*th.*—Acted King Henry IV. and Mr. Oakley, taking much pains with them—they both seemed to have a strong effect upon the audience. Called, and led on Mrs. Warner. Forster came into my room quite elated with the effect of the comedy.

December 12*th.*—Virginius.

——— 13*th.*—I went to Kensal Green; my thoughts were all upon the past; my mind filled with the pictures of my two sweet blessed children as they looked in life and in death to me. Blessed, blessed beings! The future too had its share in the current of my thoughts, the past has taught me to fear; and therefore I have little of cheerfulness or confidence in anticipating what may

be to come. A funeral was going to the chapel as I went up the walk, and I had to linger about reading the senseless epitaphs of esquires (!) and Major-Generals, &c., and Mr.'s, in impatience at the vanity which seems to survive the creature. A boy was the chief mourner at the funeral—a son, I presume, following in the course of things his parent to the grave. Alas, how bitter is the grief when that natural order is inverted! When they were gone the attendant went with me to the vault, and knowing what I came to look on, went before me to the spot. There they lay—all that is earthly of my sweet innocent children—side by side, the coffins of my beloved Nina, of my darling Joan. My heart is sad to despondency as I think upon their destinies, the bright rich bud struck off its stem in all its health and beauty, and the more ripened flower in all its healthful promise blighted and drooping rapidly into the earth. My confidence in the future is overcast with fear. I can but pray to God for good to all my dear ones in this world, and a blessed reunion in an after-life. May my bones be laid with those I have been to visit this day in our quiet home of Sherborne, and may my faults and vices be so far forgiven that our spirits may have communion and participated bliss in another state of being! Amen.

December 15*th*.—Forster came in to call for me—went together to dine at Dickens's. The Fox's and Paxton were there. Fox is always the same, intelligent and philosophic. Paxton was new to me, a self-educated man—from a mere gardener. I was delighted with him; his account of his nurture of the Victoria Lily, a water-plant (river), was one of the most interesting narratives I ever listened to; an explanation of one of Nature's miracles that more and more lifted up one's heart to God and made one ask, "And are not Thy laws miracles enough? Who would ask for their suspension to satisfy themselves of Thy will?" Passed a very pleasant evening.

December 16*th*.—King John.

——— 17*th*.—Went out in carriage, and called to leave a note and card at Lord John Russell's: called on the Sheils—saw them. Sheil* showed me the Waterloo medal by Pistrucci, a splendid piece of work. He gave me the direction of the parcel in the Duke's own hand with the false spelling of "*Imediate*." They set out for Florence on Saturday. Dressed, and Talfourd called for me, and we went to Judge Vaughan Williams' to dine. Met Bourne, who had called here in the morning, Lord de Ros, Judge Park, and some pleasing men. From thence went to Mr. Liddell's, and with his party to the Westminster Play; it was the 'Andria,' well acted in some parts; Davus, Pamphilo, Chremes, good. Prologue, complimentary to the defunct Adelaide and some worthies

* The Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil was at this time Master of the Mint in Lord John Russell's administration. A proof of the great Waterloo medal had probably been sent to the Duke of Wellington, and returned by him to the Master of the Mint. The medal was never issued.—Ed.

of worth. Epilogue, a fair laugh at the Peace Convention. Saw there Milman, Lord Lansdowne, and some to whom I was introduced; went to the Liddells' afterwards—introduced to Mrs. L., very beautiful and pleasing. From thence with the Judge to Talfourd's; saw Lady T. as usual, Procters, Pollocks, Dickens, Kenyon, Fladgate, Maclise, Pickersgill, Roberts, C. Landseer, Chittys, Forster, Mrs. H. Twiss. Left soon.

December 18*th.*—Henry IV., Oakley. 19*th.*—Richelieu. 21*st.*—Wolsey.

December 22*nd.*—Sheil called and sat some time. Shall I *ever* see him again? I fear never. I have ever retained a most affectionate regard for him, and great admiration of his brilliant powers. Though separated by the character of our respective pursuits, he has ever been a faithful friend. God bless him!

December 23*rd.*—Henry IV., Oakley.

——— 24*th to* 29*th.*—[Spent Christmas with family at Sherborne.]

London, December 30*th.*—Lear.

December 31*st.*—Acted Henry IV. and Oakley. The year is closed. As I look back upon it, it appears to me a bewildering, rugged view, where many objects are confusedly seen, but as yet my mind is not equal to contemplate and regard them in this regular succession. My firstborn, my beloved Nina, faded from before me; and my sweet Jonathan was granted to my heart. O God, let my soul be grateful, in submission to Thy decrees, and in the full belief of Thy divine goodness! Amen.

1851.

[Sentence prefixed:]

The business of life is to learn; it is our pride resents the offer to teach us, our indolence declines it.

London, January 1*st.*—Acted Cardinal Richelieu. 2*nd.*—King John.

January 3*rd.*—Acted Virginius, one of the most brilliant and powerful performances of the character I have ever given. I did indeed "gore my own thoughts" to do it, for my own Katie was in my mind, as in one part the tears streamed down my cheeks; and in another she who is among the blest, beloved one! Such is a player's mind and heart! Called.

January 6*th.*—Macbeth. 7*th.*—Stranger. 8*th.*—Wolsey. 9*th.*—Richelieu. 10*th.*—Henry IV., Oakley.

January 11*th.*—Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Pollock * and dear Miss Herries, whom I like so much. Met Kenneth Macaulay,

* Now Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock: at No. 21, Torrington Square. The print of Macready was that engraved from Thorburn's miniature, and published by Holloway in 1844.—Ed.

the handsome boy, now a fine, lusty, middle-aged man. A pleasing, cheerful day. Saw my print in the drawing-room, a welcome in itself!

January 13*th.*—Lear. 14*th.*—Werner. 15*th.*—Shylock.

——— 16*th.*—Acted Virginius, for the last time, as I have scarcely ever—no, never—acted it before; with discrimination, energy, and pathos exceeding any former effort. The audience were greatly excited. Called.

Wrote to Forster, inclosing him "the part" of Virginius and the parchment I have always used in the second act, in the performance of the character. I was deeply impressed by the reflection that in this character—which has seemed one of those exclusively my own, which has been unvaryingly powerful in its effects upon my audience since the first night, in 1820, when I carried them by storm, when Richard Jones came round from the front of the theatre, Covent Garden, into our dressing-room and, laying his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed, "Well, my dear boy, you have done it now!"—that I should never appear in this again—and now I have done it, and done with it! I was much affected during the evening, very much, something with a partial feeling of sorrow at parting with an old friend, for such this character has been to me, and, alas! no trace of it remains. The thought, the practice, the deep emotion conjured up, the pictures grouped so repeatedly throughout the work, live now only in memory. Alas! for the player who really has made his calling an art, as I can stand up before all men and say I have done!

January 15*th.*—Dined with Justice Coleridge, to meet the Wordsworth Memorial Sub-Committee. Before dinner, whilst looking at some Christmas books, I asked, "Have you seen Ruskin's Christmas Book? It is charming." "Indeed." "Oh!" I went on, "it is a most delightful book." Mr. J. Coleridge observed, "Do not you know him? This is Mr. Ruskin." And I was introduced. I like the family very much, and passed a pleasant, cheerful day. Robertson was there. Boxall and Manby called in at lodgings.

January 20*th.*—Cassius. 21*st.*—Henry IV., Oakley.

——— 22*nd.*—Acted Iago with a vigour and discrimination that I have never surpassed, if ever equalled. I do not think I ever acted it so powerfully.

That last performance of Iago was, in my mind, a commentary on the text, an elucidation and opening out of the profound conception of that great creative mind, that almost divine intelligence, Shakespeare, which has not been given before in the inward feeling of the part: the selfishness, sensuality, and delight in the exercise of his own intellectual power I have never seen in Cooke or Young, nor read of in Henderson, as being so developed. I don't believe from what I saw of them that they penetrated beyond the surface of the part, which they displayed cleverly enough, and effectively. But what is the difference to an audience?

To how many among them does the deep reflection, the toil of thought, carried out into the most animated and energetic personation, speak its own necessary course of labour? By how many among them is the "poor" player, who devotes himself to his art, appreciated? Where are the intelligences capable of understanding his author or himself?

London, January 23rd.—Benedick.

January 24th.—Acted Brutus as I never—no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of dialogue, or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The tenderness, the reluctance to deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart and natural grandeur of soul, I never so perfectly, so consciously portrayed before. I think the audience felt it.

January 26th.—Found at lodgings a note from Mitchell offering me the St. James's Theatre free for my benefit. I wrote to him to thank him very warmly for it.

January 27th.—Acted Othello. It was very curious how extremely nervous I was of acting before my children; many tears I shed in thinking of them, and of the dear one who would have been their companion. I was most anxious to act my very best. I tried to do so, but am not sure that I succeeded. The audience were cold, and, as Mr. Howe observed, "slow."

I fought up, and I think I acted well; but I cannot think the play gave satisfaction. Called.

January 28th.—Wolsey.

——— *29th.*—Acted Hamlet; certainly in a manner equal to any former performance of the part I have ever given, if not, on the whole, exceeding in power, consistency, grace, and general truth all I have ever achieved. I was possessed with the feeling of the character. The character has been a sort of love with me. The press has been slow to acknowledge my realisation of the man, of the mind, of the nature of this beautiful conception, because they have not understood it. Bowes, a critic far beyond the many who write here, observed to me, "Yours is the only intelligible Hamlet I ever saw," and this Forster, Charles Knight, and White enthusiastically admitted to-night. I was gratified by their excitement. I have in Hamlet worked against prejudice and against stubborn ignorance, and it has been a labour of love with me.

Beautiful Hamlet, farewell, farewell! There was no alloy to our last parting. Called, and most fervently received.

January 30th.—Richelieu. *31st.*—Macbeth.

February 3rd.—Acted King Lear certainly in a superior style to what I ever did before. Power, passion, discrimination, tenderness, constantly kept in mind. Called at the fall of curtain and went forward, lingering to see if the audience expected me to speak; it seemed as if they did not, and I left the stage. They called again, and after some time I had to appear again. After

waiting some time the noise subsided, and I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen,—The period of my theatrical engagements is reached this evening, but, as my advertisements have signified, there is yet one occasion more on which I have to appear before you, and to that, the last performance in which I shall ever hope to strive for your approbation, I reserve the expression of the few words of acknowledgment and regret that I may desire and endeavour to offer you, my true, patient, and long approved friends." This was kindly received. White, Talfourd, Dickens, Forster, Willmott, Manby, Webster came up to my room. I do not know how many letters were waiting me, and almost all on the subject of places for my benefit.

My theatrical engagement is concluded. My professional life may be said to be ended. I have only to act one night more for my own benefit, in regard to which I am bound to no man; I have acquitted myself of my dues—I am free! Nearly fifty-eight years of my life are numbered: that life was begun in a very mediocre position—mere respectability; my father maintained a good character as an honest and a liberal man; my mother was a woman of good family, of superior intellect, excellent heart, and of high character, but at ten years of age I lost her counsel and example. My heart's thanks are constantly offered to God Almighty for the share of good He has permitted to be allotted to me in this life. I have attained the loftiest position in the art to which my destiny directed me, have gained the respect of the honoured and respected, and the friendship of the highly-gifted, amiable, and distinguished. My education, my habits, my turn of mind did not suggest to me the thought of amassing wealth, or I might have been rich; I have what I trust will prove competence, and most grateful am I for its possession. My home is one of comfort and of love, and I look towards it with cheerfulness and delightful security of heart, and most gratefully and earnestly do I bless the name and thank the bounty of Almighty God, Who has vouchsafed such an indulgence to me, undeserving as I have been, and sinner as I am. Blessed be His name! Amen.

February 4th.—Read a long review of my professional character in *The Times*, kind and complimentary, whilst taking the analytic process to prove its own truth.

February 5th.—Worked at my parting address to my audience. I fear I cannot make it the direct, simple, sensible composition that I desire so much.

Forster called. He told me of the offer of Mr. Phelps, thinking my night was postponed for want of a company, to close his theatre and place his company at my disposal. It does him great honour.

February 11th.—Webster came and offered £5 for every dress; there were twenty-five, but I withdrew the armour. The deduction of this would of course reduce the sum total, and therefore I said, if you give me the round sum of £100 I shall be

satisfied. To that he instantly agreed and, I think, has a very excellent bargain; but he met me in a very gentlemanlike tone. I am glad to be rid of the clothes, &c., and glad to have the £100 in my pocket.

Dined with Mrs. Dickens. Walked home; note from Kenyon.

Tried to think on the subject of my dinner speech. It seems that the tickets are in active request already, and that the room will not contain the applicants.

February 12th.—A very grateful note from Phelps acknowledging my Richelieu's order.

[*February 17th.*—Read Hamlet at Cambridge.]

[———— *18th.*—Read Hamlet at Oxford.]

[———— *21st.*—Read Hamlet at Eton.]

———— *24th.*—Went to Kensal Green; looked on the coffins that inclose the remains of my two blessed children. Bless them!

February 25th.—Read over Macbeth for the last time as a player. Looked over the speeches I must try and deliver.

February 26th.—My first thought as I awoke was that this day was to be the close of my professional life. I meditated on it, and not one feeling of regret intermingled with the placid satisfaction accompanying my performance of every act, needfully preparative to the coming event, as I said to myself, "I shall never have to do this again." My audience I think of with affectionate respect; they have shown actual attachment to me, and, "loving my fellow men," I part from them with regret, and think of them with gratitude. Note from Dickens, inclosing one from Miss Coutts, wishing a box or five stalls. Arranged affairs for the business of the day, a formidable one, before me. Before I rose I went over, according to my wont, what I had to say this evening, and thought over the subject-matter of my dinner address.

Went to the theatre. Dressed in the room which I had fitted up for myself when manager and lessee of the theatre, and as I heard the shouts and cries of the assembled crowds at the doors, thought, with thankfulness to God, on the time when I listened to those sounds with a nervous and fretful feeling, my fortune and my children's weal depending on the result of my undertaking. Acted Macbeth as I never, never before acted it; with a reality, a vigour, a truth, a dignity that I never before threw into my delineation of this favourite character. I felt everything, everything I did, and of course the audience felt with me. I rose with the play, and the last scene was a real climax. I did not see who assisted me to my room, I believe it was Mr. Simpson of Birmingham. I dressed as rapidly as I could, and, thinking of what I had to do, gave notice of "being ready," that dear old Willmott might, according to his wish, clear the entrance for me. I thought over what I had to say, and went forward. To attempt any description of the state of the house, of the wild enthusiasm of applause, every little portion of the vast assembly in motion, the prolongation, the deafening cheers, would be useless. After waiting for a time that I have

never in my experience seen approached, I advanced. On my first entrance, before I began Macbeth, whilst standing to receive the enthusiastic greetings of my friends the audience, the thought occurred to me of the presence of my children, and that for a minute overcame me; but I soon recovered myself into self-possession, and assumed Macbeth returning from his triumph. On the occasion of my address I was deeply touched by the fervent, the unbounded expression of attachment from all before me, but preserved my self-possession. I addressed them in these words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—My last theatrical part is played, and, in accordance with long-established usage, I appear once more before you.

"Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for as I look back upon my long professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in mortifying emergencies.

"I have therefore been desirous of offering you, in my own character, my parting acknowledgments for the impartial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favours.

"The distance of more than five and thirty years has not dimmed my recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essays of my youth, and stimulated me to perseverance, when struggling hardly for equality of position against the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honoured.

"That encouragement helped to place me, in respect of privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors.

"With the growth of time your favour seemed to grow, and, undisturbed in my hold on your opinion, from year to year I found friends more thickly clustering round me.

"All I can advance to testify how justly I have appreciated the patronage thus liberally awarded me is the devotion, throughout those years, of my best energies to your service.

"My ambition to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and taste, worthy of our country, and to have in it the plays of our divine Shakespeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unworthy presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will from henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever shall command.

"I have little more to say.

"By some the relation of an actor to his audience is considered as slight and transient. I do not feel it so.

"The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favourable sentiments towards me will live with life among my most grateful memories; and because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers rather than linger on the scene to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years.

"Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks; you will believe that I feel far more than I give utterance to.

"With sentiments of the deepest gratitude I take my leave, bidding you, Ladies and Gentlemen, in my past professional capacity, with regret, a last farewell."

This address was frequently interrupted by expressions of satisfaction and sympathy, and occasionally with the warmest applause; the picture of the theatre as I bowed repeatedly in returning my thanks to them was, in my experience, unprecedented. No actor has ever received such testimony of respect and regard in this country. My dear countryman Willmott, good old fellow, came into my room, Dickens, Jerdan, Mr. Hogarth, applying for the address; Bulwer Lytton, White, Forster, Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Oxenford, for the address; Lever and Norton from Manchester, whom I was delighted to see, and whom I welcomed most cordially when I recognised them. Manby, &c., came in, all delighted with the evening, and pleased, as they expressed themselves, with the address. I gave one copy of it to Oxenford, and another to Hogarth, on the condition he sent slips to the other papers.

Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Lacy, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Gill, and Mr. Cooper came in; the persons present were amused at my kissing each of the ladies. I sent for Mr. W. West, at his request promised him my autograph, and gave him my order of the Bath, worn in Lord Townley. When they had gone, except Forster, I sent for Katie, Willie, my sisters, and Hetta, who came in to see me, of course excited and penetrated by what they had witnessed. I gave Hetta my Riband of the Bath for Marianne. There was a crowd waiting to see me get into my cab, and they cheered me, kind hearts, as I drove off.

February 27th.—Rose rather late, but with a feeling of freedom and singular lightness, surprised that I had nothing exactly compulsory to do.

Applied myself to speech, with which I cannot satisfy myself; but unfortunately I am always ambitious of doing anything up to the highest mark. If it were possible, well, but——

March 1st.—Was quite overcome by weariness of nerve and spirit, my strength seemed beginning to give way under this unrespited excitement. Thought quite composedly over what I should say, resolved to confine myself to my thanks, &c. Dared not, with

all the pains I had taken, venture on the matter I had prepared. Felt very nervous and uncomfortable. Dressed, and with dear Willie went to the London Tavern; waited with Mark Lemon, whom we found there, till Dickens came. Lemon and Willie then went to the Hall of Commerce, and Dickens and myself after a time followed them. Saw Bulwer there, Quin, Lord Clanricarde, Lord Warde, who asked to be introduced to me. I sat between Bulwer and Bunsen. The hall was splendid in its numbers, and admirable in its arrangement. The occurrence will be noticed in the prints. I was delighted to learn, in Van de Weyer's speech, that George Sand had published her book (the 'Château des Déserts') inscribed to me.

The list of stewards for Macready's farewell dinner, most of whom attended it, consisted of the following names:—

His Excellency M. Van de Weyer.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.
The Earl of Fitzhardinge.
The Hon. Mr. Justice Talfourd.
Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P.
Charles Babbage, Esq.
The Rev. W. H. Brookfield.
The Rev. W. G. Cookesley.
John Payne Collier, Esq.
Hon. Keppel Craven.
John T. Delane, Esq.
Charles Dickens, Esq.
Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A.
The Right Hon. C. T. D'Eyncourt, M.P.
W. J. Fox, Esq. M.P.
John Forster, Esq.
Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, Bart.
John Heywood, Esq., M.P.
Philip Henry Howard, Esq., M.P.
The Rev. William Harness.
S. C. Hall, Esq.
Douglas Jerrold, Esq.
A. W. Kinglake, Esq.
Charles Knight, Esq.
Charles Kemble, Esq.
John Kenyon, Esq.
The Hon. Spencer Lyttelton.
Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.
Mark Lemon, Esq,
D. M. Maclise, Esq., R.A.
R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.*

* Now Lord Houghton.

Sir Roderick Murchison.
The Right. Hon. T. Babington Macaulay.*
W. Frederick Pollock, Esq.‡
Joseph Paxton, Esq.
Bryan Waller Procter, Esq.
Samuel Phelps, Esq.
Doctor Quin.
David Roberts, Esq., R.A.
Samuel Rogers, Esq.
E. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq.
Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.
Augustus Stafford, Esq., M.P.
Alfred Tennyson, Esq.
W. M. Thackeray, Esq.
The Rev. James White.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Wilson.
Benjamin Webster, Esq.
Eliot Warburton, Esq.
Charles Young, Esq.

The card of admission bore a facsimile of the well-known signature of Charles Dickens (in its largest size), who undertook the management of the dinner. Upwards of six hundred tickets were issued, and the accommodation of the London Tavern proving insufficient for so large a number of guests, the actual scene of the banquet was transferred to the neighbouring Hall of Commerce.

The dinner took place under the presidency of Sir E. L. Bulwer; but a previous request had been made by him to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, that he would be pleased to take the Chair on the occasion; a most gracious and considerate reply was returned to this application through the usual official channel of communication in the Royal Household, to the effect that it would be impossible for His Royal Highness to take the Chair at a dinner of personal compliment to an individual, however eminent and excellent; pointing out that His Royal Highness had never appeared in public on such occasions, except in the advocacy of institutions of great and general public importance; but adding that, in the actual instance, Sir E. L. Bulwer's commendations of Mr. Macready were entirely appreciated, as well as the efforts made by him for the purification and elevation of the stage.

Among those present at the dinner whose names do not appear in the list of stewards were the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Dufferin, Lord William Graham, Sir G. Back, Mr. C. Leslie, R.A., Mr. S. Hart, R.A., Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, Q.C., Mr. A. Fonblanque, Mr. J. Cattermole, Sir E. Ryan, Serjeant Adams, Mr. R. S. Rintoul, Mr. C. J. Herries, Mr. P. Cunningham, Mr. J. H. Parry,* Mr. G. Bentinck, Mr. J. Wallack, Mr. F. Stone, Mr. H. Colburn, Dr. Mackay,

* Afterwards Lord Macaulay. † Now Sir Frederick Pollock.
‡ Now Serjeant Parry.

Mr Tom Taylor, Mr. John Leech, Mr. T. Chitty, Mr. W. Boxall,* Mr. Willmott, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Evans, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Frith, A.R.A., Mr. Egg, A.R.A., Mr. Ward, A.R.A., Mr. Oxenford, Mr. Raymond, Mr. H. P. Smith, Mr. Zouch Troughton, Mr. Colnaghi, Dr. Winslow, Mr. Lowne, Mr. Grunoisen, Mr. Dudley Costello. The following account of the speeches appeared in *The Times*, and proceeding as they did from so many distinguished persons, and embodying as they do so much valuable criticism upon and illustration of Macready's career, they are given without abridgment:—

The Chairman gave the healths of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family, which were received with the usual demonstrations of loyalty.

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of "The Army and Navy," observed that the drama was under very great obligation to the army, three of our great dramatical writers having been connected with that profession. Ben Jonson served with the army in Flanders; Steele, the father of our serious comedy, had been a trooper in the Guards; and Farquhar owed many of his happiest recollections to the time when he was a lieutenant under Lord Orrery. (Cheers.) He did not remember that the navy had, in former times, contributed its quota to our dramatic literature, but one of the most brilliant wits of the present day, who had given to the stage some of the most sparkling and enduring of English dramas—he meant Mr. Douglas Jerrold—had been connected with the navy. (Hear, hear.) For the rest, one thing was perfectly certain—that had it not been for the navy, in conjunction with the army, our play-loving neighbours, the French, might have made England itself the subject of a very disagreeable tragedy. (Laughter.)

The toast was briefly acknowledged by Lieutenant-General Sir J. Wilson on behalf of the army, and by Captain Sir G. Back for the navy.

The Chairman then rose, and said,—Gentlemen, when I glance through this vast hall, and feel how weak and indistinct is my voice, I feel that I must frankly throw myself on your indulgence, and entreat your most patient and courteous attention while I approach that subject which unites to-day an assembly so remarkable for the numbers and distinction of those who compose it. We are met to do honour to an eminent man who retires into private life after those services to the public which are always most felt at the moment we are about to lose them. (Hear, hear.) There are many among you far better qualified than I am to speak critically of the merits of Mr. Macready as an actor; but placed as I am in this chair, I feel that I should justly disappoint you if I did not seek to give some utterance to those sentiments of admiration of which you have made me the representative. Gentlemen, this morning I read in one of the literary journals some qualifying remarks as to the degree of Mr. Macready's genius; and now, as

* Now Sir William Boxall, R.A.

I recognise here many who are devoted to literature and art, I will ask them if I am not right in this doctrine—that the true measure of the genius of an artist is the degree of excellence to which he brings the art that he cultivates. (Hear, hear.) Judge of Mr. Macready by this test, and how great is that genius that will delight us no more ("Hear, hear," and cheers); for it is because it has so achieved what I will call the symmetry of art that its height and its breadth have been often forgotten. (Hear, hear.) We know that it is the uneven and irregular surface that strikes us as the largest, and the dimensions of a genius, like those of a building, are lost in the justness of its proportions (applause); and therefore it is that in recalling the surpassing excellence of our guest as an artistical performer, one is really at a loss to say in what line of character he has excelled the most. (Hear, hear.) The Titanic grandeur of Lear, the human debasement of Werner, the frank vivacity of Henry V., the gloomy and timorous guilt of King John, or that—his last—personation of Macbeth, in which it seemed to me that he conveyed a more exact notion of what Shakespeare designed than I can recollect to have read in the most profound of the German critics; for I take it, what Shakespeare meant to represent in Macbeth was the kind of character which is most liable to be influenced by a belief in supernatural agencies—a man who is acutely sensitive to all impressions, who has a restless imagination more powerful than his will, who sees daggers in the air and ghosts in the banquet-hall, who has moral weakness and physical courage, and who—as our guest represented him—alternates perpetually between terror and daring—a trembler when opposed by his conscience, and a warrior when defied by his foe. (Loud cheering.) But in this, and in all that numberless crowd of characters which is too fresh in your memories for me to enumerate, we don't so much say, "How well this was spoken," or "How finely that was acted," but we feel within ourselves how true was the personation of the whole. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) Gentlemen, there is a word that is often applied to artists and to authors, and I think we always apply it improperly when we speak of a superior intellect—I mean the word 'versatile.' Now I think the proper word is 'comprehensive.' The man of genius does not vary and change, which is the meaning of the word versatile, but he has a mind sufficiently expanded to comprehend variety and change. If I can succeed in describing the circle, I can draw as many lines as I please from the centre straight to the circumference, but it must be upon the condition—for that is the mathematical law—that all these lines shall be equal one to the other, or it is not a circle that I describe. Now I do not say our guest is versatile; I say that he is comprehensive ("Hear, hear," and cheers); and the proof that he has mastered the most perfect form of the comprehensive faculty is this—that all the lines he has created within the range of his art are equal the one to the other. (Loud cheering.) And this, gentlemen, explains to us that originality which even his detractors

have conceded to him. Every great actor has his manner, as every great writer has his style. (Hear, hear.) But the originality of our guest does not consist in his manner alone, but in his singular depth of thought. (Cheers.) He has not only accomplished the obvious and essential graces of the actor—the look, the gesture, the intonation, the stage-play—but he has placed his study far deeper. He has sought to penetrate into the subtlest intentions of the poet, and made poetry itself the golden key to the secrets of the human heart. (Cheers.) He was original because he never sought to be original, but to be truthful; because, in a word, he was as conscientious in his art as he is in his actions. (Loud cheering.) Gentlemen, there is one merit of our guest as an actor upon which if I were silent I should be indeed ungrateful. Many a great performer may attain to a high reputation if he restrains his talents to acting Shakespeare and the great writers of the past; but it is perfectly clear that in so doing he does not advance one inch the literature of his time. It has been the merit of our guest to recognise the truth that the actor has it in his power to assist in creating the writer. (Hear, hear.) He has identified himself with the living drama of his period, and by so doing he has half created it. (Cheers.) Who does not recollect the rough and manly vigour of Tell, the simple grandeur of Virginius, or the exquisite sweetness and dignity and pathos with which he invested the self-sacrifice of Ion? (Loud cheering.) And who does not feel that but for him these great plays might never have obtained their hold upon the stage, or ranked among those masterpieces which this age will leave to posterity? (Renewed cheers.) And what charm and what grace, not their own, he has given to the lesser works of an inferior writer it is not for me to say. (Loud and continued cheering.) But, gentlemen, all this, in which he has sought to rally round him the dramatic writers of his time, brings me at once from the merits of the actor to those of the manager.

I recall, gentlemen, that brief but glorious time when the drama of England appeared suddenly to revive and to promise a future that should be worthy of its past (hear, hear); when, by a union of all kindred arts, and the exercise of a taste that was at once gorgeous and severe, we saw the genius of Shakespeare properly embodied upon our stage, though I maintain that the ornament was never superior to the work. Just remember the manner in which the supernatural agency of the weird sisters was made apparent to our eye, in which the magic isle of Prospero rose before us in its mysterious and haunted beauty, and in which the knightly character of the hero of Agincourt received its true interpretation from the pomp of the feudal age, and you will own you could not strip the scene of these effects without stripping Shakespeare himself of half the richness and depth of his conceptions. (Loud cheers.) But that was the least merit of that glorious management. Mr. Macready not only enriched the scene,

but he purified the audience (hear, hear), and for the first time since the reign of Charles II. a father might have taken his daughters to the public theatre with as much safety from all that could shock decorum as if he had taken them to the house of a friend. (Cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers.) And for this reason the late lamented Bishop of Norwich made it a point to form the personal acquaintance of Mr. Macready, that he might thank him, as a prelate of the Church, for the good he had done to society. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I cannot recall that period without a sharp pang of indignant regret, for if that management had lasted some ten or twelve years, I know that we should have established a permanent school for actors, a fresh and enduring field for dramatic poetry and wit, while we should have educated an audience up to feel that dramatic performances in their highest point of excellence had become an intellectual want, that could no more be dispensed with than the newspaper or the review. (Loud cheers.) And all this to be checked and put back for an age to come! Why? Because the public did not appreciate the experiment? Mr. Macready has told us that the public supported him nobly, and that his houses overflowed. Why then? Because of the enormous rent and exactions for a theatre which, even in the most prosperous seasons, made the exact difference between profit and loss. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, it is not now the occasion to speak of remedies for that state of things. Remedies there are, but they are for legislation to effect. They involve considerations with regard to those patents which are secured to certain houses for the purpose of maintaining in this metropolis the legitimate drama, and which I fear have proved the main obstacle to its success. (Hear, hear.) But these recollections belong to the past. The actor—the manager—are no more. Whom have we with us to-day? Something grander than actor or manager; to-day we have with us the man. (A loud and prolonged burst of cheering.) Gentlemen, to speak of those virtues which adorn a home, and are only known in secret, has always appeared to me to be out of place upon public occasions; but there are some virtues which cannot be called private, which accompany a man everywhere, which are the essential part of his public character, and of these it becomes us to speak, for it is to these that we are met to do homage. I mean integrity, devotion to pure ends, and a high ambition, manly independence, and honour that never knew a stain. (Loud and general cheers.) Why should we disguise from ourselves that there are great prejudices to the profession of an actor? Who does not know that our noble guest has lived down every one such prejudice, not falling into the old weakness of the acter, and for which Garrick could not escape the sarcasm of Johnson, of hankering after the society and patronage of the great? (Hear, hear.) The great may have sought in him the accomplished gentleman, but he has never stooped his bold front as an Englishman to court any patronage meaner than the public,

or to sue for the smiles with which fashion humiliates the genius it condescends to flatter. (Great cheering.) And therefore it is that he has so lifted up that profession to which he belongs into its proper rank amid the liberal arts; and therefore it is that in glancing over the list of our stewards we find every element of that aristocracy upon which he has never fawned unites to render him its tribute of respect. (Loud cheers.) The Ministers of foreign nations—men among the noblest of the peers of England—veterans of those professions of which honour is the life-spring—the chiefs of literature and science and art—ministers of the Church, sensible of the benefits he has bestowed upon society in banishing from the stage what had drawn upon it the censure of the pulpit—all are here, and all unite to enforce the truth, the great truth, which he leaves to those who come after him—that let a man but honour his calling, and the calling will soon be the honour of the man. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Gentlemen, I cannot better sum up all I would say than by the words which the Roman orator applied to the actor of his day; and I ask you if I may not say of our guest as Cicero said of Roscius—"He is a man who unites yet more of virtues than of talents, yet more of truth than of art, and who, having dignified the scene by the various portraitures of human life, dignifies yet more this assembly by the example of his own." (Great applause.) Gentlemen, the toast I am about to propose to you is connected with many sad associations, but not to-day. Later and long will be cherished whatever may be said of those mingled feelings that accompany this farewell—later, when night after night we shall miss from the play-bill the old familiar name, and feel that one source of elevated delight is lost to us for ever. (Hear, hear.) To-day let us only rejoice that he whom we so prize and admire is no worn-out veteran retiring to a rest he can no longer enjoy (cheers)—that he leaves us in the prime of his powers, with many years to come, in the course of nature, of that dignified leisure for which every public man must have sighed in the midst of his triumphs; and though we cannot say of him that his

> "way of life
> Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,"

yet we can say that he has prematurely obtained

> "that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;"

(cheers;) and postponing for this night all selfish regrets, not thinking of the darkness that is to follow, but of the brightness of the sun that is to set, I call upon you to drink, with full glasses and full hearts, "Health, happiness, and long life to William Macready."

The toast was drunk by the company upstanding, and was followed by rapturous cheers, which were renewed and continued for some moments.

Mr. Macready, on rising, was received with a fresh outburst of cheering and the waving of handkerchiefs. He said—I rise to thank you, I should say to attempt to thank you, for I feel the task is far beyond my power. What can I say in reply to all that the kindly feeling of my friend has dictated? I have not the skill to arrange and dress in attractive language the thoughts that press upon me, and my incompetency may perhaps appear like a want of sensibility to your kindness, for we are taught to believe that out of the heart's fulness the mouth speaks. But my difficulty, let me assure you, is a contradiction to this moral. (Cheers.) I have to thank my friend, your distinguished Chairman, for proposing my health to you, and for the eloquence—may I not add the brilliant fancy?—with which he has enriched and graced his subject. But that we may readily expect from him who in the wide and discursive range of his genius touches nothing that he does not adorn. ("Hear," and cheers.) I have to thank you for the cordiality and—if I may without presumption say so—the enthusiasm with which the compliment proposed has been received, and for the honour—never to be forgotten—that you have conferred on me by making me your guest to-day. Never before have I been so oppressed with a sense of my deficiency as at this moment, looking on this assemblage of sympathising friends crowded here to offer me the spontaneous testimony of their regard. I observe among you many who for years have been the encouraging companions of my course; and there are present, too, those who have cheered even my earliest efforts. To all who have united in this crowning tribute, so far beyond my dues or expectations—to my old friends, the friends of many years, who welcomed me with hopeful greeting in the morning of my professional life, and to the younger ones who now gather round to shed more brightness on my setting, I should wish to pour forth the abundant expression of my gratitude. (Loud cheering.) You are not, I think, aware of the full extent of my obligations to you. Independent of the substantial benefits due to a liberal appreciation of my exertions, my very position in society is determined by the stamp which your approbation has set upon my humble efforts (cheers); and let me unhesitatingly affirm that, without undervaluing the accident of birth or titular distinction, I would not exchange the grateful pride of your good opinion, which you have given me the right to cherish, for any favour or advancement that the more privileged in station could receive. (Great cheering.) I really am too much oppressed, too much overcome to attempt to detain you long; but with the reflection, and under the conviction, that our drama, the noblest in the world, can never lose its place from our stage while the English language lasts, I will venture to express one parting hope—that the rising actors may keep the loftiest look, may hold the most elevated views of the duties of their calling. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) I would hope that they will strive to elevate their art, and also to raise themselves above

the level of the player's easy life to public regard and distinction by a faithful ministry to the genius of our incomparable Shakespeare. (Cheers.) To effect this creditable purpose they must bring resolute energy and unfaltering labour to their work; they must be content "to spurn delights, and live laborious days;" they must remember that whate'er is excellent in art must spring from labour and endurance.

"Deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure
That hopes to lift its branches to the sky."

(Loud applause.) This, gentlemen, I can assure you was the doctrine of our own Siddons and of the great Talma (hear), and this is the faith I have ever held as one of their humblest disciples. Of my direction of the two patent theatres, on which my friend has so kindly dilated, I wish to say but little. The preamble of their patents recites, as a condition of their grant, that the theatres shall be instituted for the promotion of virtue, and to be instructive to the human race. I think these are the words. I can only say that it was my ambition, to the best of my ability, to obey that injunction ("Hear, hear," and cheers); and, believing in the principle that property has its duties as well as its rights, I conceived that the proprietors should have co-operated with me. (Loud and general cries of "Hear.") They thought otherwise, and I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish, on disadvantageous terms, my half-achieved enterprise. Others will take up this uncompleted work, and if inquiry were set on foot for one best qualified to undertake the task, I should seek him in the theatre which, by eight years' labour, he has, from the most degraded condition, raised high in public estimation, not only as regards the intelligence and respectability of his audiences, but by the learned and tasteful spirit of his productions. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I shall not detain you longer. All that I could desire, and far more than I ever could expect, you have conferred upon me in the honour you have done me to-day. It will be a memory that must remain as an actual possession to me and mine which nothing in life can take from us. The repetition of thanks adds little to their force, and therefore, deeply as I am already obliged to you, I must draw still further on your indulgence. You have had faith in my zeal for your service; you will, I am sure, continue that faith in my gratitude for the value you have set upon it. With a heart more full than the glass I hold, I return you my most grateful thanks, and have the honour of drinking all your healths.

[Mr. Macready, who had displayed considerable emotion during some portions of his address, then resumed his seat amid most enthusiastic cheering.]

Mr. C. Dickens, in proposing the next toast, said it appeared to him that there were three great requisites essential to the realisation of a scene so unusual and so splendid as that which they then witnessed. The first, and he must say that very difficult, requisite,

was a man possessing that strong hold on the general remembrance, that indisputable claim on the general regard and esteem, which was possessed by his dear and much valued friend their guest. (Cheers.) The second requisite was the presence of a body of entertainers—a great multitude of hosts—as cheerful and good-humoured, under some personal inconveniences (cries of "No, no," and a laugh), as warm-hearted, and as nobly in earnest as those whom he had the privilege then to address. The third, and certainly not the least of those requisites, was a president who, less by his social position—which might come by inheritance, or by his fortune, which might be adventitiously won or accidentally lost (a laugh)—than by his comprehensive genius, might fitly represent at once the best part of that to which honour was done, and the best part of those who united in the doing of it. (Cheers.) Such a president he thought they had found in their Chairman of to-night (loud cheers), and it was their Chairman's health that he had to propose. (Renewed cheers.) Many of those who heard him were no doubt present at the memorable scene on Wednesday night, when that great vision which had been a delight and a lesson —very often, he dared say, a support and a comfort—to them, which had for many years improved and charmed them, and to which they had looked for as an elevated relief from the labours of their lives, faded from their sight for ever. (Cheers.) He would not stop to inquire whether their guest might or might not have looked forward, through rather too long a period for them, to some remote and distant time when he might possibly bear some far-off likeness to a certain Spanish Archbishop whom Gil Blas once served. (Laughter.) Nor would he stop to inquire whether it was a reasonable disposition in the audience of Wednesday to seize upon the words—

> "And I have bought
> Golden opinions from all sorts of people;
> Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast aside so soon"—

but he would venture to intimate to those whom he addressed how in his own mind he mainly connected that occasion with the present. When he looked round on the vast assemblage of Wednesday, and observed the huge pit hushed into stillness on the rising of the curtain, and when he saw the misty, surging gallery —where men in their shirtsleeves were at first striking out their arms like strong swimmers (laughter)—become still water in a moment, and remain so through the play, it suggested to him something besides the trustworthiness of an English crowd, and the delusion under which those persons laboured who disparaged and maligned such an assembly. It suggested to him that in meeting here to-night they undertook to represent something of the all-pervading feeling of that crowd through all its intermediate degrees, from the full-dressed lady with sparkling diamonds in the proscenium box to the half-undressed gentleman (great laughter)

who was biding his time for taking some refreshment in the back row of the gallery. (Renewed laughter.) He considered that no one whom they could possibly place in the chair could so well head that comprehensive representation, and could so well give a crowning grace to their festivities as one whose comprehensive genius had in his various works embraced them all (hear, hear), and who had in his dramatic genius enchanted and enthralled them all at once. (Cheers.) It was not for him to recall on that occasion what he had seen and known in the byegone times of Mr. Macready's management, of the steady friendship of Sir Bulwer Lytton for their guest, of the association of his pen with the earliest successes of those days, or of his zealous and untiring services; but he might be permitted to say—what indeed in any public mention of Sir Bulwer Lytton he could never repress—that in the path they both trod he had uniformly found him from the first the most generous of men (cheers), quick to encourage, slow to disparage (hear, hear), ever anxious to assert the order of which he was so bright an ornament, and never condescending to shuffle it off and leave it outside state-rooms as a Mussulman might leave his slippers outside a mosque. (Laughter.) There was a popular prejudice, a kind of superstition, to the effect that authors were not a particularly united body (a laugh), and were not devotedly and inseparably attached to one another. (Laughter.) He (Mr. Dickens) was afraid he must concede just a grain or so of truth to that superstition; but this he knew—that there hardly could be, or could have been among the followers of literature, a man higher above those little grudges and jealousies which sometimes disfigured its brightness for a moment than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. (Hear, hear.) He had the very strongest reasons at this time to bear his testimony to Sir Bulwer Lytton's great consideration for evils which were sometimes attendant upon literature, though not upon him; for in conjunction with some others who were present, he (Mr. Dickens) had just embarked with their Chairman in a design for smoothing the rugged way of young labourers both in literature and the fine arts, and for cheering, but by no eleemosynary means, the declining years of meritorious age. (Cheers.) If that project prospered, as he believed it would, and as he knew it ought to do, it would be an honour to England where there was now a reproach upon her, and it would have originated in the sympathy and consideration of their Chairman, having been first brought into practical operation by the unstinted gift of his intellect and labour, and endowed from its very cradle by his munificent generosity. (Cheers.) There were many among them who would no doubt have each his own favourite reason for drinking their Chairman's health with acclamation, resting his claim probably upon some one of his diversified successes. According to the nature of their reading, some of them might the more naturally connect him with prose—others with poetry; one might associate him with comedy—another with the romantic passions of the stage, and his assertion

of worthy ambition and earnest struggles against those twin gaolers of the human heart—low birth and iron fortune. The taste of one might lead him to contemplate Rienzi and the streets of Rome; another's, the rebuilt and repeopled ruins of Pompeii; another's, the touching history of the fireside where the Caxton family—so far a picture to them all—learnt how to discipline their natures and to tame their wild hopes down. (Loud cheers.) But however various those feelings and reasons might be, sure he was with one accord all would swell the greeting with which they would receive "The health of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton."

The toast was drunk with loud cheering, and was briefly acknowledged by the Chairman, who observed that the compliment was the more gratifying to him as it proceeded from an assemblage comprising so many of his own fellow-labourers.

M. Van de Weyer, in proposing "The Artists, and Sir Charles Eastlake," said he was grateful to the Chairman for having intrusted this duty to him, because he considered that a compliment was thus paid to the country he represented—a country upon which the cultivation of art had thrown an immortal lustre, and which since the restoration of its independence had witnessed, with just national pride, the glorious revival of its ancient school. (Cheers.) He might observe that the genius of that great dramatic artist to whom they had assembled to pay their tribute of admiration had recently received a just homage from the greatest living French prose writer, George Sand, who had placed—to use her own expression—under the protection of his great name and of his friendship her own views upon dramatic art. It must be to them, as it was to him, a source of extreme gratification to see in that assembly the most eminent representatives of art in all its various branches. They knew how all the arts were linked together, and when dramatic poetry was united with painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, it offered to man the most ennobling pleasure his mind could enjoy. (Hear, hear.) He might be allowed to make one incidental remark on this subject. No foreigner could visit the English theatres without being struck with the extraordinary talent, the real genius, the richness of imagination, the picturesqueness of the colouring, and the beauty of the architecture displayed by the artist in scenic decorations—the last of which qualities he must say he had often wished to see transferred from the stage to the streets of that metropolis (laughter and cheers), where there were certainly some architectural enormities, which weighed as heavily upon the soil as no doubt they did upon the consciences of the mistaken artists who perpetrated them. (Great laughter.) He had, since he had been in England, heard many doleful lamentations on the decay of British art, but he was not one of those who shared in that feeling. Was there, he asked, any school of painting which, in less than a century of existence, had produced so many eminent artists as the English? Among the dead they had Hogarth, Reynolds, Gains-

borough, Wilkie, and many others. Among the living they had Eastlake, with his brilliant colouring and exquisite taste; Landseer, whose pictures were poems (cheers); Maclise, whose translations from Shakespeare were in the memory of all; Stanfield, whose pictures were full of life and freshness; Leslie, the worthy interpreter of Cervantes, of Sterne, and of Goldsmith; and Turner, whose genius had inspired the pages of the most eloquent moral and religious book ever published in this or any other age. (Cheers.) He thought, then, it would be seen that there were talent and genius in the English school equal to the greatest requirements of art.

Sir C. Eastlake, in acknowledging the toast, expressed his concurrence in the recommendation of his Excellency that the architectural scenery sometimes exhibited on the stage should be imitated in the streets of the metropolis. (Cheers and laughter.) He bore his testimony to the admiration he had uniformly heard expressed by the artists of this country of the judicious representations which Mr. Macready had promoted.

Mr. John Forster, in proposing the next toast, "Dramatic Literature," observed that it was peculiarly the glory of Mr. Macready's career that his name was equally allied with present and past dramatic literature, and that it would hereafter be associated with a long line of original poetic creations which first derived form from the inspiration of his art. After referring to the connection of Mr. Macready as an actor with the dramas of Lord Byron, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Justice Talfourd (whose judicial duties prevented him from attending), Mr. Procter, the Rev. Mr. White, Mr. Sheil, Miss Mitford, Douglas Jerrold, and others, Mr. Forster stated that his friend the Poet Laureate, Alfred Tennyson, had intrusted him with a few lines of poetry addressed to their distinguished guest, which with the permission of the assembly he would read. (Loud cries of "Read, read.") Mr. Forster proceeded to read the following lines, which were received with much applause:—

"Farewell, Macready, since to-night we part;
Full-handed thunders often have confessed
Thy power, well used to move the public breast.
We thank thee with our voice, and from the heart.
Farewell, Macready, since this night we part;
Go, take thine honours home; rank with the best,
Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and the rest
Who made a nation purer through their Art.
Thine is it that our drama did not die,
Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime,
And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.
Farewell, Macready; moral, grave, sublime;
Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years, on thee."

The Chairman said they were honoured by the presence of the

representative of a country to which they were indebted for the profoundest analytical criticisms of Shakespeare—he alluded to the Prussian Minister, Chevalier Bunsen (cheers); and he begged to propose, "The German exponents of Shakespeare," in connection with that distinguished individual.

Chevalier Bunsen responded to the toast in the following words:—Much as I must wish that there was present on this occasion one of the surviving heroes of our literature, to whom Germany owes the distinguished honour which has been done to her dramatic writers and critics, I am free to confess that I am proud it has fallen to my lot to be, on such an occurrence, the feeble, but sincere, interpreter of our national feelings. Sir, that honour is great and precious, coming as it does from such a man, addressing such an assembly, and on such an occasion. Gentlemen, the modern literature of Germany was nurtured by the English Muse, and the genius of William Shakespeare watched over her cradle. He is not a true German who does not gratefully acknowledge that fact. (Cheers.) When, after one century of bloody internal wars, and another of benumbment, about eighty years ago the national spirit of Germany had gathered strength to look around, he found himself in the fetters of the most conventional poetry and taste which ever has weighed upon poor humanity since the days of China and Byzance—oratorical prose in rhyme, rhetoric screwed up to poetry—civilised galvanism mistaken for the rhythm of organic life. It was under such circumstances that the first of our intellectual giants, Lessing, arose, and in pure classical German proved that our models must be looked for somewhere else, and particularly in the dramatic art. Lessing pointed to two great constellations—the Athenian Theatre and William Shakespeare. He did more—he united with a great and genial actor, Schröder, at Hamburg, to give Germany a national theatre fashioned after those models. When one decade later the immortal author of our greatest national drama—of *Faust*—when the bright star of Goethe rose on the horizon, his dramatic creed was the same: Æschylus and Sophocles and William Shakespeare for ever! (Cheers.) Again, when, a few decades later, towards the beginning of this century, that noble pair of brothers, Frederick and William Schlegel, began to apply the united force of genius, philosophy, and poetry to the creation of a comprehensive system of poetical and artistic criticism, considering all real and lasting productions of art, not as an accidental, kaleidoscopic variety of forms, but as a link in the chain of the development of mind; and when their common friend, Ludwig Tieck, opened his delightful, both creative and critical, vein for the same object, who was the hero in whose name and to whose honour they broke down the idols of conventional poetry, and condemned to eternal oblivion all sham and unreality? Who was the hero who inspired both Goethe and Schiller and the followers of the romantic school, but William Shakespeare and his theatre? This name of Shakespeare, then,

was not the fashion of an age—it was not the hue and cry of a school of metaphysic philosophers, or the whim of critical poets. No, sir, it was no more or less than the adequate expression of the deepest national feeling: it was the organ and echo of the universal voice of love and admiration with which the Anglo-Saxon mind, in its native abode, reverently hailed the great kindred genius of England, as the poetical hero of the Germanic race. (Cheers.) It is, above all, the instinctive love and admiration which has made Shakespeare the most popular name, and his dramas the most universally read poetical works among 40,000,000 of Germans. The distinguished editor of *Shakespeare*—who in our age has given to England and to the world the genuine text of that author, and carried out the right principles of its interpretation—says somewhere most truly, "The foundation of a right understanding of Shakespeare is love"—reverent love, of course, as every true love is. Well, I think we Germans do love Shakespeare, and we love him reverently. We do not love him for this or for that, but we love him best for being what he is. We do not admire him for a happy simile here or a striking observation there; none of which, beautiful as they may be as part of a whole, would make him, as we think, a poet—much less the king of all dramatic writers of the world. We love, above all, his grand poetical conceptions, and the truthful manner in which he does justice to them. We see in every piece of his an artistic reproduction of those eternal laws which, in spite of many apparent contradictions, and through all antagonistic forces, regulate always in the end the national, and very often the individual, destinies of mankind. To represent them in action is the divine privilege of the dramatic genius. This being our conception of Shakespeare, and this the relation his immortal works bear to our present national literature, you will think me sincere in saying, what you praise us for is nothing but the deep acknowledgment of our eternal obligations to your and the world's greatest dramatist—the voice of our grateful and reverent love to our saving and inspiring hero. I beg your pardon for having been so prolix on this point, but all I have said bears even directly upon the occasion of our festive meeting on this day. For, sir, I confess I have never been able to understand how one can love Shakespeare's plays without feeling the most lively interest for the national theatre on which his dramas are to be represented, and the highest regards for the great actor. (Cheers.) The great actor is infinitely more necessary to reproduce the author's idea of a play than a good musical director is required for the understanding of a great musical composition. You can set tunes and harmonies to notes, but not words and sentences to declamation. And what can you prescribe for action? The great actor is the real *hypophetes* of the prophet, the best interpreter of his meaning, and nothing less than his whole person, his body, mind, and soul are required for performing that great task. In the age in which we live it is not the question whether we are to have a national

theatre or not. The question only is, whether the theatre is to be conducted by libretto-makers and mechanical or mercantile managers, or whether it is to be regulated by first-rate men both of intellect and of moral courage. The question is whether we shall allow it to be disgraced into a slave of fashion and low amusement, or whether it is to be upheld as a high intellectual and moral school, nourished by the best feelings of the nation, or worthy of the support of an enlightened national government. Gentlemen, I think we all agree about this alternative. It is our cordial agreement on this question which has collected us also to-day around our justly-honoured guest. The German literature and nation have long decided that question in the same way. I have already mentioned that Lessing allied himself with Schröder, the celebrated German actor of his time. In the same manner Goethe dedicated a great part of his long, laborious, and self-devoted life to creating and maintaining a national theatre, and so did Ludwig Tieck for many years at Dresden and Berlin. I think that precious as their time was, it was well bestowed upon this great object; and I cannot allow this occasion to pass without mentioning a fact directly bearing upon this occasion, that when Ludwig Tieck was, in 1817, in London, he was struck by a young actor then only beginning to appear before the public. He did not see him in a Shakespearian play—the particular object of his devoted attention—but in a now-forgotten drama of the day, in a character neither attractive nor deeply poetical. But, nevertheless, he was struck by that young actor in the midst of the splendid constellations which then shone on the English stage. "If this young man," Tieck says in his Dramaturgic Letters of 1817, "goes on as he has begun, he will become one of the most eminent actors of the age." The young man's name was William Macready. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, there remains nothing more for me than to pay personally the tribute of sincere admiration and gratitude to him by whose side I have to-day the distinguished honour to sit. Having watched him attentively during the ten years I have had the happiness to spend in this country, I do not know whether I admire him more as a man who has made me understand Macbeth and Hamlet—and above all Lear—better than I ever understood them before, or as the high-minded manager, and as the man of character who has often staked his very existence on his great and noble object, which was—to raise the standard of his art, to elevate the English actor, and to purify and ennoble the national stage. And I finally wish you joy, gentlemen, that you have celebrated the retirement of this man from the stage in a manner which honours both him and yourselves, and which is full of European and universal interest; and I conclude by expressing my deep-felt gratitude for having associated me with your feelings. (Cheers.)

Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., proposed "The Stage," connecting with it the name of Mr. C. Kemble, as one of the representatives of the past, and of Mr. Phelps, as one of the representatives of the future

—the latter gentleman, he observed, having redeemed Sadler's Wells from clowns and waterworks (hear, hear), and made it a not unworthy shrine of Shakespeare, and a pledge of what the drama would be before the impulse which had been given to it by Mr. Macready was exhausted.

Mr. C. Kemble presented himself to respond to the toast, when the whole company rose and cheered in the most enthusiastic manner for some moments. When silence had been restored he said: Until he sat down to dinner he had not the least expectation that such a compliment would have been paid to him, and when he saw himself surrounded by so many men eminent in literature, science, and art, they could not be surprised that he felt utterly at a loss for words adequately to express his thanks. He would not attempt what he felt to be impossible, but he entreated them to believe that he was not the less deeply sensible of, nor the less highly flattered by, the very signal favour they had conferred upon him. (Cheers.)

Loud cries were raised for Mr. Phelps, but it was announced by the Chairman that that gentleman had left the room.

Mr. Thackeray proposed "The health of Mrs. Macready and her family," which was briefly acknowledged by Mr. Macready.

The toast of "The Ladies" was proposed by Lord Dufferin, and the Chairman then quitted the chair; and the company separated shortly before twelve o'clock.

London to Sherborne, March 2nd.—Came away with my dear children and sister. Read the *Observer* and the *Examiner*. Was in very great spirits, very thankful. Reached home in good time, and found all well, thank God! Passed a happy evening with them, talking over what had so recently passed as a bright dream before us, and went to bed grateful and, I must say, happy in my home and my heart.

March 10th.—Sherborne to London.

London, March 11th.—Dined with Kenyon, who, against my urgent request, had a party. Abbott Lawrence, Count Strzelecki, Booth (of Board of Trade), Sir George Back, Procter, Dr. Bright, F. Goldsmid, and Forster.

March 12th.—Went to Dickens's to dinner. Met Bulwer Lytton, Mark Lemon, D. Jerrold, Egg, Forster, &c. The day was given up to the business of the performance, and amusing it was to notice their many grounds of debate, and assurances of success. Mr. Egg thought that Willmott as prompter might put them too much into conventional habits.

March 13th.—Dined with Procters. Met Bulwer Lytton, Christie, Lady Eastlake, Miss Hay, Forster.

March 14th.—Dined with the Pollocks:* and read the rest of George Sand's 'Câhteau des Dèserts.'

March 16th.—Went out to Mortlake, called on Henry Taylor.

* Now at 59, Montagu Square.—Ed.

He read the preface to 'Killing no Murder,' a royalist pamphlet addressed to Oliver Cromwell, and some passages from it. Mrs. H. Taylor and Spedding arrived, and I passed a very agreeable evening. Gave Spedding a seat in the carriage to come home.

March 18*th*.—Called on dear old Mr. Rogers. *Heu! quantum mutatus!* I shall never see him again. He talked much, and I sat long. He talked much of poetry, quoting passages, and citing from his own. He spoke of sonnets, to which he has a great dislike, and thought them the Procrustean bed for thought. He sent his love twice to Catherine, and seemed, as I parted from him, to have the persuasion that it was for the last time. I turned as I left the room, and his two hands were lifted up to his head in the action of benediction on me.

March 19*th*.—As I review the circumstances of this last visit of mine to London, the notice is forced on me of the respect and regard universally manifested towards me. I have felt no embarrassment in the presence of men the most distinguished, and have been addressed and treated by them as on a footing of most perfect equality. Though experiencing usually much courtesy, I have never felt this independence of position before. I can look my fellow-men, whatever their station, in the face and assert my equality. I am most grateful for this feeling, which is among the blessings for which my gratitude refers to Almighty God.

Winchester, March 21*st*.—My income this year I reckon at £1,285, my expenses at £882, leaving my balance for Willie's college terms, &c., £403.

Sherborne, March 22*nd*.

April 21*st*.—Went with Willie to the soirée of the Sherborne Literary and Scientific Institution. Saw Messrs. Ffooks, Highmore, Falwasser, Willmott, &c. Amused with the proceedings, and shall take an interest in the society.

London, May 3*rd*.—Went to the Exhibition. Was struck with the splendour of the view on reaching the centre, looking round at the transepts, and up and down the cross. The most beautiful single objects were the park trees growing within the building, the *coup d'œil* was very striking, very imposing; the detail very surprising, very beautiful. With all its extraordinary magnificence, my feeling was that if I had not seen it I should not have regreted it very much. The good effect it produced on my mind was, it showed me the utter absurdity of any individual prizing himself for what he may possess of rich and rare, when there is such a world of wealth beyond the very richest and most powerful, whose utmost means must look insignificant compared with what can constantly be brought to outshine it by the industry of man. Learn content and humility.

Went to the Royal Academy Exhibition. Delighted with much that I saw; Maclise's Caxton is the picture of the year. E. Landseer has a most brilliant fancy of Titania and Bottom, and some excellent things besides. Herbert, one small powerful figure of

Daniel. Ward very good; Stanfield and Frith. An unknown name, Faed, very good. The Exhibition I think beyond any of its precursors. Much excellence, and lowest the level above preceding years. Went home to dress, having seen Stanfield, Hart, Herbert, Maclise, Bulwer, Dickens, &c.

Returned to Academy, saw Van de Weyer, Lord Londesborough, Lord Carlisle, Milman, Sir R. Murchison, &c.

As usual, the effect of the pictures, at first distinct, bright, and warm in their clear outline and glow of colour, the thought of the superior intelligences assembled there, the music and festive feeling of the hour, were most delightful, the gradual closing in of the evening dimming more and more the clearness of the subjects, until at length the outlines were lost, the expression obscured, and the rich prominences of each were so many beautiful interspersed masses of colour, memories only to the spectator of the stories so charmingly told, that seemed now clouded from his view. In an instant the rising of the gas gave, as by an enchanter's wand, the objects of our former admiration back to the delighted sense in all the brilliancy of light. There is nothing more delightful than the enjoyment of this scene. The usual routine was passed. The Prince spoke very well; Lord John but so so; Macaulay indifferently, for such men. The Duke as usual. To our astonishment, and I may say horror, Eastlake, in associating literature with the arts, mentioned the names of Dickens, myself, and Bulwer. I could have sunk into the earth. Dickens was, for the first time on such an occasion, completely taken aback; he rose, as did I, thinking to cover myself under his speech. Bulwer would not. Dickens made a very fair reply, and we sat down. I was called on to rise. Oh God! I was compelled; and said a few words, I know not what, about being urged by Dickens and others, and about my debt to the pictorial art, &c. I cannot remember anything, except that I was terribly distressed. The evening passed off, however, very pleasantly, and Talfourd and myself agreed to go and take tea at the Athenæum. I was putting on my coat as the Duke of Newcastle came up and shook hands with me very cordially, joining in conversation with us. We went to the Club. Then Edwin Landseer came in and sat with us very pleasantly. Saw Thackeray for a moment as I was passing out.

May 4th.—Forster called, went with him to Rogers'. Found the old man very cheerful, thinner than when I last saw him, but in very good spirits. He told all his stories "over again." Exhorted the three bachelors to get married; spoke of Scott, Byron, and Moore, and of his own poetry, quoting us a particularly fine line—"Their very shadows consecrate the ground."

I was interested by Tom Taylor's account of his studies. Spedding is a most pleasing person. Took leave of dear old Rogers once more. I think indeed for the last time. I cannot make out his character. He is surely good-natured, with philanthropic and religious feelings, but his fondness for saying a

sharp thing shakes one's certainty in him: his apparent desire too to produce effect, I think, sometimes awakens doubts of his sincerity in some minds. Dined with Dickens. Maclise and Forster were there. Dickens related a *mot* of Jerrold's: P. Cunningham's stating that he had been eating a strange dinner, calves' tails, Jerrold observed, "Extremes meet."

Sherborne, Sunday, May 11th.—Walked out with Willie, intending to go to church at the little village near, and then walk in to Sir W. Medlycott's. The morning was deliciously beautiful, and we both enjoyed it. The church was closed, no service; we examined its exterior, and walked a different way through Poynington, and home by the Bath Road. Never have I felt more deeply and purely the loveliness of nature and the bounty of God to me and mine; beauty everywhere and impressing every sense. O God, let me never fail to be sensible of Thy unspeakable goodness!

May 31st.—Letters informing me that a paragraph had appeared in *Daily News* and *Shipping Gazette*, stating that it was intended to bring me forward as a candidate for the Tower Hamlets, which made me laugh most heartily.

Sunday, June 1st.—Read newspaper, in it saw a paragraph from the *Daily News*, stating that it was the intention of some persons to put me in nomination as Member of the Tower Hamlets. I was amused very much, and showed it to Catherine and Letitia. Catherine would wish the project might be realised; Letitia thought (as I do) that even if there was probability of success, such a measure was not to be desired or entered upon.

Read prayers to the family and servants.

June 5th.—Heard of the death of my very dear friend, nearly one of my oldest friends—one who clung to me in all his elevation—dear Richard Sheil. Another gone—another to teach me how slight is the barrier, how short a distance from me, that separates me from another state of existence!

June 26th.—Wrote to Pollock, sending for Mr. Johnson, who will go to meet him. Wrote to Eeles, to Bradbury and Evans, to Colnaghi with cheque for £9 11s. 6*d.*, to Forster. Played at cricket an hour with the boys. The heat was extreme, and I find, upon experiment, that fifty-eight cannot do the work of eighteen. I do not feel my mind old, but my breath and body are unequal to extra exertion. Very much tired.

July 15th.—Waited for the arrival of the Pollocks, who at last came.* Walked in the garden till time to dress for dinner. A cheerful evening.

July 19th.—Miss Herries and Mrs. Pollock wished me to read. I read the beginning of the fifth book of 'Paradise Lost:' they were much affected; some passages of Wordsworth, &c.

Sunday, July 20th.—Went with our guests and Katie to Milborne

* During Macready's residence at Sherborne the nearest railway station to it, in coming from London, was at Frome, a distance of about twenty-two miles, along a hilly country road.—Ed.

Port Church, Sir William Medlycott was fortunately at the church door, and led us to seats.

Walked in the garden at Ven, with Sir William and Pollock. We lunched or dined there, and passed the time pleasantly enough till the carriage was ready at three. Returned home.

Mrs. Pollock spoke to me about a visit to them in London, but that I cannot see in the future of things, much, so very much, as I like them.

August 17*th*.—Read the paper, in which was a long and able article on Mr. McFarlane's pamphlet against Gladstone's disclosures of Neapolitan infamy and tyranny: a very affecting account of the two or three last years of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. His silence for such a length of time is one of the most deeply affecting instances of human suffering I have ever met with. God help us! There surely cannot be an end to all here, or all, who have innocently suffered, from the blessed Jesus downwards, have existed for sorrow without comfort, and seemingly without cause. But He who made us must have His own purposes. Let us wait and adore. Amen.

September 18*th*.—Mr. Hallett called, wishing me to be president of the Literary and Scientific Institute of this year. I wished to serve the Society, but required time for my answer.

September 25*th*.—Mr. Hallett called for my answer to be president of the Literary and Scientific Society. I talked with Catherine about it, and felt that it was my duty to do my best in such a cause. I assented, and spoke to Mr. Hallett about a lecture, &c., which he thought would suit the society, on the poetry of the poor.

December 31*st*.—It is very late as I begin to enter my parting words to the eventful year on this its record of my thoughts, feelings, and sufferings. Continued my work, too late begun, upon my account books. Heard Walter part of his lesson. Read in English history with Willie, and afterwards, in French, Thierry's 'Conquête d'Angleterre,' with Willie and Katie. Took a warm bath. Received gardener's character. Sat with Catherine, who, thank God, seems better. Not quite well after dinner. Rested in her room. Read French and geography with my adult class. Heard Walter his lessons. Looked at the paper. Continued my books, and partially arranged my accounts. It is very late. Adieu to 1851, one of the most eventful years of my eventful life. For all thank God, thank God, thank God! Amen.

The entry in Macready's diary for the last day of 1851 might serve as a specimen of the greater number of those made by him at Sherborne. His life ceased to be eventful except in thought, feeling, and suffering. The details indicated in it were those of his daily life. He continued to give anxious and unremitting attention

to his pecuniary affairs, for the sakeof those depending upon him. He dedicated much time, more indeed than was good for them or for himself, to the minute personal superintendence of the general education, and of the various lessons of his children. His own state of health required great care and consideration. His desire for occupation and his habitual reliance upon his own judgment led him to take an active part in the domestic management of his household. His wife's health was not strong, and the first great sorrow which fell upon him in his retirement was already beginning to cast its shadow before it. His general schemes for extending the benefits of education to the people among whom he had cast his lot were getting into practical work. Through all and above all he maintained his deep and pious sense of thankfulness for all the good he had enjoyed and was enjoying.

Macready's severance from the stage was complete. The white hood worn by him in 'Philip Van Artevelde' was the only theatrical trapping which survived at Sherborne. His wife had treasured it up as a solitary relic belonging to a character in which she especially admired him—the one thing she had asked for and kept as a remembrance of his great performances. She gave it to Lady Pollock (then Mrs. Pollock) upon the occasion of her first visit to Macready in Dorsetshire (as recorded by him in July 1851), and it now remains in her possession.

Into Macready's retreat, however, the memories of his past career and the devotion of the many persons who were attached to him could not fail to follow him, and he received remarkable expressions of regard and admiration from different quarters.

Charles Sumner (10th December, 1850) wrote from Boston (United States), "You will stand out hereafter as the last great actor of the English stage. It must be so; and I rejoice that associated with that position will be so much of private worth and general culture, as we admire in you. Of you we may say what Cicero said in his oration for Sextius, of the great Roman actor Æsopus, that he chose the noblest parts both as an actor and a citizen. '*Mehercule, semper partium in republicâ, tunquam in scenâ, optimarum.*' I cannot do more than to wish for you the success in future fame which attended Æsopus."

Dr. Liddell, now Dean of Christ Church, and then Head Master of Westminster School, writing to Macready on 3rd March, 1851, and alluding to his farewell dinner, said: "I should very much like to have been one of the clergy who attended on Saturday to express by their presence their thanks to one who had done so much for elevating the drama to its own high and noble office. But all efforts to get tickets were, for me at least, in vain."

Macready had also at this time many other letters from clergymen, testifying respect for his character as a man and a Christian, and admiration for his genius; and thanking him for the example of fine elocution, found so useful to them in the pulpit, as well as for his exertions in elevating the dignity the art, and the moral

purity of his theatre. Nor did such expressions of esteem cease to be given when the immediate occasion of Macready's retirement had passed away. After his decease similar testimonies were renewed, and one correspondent, personally a stranger to him and to his family, wrote to his widow:—

"As a former London clergyman, I always looked up to two men as doing more good in their respective spheres of action than any others that could be named at that time. I mean Melville and your late husband. Few perhaps have ever raised the standard of Christian duties among the young intellect of London so successfully as these two men. It was a real grief to very many that Macready's health and strength did not hold out to a much later period of his life, so great was the good that he was then carrying on. However, Dorset is a high testimony to his usefulness, though the sphere was not so wide or distinguished as in London. That he reached more than the Psalmist's threescore years and ten in such high honour and esteem must be the greatest consolation of his family under the loss you are now deploring."

A letter from George Wightwick, whose friendly professional offices prepared Sherborne House for Macready's reception, affords a signal example, among many, of the enthusiasm excited by the great actor on the stage, which afterwards led, as in other cases, to a fervent and lasting friendship in private life:—

"*April 5th*, 1851.

"My dearest Macready,—It must have been in the year 1818 that I went one evening to Covent Garden Theatre to see Miss O'Neill in 'Jane Shore.' She was the exclusive object of my crush into the crowded pit of that vast theatre. An actor in a suit of humble brown appeared as one Dumont. His first tone came over my ear with an influence to prove that an extraordinary sympathy was at once elicited, and permanently confirmed. The scene with Hastings, in which Dumont disarms the imperious nobleman, made me feel that the man in the 'humble brown suit' was, in a certain sense (so far as the expression may be used, without debasement to him), myself; every yearning that I had for what was noble in nature and true in art was illustrated in him.

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"And year after year did this feeling grow in its obstinate strength, with all the penalties which must be paid for pleasure such as mine. There was an orchestre and a burning row of lamps between us. How I longed to overleap them! Fortunately my respect and deference were as great as my longing; and the latter, as I trust you will allow, was at length, and by modest degrees, inoffensively gratified—you know how, and I think you must also be aware how delightfully to myself. Little however did I imagine that I should ever be to you what your gentle kindness has permitted me to become. The conduct and the courtesy of a gentleman, so far as they could be shown in the occasional communion of ordinary acquaintance, I felt would be manifested to me; and of this alone I should have been sufficiently proud, but the affectionate responses of a closely knitted friendship were delights which I could not now so dearly appreciate, if I had in the first instance arrogantly reckoned on them as probable. I wish you distinctly to understand and believe this; because I wish you equally to be assured that, having what I desired, I value it as if the desired 'having' were still to be obtained.

'Age cannot wither, nor custom stale it.' I shall ever be as anxious to keep it as I was formerly earnest to acquire it. Though 'love casteth out fear,' it is, or should be, ever most conservative of the original respect, which put itself under the care of deferential delicacy.

"Well, the yearning was first felt in 1818, thirty-three years ago, and on the 3rd of March, 1851, I am one of the family party at your birthday dinner in the retirement-home I have assisted to prepare for you, playing hearth games with your boys and girls. Never was the consummation of original hope and earnest wish more complete than in my present possession of your regard. Heaven preserve it to me! For it is most precious, and in all respects wholesome to my 'state of man,' except that it perhaps inclines a little to make me proud.

"As a public man I believe none had ever so great a share of admiration's heart; as a private gentleman I am convinced no one has a greater number of devoted friends. With many, with most indeed, you will hereafter in this world have but occasional communion, nor will I regret that it can only be occasional with me, since I regard all good and true things as only begun in this life, to be consummated in the life which will have no ending.

"Your truly affectionate

"George Wightwick."

Macready's work in the cause of education at Sherborne, and his general desire to do good to those around him, can only be well described by those who were personally acquainted with them, and who took part with him in the practical execution of his benevolent schemes.

He devoted himself almost exclusively to labours of kindness and usefulness; his charity was so extensive that, although his left hand knew not what his right hand did, it was impossible that it should escape observation, even beyond the sphere of the recipients of his bounty; and while thus engaged in relieving distress in the neighbourhood of his new home, he continued to remit money to old pensioners elsewhere up to the day of his death. He would himself visit the sick and poor, and ascertain their necessities, and if he thought they were not sufficiently cared for he would send to them his own medical attendant.

But his great interest was in the cause of education, especially among the poorer classes, which he developed at the cost of incessant personal exertion, and mainly at his own expense. He established a night-school, which he conducted himself, and in which he was assisted by voluntary teachers from among the gentlemen and tradesmen of the town, who attended in turns; but he was himself never absent from his post, except under very urgent necessity. After a time some of his friends raised a subscription in order to relieve Macready of a part of the burden which his own zeal in the cause had brought upon himself. Yet although his own contribution to it had not been ever less than £100 a year, he was so fond of the night-school that he accepted this aid as a proof of the estimation in which his work was held, and as an additional fund, but not in ease of his own payments. On one occasion, when driving over to the neighbouring town of

Yeovil on matters of business connected with the Sherborne Institution, his companion jokingly remarked that a country fly was a sorry conveyance for the great tragedian, and that he ought to keep his own carriage and pair; he said, "Ah, but then I must give up my night-school."

A most valuable testimony to the importance of Macready's educational work at Sherborne was given in an official report made by the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, at that time one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools:—

"The best evening school which I have seen is that at Sherborne, managed, and in great measure taught, by Mr. W. C. Macready, whose name needs no distinctive synonym. It was held, when I visited it last September, in an ample and well-lighted room, copiously provided with the usual apparatus of instruction. It was attended by upwards of eighty youths, of ages varying from ten to twenty years, but averaging thirteen, and all engaged till evening in laborious employments. Their attendance appeared to be spontaneous, regular, and cheerful; their demeanour docile; their attainment, practical and intelligent in kind, and of satisfactory amount. But there was something in that institution still more impressive than its efficiency. That a gentleman who retired not many years ago from a sphere of prominency in name, in person, and in character, where he was always greeted with acclamations of esteem such as, once tasted, it must be difficult to exchange for a more silent homage, should now, at a vigorous—not far advanced—but still advancing age, be found punctually devoting some hours of several evenings a week to teaching the children of a few Dorsetshire labourers the humblest rudiments of that language whose sublimest creations his genius had for years been accustomed to interpret to successive thousands of cultivated listeners—this is a fact of which the moral significance deserves a better exposition than I can venture to attempt. I have met with many sermons, pamphlets, orations on the duty of instructing the poor; but here was a homily in action which I congratulate myself on having witnessed, and which, while I do not presume to disturb its quiet usefulness by anything so incongruous as applause, I think it may, in many ways, be profitable to recall." *

Sherborne was not less indebted to Macready for the revival, direction, and strenuous support of its Literary Institution, which had fallen into abeyance, and was in danger of total extinction. By his exertions and frequent assistance the lectures given to its members were renewed. Dickens, Thackeray, Forster, James White, Wightwick, Bellew, the present Editor, and other friends of Macready visited him, and were glad to support him in his endeavour to restore animation to the Institution in which he took so strong an interest; and these gratuitous lectures from time to time occasioned what in some instances appeared to be almost fabulous additions to its formerly scanty funds, and rendered possible the formation of a library, which was further augmented by gifts of books from Macready and his friends. Sometimes too he would

* Report of Committee of Council on Education, 1859–60. (Extract from Report for year 1859, by Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield.)

himself give a Shakespearian reading, which attracted the whole neighbourhood, and largely recruited the pecuniary resources of the Institution.

There were also established Institution Classes; and other Institutions in adjoining towns and counties were induced to associate themselves in the movement. For several years annual competitive examinations were held, and prizes were awarded of considerable value. Many country gentlemen took a kindly interest in this work, and encouraged it by their aid and presence. But no one took Macready's place when he left Sherborne, and the Institution again languished for want of due support.

Soon after his arrival in Sherborne a gentleman, soliciting subscriptions for the British Schools, happened to make his first call on Macready, and informed him of a deficiency existing in their funds. "Let me see the statement," said Macready; and having examined the account shown to him, he went to his desk and drew a cheque for the whole of the deficiency, which amounted to £38.

The friend and partner in Macready's good works at Sherborne, from whose recollections the preceding account of them is chiefly drawn, adds, "His memory is still fresh among us, and will live here as long as his public fame endures in the world at large; and children's children will be taught to speak with love and reverence of Mr. Macready."

Two things especially had attracted Macready to Sherborne: one, the expected advantages of its ancient grammar-school for the education of his sons; the other, the interesting and roomy old dwelling-house which, at a moderate rent, received his then large family, and gave ample space for the display of his books, his prints, and his other works of art.

Sherborne House is described in Hutchins' 'Dorsetshire' (vol. iv., p. 136) as "a large, handsome freestone mansion in St. Swithin's Street, erected chiefly by Henry Seymour Portman, Esq., who, about 1720, left it to his nephew, Francis Seymour (brother of Edward, Duke of Somerset).

"The staircase was painted by Sir James Thornhill. It is said that Mr. Portman at first intended this only as a half-way house between his Dorset and Somerset estates, and that when he afterwards proposed to give it to his lady for her residence after his decease, she refused to accept for her jointure-house what was at first designed as an inn, *i. e.*, an occasional resting-place between Bryanston and Orchard. The architect was a Mr. Bastard, of Sherborne."

The difficulties of divided authority, which must always to some extent exist when schoolboys live at home in their parents' house in the same town with their school, were felt probably in their highest degree in Macready's family. He had strong opinions on matters of conduct, discipline, and education, and had been all his life accustomed to see his own views enforced; and long

before other sad reasons came into operation which would have rendered the contiguity of the school under any circumstances useless, it had ceased to be of any benefit to him.

The house, however, led to no disappointment, and was singularly well fitted for its intended objects. It stood enclosed in its own grounds; a little retiring from the road in front of it, over which there was an uninterrupted prospect of a pretty Dorsetshire landscape. The style of the building is a favourable specimen of a period when good models were studied and carefully followed; and when architects were content to consider the light and comforts of the interior of a house as among the first matters deserving their attention, and the front is a good piece of plain *renaissance* work. Large gates closed either end of a short carriage-drive, or sweep, through a small garden before the house. The centre of the ground floor was occupied by an ample entrance-hall, paved with squares of black and white marble, the scene of various readings by Macready to large invited audiences. On the left was a dining-room, pannelled in dark wood. On the right was the library (a remarkably light and cheerful room), which contained in handsome cases his collection of books. This was a good and varied one, in English, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian works, but was not especially rich in dramatic literature.

The library was sometimes the scene of private readings to favoured guests, never to be forgotten by the few who had the privilege of hearing Shakespeare and Milton interpreted by all the art of a life spent upon the study of them. Macready would, on these occasions, often begin in a low tone, as if oppressed by the weight of his undertaking. His voice would gradually rise into power, like the sun breaking through a fog, until he sent it forth in its full volume of sound. Its music would then sink and rise in varied cadences and intonations, and it was as if the various stops of a fine organ were being by turns employed at the will of a great player, calling into action the full power of the instrument in a rich and magnificent combination of all its qualities.

Macready has, in more than one recorded opinion, refused to recognise the reading of a play before a public audience as an equivalent for its performance in the usual manner upon the stage; nevertheless he set the highest value upon reading as the best mode of gaining real and profound knowledge of a great poet's works. In a letter to his kinswoman, Mrs. Larden (*née* Lydia Bucknill), written in the second year of his residence at Sherborne, he dwelt emphatically on the importance of reading out for the understanding of Shakespeare and Milton:—

"Except in a guess at the genuine reading of a doubtful passage, the explanation of obsolete terms, or the description of antique usages, notes to a good poet are impertinent. The *art of reading* is the key to the real understanding of Shakespeare—of Milton—of all that is great. Looking into peculiarities will not help a student; he begins at the wrong end. The best idea he will get,

for example, of Hamlet from a book, is from the 'Wilhelm Meister of Goethe; Goethe writes as if he felt the man's inmost feelings, and as if he would impart those feelings in reading the book to any one. I know of no other critic who writes on Shakespeare as a great actor and critic would write if he could. What critic will help you to feel Milton? Addison is the best, but his reader must bring a great deal to his aid." (26th August, 1852.)

Besides the rooms already described at Sherborne House, there was a quaint apartment on the ground-floor at the back of the entrance-hall, which went familiarly under the name of the "*salle*." It had been elevated from baser domestic uses to the rank of a family sitting-room, under Wightwick's hands, and was the habitual abiding place for the younger members of the household. Upstairs a handsome drawing-room, Macready's own room, and a large guest's bed-chamber, occupied the front on the first floor; and these rooms were approached through a lobby, decorated in Pompeian style, which went well in accordance with the semi-classical architecture of the mansion.

Behind the house was a large old-fashioned walled garden, with turf and flower-beds, passing into a kitchen-garden and orchard, and then into a paddock. It was in this garden that Macready took much of his out-door exercise, and in which he most loved to meditate.

The place was at once in the country and in the town. The town was at hand, but unseen, and a few steps of walking led into the fields.

Macready's absences from Sherborne, after he had settled there, were neither frequent nor long, but some of them were of a most sorrowful kind. In the September of the second year (1852) of his residence there he accompanied his wife to Plymouth, where she died; and he had to make again the journey to Kensal Green Cemetery—a melancholy visit, repeated the following year on the occasion of the death of his son Walter, and again in 1857 on the death of his son Henry, whose long trials of illness and suffering had made him most dear to his father. To this child he had been nurse, mother, and even physician, and to the last hoped for his restoration to health, after all expectation by others of recovery was gone.

He was however every year for a short time in London, but only on business, or on matters connected with his own health or that of his children; and he avoided any entrance into general society, seeking that only of friends whom he already knew and liked.

August 7th, 1852.—Macready thus noted the death of an old friend:—"To my deep grief perceived the notice of the death of dear Count D'Orsay. No one who knew him and had affections could help loving him. Where he liked he was most fascinating and captivating. It was impossible to be insensible to his graceful, frank, and most affectionate manner. I have reason to believe

that he liked me, perhaps much, and I certainly entertained the most affectionate regard for him. He was the most brilliant, graceful, endearing man I ever saw — humorous, witty, and clear-headed. But the name of D'Orsay alone had a charm; even in the most distant cities of the United States all inquired with interest about him.

In 1854 the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, gave Macready's eldest son, William, a writership in Ceylon—an appointment in which he afterwards much distinguished himself, and gained the approbation and good-will of his official superiors and colleagues. To his second son an Addiscombe cadetship for the military service of the East India Company had been previously given by Mr. Herries, when President of the Board of Control.

In 1855 Macready came up to London to take part in the dinner given to Thackeray on his departure to deliver his lectures in America; and he has recorded the visit under the date of 11th October, 1855:—

"To London Tavern. Met there Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, Pollock, Stanfield, Murphy, Fladgate, Charles Knight, Longman, Judge Willes (who wished to know me), Russell Sturges, W. Beckett, Leech, Mark Lemon, P. Cunningham, White, Bradbury, Evans, Roberts, Spedding, &c. The meeting was one of men most cordially disposed to be happy. All glad to meet and pay a tribute to a man of genius. The dinner was superb. My place was between Stanfield and Judge Willes, next to whom was Jerrold, Stanfield being on the left hand of Dickens, who was in the chair. The dinner lasted about two hours. Dickens' speech was of course very good, but not his very best. Willes was surprised at the eloquence of Dickens. Albert Smith improvised a song with remarkable felicity, full of point and humour, on the event and observations of the evening. It was a great success."

In the following year there is the interesting record of a morning visit to the ruins of Covent Garden Theatre:—

"*April 4th*, 1856.—Passing by Covent Garden Theatre, I stopped the driver, and directed him to the entrance. The *custos* made much objection to my entrance, but on giving my card and insisting that Mr. Gye would desire that I should have admittance, he yielded, and called a fireman to show me the interior. It was, as ruin ever is, a melancholy sight;* but it did not affect me. It was not my theatre, the scene of my anxieties, my struggles, my trials, and my sufferings, and my triumphs: that had long since been changed."

In the spring of 1856 Macready paid a short visit to Paris, where Dickens was then staying. He saw Ristori act, visited George Sand, in company with his friend Regnier, of the Comédie Française, and witnessed part of the performance of her adapta-

* Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire, 5th March, 1856.

tation of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' which he notes as a failure.*

July 5th, 1856.—He records the death of Young:—

"Read with deep emotion the death of 'Charles Mayne Young, aged seventy-nine.' My struggle in professional life was against him, and for several years we were in rivalry together; disliking, of course, but still respecting one another. I am now the only one of the men who made up that artistic constellation at Covent Garden."

And he returned to the subject on the following day:—

"The news of Young's death yesterday depressed me more than those who had witnessed our contention for the prize of public favour could have conceived. I had a very sincere respect for him. No two men could have differed more in the character of their minds, in their tastes, pursuits, and dispositions; but his prudence, his consistency in his own peculiar views, and the uniform respectability of his conduct engaged and held fast my esteem for him, from the time that the excitable feelings of immediate rivalry had passed away. I am thankful that I had the opportunity of proving that."

In 1857 Macready was in London in the beginning of the year, and assisted as a spectator at the private theatrical performances † given by Dickens at his residence, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, of which he wrote to Lady Pollock: "It was remarkably, extraordinarily clever, in all respects. The acting uncommonly good; I mean positively so, and rendered so much more effective by the general harmony of the party. I do not wonder at your having recourse to your cambric. The performance excited me very much."

Later in this year he attended the meeting of the Social Science Association at Birmingham, and paid a visit to an old Rugby school-fellow, the Walhouse of early days, who, in 1812, took the name of Littleton, was Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1834, and in 1835 had been created Lord Hatherton. He gave also lectures at Bradford, Bridport, Weymouth, Blandford, and Reading; and spent part of the autumn at Charmouth, on the Dorsetshire coast, which he describes himself as leaving "with reluctance, and going back to the home which possesses the images of, and the associations with, so many lost ones."

The year 1858 was saddened by the death, in June, of Macready's daughter Lydia (Lillie), and it was followed in November by that of his "sister and friend," Letitia, which put an end to the longest companionship of his life; and again, and twice within six months, the mournful journey to London and the slow procession to Kensal Green Cemetery had to be made.

* M. Delaunay, then a young actor at the Théâtre Français, was the Orlando, and the piece was otherwise well acted, but its inherent faults of construction made its success impossible.

† 'The Frozen Deep,' by Wilkie Collins, and Buckstone's farce of 'Uncle John.

In the latter part of the year 1859 Macready left his seclusion at Sherborne to say farewell to his eldest son and his wife on their departure from England on their returning to Ceylon; but during these years he continued, as always, devoted to his educational work, and was occasionally delivering lectures or readings at Sherborne and other places.

The beginning of the year 1860 was marked by preparations for leaving Sherborne, where the house to which he had retired from London had become too large for his now diminished family, and which had now so many sad associations connected with it; in Macready's own words, it was "mournful to look on the many empty seats around the once crowded table, and life had lost much of its charm in the absence of those whose presence once made its happiness." The move to Cheltenham now resolved upon was therefore in every way a desirable one.

He gave a final reading of 'Othello,' for the benefit of the Literary Institution, and on the 27th of March, upon resigning the presidency of the Institution, a handsome silver epergne was presented to him, with the unanimous vote of the members, expressing their regret at his departure, and their grateful acknowledgments of the services rendered by him to the society.

On the 30th of March he took leave of his evening school, and has thus described the occasion :—"I gave to them the Bibles and distributed the prizes, received the kind boys' testimonial (a handsome silver paper-knife), addressed them and the assembly, Dr Williams, and other friends. All spoke in most affectionate and regretful terms. Have I not reason to be grateful to God—and am I not so? Blessed be His name."

Macready's marriage with his second wife took place in 1860, and was celebrated at St. John's Church, Redland, Clifton, on the 3rd of April in that year. Mrs. Macready was the fifth daughter of Henry Spencer, Esquire, and a grand-daughter of Sir William Beechey, R.A., painter to George III. and Queen Charlotte. His residence for the remainder of his days was now fixed at Cheltenham, where a house in Wellington Square received him and his family, and where his life was from henceforth one of complete retirement. He enjoyed corresponding with old friends, and also occasional visits from them. Most of his time was spent in his library with his books, or in preparing for the evening readings, which were the delight of his domestic circle.

Macready's youngest son, Cecil Frederick Nevil, was born the 7th of May, 1862, and several years succeeded of much tranquil happiness.

The letters which now follow, in the order of their dates, have been selected from those written by Macready to the Editor and to Lady Pollock, from the time of his retirement to Sherborne until the time when he almost ceased to write at all :—

Sherborne, Dorset, February 6th, 1852.

My dear Pollock,—The date of your letter looks reproachfully at me. But I think I may justly deprecate any discontent with the long delay of my acknowledgment, in referring to the unhappy state in which your kind and welcome greeting found the inmates of our home, and in which so many of them have continued. Mrs. Macready's health is an incessant cause of anxiety to us. She is, I fear, wasting under a disorder which medical science has hitherto failed to reach. God knows to what issue it will come! But the alternations of hope and fear, and the needful attention even to the sustaining of her spirits, occupy much of each day, and will help to account for the heavy balance of correspondence against me. We have a sick room too upstairs; but we believe in the appearance of returning health, that comes to gladden that. It was a great pleasure to us in our unusually melancholy Christmas time to read of your happy gathering at dear Dickens's. I was with you all in spirit, and could afterwards in your account see the happy looks of the brilliant crowd, and enjoy the gaiety of such a memorable evening. What shall I render you for all the delightful account of your delightful evening? What can Sherborne have to tell of itself that can be worth listening to? All that has happened to raise a ripple on the dull surface of our stagnant life has been a sort of *soirée* which I gave in the hall to the members of our little Mechanics' Institution, in the shape of a lecture on the influence of poetry on the mind, illustrating my discourse with two or three recitations, to which they listened with an earnestness of attention that very much interested me. I am quite sure you would have been deeply gratified in witnessing the decorous manner, and I may say the gentlemanly feeling that they evinced, without any occurrence to disturb the pleasant, even tone of the entire ceremony. My poor wife, who was most anxious that it should come off, and who, I fancy, made herself temporarily better, that it should do so, sate upstairs, listening to catch any sound from below, and waiting with efforts at patience for a report of the proceedings. I am striving to improve the Institution, but my country neighbours have not much sympathy with the project of elevating the operative class. I trust that your solicitude for your brother has been happily relieved before this, and that he has recovered, or may hope to recover, the sight of his eye. My wife, sister, and Katie join with me in affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Pollock; and with every kindest wish,

I remain always and sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, February 19th, 1852.

This morning's post brings me, my dear Mrs. Pollock, your kind invitation, which extorts from me, one or two days earlier than my intention, the answer to your former welcome and interesting letter.

But first—you will soon see in print my reasons for not accepting the pleasure you propose to me. I have given notice to the persons conducting the affairs of the Theatrical Fund of my inability to undertake the duties of chairman at their festival. The state of Mrs. Macready's health keeps me in such constant anxiety, between such painful alternations of grasping at the shadow of any hope, and sinking under an almost numbing depression, that I really cannot bear to contemplate a responsibility for which I see no prospect of the ability to prepare myself, and which at the very last moment I may be compelled to relinquish. It is not therefore probable that I shall leave home, at least citywards, for many a day, my presence being indispensable at home, and rendered more than ordinarily so (if there may be degrees in so positive a necessity) by the incapacitating illness of my suffering partner. But hope is the life of life; and I cannot help looking out beyond these present heavy months to the brighter ones of summer, praying that they may bring health and cheerfulness again to our melancholy abode, and that with them you and Mr. Pollock and Julian will come to make the summer holiday, to which we bend our thoughts and straining eyes as one of the events of our year. You think we should not try to see beyond the present; but when that is dark, may we not do well to believe that the little gleam along the horizon's rim may have sunshine in it? If you could but know how ingenious and how pertinacious is hope to those who, at sea, are longing for a sight of land, in proving and insisting that the fog-banks in their distance must be *terra firma*, you would concur in the reasonableness of our clinging to the belief that the summer must be well with us, repaying us for much that, under such expectations, we are contented to undergo. Mrs. Macready sends her love to you, and participates with Katie and my sister and myself in all our summer plans.

I was very much amused with your description of the marionettes; it was so faithful that I saw them distinctly, as I remember them at Rome, where I used to give my nightly attendance at their theatre. On one occasion I recollect the *arlecchino* was exciting the bursts of laughter of the audience, when the tinkling of a bell was heard from the street—the performance suddenly stopped, the whole audience went down upon their knees, I, of course, among the rest ("At Rome," &c.), and till the sound of the bell had ceased to be heard, the silence was profound. I whispered to my neighbour, "What is that?" She answered, "It is the Lord." It was the Host being carried to a dying person.* I quite agree with you that our actors and actresses might take a lesson in unconsciousness that would greatly benefit their audiences, from those earnest players. The mere recollection of them is a pleasure to me. I have been interrupted in my letter by a two hours' visit from an interesting person, who lectured at

* This anecdote also occurs in the 'Reminiscences,' p. 204

our little Institution last night on 'Milton as a Man,' and gave us a very eloquent discourse. He has just left me, but with little time to finish my letter, which however is already quite long enough. I was truly glad to hear that your good husband had quite recovered from his severe cold, of which Forster had informed me also. I wish he could enjoy the benefit of our mild, and yet bracing air; but I trust he will when there is more shade, and more need of it.

I cannot imagine how you can have possessed yourself with the idea that Gertrude was a participator in the murder of Hamlet. The random words in that moment of maddening excitement are not meant to couple the two acts of murder and marriage as crimes of his mother. The furious intimation of his father's fate is one of those evidences of penetration into the human heart on which one cannot reason, one can only feel that Shakespeare's genius is above all laws of art. The words are inconsequent, they are unjustifiable; but they are what Hamlet would have said, and it would be a reasonable argument that, under similar circumstances, they must have been said, such actual truth of feeling is in their opposition to the truth of fact. I feel certain that I could satisfy you upon the point with the book before me, because then I could use Shakespeare's language in place of my own, which I have been more used to, and which I could apply so much more effectually to my argument. He, Hamlet, moreover, would not load his uncle with all those terms of obloquy and vituperation if his mother merited her share of them. I have not time to write a more logical and sane reply to your question; but I will most gladly defer the discussion of the point until we can debate it in full synod here, and I am sure I shall satisfy you, for, I repeat, it is a matter to feel, and not to reason on. Give my very kindest regards to your husband, of whom I hope to hear continued good accounts. I hate and fear all kinds of colds and coughs—I have too much reason.

Always believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

28, Berkeley Square, Bristol, May 28th, 1852.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—As I look upon the date of your first letter, for there are two lying before me, I am disposed to repine and be angry with myself that it should have been so very long since you heard from me. But in this life there are few evils that do not carry some consoling reflections with them; and whilst I regret that the interval between my letters should have been so long, I have a selfish satisfaction in learning that it seems so to you. How happy should I be if I had less grave reasons for my long silence, and that I had the direct confession of neglect and idleness to make, with the confidence I should at the same time

have in your indulgence! But what may appear to distant friends an idle life is more engrossed by cares and occupations, where sickness is, than any but those who have experience of this sad condition of our existence can be aware of. There is no longer regularity or certain command of time, when that sickness, which keeps its attendants and watchers in constant agitation of hope and fear, has fixed itself in our abode. How often is the hour or hours, in which with lighter spirits any employment or amusement might be undertaken, given up to lonely silence, in which, with the feeling that we cannot use our minds over other's thoughts, we sit and brood over our own, recalling what has been enjoyed, or contemplating the possibility of what is to be feared! This has been my condition, and is yet to be: my only hope is God's indulgent mercy. I have had occupation too—in various ways; and perhaps it may seem strange that I did not make my acknowledgment of your letter part of my occasional employment. My reason was, that others would be less considerate and indulgent than you, and that therefore I might be worldly wise in escaping reproach where it was to be apprehended, and in availing myself of friendship's charity where I was sure it would be extended.

You wish to know "how we are going on:" my answer cannot be counted on for successive days; for the complexion of our life takes colour from my poor wife's varying state. At times we are encouraged to sanguine hope, and presently all the promise that had beguiled us seems taken from us. All are well at home except the one whose dangerous illness makes us even still more sensible how precious she is to us all. You will see by my date that I only repeat to you the substance of the reports I receive, which have been—not worse than I had reason to hope. And I did not thank you for remembering my birthday!—and yet I did, most fervently, as I read your letter, though the words were not written down. I am confident you give me credit for so much. Now to convince you that, though no written answer has been returned to your letter, the subject of it has been in my mind, I am going to make a confession that will amuse you, although it is one of which I ought to be somewhat ashamed. Suppose me standing before you with self-convicted looks, the deepest brick-dust blush that my complexion can take, and, at last, covering my face with my hands, groaning out the avowal, "I had never read 'Clarissa Harlowe!'" How I have got through nearly sixty years of existence without this needful qualification for admission into intelligent society, and yet passed muster, must appear so strange to you, that you will suspect me of making occasionally false pretences to an acquaintance that was above me. My conscience however acquits me of all such social swindling, for how I obtained so much information I cannot tell, but I was not only acquainted with the story in its general outline, but was familiar with several of the characters, and knew the particulars of some of the most interesting incidents. I suppose I must have listened with the affected indifference

(disguising the deepest attention) of conscious ignorance, when the merits of the work have been discussed. You might however have suspected me of imposture if I had replied to your reference upon the vague idea I had of the novel; and therefore to be honest, at the expense of my character for punctuality, I have read the eight volumes! How much therefore have I to be grateful to you for! It is really a satisfaction to have added to one's store of recollections and reflections the maxims and the characters to which you have opened my eyes. In regard to that peculiar merit which you attribute to the book, viz. the womanly expression of womanly feeling in Clarissa, I am not quite so certain that it strikes one at the outset; and am almost persuaded to believe that we fall into the admission as we get involved in the interest of the events. It is rather, I think, a nice point to determine: certainly my mind is not conclusively made up in respect to it. This however is sure, that I have great pleasure in acknowledging my obligation to you for the gratification of its perusal. Of the *dramatis personæ* I think Miss Howe, bating a little excess of woman's first tempter, is the most lovable. Clarissa is not to be pardoned for her inclining to such a perfectly detestable. I think disgusting person as Lovelace—Iago I conceive a preferable character.

But I forget that I am wasting my paper and your time if you condescend to read all this rambling stuff, and no word about pleasant, pretty Esther *—for she must be very pretty, having that beauty which irradiates even what might be formless and colourless, expressive of sweetness. My complaint against 'Bleak House' is the monthly interval. I have just read the June number, and am impatient for July. I began this letter at Bristol, where I have been lecturing without, like Thelwall, "being pelted"—but am hardly yet quite certified that I may not have been guilty of deserving the tribute for my impertinence. Mrs. Macready has had several successive good days, and we believe, and try to persuade her, she must be on the way to recovery. Unhappily, she is not blessed with a hopeful disposition. Oh, what a boon of good was hope! What should we be without it? But I am really shocked to find myself thus unmercifully writing on. Give my very kindest regards to your husband, and tell him that his turn will come next, and that I will very soon inflict my tediousness on him.

I am always,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, July 5th, 1852.

My dear Pollock,—What can it signify how I have been deterred so long from acknowledging your last letter if none of the blame of my delay can be imputed to defective will? I have been more

* Esther Summerson in 'Bleak House.'

busy than to you, bustling in the world, I may seem to have been; and the intervals of leisure accorded to me have been rendered of little avail by the state of low spirits in which the sad prospects of our home have so constantly sunk me. I have been going to write to you—I cannot count the times—but repeatedly have found that I had not the heart. You will, I know, be glad to think that my handwriting is an evidence of change to brighter views; but I am compelled to cast a damp on all such friendly hopes. Mrs. Macready's state of health continues to occasion us the same anxiety, wearing down the elasticity of hope. We have a gleam of encouragement from this sunny weather; but our expectations have been so frequently disappointed that we now distrust these temporary indications of amendment, and can only give faith to what will seem almost a miraculous restoration. She desires her kindest regards to you and Mrs. Pollock, and wishes me to say, that, to see this beautiful sunshine, and not to have you basking and idling in it, gives her additional cause of impatience with her unyielding malady. In every little respite from suffering her spirits rise, and we have looked forward through the year with such earnest hope, that the loss of this anticipated happiness is very keenly felt by her.

How much I participate in her regrets, and can but ill repress my repinings! I have had no holiday since I saw you, and this was to recompense me for my dreary year. To-day we have every door and window open, and here I sit as in a tent, only cooler, with those bright green fields and rich woods direct in prospect. It is quite a day to saunter in the shade, and talk about Shakespeare, and rake up all solacing and strengthening thoughts from the pages of the unfashionable poets. But we will hope this is to be, though now, unhappily for me, it is not.

Your letter to me was very interesting, though very much engrossed by politics. Now the question comes on—of what the country has to say to Lord Derby? for as yet no actual party stands up against him. The hostility to him is hypothetical, for he does not seem to me even yet to have distinctly stated what his purposes are, and therefore the question for or against must with many stand upon an "if"—with those who are not directly pledged to party. There are agents at work which make the question of government of much less importance than it once was; powers in action that will bear on mankind above the control of individual minds—the railways, the telegraph, the gold-fields, and the inevitably rapid rise of the colonies to importance. The genius to guide, and to abstain from intermeddling or obstructing, is what we seem (as I think) to want. If Lord Derby has the greatness of mind to act upon the lesson Colbert received of *laissez faire*, he will be equal to the time—and what greater praise could political genius achieve? But it is much to expect from ordinary politicians, who rarely appreciate the merit of knowing how to rely on what Calhoun termed "masterly inactivity."

We have no contest in our county; but a candidate from Sherborne has started for Brighton, to the amusement of all his townsmen. If he succeeds I think I shall start at the next election. Let me not forget to ask you if you think Mr. Babbage likely to be able to assist me in recommending for a lecture on some scientific subject some able man, whose style is popular, and whose charge would be moderate, for our little Literary Institution; its session begins in October next, and continues through the winter. It is an association in which I take great interest, and for the advancement of which I find great difficulty in awakening any ardour among our slow people. Time is rushing away with me, though 'Bleak House' makes the months appear long. I suppose you see poor Forster, who, I think, must be getting better. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Pollock—a most unwilling remembrance,

And believe me always
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Plymouth, September 23rd, 1852.

My dear Pollock,—The event so long dreaded has come to pass. It is God's will, and to this thought, and to the faith that there is mercy and good in all He purposes, I turn for support in an affliction and under a bereavement that takes the sunshine from my remaining life. I have neither heart nor words to dwell upon this subject.

You will say all that is most kind for me to your wife and to Miss Herries, and believe me always

Your sincere friend,
W. C. Macready.

I go to London to-morrow.

Sherborne, Dorset, October 29th, 1852.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—My reading has been very little varied of late. The time I have had out of school hours has been given to correspondence and the perusal of authors who deal but little with works of the imagination. I am therefore left far behind by the reading world, not even being acquainted with the merits of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which every one seems to have read. I have not seen Guizot upon Shakespeare, which, if you send to me, I will read as speedily as I can, and return it in reasonable time. Though I must confess to you I do not often derive much pleasure from the endeavours of critical writers to explain to us their own ideas of that unapproachable genius, or to teach us what should be ours. I think Dumas, with all the extravagant enthusiasm of his nature, yet gives but a truthful

summing-up of the universal qualities with which that mind was stored. When I have looked on Niagara, which I have done as often in my life as I could, and with an actually fascinated delight, I have felt it to be an impertinence to attempt its description; and nothing that I have ever seen on the subject has shaken my conviction. My opinions on the all but miraculous power of Shakespeare are very similar. He has always appeared to me to be nearest in affinity to the creative mind of anything earthly; and I am disposed to believe that persons in writing upon him are less anxious to diffuse and make more manifest his glories than to gain a little lustre to themselves by coming within the wide circle of his radiance. This is not a very good spirit, you will think, in which to examine the judgment of M. Guizot. Of all that I have read on Shakespeare, I prefer, though even then with some reservations, Goethe's remarks on 'Hamlet' in his 'Wilhelm Meister.'

Let me thank you, for I am idly rambling on, for your most kind inquiries. We are wearing time away in a monotonous, but I hope not altogether an unimproving manner. The health of our home is, thank God, good, and day succeeds day with but little change in each to distinguish it. I am far from complaining of this settled quiet, which perhaps some might term gloom; as I cannot recall the past, it is my chief indulgence to enjoy its memories. Our weather is cold and damp, and the autumn leaves are taking their deepest tints, and baffling the labours of the gardener to keep his walks clear. Remember me with every kindest expression of regard to your husband; and with my sister's and Katie's best love, believe me ever,

Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, March 15th, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—For these five or six days past I have put off to the next my purpose, long delayed, of writing to you, in the hope that the rheumatism, which has incapacitated me, would give way to patience, and the more active remedies I have been trying. To-day I am out of pain; but am rebuked, whilst I am gratified, by the arrival of your undeserved and most kind token of remembrance.

You may readily conceive with what hesitation I now speak of a future in this life. Uncertainty and doubt are ever present to me in every promise. But still among those "whispers" that hope gives of "promised pleasure," I have listened with the greatest delight to that which repeats the probability that my friend Pollock and yourself will make your *villeggiatura* with us for at least some part of the summer. So much has befallen us since you were here, to cast shadows on our walls, that I cannot hold out to either of you any allurement beyond "the air and skies," which we think have health in their breezes. If for these

and our rural walks you would literally domesticate with us for a time, it would greatly add to the enjoyment of my summer. My Katie will be at home to pour out raptures about her Eden to you, and I will go back to Shakespeare for the disentanglement of any knotty critical question that may divide and perplex us. For any effect that I once might have been able to lend his magic verse by the power of voice the day is past. The instrument no longer obeys the master's hand. But this is not strange in a world of changes and decay. Will you then take your lodgings at Sherborne House, and, "greatly independent" of us for your amusement, will you give us the holiday we shall enjoy in your society? You will understand me that I do not propose making strangers of you, and scarcely, in the general acceptation, visitors, but would wish that you should make up your minds to our homely country home as yours.

My hand is slower than its wont, and there is Time's, which never has rheumatism, moving rapidly on to the post half-hour.

Of the two quotations from Shakespeare and Pope, I cannot but think each admirably adapted to the respective feeling of the utterer, and doubt whether one was suggested by the other. But this may be matter of discussion hereafter. I think Collier has stumbled upon a very precious bundle of restorations, among which there may be mistakes of the ear and misreading of the handwriting, and, again, differences of opinion even on the truth. But from what I have read, I think the discovery a great boon to the readers of Shakespeare. I have seen Tennyson's corrections and additions, and think them very great improvements to a very noble ode.

Here is a second summons, you will say, in good time.

I was much interested by your account of Hare-Townsend and Forster—but that too must be laid upon the same shelf with "the hand across the vast."

I shall be in London next month, but on a hurried visit of business. I shall not fail however to see you.

Remember me affectionately to your husband; and with my sister's love, and all due fulfilment of your messages, I hastily but must heartily subscribe myself,

Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, June 23rd, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—These two last days the aching of my eyes (from looking long on paper, and from the said eyes being so much the worse for wear) has obliged me to defer my acknowledgment of your interesting letter of the 12th–13th, which I had decided should be answered to-day without fail, when lo! your brief note comes as a sort of reminder to me of my long delay. Well, but now I must settle this last account first. We have been

counting on you for the first week in July; but shall be delighted to have you at your own time, for what is most agreeable and convenient to you both will be most in accordance with my wishes. You know it is a sort of "moated grange" to which you venture yourselves, and to which you give a pleasure that its un-cheery gloom cannot hope to reflect to you. Fix, therefore, your own date to your arrival, and I will mark it or "set" it with golden letters in my calendar.

Your account of the Cologne minstrels almost drew me up to London; if I could have fashioned any excuse of a grave kind that would have justified me to myself in running away for three or four days, I certainly should have been found among the happy number who lent their ravished ears to the music you describe so enthusiastically, and which seems to reach my idea of the perfection of the power of harmony. But "fate has fast bound me," and I must be satisfied with listening to the birds around me, and finding melody in the cadences of Shakespeare's and Milton's lines. This is all the music that our Bœotian, not Arcadian, town can afford. You will let me know when we may expect you, how soon after the 7th of July. Katie and Willie are both with me, and the latter much improved in health by his absence. To-day is the first of summer we have had, and is really one which we might pass under heaven's roof. London will begin to feel very prisonlike, I should imagine, if, as I hope it may, this weather continues. Our freer country air will then, I trust, be more welcome to you.

I remain ever,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Bournemouth, Hants, August 9th, 1853.

My dear Pollock,—In my desire to be furnished with abundant gifts to my adopted institution, for so the apathy of our Sherbornian magnates will justify me in calling it, I took advantage of yesterday's post to enclose a message of inquiry to you in my hasty acknowledgment of yours and Mrs. Pollock's kindness; and to-day I follow it with my apologies for pressing on you so startling an invitation in so abrupt a manner. This, however, I know you will readily excuse. Whether you will as readily feel disposed to come and tell my rustic friends who Dante was, what were his aims, and the objects of his life, and how they were frustrated; on what pinnacle of fame he stands, and what was the kind of work that placed him there—"that is the question." If my lungs had held good, and my head were equal to the employment, I should apply their powers in this way, and endeavour "to scatter plenty" of knowledge among my less fortunate fellow-men. But I am a worn-out instrument, and have to content myself with the manifestation of my will.

I was very much interested by your remarks on the German

Hamlet. With much attention to the various criticisms I have seen on Devrient, I am disposed to regard him as a very second-rate mind. You characterise his performance as "frigid and tiresome." There is a volume in those two words. The morbidly-acute sensibility and sensitiveness of Hamlet to be frozen up and stagnated in a declaiming and attitudinizing statue or automaton leaves room for no further remark, but induces me to submit to you, whether you have not conceded more to the actor than he can rightly claim in pronouncing "his understanding of the character to be correct." We apply these terms of praise (and they are high praise) erroneously, I think, to a man who, in his delivery, shows us he understands the words he is uttering. But to fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words, and thus possess oneself of the actual mind of the individual man, is the highest reach of the player's art, and is an achievement that I have discerned but in few. Kean—when under the impulse of his genius he seemed to *clutch* the whole idea of the man—was an extraordinary instance among those possessing the faculty of impersonation. But if he missed the character in his first attempt at conception he never could recover it by study. Mrs. Siddons, in a loftier style, and to a greater extent, had this intuitive power. Indeed she was a marvel—I might almost say a miracle. John Kemble is greatly overrated, I think, by the clever men who, in their first enthusiasm, caught a glimpse of the skirts of his glory. Neither in Hamlet, nor Macbeth, nor even in the passionate parts of Coriolanus did he give me the power of belief in him. He was very clever in points, and magnificent in person. But what am I doing, and where have I been led?—reading you a dull discourse on matters that you must be very indifferent about. Well, as Falstaff says of himself I may say of the Prince of Denmark, "I have much more to say on behalf of that same Hamlet," but I cannot help smiling as I think of the much already said.

I grow very angry in turning to politics, and, hating war as I do, cannot help wishing that crafty and grasping barbarian Czar may have his battalions pushed into the Pruth, Cronstadt and Odessa beaten about his ears, and some dexterous Orloff afterwards found to relieve mankind from his tyrannous machinations! You see what a sanguinary politician I am! I must admit a most cordial abhorrence of Russian Czars and Czarinas, from Peter the Brute inclusive, down to this worthy descendant, who regards himself as having a mission to stop the march of human progress! *Quousque tandem?* I am looking for Forster in about a month, though he tells me he has fallen lame again since his return from Lillies.

I am ever always, dear Pollock,
Most sincerely years,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, August 21st, 1853.

My dear Pollock,—I am very hardly driven for time, having been obliged to make the whole afternoon one of business, and my reluctance to lose another post (for I wished to write two days ago) will not let me defer to to-morrow what I can do, though so hastily, to-day.

Imprimis, will you be the medium for carrying my best thanks to Mrs. Pollock for the very elegant volume I received yesterday, which I shall always greatly prize, and shall read—indeed am reading.

Next, I have sent to Montagu Square two small books, one Basil Montagu's 'Selections,' for Mrs. Pollock, and the other, Feltham's 'Resolves' for yourself, if you will gratify me by accepting it. There is much good thought in it, and therefore much to set you thinking. They are both very favourite books of mine, to which I very often recur.

Now on the matter of the lecture you take a more profound view of the subject than I desire. I should like my friends to be awakened to the fact of the existence of such a man as Dante—who, if they ever heard the word, is a myth to them! Now for them to know there was such a person—to have an outline of his life—to know that he created a style of poem defying imitation—a rapid description of the plan of the work, &c., &c., would be a great gain to them, and might tempt some of them to read his translated work, and would greatly assist them, in meeting with any mention of his name, to comprehend the purpose of its introduction. There must always be a beginning, and you might, in ruffling your feathers here, ascertain your strength of wing, and test your own powers in this very useful exercise of benevolence. Of the interest of the subject I have no doubt. The journey is a penance, I admit. In that particular you must weigh your powers of self-sacrifice, for I have not the effrontery to go beyond the assurance of what a gratification it would be to all of us, and what a valuable addition it would be on our list of lectures. Will your patriotism sustain you in the effort? I should like to include your name in our "honoured list" of gratuitous contributors.

Will you give me a line to Bournemouth, where my family still are, excepting Katie and Benvenuta? I go to them on Tuesday. Will you give my very kindest regards to Mrs. Pollock; and with my daughters' love to her, and mine to your children,

I remain always,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Bournemouth, Hants, August 26th, 1853.

My dear Pollock,— Your letter, with its most gratifying prospect—soon I hope to consolidate into a promise—of your aid

to our infant institution, was welcomed by me last night with especial gratification. The information you would convey, and the enlightenment your discourse would give to our members on a subject of which at present they are in complete ignorance, would be most desirable. If you befriend us, I shall endeavour to awaken the attention of our hearers to this and subjects of similar interest, in anticipation of your visit.

Our session opens in October, and extends to the next Easter.

Your sojourn in that delightful mountain tract calls up many delightful associations and memories, and makes me wish much, very much, that I could accompany you over Skiddaw and through Borrodale, and along those lovely lakes; but my ramblings of pleasure are over, and I must be content—which I am—with calling up the vision of the past, and "chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancies" in "the sundry contemplation of my travels." See what it is to have been all one's life speaking others' language! It still clings to me—a vile habit, but one which I cannot hope to live to cure.

I return to-morrow to Sherborne. You will not forget my recommendation of this place to any friend needing a genial English climate.

I remain always and sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

My kind regards to Mr. Spedding.

Sherborne, Dorset, October 1st, 1853.

Your letter, my dear Mrs. Pollock, led me "away, away," among the hills and by the lake-sides of that lovely region you seem to have been so well enjoying, and I could not forbear from thanking you indeed for your flattering wish that I had been of your party, though the chances of such indulgence seem passing altogether from me. It is in memory I must bring before me "the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood," for I see little prospect of my ever travelling again to them; but then, like poor Ruth, I may say they "are all with me in my cell;" and when one paints in words as you do, they return with all the vividness of colour and distinctness of form that the objects of a landscape receive from a bright shower of rain. There are very many things of beauty in the worlds of nature and of art that I had hoped to have been able to treasure up among those precious objects which, once seen, are possessed for ever; but the circle is narrowing around me, and I must be content to look out into the far distances beyond without the power of overstepping its bounds. Still it is delightful to sympathise with others' enjoyment, and exercise one's imagination in bodying forth their descriptions.

Willie sailed on Saturday evening last, and I fear had to encounter the awful gale on Sunday; but I trust by this time he is safe

in Madeira. He was in very good spirits, and his health had been much benefited by his stay at Bournemouth, which place I liked better than any of the winter residences recommended to invalids that I have visited. But then it must be borne in mind that the weather was charming whilst I was there. The soil is sand, through which the rain drains as fast as it falls, therefore it is very dry. You are no doubt aware that the Consumptive Hospital is in course of building there. I have also been at a very out-of-the-way place called Salcombe, to the south of Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, where the aloe grows through the winter, and the geraniums are unprotected. I liked that as a residence for invalids very much; but fancy is so arbitrary on the choice of place, so much depending on the peculiar state of health, on the direction of the taste or humours, and even accident, that I am reluctant to recommend, where the motive for seeking change is so serious a one. I have also been to inspect Falmouth; and I thought that the opposite village, called Flushing, was among the most desirable of all those places to which I had gone in search of climate.

Shall you not be your husband's companion when, "full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise," he issues forth to enlighten our Dorsetshire boors? I enclose you the announcement of our next session for him, which you will please to give with my very kindest regards.

The line about which you inquire is Knowles's: you will find it in the fifth act of 'Virginius.'

I have the loves of our round table to deliver to you, having faithfully distributed your messages to all.

With love to your little boys,

I remain,

Always and sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, January 3rd, 1854.

My dear Pollock,—It is a very great pleasure to have to thank you for the very elegant volume* which came to me by this morning's post, and I do so with the full enjoyment of possessing so pleasing a memorial of a highly-valued friend, and with the prospect of much gratification in making acquaintance with its contents and of profiting by its assistance in obtaining a better understanding of the original. It is beautifully got up, and in the glances I have taken I rejoice to find my old young friend Scharf entitling himself so justly to your praise.

We are undergoing the process of being snowed up or snowed in, which must be the result to us of this continued polar weather. We have no strict police, nor strict authorities to keep our pave-

* The Editor's Translation of Dante's 'Divina Commedia.'

ments clear of the daily accumulation, and must very soon be literally in a state of blockade.

I am in arrear of the world's news these many days, and do not know whether Turks or Russians are uppermost; but if wishes could in aught prevail, I should be glad the Czar were at the deepest bottom of either of his seas, Black or White.

With all the New Year's best and kindest greetings from all here to all with you,

I remain
Always your sincere and attached friend,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, January 13th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I have been reposing these five or six weeks past in the belief that I should go to London in the latter part of January. You have added greatly to the inducements I have to desire the journey, but at the last moment I find myself unable to absent myself from home. I have written to some friends, who are contemplating their return to America, to know what extent of time will be granted to my chance and desire of seeing them, as at present I am bound down to home. Now you make my disappointment more bitter in proposing to me a pleasure I should so much covet, and yet which I cannot accept. Do you ever pass a little sweeper at a crossing who replies to your assurance, that you have no money in your pocket, "Thank you, ma'am, all the same." Think of that effort of virtue in the poor little fellow's patience under the disappearance of the vision of the penny that he had seen in your face as you approached him, and you will be able to appreciate my regretful gratitude in thanking you for the pleasure I must relinquish. I fancy Johnny and Butty have hooping-cough, but it is not very serious. Johnny had your message, and returns you his best love; Katie and my sister desire theirs, and with mine to your nursery, and kindest regards to your husband and Miss Maria Herries,

I remain,
Always and most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, May 19th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—It was my intention to have written to you this morning my thanks and lamentations in reply to the notice you so kindly sent me of the Cologne Choral Union. It was a message of despair to me—*ogni speranza* was excluded, as the fatal dates shut the door upon the last; but the kindness of your thought for me was not thrown away, and most truly did I feel obliged by your endeavour to assist my wishes. The impediments in my way may perhaps cause me more obstinately to desire to overcome

them, but whatever may give rise to the intensely earnest longing I have to hear this music I know not; the fact is I have never known an appetite so strong for the enjoyment of any work of art; but the thought of it must be stored in that repository of dreams where a world of imagined delights and beauties have been laid up before. I shall never hear this touching harmony.

Very, very warmly do I thank you for all you have said to me about my dear Katie, and this is only to be added to the grateful utterance of my acknowledgments to you and my friend Pollock for your attentions to her, which she fully appreciated and greatly enjoyed. In consequence of your report of the attention given to her music, I have written to her to-day, extending to her the permission to take some lessons in singing, and I make no doubt she will wish to consult you on the master to whom she should apply. I am not satisfied with the distinctness of her enunciation; and I am confident I am right in regard to the pure and spontaneous effect, if I express myself as I wish by that term, which I am anxious she should produce by singing the words as well as the air of her songs.

One seldom hears anything of Prince Albert that does not raise one's opinion of his understanding: of human nature we cannot venture to say more, for princes are but men, but, unhappily for them and mankind, men will not think so. Will you say to Pollock, with my very kindest regards, that I have not heard from Milnes, nor is it necessary, if he has only mentioned the application to the county Members? The Bishop is my principal care, it is with him that I hope to smother Mr. Parsons. As I have but four days in town, I cannot be yet aware of what engagements Dickens may make for me, but if I have a vacant morning I shall be truly delighted in devoting it to the Abbey, and showing you a face radiant with expression.

Believe me,

Always most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, July 17th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Whilst you were writing to me your very pleasant letter, full of good news of your own home, and of interesting reports from the houses of your friends, I was directing to you and the select few that would care for such a remembrance the newspaper account of our sayings and doings in our Institution's new home on the previous Monday. If you read it through, which I do not mean to imply was to be expected, you would not have passed, I feel confident, without a word or two of approval, perhaps of interested curiosity as to the speaker, the address of Mr. Avery. He is the Wesleyan minister here, and I assure you, in addressing that very association, stands in very bold relief by the side of all the Established Church parsons of our little town.

Perhaps you will say that Methodist parsons are but a very poor return for your animated description of an evening spent between Sir Edward and Robert Lytton; but what am I to do? Fate, that has tossed my frail bark for so many, many years, has at last stranded it upon a bleak and barren shore, where Methodist parsons seem the only real flowers that bloom. I shall send you, when printed, a more faithful report, in which will be included Pollock's letter—published for the benefit of the anti-Institutionists, as well as for the reference of the good men and true. I anticipate great things from Robert Lytton, and am therefore gratified that he should bear me in mind. Your defence or eulogy on Werter does not surprise me, for I can easily imagine the author of 'Wilhelm Meister' uttering profound truths in such simple phrase and evoked by such ordinary occurrences that they might readily escape less penetrating observers. Who was the Greek philosopher that, in a little homely cabin, called to those in the storm outside, "Come in, for here, too, there are gods!" Not every mind could feel and perceive the great truth—and so it often is with the deep humanity, and sometimes divinity, that lies beneath the surface of a simple saying. But you will say to me, why will you keep company with those dreadful Methodist parsons, for it is they who give you the habit of preaching? Well, I have done. The cat is as bad as his namesake for roaming about Verona's streets. He is a most independent gentleman. Next week I expect to be in town, and will not fail to make an early arrangement with you for a visit to the Abbey, and anything in the way there or from. Katie is very diligent, really so, in respect to her music—quite in earnest. She sends her love, with those of Auntie and the tribe's. With kindest regards to your husband,

I am always,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, August 5th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The pleasure and interest your letter afforded was deserving a more prompt acknowledgment, and therefore there is another sin of neglect added to the many that have gone before it, for which it is waste of time and paper to apologize. You have time to read, and to write too—I have time for neither. You have made me read 'The Forest Sanctuary,' which is another obligation in which I register myself your debtor, for it is beautiful exceedingly, awakening the loftiest, tenderest, and truest feelings. I say truest, in reference to the religious charity it inculcates, whilst the faith of the writer is evidently fixed as the martyrs. In the strength of Mrs. Hemans' compositions I think the feminine characteristics of purity and grace are never out of sight—she gives pictures of true heroism, but it is a woman's voice we seem to hear

uttering the noblest and most touching sentiments. To me this is a great charm, and makes me place her so far before the semi-masculine cleverness of Miss Mitford, and give her the preference over the ponderous and often stately verse of Joanna Baillie. My pencil has been very active in reading 'The Forest Sanctuary,' and the volume remains on the table that I may go completely through it. The death of Leonor is beautiful, and that of Inez most touching, indeed it is a delightful book—to make one very sad. But I read the twentieth chapter of 'Zadig' after it, and that gave me consolation. I have never been able to penetrate into the 'Arcadia' of Sir Philip Sidney. That has been reserved with other works that I wish to make acquaintance with, and that I intend to read; but believe if ever I do, it will be in Heaven. Have you looked at the last cruel number of 'Hard Times'? The heart-breaking conclusion of it should justify our sending a round-robin remonstrance to Dickens. I have just returned from the *salle*, and brought a whole packet of loves to you from the whole party: among them Johnny sends his "best, best," and thinks you "very kind to give him his cat," and wishes you to be told that "Tibby is very good." I cannot leave this family party without relating to you an evidence that Lillie gave yesterday of her proficiency in the study of natural history. Butty was saying that she "should like to have a mare." Lillie very confidently took her up—"Why, you don't know what a mare is!—A mare is an old she-horse, generally blind of one eye." Should not Owen have this description of the animal?

Believe me,
Always most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, October 2nd, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I have been anxiously desiring to write to you, for I have been wishing very much to have news of you, most especially upon the health of my friend Pollock, of whom your late accounts have been very unsatisfactory. Most earnestly do I hope that he has found at Tunbridge Wells an invigorating atmosphere, and that the languor under which he was suffering at Lyme (with the distress of which I can so feelingly sympathise) has disappeared under the bracing effect of free air and a more open country. Since I despatched my hurried lines to you I have parted with my dear Willie and, you may readily imagine the preparation for such an event, the separation, and the subsequent need of repose of thought would leave little time or disposition for employment of any other kind. I am here again, moving on in the old customary groove, downward and downward on the inclined plane that leads to——— How much I wish that I could, like you, extract amusement from British theatres and criticism on journeymen playwrights! But I

begin to find that retirement must be with me almost perfect vegetation. There is excellent sense in the exhortation of Burns, "Let us do or die;" for the torpid action of retirement of old age is a kind of lingering-out of existence, which I find "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." But I forget that I am intruding my complainings upon you, which are in truth merely repinings at my own incurable laziness, which allows time to pass so unimproved by me.

Did I tell you in my few lines from Lyme of the mistake you had fallen into in respect to Richard Cumberland and the publisher of the collected plays you have been devouring?—a man who, if my memory does not betray me, was under prosecution for some questionable publications, and who took up the resolution of "reforming altogether" his previous mode of business upon his purchase of the copywright of, I think, 'The Fatal Dowry.' What would Miss —— have said to you for so confounding the Terence and the Curll of our times!

You will be pleased to know that Willie left England in excellent spirits, rejoicing in improved health, and cheerfully surveying the opening of a prospect to exertion before him. His berth on board a very fine ship was all, in point of convenience, he could desire, and he met one of his own term at Haileybury on board, bound for Calcutta. It was no uninteresting sign of the times to observe on board Lord Lothian, who has lately taken a double first-class at Oxford, and who is now on his way to make a tour in India, and see himself the countries for which he may be called to legislate—how very good! We have got a new vicar, on whom Katie and I are just going to call. Katie desires her best love to you, in which she is joined by Auntie, Johnny, and the tribe. Tyb is thriving. With love to the lesser ones,

I remain
Sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

P.S.—Johnny desires me to say that "Pussy is very well, but once he was ill."

Sherborne, February 7th, 1855.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—That I am the most dilatory of your correspondents I feel certain, which would seem to argue one of the least grateful, but that I deny, in the Egyptian Queen's own language, "up to the hearing of the gods." You know I have confessed to you my failing; I am always busy, or seeming so, always oppressed with affairs, because I economise my time so ill, and am such a victim to the varying state of my spirits. I have been desiring to thank you especially for your last letter. On a previous occasion the interposition of your counsel preserved me from the sin of omitting to do what ought to be done, viz., giving the reading here which I had intended to give; and your last remonstrance on my angry purpose of quitting the Institution has

made me sensible of the error of my ways, and satisfied me that it is my duty to remain and lend it all possible support. I cannot help laughing, regarding myself as a grey-haired Achilles, seized by the well-timed grasp of Wisdom's goddess, and brought to a sense of duty by her admonition. You will doubtless remember Dryden's translation of the passage, with the two lines, the grandeur and beauty of which our friend Forster has always such delight in dwelling on :—

> "He said; with surly faith believed her word,
> And in the sheath, reluctant, plunged the sword."

My faith is not surly, but hearty, entire, and in the best humour; so there is no alloy to the satisfaction you will have in learning the success of your intervention.

I was very much interested in your account of Bobo's introduction to the mimic scene, and very glad to learn that his imagination was so impressed and kindled by the actions and passion brought under his observation.

From what you have told me of Robson, I think it is much to be regretted that he appeared after the schools of acting had been broken up. In the regular drama, you may rely upon it, with so much genius, limited as its range appears, he would have identified himself with certain characters, have grown into them, and have constituted an attractive strength in the play's representation; would have been, in short, unique in his assumption of peculiar parts, and have held a prominent place in a Shakespearian company of players.

You make me almost "sin in envy" that my children have not the opportunity of hearing Faraday. Whilst they are the subjects of my pen, let me not forget to tell you that they all sent their best loves from the dinner-table to-day, and Johnny his "best, best, very best." Tybalt (who has hurt his leg in a trap, we think) was of the party.

Give my very kindest regards to your husband, and do not forget to inquire of him if he does not intend to come and look after our Institution this year. Sherborne will be afraid to know herself, and will doubt her identity if she is to miss your annual visit.

I never read!—at least not books that I can make themes of remark. They are not bad ones, such as they are, notwithstanding. 'The Captive Knight' was quite electric in its effect at Bristol.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Pollock,
Always most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

So Miss Rogers* is gone first!

* Sister of Samuel Rogers.

Sherborne, Dorset, March 23th, 1855.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The clock tells me that there are yet some quarters to run before my scholars come, and these I cannot use more agreeably to myself than in acknowledging your pleasant letter of the 10th—pleasant with one exception, the continued indisposition of your little Walter, with the recommendations of climate, &c., needful for his reinvigoration. I know I need not say that most fervently do I hope the sea air and the bracing breezes of Eastbourne will help to restore his spirits and strength. That real English beverage, ale, which had so much of both meat and drink in it as perfectly justified Boniface's eulogistic character of it, is rarely to be met with now. I wish you would ask of your medical man if that genuine English beverage (or, failing that, superior *stout*), would not be a good assistant to his diet. I will have faith in the downs of Eastbourne and generous living if the grand recipe of cod-liver oil be not prescribed, and trust that you may be able to bring us good news of the result of all your care in the course of the summer, or bring him with you, which will be better still. Miss Spencer has left us, and I have gone into school again, but it is only for two hours a-day, and my pupils are not very troublesome. It does not seem to me likely that I shall revisit London this season. I have been much about of late, and the arrear of work at home is very considerable. I find I have not 'Les Maitres Sonneurs' among George Sand's works, but it can wait, as I have more to read and more to do than ever will be read or done in this world. My children are very well acquainted with the 'Abbot of Canterbury.' Percy's 'Reliques' is a sort of *bonne-bouche* that is occasionally taken down at the close of a *good day*, for especial enjoyment. An improvised story, generally by accident, recounting the consequence of some fault of omission or commission recently reported is usually the sequel to dessert. Our evening's reading now is 'Old Mortality.' When I read that romance on its appearance, above thirty years ago, I thought it, and as it has lived in my memory I have ever since considered it, the grandest and best of all that admirable novelist's works. My recurrence to it confirms the impression it then made on me. I am reading other books, which are not in your way—for we must all have our peculiar tastes and opinions; and therefore, as the dear old nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet' says, "What they bid me say, I shall keep to myself."

Did you see in the *Examiner* the review of Owen Meredith's* poems? And did you read the extracts? If you did, I think you must have been struck with the presence of a genius in the deep thought remarkable in many of the lines.

I was very much interested the last day I dined with you in observing the various directions of men's minds with regard to the stirring wants of these days, the very different impressions made on each of us by the same occurrences. Some rejecting the re-

* The name under which Robert, Lord Lytton, first published.

presentations of misconduct and imbecility in the management of our affairs, whilst others (alas! for me) have writhed and been unmanned by the statements furnished to us. If persons assume that right to judge, to determine for themselves on things of to-day's occurrence, what can be said of those who would persecute for opinion on religious questions? Churchmen may say they do not persecute now: no, they only disqualify, refuse to educate, sneer, and affect superiority to those who protest in a different mode from themselves. Johnny sends you his "best, best love." Lillie, Butty, Henry, their *bests*. Katie joins with Aunty in affectionate remembrances. She, Katie, is very industrious just at present, as I am going to be—soon. Give my very kindest regards to my friend Pollock, and always believe me, dear Mrs. Pollock,

Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

The Athenæum, September 9th, 1855.

My dear Pollock,—You sent me a most delightful letter, painting the cliffs, and sunny slopes and dells, and shadowy woods of an English Arcadia, redolent at once of the rich luxuriance of summer and the invigorating freshness of the Channel breezes, that quite transported me back to Bonchurch and Ventnor; but with that dioramic magician's power who used to give us atmospheres at his will over those grand and lovely scenes of mountain and lake, that made a momentary doubt to us of our locality in the Regent's Park, you diffused a glow, and scattered halcyon tints over the landscape which I believe *may* have been there, in compliment to Mrs. Pollock and you; but when I was lamenting the sufferings of the martyr in that isle of storms I was undergoing worse fate than Master Stuart's—a martyrdom undeserved. That treacherous clerk, James White, promised me Madeira, and glad enough should I have been to have got to port—Oh! For Heaven's sake forgive me! I never should have been guilty of such an enormity, but that really I have an excuse for not being quite in my sound wits. I am here in London—in London alone; I have struggled down from Paddington through thickets of people, and hoped, on getting out of the wilderness, through which I have made my way, to find a comfortable dinner and the last week's papers here; and here I am, taking out my six guineas in pen, ink, and paper! The news-room, coffee-room, all are shut up! Is it not enough to drive a man to—make a bad pun! If I were not so savagely hungry, I would begin the story of the Pig and the Fawn, but in my present state I should go clean meat mad, and make a bite at the waiter. I will not however forget, in an after-dinner mood, to send you a faithful chronicle of the event. The state of my circumstances is such (what am I to do for a dinner—or some one to dine with?) that I could be tempted to appropriate your

plot, get Warren to write words to it, and go back to the stage to act it myself. Remember me most kindly to your wife and to your belongings, and to the wife of James White; but as for the man, beware of him! he has played me a most scurvy trick. *Niger est, caveto!* you promise me the pendant to the Fawn—but when is that "some day," on which it is to be told, to come off? If I live through this hunger fit, and "come safe home, I shall yearly on the vigil (of this day) feast my friends, and say, to-morrow is Saint—no, Duke—Humphrey." But that day may never come, which is no reason that you should not come; therefore if you would say when you will, it would make Sherborne look as sunny and pleasant as you describe Ventnor. Cannot you take us in your way home? (Apart to Mrs. Pollock—"Can he not, Mrs. Pollock?") I hope to hear that you can. Meanwhile, may the gods defend you from the Athenæum in the month of September, and keep you out of London till the rest of the people return to it!

Ever always, most truly yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, October 22nd, 1855.

My dear Pollock,—Very cordially indeed do I thank you for your kind remembrance of our little society in presenting to it the Proceedings of the Royal Institution. I have forwarded it, with an extract from your letter, to the Committee, who will no doubt express to you their sense of your interest in their well-doing. The volume I shall myself be disposed to borrow from their shelves, so full of information and interesting matter did it seem to me in the glance through it which I snatched before parting with it.

I believe we must look for the drama, if we really wish to find it, in that remote suburb of Islington.* It is only to-day I have again been renewing my intercourse with managers, having, after three weeks' endeavour to screw my courage to the sticking-place, and accept the office of chairman at the anniversary of the General Theatrical Fund, cried craven, and confessed myself in substance, though not in actual terms—"too old, a cripple, and a coward." It has been a reluctant surrender on my part, but I have not confidence in myself to undertake the responsibility. Katie is, I think, quite herself again; my sister has been ailing, but is better; Johnny is in love; all else quite well. We heard from Ceylon yesterday. I shall answer Mrs. Pollock's last letter soon. With kindest regards of all to all,

I am ever always,
Sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

* Where Mr. Phelps was acting Shakespeare at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

Sherborne, June 20th, 1856.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—In a letter written to me "on Thursday morning" you make inquiry of me whether it is true that, in my youth, my action was redundant, and that I took extraordinary pains to chasten it? It is rather hard to give evidence on occurrences of so remote a date. Indeed I must make myself quite certain whether I ever knew such a period as that of youth before I can answer your question. Of that, however, I will not at present treat, but inform you that there was a time when my action was redundant—when I was taught to attempt to imitate in gesture the action I might be relating, or to figure out some idea of the images of my speech. How was I made sensible of this offence against good taste? I very soon had misgivings suggested by my own observation of actual life. These became confirmed by remarking how sparingly, and therefore how effectively, Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation. In the beginning of one of the chapters of 'Peregrine Pickle' is the description of an actor (who must have been Quin) in 'Zanga,' elaborately accompanying by gesture the narration of Alonzo's emotions on discovering and reading a letter: the absurdity is so apparent that I could not be blind to it, and applied the criticism to myself in various situations, which might have tempted me to something like the same extravagance. A line in the opening of one of the cantos of Dante—I do not immediately remember it—made a deep impression on me in suggesting to me the dignity of repose; and so a theory became gradually formed in my mind, which was practically demonstrated to me to be a correct one, when I saw Talma act, whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study. Well, as my opinions were thus undergoing a transition, my practice moved in the same direction, and I adopted all the modes I could devise to acquire the power of exciting myself into the wildest emotions of passion, coercing my limbs to perfect stillness. I would lie down on the floor, or stand straight against a wall, or get my arms within a bandage, and, so pinioned or confined, repeat the most violent passages of Othello, Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, or whatever would require most energy and emotion; I would speak the most passionate bursts of rage under the supposed constraint of *whispering them* in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed, thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling—"Such was my process." Perhaps when I have the pleasure of seeing you I may make myself more intelligible, if you desire further acquaintance with my youthful discipline. I was obliged also to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression—which was the most difficult of all—to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should

say the muscles of the face, undisturbed, whilst intense passion would speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him. I do not think it difficult to act like Signora Ristori; it seems to me merely a melodramatic abandonment or lashing-up to a certain point of excitement. It is not so good as Rachel, nor to be compared with such acting as that of Siddons and O'Neill. But you will have cried, "Hold, enough!" long since. Will you give my love to your husband, and ask him for me the name of his optical instrument-maker. I want to send some articles to be refitted, and, from Willie's enthusiasm about his telescope, I hope I may derive some benefit from his acquaintance. I have a great deal to tell you, if I had time to gossip, but I am sure here is more than sufficient for one post. All loves from home. Mine to your little boys.

Believe me,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

P.S.—Leontes does not read, but there are great effects in the acting. I wish I could like the Veronese, because I like Eastlake so much. Our country is certainly very beautiful, better than if on canvas.

Sherborne, July 14th, 1856.

My dear Pollock,—I have not thanked you for the address of your excellent optician, to whom I am about to apply to put some of my deranged instruments and playthings in order for me, if he will condescend to take them in hand, so that when you are here again (which ought rightfully to be in the autumn, and I do not see any good reason why it should not), you may deliver your astronomical lecture to the junior branches with unobscured effect. I was very glad to read what you said of Ristori, because it was so nearly a reflection of my own thoughts. Perhaps you set her rather higher than I do. With a manifest consciousness of the presence of her audience, the fault Mrs. Pollock discriminately attributed to her, it is not possible for any one to be great (at least such is my opinion) in the theatrical art. Her heart could not have been in her words and action when she set her children to pray to Diana, and turned their backs to the statue of the goddess that their faces might be to the audience! I thought her not a bad declaimer, with a great deal of melodramatic energy and vehemence, which, particularly in a foreign language, is apt to bewilder the judgment. I quite agree with you about the physical pain of the stage being always made subservient and auxiliary to some great moral effect—and even then to be delicately treated. But in its coarsest display there will always be a large portion of the audience upon whom it will tell. Even in Paris, when Parisian taste was

purer in theatrical matters than (as I hear) it now is, I recollect when Miss Smithson, as Jane Shore, uttered the line, "I have not tasted food these three long days"—a deep murmur, perfectly audible, ran through the house—"*Oh, mon Dieu!*" But how have I run into all this idle gossip?—you have betrayed me into it. Adieu.

Ever most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, April 20th, 1857.

My dear Pollock,—I thank you very much for the papers of Maurice's College. I was interested deeply and delighted with them; as for him, he is one of my *heroes*. I cannot too personally express how much I honour him—indeed envy him, I might almost say—but that there is no such alloy in the feeling with which he inspires me.

I have always thought that there should be some sort of intellectual gauge for the privilege of the franchise—that money qualification for Members of Parliament and justices of the peace by itself is detestable.

I hope you have seen the account of the working of the ballot in Australia. It has always been a persuasion of mine that we shall learn the practical lessons of political economy from our offshoots—from those who are not afraid to experimentalise, and who have no clogs of antique prejudice on their movements.

Believe me always and sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, December 2nd, 1857.

My dear Pollock,—If I wait until I can find time to write you a letter in a deprecatory strain, Christmas must be long over before I shall be able to put my pen to paper. I have my hands full with the endeavour to stimulate institutes, and the preparation for the close of the evening school's half year—a business, I assure you, of no little labour and responsibility. Now this does not give me time to couch in terms befitting its importance the great favour I have to ask of you. Therefore I must request you to add to that favour, if you grant it, the additional one of excusing the abruptness and ungracefulness of the mode in which I press it.

Will you permit me to name you as an executor to my will? There is but a small matter to devise, and the equal division of it leaves little chance of embarrassment.

I need not state the inducements there are to make me anxious about such an arrangement, nor could I touch upon them without approaching what might seem the language of flattery.

I should have a great deal of country news to relate if I had

time to tell it; but must confine my present letter to its one all-important request.

With all that is kindest from hence,

I am ever affectionately yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, March 4th, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your inquiry tempts me to begin my reply with the ejaculation of one of the characters in a forgotten entertainment of the elder Mathews—"That child will be the death of me!" I have exhausted the terms of denial, from simple asseveration to protestation "up to the hearing of the Gods," that I never—to my knowledge—saved a child from any greater peril than that of a whipping. That child has haunted me more frequently than his strangely-fabricated monster did Frankenstein. But that mischief was of his own making, and to my phantom I may apply the words of Antonio,

> "How I found it, caught it, or came by it,
> What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
> I am to learn."

You give me a most delightful holiday to look forward to in the prospect of yours and my friend Pollock's visit to us at Whitsuntide. It will indeed light up the dreariness of our sober home; and I know Katie will rejoice in welcoming you both, no less than myself. You shall make your own terms in your requisitions upon my schoolmaster labours, by which however I am disposed to think little beyond general rules can be communicated.

I have very little time for reading, strange as it must seem. 'Aurora Leigh' I have at last read, and the greater part of Robert Lytton's last. I hope to talk them over with you here. Years, I fancy, do not heighten the relish for poetry; and yet, in my heart of heart, I love the acquaintances of my earlier days. The truly great and good is almost always simple; it rarely happens, I think, that a passage, which you are obliged to read over again for its perfect meaning, happens to be one that lives in your memory as a monitor or an enjoyment. Carlyle's book I have not yet read, but have heard Katie's running comments on it as she went through it. The measles have been through the house. Butty had no sooner recovered than Katie next, and afterwards Johnny, took them; but all are well, thank God, quite well, and better, I think, than before their illness. My news from Madeira was more cheering, and we hope to see my son Willie and his wife in the summer here previous to their return to Ceylon. But all my promised pleasures I hope for with irrepressible fears. Give my love to your husband, and believe me always,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, May 1st, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The only drawback to the satisfaction your letter brought with it is in the limit fixed to your stay with us; and if by postponement we might hope to prolong it, I should wish your visit to be longer in coming, and so longer in all ways. But if there be a necessity in this, as there is in so many earthly things, we must be, as I truly am, thankful for what is given. I shall be interested in learning the impression that your husband received from the performance of 'Henry V.' Perhaps I ought not to hazard an opinion; but from what has been omitted and what has been interpolated in the production of the Shakespearian plays at the Princess's Theatre, it has always seemed to me as if the text allowed to be spoken was more like a running commentary upon the spectacles exhibited, than the scenic arrangements an illustration of the text. It has however been popular, and the main end been answered. Perhaps I may see you before your flying visit. Katie and all, thank God, are pretty well. I am truly glad to hear such excellent accounts of Frederick, knowing well what a comfort it must be to both of you. "And our own children, in our eyes, are dearer than the sun."

I have been reading over part of the diary of my first entry on the management of Covent Garden Theatre. What work! and what unrelieved anxiety! The dulness of Sherborne is a sort of Elysium when contrasted with it. I am intending to read 'Adam Bede,' to which I have been urged by many earnest recommendations. Katie sends her best love—the others are out. With all that is kindest in remembrance,

I am always,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne House, December 9th, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your handwriting was a pleasant sight to me this morning. I have had a question from you unanswered—for many weeks; but much to do and inertness in doing have from time to time put off my reply. You inquired where Mrs. Malaprop's admission of "the self-impeachment" was taken from? I do not believe it to be an incorrect quotation, but an original *mal-à-propos* arrangement or selection. I am glad you have seen my Katie, and that you think well of her prospect or chance of becoming a good singer of "music married to immortal verse"—for merely playing upon a voice I do not call singing. In respect to the question that arises in your mind as to the cultivation of poetic art, in which the novelist's is to a certain degree included, being in frequent antagonism with the duties of self-control so wisely imposed on us, I should be disposed to answer in the affirmative. But I do not think the poet or novelist is likely to suffer so much from extreme sensitiveness as the player, who has no future to which he may appeal, and therefore suffers more from that irritability which

the exercise of his art tends rather to cherish than to subdue. The poet, you are aware, is described of the *irritabile genus*, and is made so by having to excite in himself the emotions which in common life are better unknown or unfelt: the player has to awaken them much more frequently, and without the glorious immortality that compensates and richly rewards them.

I shall take with me many regrets away from this old house, hallowed as it is to memory by so much of love and so much of sorrow; but the work in this place grows too exacting upon me, and Johnny is now too old to be without boyish companions and an arena to strive in. I hope too that you and other friends will find Cheltenham more accessible and less dull than Sherborne, where the house and my school and some few neighbours are the sole attractions. With love to your husband,

Always and most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Dunster, Somerset, April 8th, 1860.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your letter of March 19th, which I found at Sherborne on my return from London, lay on my table waiting the hoped-for half-hour that might furnish its answer, until I was obliged to leave home and dispose of it in my travelling-desk. Here it is before me, with your last forwarded to me from my late abode.

Had I had the good fortune to have found you at home, when I called in Montague Square, you might have received intimations of contemplated changes in my family which would have considerably deadened the surprise of the recent announcement. But for writing I have had no time. That old excuse is still good for me. With the school and my surrender of it, a public reading, my house all the while in the active course of disfurnishing, business at Cheltenham and all around me, from early morning to a very late hour in the evening I had not one five minutes at my command.

I am quite aware that the change I have made in my home may subject me to varieties of opinion; but I have, in deliberating upon it, satisfied myself that a judgment formed without knowledge of the conditions under which such a change has been decided on cannot be worth attention. You have seen my home; but visitors cannot know the wants in a house where only plenty appears to them. You will live to find that your children, dear and intimate as they may be, still are not companions; and I hope in God you will never experience the loneliness of a widowed home.

My wife is dear Katie's most intimate friend, and both she and the other two children have been most anxious for the engagement that has been formed.

On the merits of her who has blessed me with her affection I would not dilate; it is enough to be grateful for the possession of them, and for the belief that my home will be much more cheerful,

much better conducted, and in all respects much happier when she has the conduct of it. Of this I hope you will be a witness. There are, I know, as all the world does, imprudences in marriages where the ages are disproportionate. From the many motives that have led on to this, in addition to the primary one of sober affection, I believe this will be found an exception to a general rule. I need scarcely say I have but one companion here, who reciprocates very cordially your good wishes.

Always and most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, June 11th, 1860.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The business of settling ourselves down in a new house, and in a strange place, contracts very much the opportunities for correspondence; I should else have answered your inquiries about Cheltenham earlier. I presume you, who "have seen the cities and manners of many men," have not omitted Cheltenham in your wide survey. If so, you will not dissent from my opinion of its beauty. I do not think there is a town in England, or out of it, laid out with so much taste, such a continual intermixture of garden, villa, street, and avenue. The hills that encompass it are objects of interest and beauty, observable from almost every point; the conveniences of all kinds equal those of London, and with the shops and clubs and various institutions, give the promise of a residence answering the demands of the most fastidious. So much for Cheltenham itself. Of its society I can scarcely speak, having only seen the callers and the guests at dinners that have been given in welcome to us; but as far as I can form a judgment, I have been favourably impressed.

Our house is one, as Captain Bobadil would say, "somewhat of the smallest," after Sherborne, being, I think, not quite a quarter of its size, and it has cost us some trouble to squeeze ourselves and our appurtenances into it. Indeed we have not been able to do this without curtailment, leaving behind us at Sherborne, for distribution by sale, some of the stock of our household goods, and sending others to London upon the same errand. We are now ensconced each in several corners, and have no reason to complain of our accommodation, though a little cramped for room. We have a spare bed-room, and are able, with a little squeezing, to make up another single bed. Therefore, if you will at any time induce my good friend Pollock to make his holiday route by way of Cheltenham, you will know that our cabin doors will be ready to leap off their hinges to receive you both. I have besides a very good little housekeeper, who will take delight in trying to make you comfortable, and whom I should very much wish to know you both, as I should wish you, in becoming acquainted with her, to be satisfied of the reasons, over and above those which inclination might suggest, that led to this change in our family arrangements; for I hear that in the "world" (which is a very limited circumference)

I am rather hardly dealt with. Thank God, I can well afford it. As I have been prevented from writing much, I have been hindered from reading almost altogether. I fancy beyond one or two articles in the reviews, and Forster's 'Arrest of the Five Members,' I have have read nothing since Christmas—at least I remember nothing. I hear George Elliot's book spoken of with praise, I may say universally, but it has been hitherto sealed to me. But I do intend—if I live—to resume my habits of study, as soon as ever I get my books in order. It is the fashion to desert Cheltenham in the summer, on the plea that it is too hot; and in submission to that irresistible law, people are already beginning to run away, though it is so cold we have fires every day. We shall have the place all to ourselves soon, and then I will redeem lost time in the reading way. Remember me affectionately to Pollock, and with my wife's kind regards to you and him,

I remain,

Ever and always most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Wellington Square, Cheltenham, January 12th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The ranks of my friends are thinning so fast that it is a privilege particularly precious to find oneself not forgotten by the few that remain, and most of all by those held in the most affectionate regard. Many thanks for all your kind wishes, which are heartily reciprocated to you and yours. One important item that goes to make up earthly happiness I have of late been endeavouring to regain—health; and I begin to fear at my time of life it is unreasonable to expect it. The lesson therefore that is left me is to be grateful and content without it. I was in London for a day in the course of last month, but it was to seek advice for Johnny, who now, thank God, is sufficiently well to take his place among the skaters in the public gardens near us. I was tied to him while in town, and could not leave my hotel with him, so raw and foggy was the atmosphere. It was one of the "London fogs." I have not been in society since the middle of September, and feel nearly certain I shall never resume my place in it, for I have much to do, and but little time, as it seems to me, to do it in. I am glad to have so good an account of your boys. We have had in our house the ordinary run of colds, but all are now tolerably well. Katie is perseverance itself at her music, and Butty is enjoying her holidays. I have but a slight personal acquaintance with Mr. Theodore Martin, but what I saw of him I liked very much, and have received several courtesies from him. Mrs. Martin is very engaging and attractive, and I do not at all wonder at her making so pleasing an impression on you. You would be surprised to remark how entirely theatrical subjects have lost their interest with me. The past is as a dream, so little has been the result derived from it. I must not say there seems to be no stage now; but for a school of the theatrical art where

must we look? I am far more interested in this pregnant question of the secession of the American States and the unity of Italy than in Mr. Smith's Drury Lane and Opera House. I am for Carlyle! Adieu, and with every kindest thought and wish,

Believe me to be,
Always most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, April 11th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your letter made me very desirous of getting up out of my arm-chair and setting off for London, but the effort to do so soon satisfied me of the impracticability of the scheme, and I had only to sink back again with the Psalmist's wish, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away," and spend two or three happy days in Montague Square, and go to see M. Fechter act. The fact is I am but a convalescent, and too much bound to pay attention to my state of health, and be strictly observant of rules laid down for me, to enjoy the freedom of wandering at will. I am sure I need not say, if it were in my power, with due regard to the strictness of my regulations, how happy I should be in accepting your kind invitation. I should go with a predisposition towards a favourable, indeed a high opinion of M. Fechter, from a criticism I read upon his performance of the 'Corsican Brothers,' discriminating as he was reported to have done with extraordinary nicety, the difference of manner and character in the brothers—a distinction which had not been made by the former representative. But I should prefer seeing the artist in the 'Oreste,' or 'Mahomet,' or 'Tancrede,' to seeing him act in English. It would be, I fancy, to me what, in reading, a good translation would convey—the substance and passion of the scene would be given, but minuter beauties and more subtle meaning, belonging to the genius of the language, must, I cannot but think, escape the apprehension of a foreigner. I thought thus of myself in contemplating a far easier task than Hamlet, viz., the performance of 'Oreste' with Rachel. In stating thus much I assure you I entertain a very high opinion of the power I believe M. Fechter to possess, and he is the only actor living that I would now think it worth my while to go and see. Indeed I would go if I were a movable, but, as the world seems to be going on at a faster and faster rate, I become more and more stationary. I have not read the previous novel of 'Adam Bede;' I cannot keep up with the speed of the reading world; I have indeed devoured Macaulay's fifth volume, and am now in my second perusal of 'Essays and Reviews.' I read the book so hastily the first time that I am obliged to go through it again to test the justice of the Episcopalian denunciations of it.

Madame, who is from home, would charge me, I know, with every kind message to you, and is very anxious to enjoy the acquaintance of one whose name has become a household word to

her. Johnny struggles on against his Greek and Latin, and in spite of all some particles stick to him.

With kindest love to your boys,

I am ever,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, May 9th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your letter received this morning, with its requisition of an answer to such a question, threw me into a state of effervescence; and, if I had been as young as once I was, and as energetic, I think I should have jumped from my bed, where a sudden and severe attack of cold had laid me, and have fired off an essay—the "thousandth and oneth," I fancy—on the character of Hamlet! Unless I attempted such a work I could not satisfactorily answer your inquiry, that is, I could not prove to you the converse of your friend's suggestion. One of the highest compliments I ever received in the exercise of my art was paid me by a very jealous watcher over my acting, who had been familiar with all my contemporaries, including John Kemble; this was,—"Yours is the only intelligible Hamlet I have ever seen." Now, as this infers some reasoning in the preparation of the representation, and as I have conceived the excitement of that most excitable being to be carried to its highest pitch in the effect of the test he applied to the conscience of the King, it follows that I must differ the whole heaven from your friend. When you give me the opportunity—let me hope it may be in your promised visit to Cheltenham—I feel confident of winning you over to my opinion. Your arguer states that such a view would make "nonsense" of the dialogue that follows. This is rather a hard word. I should merely say in reply that such a remark could only come from one who took the surface of the words, and did not feel the surge of passion that is underneath them. I will put by your letter carefully till I see you (which must be in Cheltenham, not in London), when I will discuss the matter with it in one hand, and the answer, Shakespeare, in the other. I cannot get well, and therefore cannot see M. Fechter, though not less obliged to you for wishing me to do so. Pray excuse the haste of my letter; if I had not written at once I might have delayed my writing long. With Mrs. Macready's kindest regards and Katie's best love,

I am always,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

13, Montpelier, Ilfracombe, N. Devon, June 24th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I will not belie you either as to age or intellect, or to any quality you possess, so far as to say that it does not become you. To your inquiry, I never did retain the

words you quote, in the scene with Horatio and Marcellus;* but I can readily conceive that anyone upon whom I could impress the agitated and—may I say?—exalted state of mind that I endeavoured to convey to my auditors in that scene, might have carried away the belief, in the general effect, that those and other words of a light character were uttered. What a dream to me now is Hamlet!—and Macbeth, and Lear, and Iago, and Cassius, and others, in whose very being I seem to have lived, so much their thoughts and feelings were my own! How I should have enjoyed being at Stratford with you! I used always to turn aside, when near in my professional wanderings, to make a pilgrimage at that shrine before which I shall never stand to meditate again! Alas! for that word "*never!*" In a crowded city it cannot have half the solemnity that in this tranquillity it brings with it. We shall look forward to seeing you and Pollock at Cheltenham, D.V., in the autumn. Our stay in this beautiful place we expect will extend to two months. I am just now alone, Cecile and Benvenuta and Johnny being on a ramble over the hills. I must hope you will like one who has indeed shed so much of sunshine through a home that really needed enlivening.

Believe me ever,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, September 30th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I too have been thinking, for the last two or three weeks, of writing to you, in the fear that the autumn might pass away, and you forget the pleasing expectation you had warranted me in entertaining of seeing you here before the expiration of your, or rather your husband's holidays. But as you let me believe that I have now and then taken my turn in your recollections, I am encouraged to hope that you will not let the autumn pass without a visit to Cheltenham. Although we have shrunk, in respect to space, in our exchange of Sherborne for our present home, we can find room for the little gentleman and his nurse, who will not, I dare say, be very fastidious about her limited accommodation. To you both what a contrast will this town of trim gardens, well fitted for "retired leisure," be to the wild tracts of heathy moor and hill that you are now traversing! Many are the delightful memories associated in my mind with "the land of the mountain and the flood," and in nothing should I more delight than in giving a summer to another pedestrian tour in the Highlands. "But Age with stealing steps hath clawed me in his clutch," and I can only recall in vivid picture to my imagination the "sounding cataract, the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, that were to me an appetite, a feeling, and a love"

* At the end of the first act of 'Hamlet,' after the disappearance of the Ghost.

in years long past. But this enables me to accompany you in fancy in your ramblings, and in my mind's eye to see the romantic landscape of your wanderings. You will not forget that we have some points of dispute left unsettled "touching the Lord Hamlet," which I shall be very glad to enter on with you, either to be corrected of my error in judgment, or to make good the truth of my conception. I am now engaged in reading 'Hamlet' to my family and some visitors, but the effort teaches me the unwelcome truth, that my reading days are past. With reference to the intolerance you allude to, I am weary of the dogmatism of sects and preachers who "deal damnation round the land" interchangeably with one another; but the passage from Casaubon,* which you quote, is especially amusing.

I am always,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, October 31st, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—With the concluding sentences of your welcome letter I must begin my acknowledgment of it, in expressing to you the deep disappointment which the postponement of your visit (let me have the consolation of so terming it) occasioned me. I had been looking forward to it so long, and had anticipated so many pleasant discussions and disputes (!) with you on subjects of art, politics, society,—in fact, all the things of this world, and many others besides—that it left a blank in my thoughts and hopes difficult to describe. My life is monotonous here, though, thank God, not without its peculiar pleasures—those of retirement, and such as belong to the journey, rapidly declining, down the hill of life. Your visit was looked forward to as a delightful variety to my uniform course, gratifying in its own duration, and leaving memories as a compensation for its close. Well, let me hope to live on to a more auspicious arrangement.

I do not know how much to touch upon your notice of M. Fechter's performance without seeming to be ill-natured, which I do not wish to be. From the judgment I had formed upon the various critiques I had read, and the descriptions of him I had heard, I could not help thinking that, in your surprise at a foreigner doing so much with a masterpiece of our language, you were betrayed into giving him credit for more than he really could do. I longed to hear what you would say of his attempt at Othello. Your remarks do not much differ from what I had expected. Thank you for the copy of the play as interpreted by Fechter. It should not have been published. The real artist does not pre-engage your opinion by telling you what he is going to draw: if the tree, or rock, or man, or woman do not describe themselves on

* In which he speaks of "atheists and other wretches who do not believe in witchcraft."

the canvas, the writing underneath will not persuade us of the resemblance. His views of the subject show him to me to be a clever man, but altogether superficial in his power of investigation. He cannot perceive where the poet gives language to his creations, in his profound knowledge of the human heart, in direct contradiction of the feelings that oppress them. I would not use severe terms, but cannot find a truer word to express my sense of M. Fechter's conceptions, than to confess they appear to me shallow. There is frequent perversion of the author's meaning. and complete blindness as to the emotions of his characters—*e. g.*, the demission of his lofty nature to bestow a thought upon that miserable thing Iago, when his great mind had made itself up to die! To me it was in the worst taste of a small melodramatic theatre.

A friend of mine in Paris, on whose judgment I place great reliance, as I do on yours, in answer to my inquiries, informed me that he was regarded there as a clever melodramatic actor, but *un peu exagéré*. The appreciators of Talma are not likely to be insensible to the merits of a great theatrical artist. But for myself I can only, as you are aware, offer an opinion on the direct points of the case, which the newspapers and M. Fechter's own publication lay before me.

We were all in great glee to see Frederick's name among the successful competitors for the Prince Consort's prizes at Eton. I congratulate heartily you and Pollock on the satisfaction you must have in his progress.

I am ever,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, February 8th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I was indeed glad to see your handwriting again, although the announcement of the charades certified to me that you were all in good health, and in the best spirits. I think I detected the different actors through the disguises of the names, and should have been too glad to have assisted at the representation. I did not know how far my opinion on the Othello of Fechter, as I could judge of its conception from the copy you sent me, would agree with yours, but I fancy we should not be widely diverse in our judgments. I shrink from being regarded as a praiser of the time past, but certainly, from all I can collect, regard the present as destitute of all pretension to excellence in the higher works of the dramatic art. The American imbroglio gave me great uneasiness, and I look still with something like desponding anxiety to the termination of the struggle. I have not been well of late, and find that I do not shake off illness as I used to do.

I know the author of the books you recommend (which I shall

get), and I know him to be one of the brightest spirits of his country. The portrait you allude to was taken in 1826—the character of William Tell; it is an exaggeration—certainly not good. My chances of seeing London again are few indeed. If I live, and have health and strength enough, I suppose I must try to have a glance at the Exhibition—the National one, I mean—when the first rush is over; but my future seems to me so uncertain, that I promise myself nothing. There was never perhaps so universal a demonstration of sorrow as at the late Prince's death. How very beautiful, beautifully earnest, are Tennyson's lines in the inscription of the 'Idylls' to his memory! I read very little now, except in school books with Johnny, and during her holidays, with Butty. My chief business is to watch the flickering lamp of health, and nurse its lessening flame.

Believe me always, dear Mrs. Pollock,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, May 11th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Many, many thanks to you for your kind congratulations. I do not know how far, at my advanced time of life, such an arrival may be really a subject greatly to rejoice in, but I am in principle an optimist, and am firm in the belief that the Disposer of all, knowing best what is best for us, so dispenses His gifts to us.

Thank God, my wife and her baby are doing as well as my most sanguine wishes could desire, and I need scarcely add that she is delighted with her little son.

I have read, and with very great pleasure, Henry Taylor's dramatic poem. The two scenes between Iolande and Orleans I thought very touching and very beautiful, and the characters sustained with excellent discrimination throughout the play.

If I should be able to visit London this year, it will be when there is a chance of being less jostled by the crowd at the Grand Exhibition than there could be at present; but I grow more and more like the limpet on the rock.

Fechter, I fancy, must be growing by degrees less in general opinion, which, upon the marvel of a foreigner doing so much, had given him credit for more than he really could do.

I cannot imagine the effect of painted sculpture, but to judge one must of course see, and your approval staggers my preconceived notions.

I am always,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

P.S.—Have you read '*Les Misérables*'?

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, August 7th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Pollock.—By this time I fancy you have put aside your maps and handbooks, having made out the track you intend to pursue in your autumnal holiday. May it give you both all the pleasure you can anticipate from it, and much more to boot! But will you let me inquire if Cheltenham comes within its outward or homeward course? Why I tease you with this inquiry is that I am deferring the settlement of a domestic ceremony until I learn whether my friend Pollock and you can be present at it. I may say with the most unchristian king, "I long to have this young one made a Christian." Now if you were likely to pass this way, I would put off the naming of the young gentleman until your arrival, which, for numbers of reasons needless to be recited, I should prefer to engaging a proxy. But with distance and limitation of time, I am aware we cannot, as St. Paul says, always "do the things we would." If you can do this, I feel assured it will be done; and if you cannot, I shall not less feel that all your wishes will be with us.

I have been taking Johnny to Tavistock to initiate him in discipline, which he never would get at home. I look in all the Eton reports for the possible mention of the sons of Cornelia. To-day is the birthday of my Willie, who has at last got his promotion, and is doing as well as his precarious health will allow him to do. I hope his younger brothers may turn out as conscientious and honourable men as he has shown himself.

I am always,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, January 9th, 1864.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—With all my heart do I reciprocate the good wishes that the season suggests, which you have so kindly expressed, for which I most truly thank you, and which I should have acknowledged some days since, if this intense frost, in its dissolution, had permitted a more active play of my fingers, and a release from the torpid state in which I seem to have been during the last few days. I cannot recollect when I have been so sensible of the numbing effects of winter,—but at this I suppose I am not to wonder, as one of the changes which time in its course brings on. We were indeed glad to hear of Walter's success, though it caused us no surprise, for I look on your boys as sure of their advancement. I wish I knew or could practise your method of stimulating the dispositions of your children to work. I had thought that the mode of enticement by narrations, pictures, and suggestive means would do, but experience has proved to me that this is too luxurious a system, and I have noticed success in dry and severe discipline (which you do not use), where my endeavours have been comparative failures.

I should like very much to make one of the audience at your play, but my visits to London, when made, are generally, if not always now, serious affairs. The stage has lost all its interest for me. I do not know the names of the new performers, and the praises I see lavished on the old ones, whom I do know, I cannot put faith in. I see no periodicals except *La Revue*, which comes every fortnight, and occasionally an *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*; but I shall send for the December number of *Fraser*, for the pleasure of reading your article. I have merely seen an abstract of Renan's book; but the opinions of others do not touch the faith in which I have satisfied myself, though I respect the sincerity of others, whatever shape it may assume. I never hear the name of Aubrey de Vere without deep interest, for he appeared to me one of the most engaging persons I ever held converse with. If he is happy in his full persuasion, who shall raise a question on it? I have not read, though I much wish to read, Froude, but my days are now so short, and I get so little done in them, that I despair of accomplishing that wish, with many others of a similar kind.

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, May 7th, 1864.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—A certain space in life, a certain amount of duty to be done, is apportioned to each of us, and when that space has been occupied and our obligations to duty discharged, the shelter of a quiet home has more of real respectability, I think, than the repeated returns to public life which public characters too often make. I received applications both from the Stratford and London Committees to give a "taste of my quality" in whatever way I might think preferable; but as I could not show my devotion to the genius of Shakespeare with the power I once possessed, I would offer no unworthy incense at his shrine; and declined exhibiting myself at either celebration. The London affair has indeed proved a most ridiculous *fiasco*—it has "died indeed and made no sign." Of the present race of actors I may say, with the exception of three or four, I know nothing, and from the little I have seen, since I left London, the audiences seem to have changed with the performers. But has not this always been the case?—that the retired artist thinks his art deteriorated since he quitted the exercise of it? I fancy it must be so, and to the rising generation the same excitement will be kindled by the race to come as was by that which has passed away. I envy you the privilege of attending those delightful lectures. My life is made up of reading and taking care of the remnant of health that is left to me, and so it must be now to the end, whenever that is to be.

I am always,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, October 23rd, 1864.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—From your late poetical intercourse, how can you with patience descend to the prosaic communications of one "infirm and old," whose highest efforts were to give voice to others' inspirations? You must look for a very dull and matter-of-fact reply to your very interesting letter. Of my home news all I have to tell you is, I am thankful to say, good. My parting with dear Butty was alleviated, as much as it could be, by the comfortable arrangements of her berth and the agreeable companions under whose protection she was placed. We had letters from herself, dated Malta, giving us a very cheerful account of her progress so far, and news of her from Aden in a letter to some friends here, whose relatives had joined the packet at Suez. Our next advices from Ceylon we expect will announce to us her safe arrival. Your account of the friends who must have made your *villeggiatura** so agreeable, awakes many pleasing memories. I always think of Henry Taylor with undiminished admiration and regard, and Mrs. Cameron is one of those enthusiastic beings who take a strong hold on one's memory. Of Mr. Trollope I hear much, but unhappily have not had time to make acquaintance with his much-praised works. Tennyson is "himself alone," and almost in danger of being spoiled, I should imagine, by the universal homage that is paid to his genius.

You are quite correct in the assertion, that Tate's 'King Lear' was the only acting copy from the date of its production until the restoration of Shakespeare's tragedy at Covent Garden in 1838. Previous to that, I think in the year 1823, or a little later, the play, Tate's, was acted by Kean with the last scene of the original restored. I believe the elder Colman put out an alteration, but I question whether it was acted: certainly it did not hold its place on the stage. I find, upon further search, that Colman did make an alteration of the play. Here is all I can tell you of it:—

"The History of King Lear. Altered from Shakespeare. Acted at Covent Garden. 8vo, 1768."

This is given under the works of George Colman. Powell must have been the actor who represented Lear, but it could not have enjoyed any popularity. Garrick adhered to Tate, and Kemble followed him in it.

Always
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, November 5th, 1865.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—You have anticipated by some days a letter which I intended writing to you, and so have deprived it of the grace of seeming to be spontaneous. In other words, I have

* At Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight.

been waiting for the publication of Katie's book, a copy of which I have destined to you: the one sent to Henry Taylor was a presentation copy, and in advance of the public distribution, for which I am rather impatiently waiting. Moxon is the publisher. You will think it, I fancy, an improvement upon her former attempt. She received a very gratifying acknowledgment from the poet under whose auspices she commits her work to the public judgment.

You kindly wish to know how I am, and what I am doing. I can scarcely bring myself to a certainty as to how I am. I went to the seaside, Teignmouth, for a month, in September, but was obliged to come away before a fortnight had expired. Still I have as little to complain of, I believe, as most people of my age. In regard to my occupation, I think of myself as very good-for-nothing, doing but little, and that little not well. 'Le Cheval'* I read, and thought it abounding in spirit, but I never could think French the language for poetry. There were passages in it that recalled to me Retzsch's outlines of Schiller's 'Pegasus,' with which I take it for granted you are well acquainted, and I only know through the artist's interpretation.

Are you aware who are the writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*? There are some able hands upon it, and it has apparently good sources of information, to judge by the occasional quotations from it in *The Times*. There was, some weeks since, a notice or remembrance of myself in it—not in an unfriendly spirit.

Will you give my love to my friend Pollock, and tell him his little godson grows a monstrous big fellow? My reports from Ceylon are very good, and those around me here are all well, thank God. I do not expect to see London soon: I certainly should not see it without seeing you; but I must satisfy myself with assuring you that

I am,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, December 30th, 1866.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I lament to say that I do forget much that I wish and strive to remember; but the many happy hours which the blessing of friendship has cheered my life with have stamped themselves too deeply on my memory ever to be obliterated.

There are many reasons to be given for my inertness as a correspondent, with which if I began to trouble you, my reply to your kind inquiries might prove little more than a series of lamentings and complainings. I rejoiced in your account of the activity of the ex-Chief Baron, but he is one of the wonders of his

* By Victor Hugo.

age; and whilst I forbear to envy his undiminished power of mind and body, I cannot but wish that my own youth had lasted as his does. It becomes an effort now to me to write. I mix but little with the world, and live chiefly in books. My hands, too, no longer remember their "cunning," so that a letter (as you may readily suppose from this specimen) becomes a task for me.

I remain,

Ever most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

A Happy New Year to you all, and many, many of them.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, November 14th, 1867.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The sight of your handwriting was a great pleasure to me, which I shall be glad to be able more readily to express; but I write with difficulty, and must limit my compliance with your kind wish to hear from me to the "few lines" your friendly consideration allows me to return for your more extended and interesting communications.

I am, thank God, better of late, but still fluctuate between ailing and convalescence, as I have done ever since the illness of last winter. My dear inmates are all tolerably well, and write in cordial wishes and affectionate regard to you and yours. I shall read the article in the *Quarterly*, though I fancy I shall have anticipated most of its matter by my perusal of the paper on 'Le Judaïsme' in the *Revue*.

My hand will not obey my wish, and so, with kind love to my friend Pollock, and very affectionate thought to yourself,

I remain, dear Mrs. Pollock,

Yours most sincerely,

This is a sorry sight! * W. C. Macready.

The death of his daughter Catherine in 1869 gave Macready a profound shock, from which he never recovered. The ties of domestic affection between the father and daughter had been strengthened by much sympathy in temperament and in their tastes; and they had in no degree been loosened by Macready's second marriage, which added much to the happiness and comfort of his family, as well as to his own.

In the month of March of this year he went from Cheltenham to Plymouth with his wife to receive his daughter upon her return from Madeira, where she had been passing the winter for the benefit of her health. After twelve days of anxious waiting the vessel arrived by which she was expected to come home; but only to bring the story of her death on the voyage, and of the committal of her remains to the sea.

* Macready's handwriting had now become very imperfect.

From this time he would frequently lament his inability to guide his pen, and to write his own letters—a task from which he had never formerly retreated, even in the days of his busiest occupation.

The death of Dickens, in 1870, was another severe sorrow, which pressed heavily on Macready. It was the loss of a constant and affectionate friendship of many years.

In his later years Macready would spend many hours daily in listening to reading, or would find amusement in resorting to the rich stores of his own memory, which to the last never failed him. On one occasion, after his powers had so much failed that it was long since he had been capable of holding or reading a book to himself, he said he had been reading 'Hamlet.' On some surprise being expressed, he touched his forehead, said "Here;" and when asked if he could recollect the whole play, he replied—"Yes, every word, every pause, and the very pauses have eloquence."

In the spring of 1871 Macready visited London, in order to consult Sir Henry Thompson, from whose skill and excellent treatment he obtained great relief. After this the decay of strength was very gradual, and almost imperceptible. The same year brought another affliction in the death of his son William, in Ceylon. He left home for the last time in August, 1872, to spend a few weeks at Weston-super-Mare.

The last legible entries in his Diary, written with a trembling hand are, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and "Lord, I believe: help Thou my unbelief."

The end was hastened by a slight bronchial attack, from which he had not strength to rally. After three days of confinement to his bed, without any apparent suffering, and retaining consciousness to the last, at eight o'clock on the morning of Sunday, 27th of April, 1873, he passed away without any sign to tell that he was gone.

The funeral took place at Kensal Green on the 4th of May, 1873. Macready had left minute instructions in writing, to regulate all the proceedings. The coffin was brought from Cheltenham to the Great Western Hotel, where the mourners assembled before proceeding to the Cemetery. These were his sons, Jonathan Forster and Cecil Frederick Nevil; his widow's brothers, the Rev. Edward Spencer and Mr. William Spencer; his kinsman, the Rev. George Bucknill, of Rugby; Mr. Lowne; Mr. John Forster; the Rev. J. Fleming and Sir Frederick Pollock, his executors. A large assembly awaited the arrival of the procession at the chapel in the Cemetery. There were many well-known faces, and many members of the theatrical profession of the past and present generation. The service was read in the chapel by Mr. Fleming, and after the coffin had sunk slowly through the square opening in the pavement, which, in the case of interment in the vault beneath the chapel, represents the open grave, he spoke a few beautiful and affecting words of farewell. The coffin was deposited among those of the many dear ones of his family who already lay there, and,

subsequently, Macready's own name was added to those upon the marble tablet previously placed in the chapel by himself, which is thus inscribed:

"Ci Ridedremo."

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

BORN MARCH 3, 1793, DIED APRIL 27, 1873.

CATHERINE FRANCES, WIFE OF WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

BORN NOVEMBER 11, 1806, DIED SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

AND OF LETITIA MARGARET,

SISTER AND FRIEND OF WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

BORN DEC. 4, 1794, DIED NOV. 8, 1858.

IN THE SAME VAULT LIE THE REMAINS OF W. C. MACREADY'S CHILDREN.

HARRIET JOANNA . . . . . BORN JULY 13, 1837 . DIED NOV. 25, 1840.

CHRISTINA LETITIA . . . . . BORN DEC. 26, 1830 . DIED FEB. 24, 1850.

WALTER FRANCIS SHEIL . . . BORN JUNE 27, 1840 . DIED FEB. 3, 1853.

HENRY FREDERICK BULWER . BORN DEC. 20, 1838 . DIED AUG. 12, 1857.

LYDIA JANE . . . . . BORN DEC. 26, 1842 . DIED JUNE 20, 1858.

ALSO TO THE MEMORY OF CATHERINE FRANCES BIRCH MACREADY,

SECOND DAUGHTER OF W. C. MACREADY.

BORN JULY 21, 1835, DIED AND BURIED AT SEA ON HER VOYAGE FROM MADEIRA, MARCH 24, 1869.

WILLIAM CHARLES, ELDEST SON OF W. C. MACREADY, BORN AUGUST 7, 1832, DIED NOVEMBER 26, 1871, AT PUTTALAM, CEYLON, AND WAS BURIED AT KANDY.

"THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,
THE BOSOM OF THEIR FATHER AND THEIR GOD."

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